

SM 2584

Dedicated to Mabel Sharp Hardien

A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW

Low



Words by
JOHN BENNETT

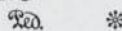
Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

Andante

A hun - dred years from now, dear, We

shall not care at all; It will not mat - ter

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dim.

then, a whit, The hon - ey or the gall. The

dim.

Red. *

cresc.

sum - mer - days, that we have known, Will all for - got - ten

cresc.

dim. e rit.

be, and flown, Where now the ros - es fall, Where

dim. e rit.

pp *a tempo* *cresc.*

now the ros - es fall. A hun - dred years from

pp *a tempo* *cresc.*

Red. *Red.* *

now, dear, We shall not mind the pain; The

throbbing, crimson tide of life Will not have left a stain. The

f *dim.*

f *dim.*

f *dim.*

song we sang to - geth - er, dear, Will

mf *p*

mean no more, than means a tear A - mid a sum - mer rain. A

f *rall.* *a tempo*

f *rall.* *a tempo*

mp

hun-dred years from now, dear, We'll neith - er know nor care, What

mp

*Red **

mf

'came of all life's bit - ter-ness, Or fol-lowed love's des - pair. Then

mf

*Red **

animando

fill the glass - es up a - gain, And kiss me thro' the rose - leaf rain; We'll

animando

dim. e rit.

build one cas - tle more, in Spain, And dream, one more dream, there.

pp

dim. e rit.

pp

*Red Red **