

4

D7 G A7

tear, dear, dims your eye." Said she "They're tears of
- come his hap - py bride. The birds were sweet - ly

D A7 D E7

sad - ness Si - las, they're not tears of sad - ness, It is fif - ty years to -
sing - ing, And the same old bells were ring - ing As they pass'd the quaint old

A7 D7 G

day since we were wed." Then the old man's dim eyes bright - en'd And his
church where they were wed. And that night when stars were gleam - ing The old

A7 D7 G

stern old heart it light - en'd, As he turned to her and said;
cou - ple lay a - dream - ing, Dreaming of the words he said;

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