

WM. C. MILLER,  
BALTIMORE.  
J. E. Clark, Jr.

# The days that are no more

*The Poetry by*

**TENNYSON**

*Sung by*

Madame Sainton Dolby

*The Music by*

**JACQUES BLUMENTHAL**

*E. F. Swan.*

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Philadelphia W. H. BONER & CO 1102 Chestnut St.

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



2

morn; He never came a wink too soon, Nor brought too long a day, But

now, I often wish that night, Had borne my breath away!

2.

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!

3.

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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*p* *D.C.* *p* *dim:* *pp*

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