

## Growing Gray

Hello, ole man, you're a-gittin' gray,  
An' it beats ole Ned to see the way  
'At the crow's feet's a-getherin' aroun' yore eyes;  
Tho' it oughtn't to cause me no su'prise,  
Fur there's many a sun 'at you've seen rise  
An' many a one you've seen go down  
Sence yore step was light an' yore hair was brown,  
An' storms an' snows have had their way—  
Hello, ole man, you're a-gittin' gray.

Hello, ole man, you're a-gittin' gray,  
An' the youthful pranks 'at you ust to play  
Are dreams of a far past long ago  
That lie in a heart where the fires burn low—  
That has lost the flame tho' it kept the glow,  
An' spite of drivin' snow an' storm,  
Beats bravely on forever warm.

December holds the place of May—

Hello, ole man, you're a-gittin' gray.

Hello, ole man, you're a-gittin' gray—

Who cares what the carpin' youngsters say?

For, after all, when the tale is told,

Love proves if a man is young or old!

Age cannot make the heart grow cold

When it does the will of an honest mind;

When it beats with love for all mankind;

An' the night but leads to a fairer day—

Hello, ole man, you're a-gittin' gray!