OUR YESTERDAYS

Lyric by FRANCIS LAKE

Music by HERBERT LESLIE

The world moves along with its sorrow and song,
We live in a land of dreams;
The troubles we share dissipations and care,
But quickens the joy it seems.

Copyright MCMXVIII by Forster Music Publisher, Inc., Chicago
International copyright secured
list to the rhymes at the thought of old times, that memory's spell be-

trays And on her swift wings comes the maker of things, The

dream of our yesterdays.

It's often the past that we love most at last, Although it comes back through
tears — The pleasures of now, they are sweeter somehow, When seen through the glass of years — The love light of old, like a rainbow of gold, A picture of youth portrays — And like some sweet song we are drifted along, To dream of our yesterdays —

Our Yesterdays (med.)