"MEMORIES"

Words by
J. JOSEPH CRAWFORD
Andante moderato

Music by
HERBERT SPENCER

A BALLAD

Tonight I sit and dream, dear, of
days of long ago - I see a maid be
side me: In the dying embers glow.

To seem to see, your smile, dear, and
gaze into your eyes - I feel your presence
near me: The earth seems para dise.

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sweet face haunts me in my dreams. Aht
lovers song is wafted softly
joyous thoughts are these. Until I wake and
on the evening breeze, All seems so real and
find, dear, they are only memories.
yet I know, they are only memories.

REFRAIN Moderato

Memories, memories, What would life be without memories.
Memories. We think of the joys of our youth that have flown. We think of the

pleasures and pain we have known. Memories, memories,

Time cannot banish our memories. Altho' they may bring many tears and grief. Still we cherish these memories.