

Slowly with tenderness ♩ = 69

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Though oceans roar and strike the
gails may cry, and veil the

shore my love for you goes on
skys, my love for you goes

Though on. And

though the riv - ers flood, and though the moun-tains fall, and though the snows may blow, and through the dark-est
though the days race past, and though the years roll by, and though your body - y age, and though your heart may