



# IT SEEEMS LIKE AN AGE SINCE WE PARTED.

Words by  
**CORA LINDEN**  
Song & Chorus  
MUSIC BY

## H. P. DANKS.

3½

PHILADELPHIA  
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# IT SEEMS LIKE AN AGE SINCE WE PARTED.

*Words by CORA LINDEN.*

*Music by H. P. DANKS.*

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*Legato.*

SS

**VOICE.**      **PIANO.**

The musical score consists of three systems of music. The first system shows the vocal part starting with a rest, followed by a piano part with eighth-note chords. The second system begins with the vocal line: "seems . . . like an age since we part - - ed," and continues with lyrics for "dar - - ling is win - some and bon - - nie;" and "seems . . . like an age since we part - - ed," ending with a repeat sign. The piano part provides harmonic support with sustained notes and chords. The third system continues the vocal line with "shade . . . of the dark wav - ing pine, . . . ." and "fawn, . . . she is grace - ful and light; . . . ." followed by "dreams . . . I am still at her side; . . . ." The piano part concludes with a final chord.

1. Oh, it  
2. Oh, my  
3. Oh, it

seems . . . like an age since we part - - ed, 'Neath the  
dar - - ling is win - some and bon - - nie; *Like a*  
seems . . . like an age since we part - - ed, *But in*

shade . . . of the dark wav - ing pine, . . . Where to-  
fawn, . . . she is grace - ful and light; . . . *In her*  
dreams . . . I am still at her side; . . . *We are*

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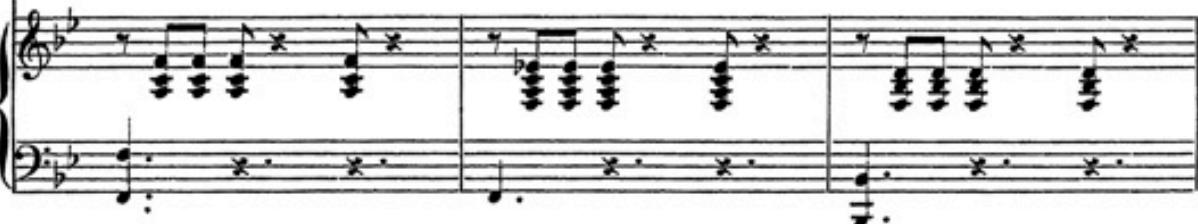
(3)



geth - - er we sat in the gloam - ing, . . . And her hand . . . light-ly rest-ed in  
eye . . . is a his-tre that spark - les, . . . Brighter far . . . than the jets-els of  
watch - - ing our own native riv - - er, . . . And a - way . . . o'er its bosom we



mine; But I know, that her heart beats as warm - ly,— That she  
night: Yes, my dar - - ling is winsome and bon - nie; On her  
glide: I am com - - ing; oh yes, I am com - - ing To her



clings to me fond-ly as then, . . . And I know, for the zephyrs have  
cheek is the rich tint-ed glow . . . Of the del - - - i-cate rose and the  
vine - - cov-ered home in the glen; . . . I can read in the star-beams a-



whis - - pered, . . . That I soon . . . shall be - hold her a - gain.  
 ly, . . . . And her heart . . . is as pure as the snow.  
 bove me . . . . That I soon . . . shall be - hold her a - gain.

### CHORUS.

Sop. Oh, it seems like an age since we part - ed, 'Neath the shade of the dark waving

Alt. Oh, it seems like an age, like an age since we part - ed, 'Neath the shade of the dark waving,

Tenor. Oh, it seems like an age, like an age since we part - ed, 'Neath the shade of the

Bass. 'Neath the shade of the

PIANO.

pine, . . . Where to - geth - - - er we sat in the gloam - ing, And her  
 dark waving pine, Where to - geth-er we sat in the gloaming, the gloam - ing, And her  
 dark waving pine, Where to - geth-er we sat in the gloaming, the gloam - ing, And her

*rall.*  
 hand light-ly rest-ed in mine.  
 hand lightly rest - - ed, it rest-ed in mine.  
 hand lightly rest - ed, light - ly rest-ed in mine.  
 hand lightly rest - - ed in mine.

*rall.*  
*a tempo.*