

(To Mrs. Louisa A. Chamberlin, Lebanon, N. H.)

The Days when we were Young.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

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Con Espressione.

1. Sis - ter! sis - ter! don't you remember The days when we were young! The

long, long days, with a light and a shade Like the pearls of a necklace strung— Like the

THE DAYS WHEN WE WERE YOUNG.

pearls of a neck - lace strung? They are gone, with all our yes - ter - days— We

seek their like in vain; But we will shed no tears for them While the

bright to - days re - main. While the bright to - days re - main.

2.
Sister! sister! don't you remember
The days when we were young?
The homely house in the far, far away,
Where the love of our childhood clung?
There is naught to mark that sacred spot,
Save now the beaten loam;
Yet distant altars have we reared
In the blessed name of home.

3.
Sister! sister! don't you remember
The days when we were young?
The mates of childhood—the friends of our youth—
We companioned and loved among?
Some are wand'ring far, and some in death
Have closed their weary eyes;
But we rejoice in new-found friends,
While we weep for broken ties.