I SEE HER STILL IN MY DREAMS.

POETRY AND MUSIC

BY

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Though her voice once familiar hath gone from the day
And her smiles from the sunlight have faded away,
While the flowers bloom in gladness and springbirds rejoice
There's a void in our household.

Though I wake to a scene now deserted and bleak,
In my one gentle voice.
The form of a loved one hath passed from the light,
But the visions I find the lost form that I seek;
For I see her still in my sound of her footfall returns with the night;
For I see her still in my dreams,
I see her still in my dreams, Though her smiles have de-

Though her smiles have de-
I see her still in my dreams,