



THE
OLD DAYS WE REMEMBER

As sung by

Christy's Minstrels

COMPOSED BY

Charlie C. Converse.

PIANO.

GUITAR.

St. Louis BALMER & WEBER 58 Fourth St

PETERS WEBB & CO *Louisville*

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25¢ net.

THE OLD DAYS WE REMEMBER.

for the Guitar.

Music by C. C. CONVERSE.

Arranged by H. WERNER.

GUITAR.

mf

Musical notation for the guitar introduction, consisting of a single staff with a treble clef and a common time signature. It begins with a series of chords and melodic lines.

Teneramente.

2. V. The old days we re-mem-ber, Oh! there's no-thing like them now, The

The old days we re-mem-ber, How soft-ly did they glide, While

glow has fa-ded from our hearts, The blos-som from the bough; In the

all untouch'd by word-ly care, We wan-der'd side by side, In those

chill of care midst worldly air, Perchance we are cold-er grown, For stormy

pleasant days, When the sun's last rays, Just lin-ger'd on the hill, Or the

wea-ther since we roam'd to-ge-ther, The hearts of both have known,

moons pale light with the coming night, Shone o'er our path-way still.

p

Main musical score for voice and piano. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment with two staves. Dynamics include *mf* and *p*. The piano part has a consistent rhythmic accompaniment.

Tenor.
Bass.

O! the old days we re-mem-ber, How soft-ly did they glide, While

Soprano.
Alto.

O! the old days we re-mem-ber, How soft-ly did they glide, While

GUITAR.

Repeat - *pp*

all un-touch'd by word-ly care, We wan-der'd side by side. We

all un-touch'd by word-ly care, We wan-der'd side by side. We

wan - - der'd We wan - - der'd We wan-der'd side by side We

wan - - der'd We wan - - der'd We wan-der'd side by side We

wan - - der'd We wan - - der'd We wan-der'd side by side.

wan - - der'd We wan - - der'd We wan-der'd side by side.

Return for Symphonies.

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The old days we remember,
 Oh! clearer shone the sun,
 And every star look'd brighter far,
 Than they ever since have done!
 On the very streams there lingered gleams,
 Of light ne'er seen before,
 And the running brook a music took,
 Our souls can hear no more!

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Still, still we must remember,
 Lifes first and brightest days,
 And a passing tribute render
 As we tread the busy maze;
 A bitter sigh, for the hours gone by,
 The dreams that might not last,
 The friends deem'd true when our hopes were new,
 And the glorious visions past: