

treas - ure dear I hold, That binds me to the hap - py in
all the joys and tears, Its hap - py mo - ments lost

past, the bro - ken and ring of gold..... I wear it fold - ed up-
pain, its dark and wea - ry years..... Oh, like the gift

marcato.

on my heart, Your treas - ure gift of old,..... Oh, death a-
on my heart, Our sev - ered lives of old,..... Yet death a-

f *p*

long - from me shall part this bro - ken ring of gold.....
long from me shall part this bro - ken ring of gold.....

sf *f*