



OUR YESTERDAYS



Lyric by FRANCIS LAKE



Music by HERBERT LESLIE

Moderato

The world moves a-long with it's sor-row and song, We

live in a land of dreams; The troubles we share dis-appear-ments and care, But quick-ens the joy it seems. We

list to the rhymes at the thought of old times, that mem-o-ry's spell be-

mf

trays And on her swift wings comes the mak-er of things, The

p

dream of our yes-ter-days.

p *mf*

It's of-ten the past that we love most at last, Al-though it comes back through

p

tears — The pleas-ures of now, they are sweet - er some-how, When

seen through the glass of years — The love light of old, like a

rain-bow of gold, A pic-ture of youth por-trays — And

Slower

like some sweet song we are drift-ed a-long, To dream of our yes-ter-days.

rit.