

Till You Ask Again

Words by

Adelhide Procter

Music by

Cuthbert Wynne

High Voice

6

Low Voice

The John Church Company

Cleveland New York Chicago

London London

I am bound by the old old promise,
What can break that golden chain?
Not the words that you have spoken,
Nor the sharpness of my pain;
Do you think because you fail me,
And draw back your hand to-day
That from out the heart I gave you,
My strong love can fade away.

It will live: no eyes may see it
In my soul, it will lie deep,
Hid from all—but I shall feel it,
Often stirring in its sleep,
So remember that the friendship
Which you think poor and vain,
Will endure in hope and patience,
Till you ask for it again.

—*Adelaide Procter.*



Till you ask again

ADELAIDE PROCTER

CUTHBERT WYNNE

Un poco lento *very simply and quietly*

I am

p

con Tab.

bound by the old, old prom - ise, What can break that gold - en

chain? Not the words that you have spok - en, Nor the

rit e dim.

sharp - ness of my pain; Do you think be - cause you

rit e dim.

rit e marcato *a tempo*

fail me And draw back your hand to - day, That from

rit e marcato *a tempo*

rit *ppp a tempo*

out the heart I gave you My strong love can fade a -

rit *ppp a tempo*

f *lento*

way. My strong

accel. un poco *f* *lento*

con Tac.

dim.

love can fade a - way?

dim. *p a tempo*

broadly f *p molto*

It will live: no eyes may see it, In my

f *p*

soul it will lie deep, Hid from all, but I shall

ppp rit *ppp*

feel it Oft - en stir - ring in its sleep. So re -

ppp *rit*

mem ber_ that the friend-ship Which you now think poor and

vain, Will en - dure in hope and pa - tience, Till you

marcato *pp poco accel.*

marcato *pp poco accel.*

ask for_ it a - gain, Till you ask for it a -

piu lento *ppp*

colla voce *ppp*

gain.....