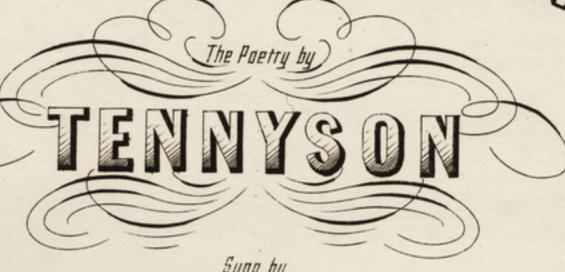
The days that are no more



Madame Sainton Dolby

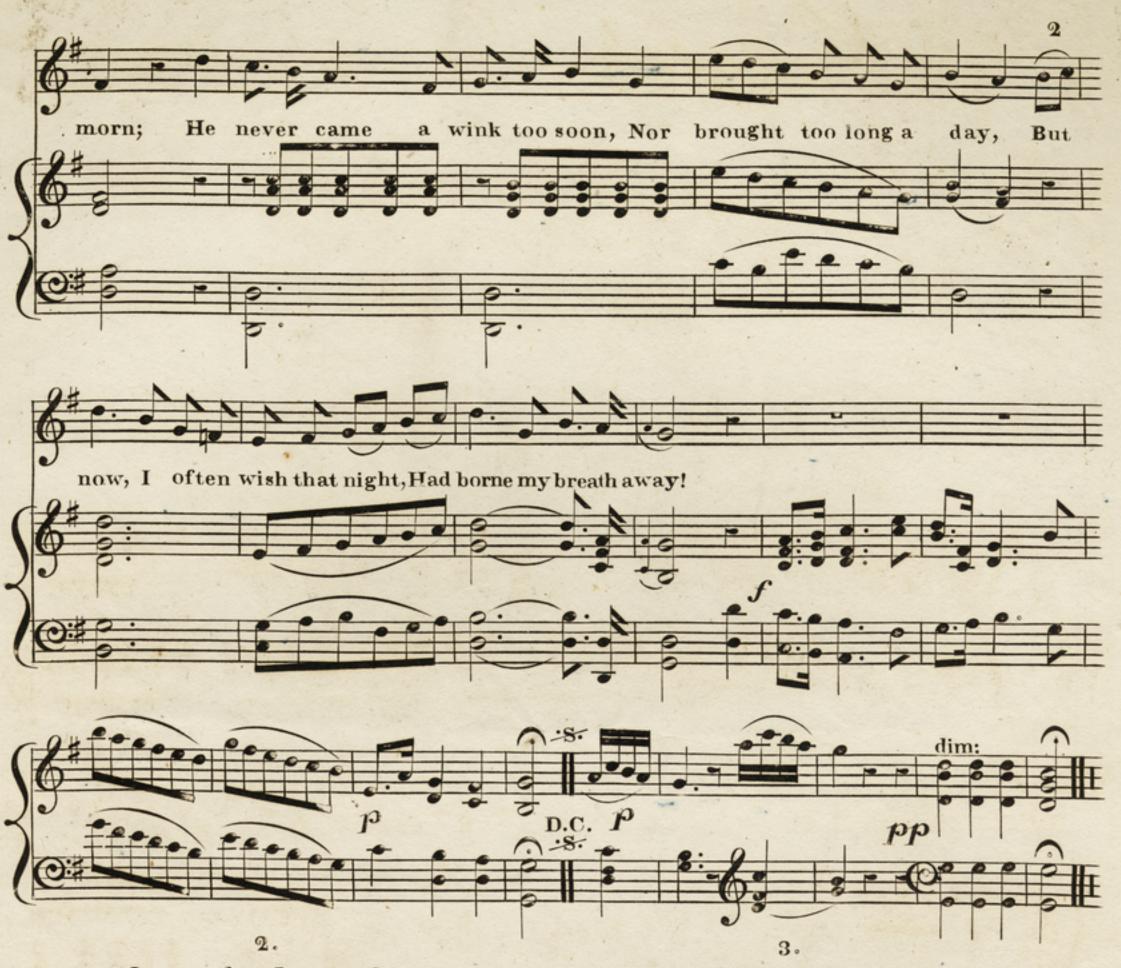


JACQUES BLUMENTHAL

5. F. Swain.

Philadelphia W. H. BONER & CO/III2 Chestnut St.

Chas. W. Harris, Troy. N.Y.



I remember, I remember
The roses red and white,
The violets and the lily cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilach where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birth day;
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was us'd to swing,
And thought the air must rush afresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

4.

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heav'n,
Than when I was a boy.



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