The flow'rs you gave me are dead, long
dead, there is dust on the pages we loved to
read, the leaves have fallen, the swallows fled, the garden is tangled with thorn and weed. Others are singing the song you sang, others are walking our old sweet way. And last I know it is years ago but it seems, it
seems like yesterday.

Largamente

Love it was long ago;
Love it was far away; and we

stand apart, o faithful heart, but we love, we love, we love, o

love like yesterday,

Largamente

p

Largamente
cresc.
cresc.
What does it matter, o heart, my heart? Withered and dead the flow'rs may lie, and the book be closed, and laid a
- 5 -

part but the words within it will never

die. O love, I look thro' the mist of tears, I see you coming a-

gain to me, with all the love of our golden years, mine for-

- ever thro' days to be.
Largamente

Love it was long a-go! Love it was far a-way! And the

Largamente
days grow late but I watch and wait for the love, the love, the

love of yester-day, for the love, the love

col canto

of yester-day.