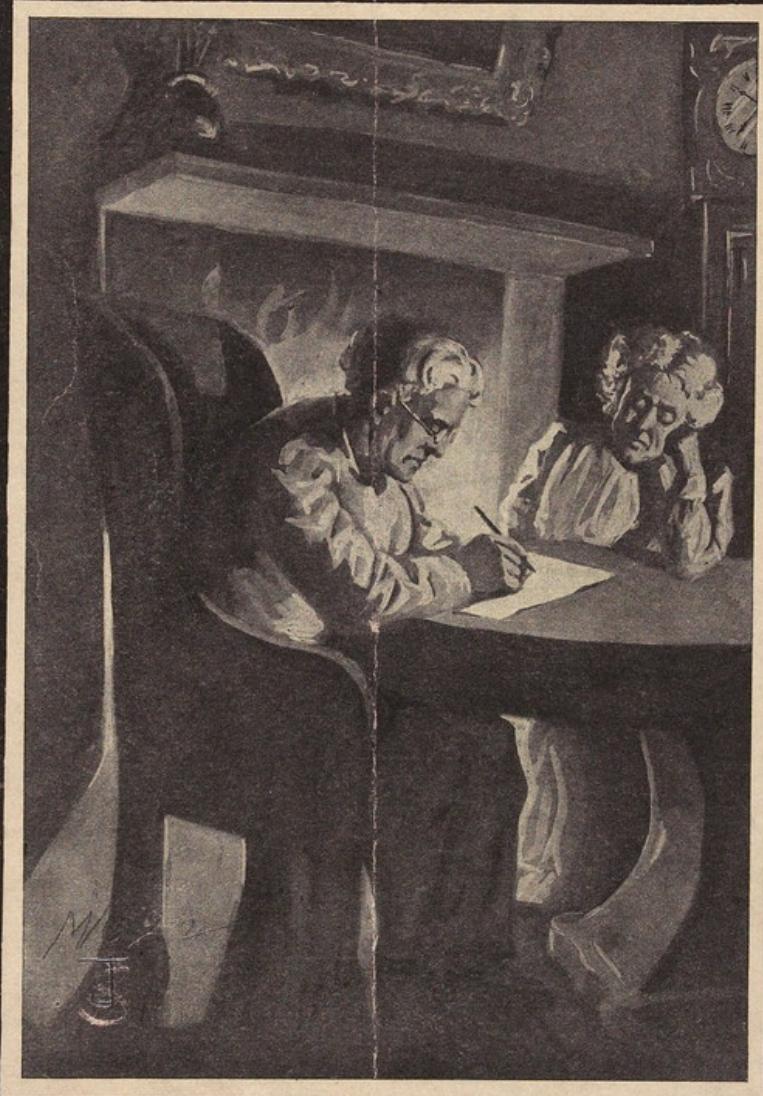




# WHEN YOUR HAIR IS LIKE THE SNOW

WORDS BY  
**OWEN  
SPENDTHRIFT**  
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"TOO OLD"



MUSIC BY  
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## "When your hair is like the snow."

By OWEN SPENDTHRIFT.

Andante con expression.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff is for the voice, starting with a rest. The middle staff is for the piano, featuring a bass line and harmonic support. The bottom staff is also for the piano, providing harmonic support. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line, appearing below the vocal staff. The music is in common time, with various dynamics and performance instructions like 'mf' (mezzo-forte) and 'f' (forte). The vocal part begins with a melodic line that includes eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

An a - ged cou - ple seat-ed by the firelights cheerful glow, Re -  
The cap - tain of the reg - i - ment, a sol - dier young and fair, Be -

viewed their hap - py courtship of the dis - tant long a - go The  
loved by com - rades feared by foes, re - ceived the mis - sive there; He

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*mf*

scene re - verts to sad - ness as that scroll of time un - rolled - A  
read each line, then turned a - way to hide the tears that fell, What

*mp*

*rit.*

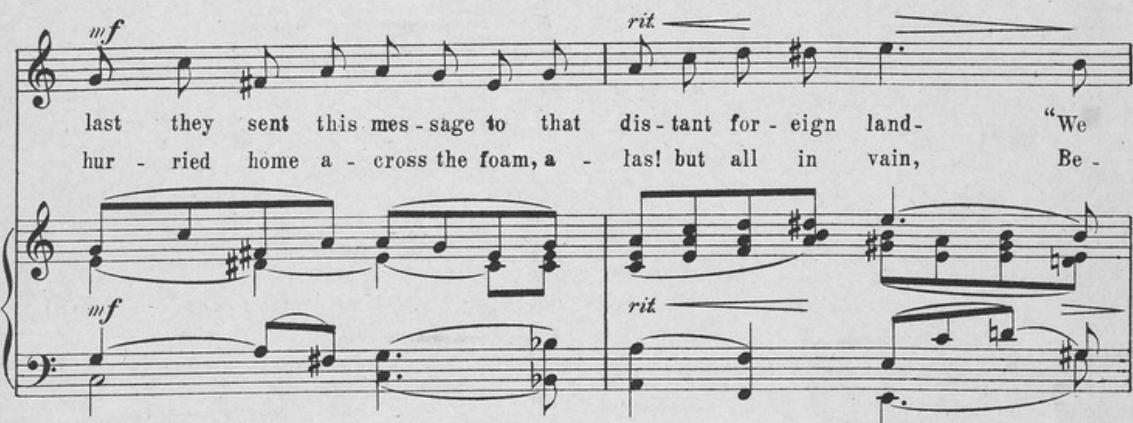
let - ter then to write they plan, this cou - ple gray and old. Far  
bat - tles fought with - in that heart no tongue can ev - er tell. "I'll

*mf a tempo*

o'er the sea their on - ly boy had gone to join the fray - Their  
go!" he said, "To Moth - er dear, and Fath - er kind and true, I'll



lone - ly watch they kept for him as years rolled on their way; At  
leave these crim - son bat - tle fields for lands where skies are blue" He



last they sent this mes - sage to that dis -tant for - eign land - "We  
hur - ried home a - cross the foam, a - las! but all in vain, Be -



miss you dear," we're old and poor" and thus the let - ter ran.  
neath the weep - ing wil - lows there he read these lines a - gain.

## CHORUS.

*mf a tempo*

Our hair is like the snow, Our cheeks have lost their glow, Our

*mf a tempo*

eyes no long - er spar-kle like the dew At life's

*f*

twi-light, old and gray, We have wait-ed day by day, Will your

*rit.*

*f*

*mp a tempo*

chil-dren then de - sert you When your hair is like the snow.

*rit.*

*f*

*mp a tempo*

When your hair etc. \*