The twilight shades are falling, The sun has gone to rest. In
The roses, sweet and tender, Are sad when you are gone. The

dreams I'm now recalling The girl I love the best. How
stars have lost their splendor, But rosy is the dawn. The

well do I remember The golden days gone by, When
nightingales are singing, In summer skies of blue And
hearts were true, and love was new To you, my Lou, and I.
while they sing they seem to bring Sweet memories of you.

CHORUS Marcia (moderato)
In your eyes the light of love was softly beams, My
dearie, so sweet and cheery. In your hair a

shade of gold was gleaming, Like moonbeams that

That Old Girl, etc. 9