

435

# MY GRANDMOTHER'S WATCH.

THE IMMENSELY  
POPULAR SONG.

COMPOSED FOR, DEDICATED TO, AND SUNG BY

MISS LENA ABERLE,

TIVOLI THEATRE, N.Y.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

FRANK CONWAY.

NEW YORK MUSIC PUBLISHING CO.,

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## "SCENES OF MY YOUTH."

1. Scenes of my youth, whose mem'ry ever brings  
Joy to my heart, and sweeps its tend'rest strings;  
Once more I greet, with mingled love and pride,  
My childhood's home, where kindred friends abide.  
O sweetest vision of the past to me!  
How oft, in fancy, have I gazed on thee!  
Thy meadow paths, thy em'rald slopes and bow'rs,  
Where childish sports engaged the happy hours.
2. Scenes of my youth, with joyous hope I come,  
Longing to see my childhood's happy home,  
Eager to grasp affection's hand once more,  
And hear the voice of one whom I adore.  
O rapture mine to know I shall embrace  
That form so dear, and gaze upon that face:  
Speed on, O Time! ye moments swiftly fly!  
And bring me to the one for whom I sigh.

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## "ONLY A WORD, LOVE."

1. Only a word, love: say you'll be mine:  
One little word, love, "Yes, I'll be thine."  
Oft hast thou utter'd fond words to me,  
While this heart flutter'd, thinking of thee:  
All thou hast spoken I have believ'd,  
Yet not a token have I receiv'd:  
Speak the fond vow, love; say, you'll be mine;  
Whisper it now, love,—"Yes, I'll be thine."
2. Only a word, love,—"Yes, I'll be thine;  
Soon as 'tis heard, love, joy will be mine:  
Two natures blending; two hearts in one;—  
Love never ending, joy just begun;  
Always increasing, faithful and pure;—  
Rapture unceasing, all shall endure.  
Speak the fond vow, love, say you'll be mine,—  
Whisper it now, love,—"Yes, I'll be thine."

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## "MAY I BE THERE?"

1. Sweet Girl with eyes of violet blue,  
And silken lash of darker hue,  
With noble mind and artless grace,  
Reflected in a beauteous face;  
Should some one whisper love to thee,  
And shouldst thou deem it melody,  
O! tell me fairest of the fair,  
May I be there? May I be there?
2. Sweet Girl whose form in dreams I see,  
That fills my soul with ecstasy,  
And turns the darkness of the night  
To one resplendant ray of light,  
Should some one at the altar stand,  
And place the ring upon thy hand,  
O! tell me fairest of the fair,  
May I be there? May I be there?

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## "ONE SWEET KISS."

1. Darling, soothe this aching heart;  
One sweet kiss before we part;  
One more vow of love from thee,  
Ere you say "good-by" to me.  
All the joys thy love reveal'd,  
By this token shall be seal'd;  
Kiss me, darling, once again;  
It will soothe the parting pain.
2. Darling, when I'm far away,  
This fond heart for thee will pray;  
When in peaceful sleep I dream,  
Thou wilt be my only theme;  
But, my darling will you be  
Constant in your love to me?  
Speak the word; complete my bliss;  
Seal it with a loving kiss.

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## THE MOST POPULAR SONG OF THE DAY, "My Grandmother's Watch."

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# My Grandmother's Watch.

An Immensely Popular Song.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY FRANK CONWAY.

8va.....

*Allegretto.*

8va.....

1. My Grandmother's Watch was pre-sent-ed to me, When I was scarce sixteen years old, And  
2. My Grandmother's Watch was a queer one to go, It vex'd me as oft as it went; 'Twas  
3. My Grandmother's Watch tho' it lies in a drawer, Yet nev-er since then has it lied; For

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tho' it was sil-ver as plain as could be, I thought it was equal to gold; In  
sometimes too fast, and 'twas sometimes too slow, I nev-er could tell what it meant; Yet  
worn out with time, it can't tick an-y more, Since Grandmother sicken'd and died; But

school-hours its figures to scan I would dare, And view it with in-no-cent pride, . . . While  
tho' it was fic-kle and had rust-y ribs, I priz'd it for Grandmother's sake, . . . But  
oft as I view it and dwell on the past, Fond mem-o-ry heaves forth a sigh, . . . While

class-mates would glance with a cu-ri-ous air, And scarce-ly their en-vy could hide: But the  
if I e'er found it in-dulging in fibs, I'd give it a ter-ri-ble shake: Then the  
sometimes too slow, and as oft-en too fast, The tick of my old friend seems nigh: Yes, the

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watch as if to mock my com-panions' wrong desires, Would tick fast-er than a clock with its  
 watch as if to mock my vain wish-es and de-sires, Would tick fast-er than a clock with its  
 watch it seems to mock my fond wish-es and de-sires, It ticks fast-er than a clock with its

*8va.*.....

tick, tick tick tick. . . . .

*ritard.* *Chorus ad lib. a tempo*

lit-tle springy wires, It went tick a tick a tick tick, nick a nick a nick, tick a nick a nick a tick a nick nick nick;  
 lit-tle springy wires, It went tick a tick a tick tick, nick a nick a nick, tick a nick a nick a tick a nick nick nick;  
 lit-tle springy wires, It goes tick a tick a tick tick, nick a nick a nick, tick a nick a nick a tick a nick nick nick;

*8va.*.....

*ritard.* *a tempo.*

*ritard.* *Last verse.*

tick a tick a tick tick, nick a nick a nick, O! how happy was I, as the time flew by.  
 tick a tick a tick tick, nick a nick a nick, O! how happy was I, as the time flew by.  
 tick a tick a tick tick, nick a nick a nick, O! how happy am I, as the time flies by.

*8va.*.....*loco.*

*Last verse.*

tick a tick a tick tick, nick a nick a nick, O! how happy was I, as the time flew by.  
 tick a tick a tick tick, nick a nick a nick, O! how happy was I, as the time flew by.  
 tick a tick a tick tick, nick a nick a nick, O! how happy am I, as the time flies by.

*ritard.* *Dal.* *ritard.* *Dal.*

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