THE SWEET LONG AGO.

SONG AND CHORUS

Words and Music by H. M. ESTABROOKE,

Author of "Dear Hero we're growing old."

1. There's a mystic, golden shore, Where the surgeons ever more Break in music on the strand, soft and low,

2. There are kisses fond and sweet, Press'd by lips no more to meet, There are sceptres, there are crowns fallen low;

1. And I hear the ceaseless hymn, I can see the headlands diuin, 'Tis the

2. And the memories of the past, All too fair and bright to last, Throng the

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1 golden shore of sweet long ago; There are countless hopes and fears, There are
2 golden shore of sweet long ago; Oh, the mystic golden shore, Where the

1 shades of vanished years, Where those sounding surges sweep to and fro; There are
2 surges ever-more Break in music on the strand as they flow; All the

1 buds and garlands fair Bound with threads of amber hair, On the golden shore of sweet long ago.
2 pleasures of to-day, One by one soon glide away, To the golden shore of sweet long ago.

Sweet long ago. 41-3.
Long ago, sweet long ago, On the golden shore of sweet long ago,
Long ago, sweet long ago, sweet long ago, On the golden shore of sweet long ago, Long ago,
Long ago, sweet long ago, sweet long ago, On the golden shore of sweet long ago, long ago.

Sweet long ago.