WHEN THE HARVEST DAYS ARE OVER.

Words by HOWARD GRAHAM. (Jessie Dear.) Music by HARRY VON TILZER.

Andante moderato.

Voice.

1. Near the fire-side so cheerful, Sits an old man sad and tearful, He is
dreaming of the days of long ago, And in fancy he is roaming, With his
2. Now the fire once bright is dying, As he sits there softly sighing, For his
fan-cy takes him down a country lane, Past the old schoolhouse he's strolling, And he

Copyright 1900 by Shapiro, Bernstein & Von Tilzer.
45 W. 38th St., New York. 52 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

All rights reserved.
sweetheart in the gloaming, When he spoke the words that set her cheeks a-
hears the churchbells tolling, As he kneels beside his darling's grave a-

slow, By the brook down in the meadow, In the
gain, All in white she's gently sleeping, All in

willows gentle shadow, There they planned their future happiness one.
black he's softly weeping, For the one who was to be his wife some

day, When the sun set in its splendor, Then his
day, But death took him there to greet her, And in

When the harvest - 3
voice grew soft and tender, As he gently took her in his arms to say.
heav'n above he'll meet her, Like the fire in the grate he passed a way.

CHORUS.

When the harvest days are over, Jessie dear, And the
sunkissed flowers bloom heath sky so clear. You will keep the word you said, That's the
time we two shall wed When the harvest days are over, Jessie dear.