

Dreams of the Past.

Words by W. E. McNULTY.

Music by Prof. EDMUND CLARK, New York City.

1. The shad - ows of mid - night had deep - ened a - round me, And fierce was the howl of the
 2. I heard the sweet chimes of the vil - lage church peal - ing, Their sil - ver - y mel - o - dies
 3. When the scene slow - ly changed and dark - ness was fall - ing, Rob - bing the ten - der young flow -

cold win - try blast,.... When I dreamed that the morn - ing dawned bright - ly, and found me A - gain 'mid the
 rang through the air,..... And I longed for the joy of the calm tran - quil feel - ing I had when in
 - ers of their bloom,.... Hid - ing the loved ones I vain - ly was call ing, Till naught but the

scenes of youth back in the past,.... My dear cottage home with its roof clad with flow - ers, The
 child - hood I knelt there in prayer.. A - gain 'long the path by the lake I was roam - ing, With
 ech - o came back through the gloom... A feel - ing of lone - li ness o'er me came creep - ing, The

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face of my moth - er who loved me so well.... Each fond cher - ished friend of my boy - hood's bright
 a light fai - ry form close by my side,.... A - gain 'neath the wil - low I sat in the
 spell of my vis - ion was end - ed at last;.... Each old cher - ished form in the church - yard was

CHORUS.

hours.... I saw them a - gain in my vis ion's brief spell.... } Dreams of the past, fond
 gloam - ing, Whisper - ing vows to my bon - nie young bride.... } Bring - ing us vis - ions of
 sleep - ing, And mem - 'ry a - lone bound my heart to the past.....

mem - o - ries treas - ure, Thy joys are, though ma - ny, too fleet - ing to last,..... }
 sor - row and pleas ure Of the dear long a - go, back in the past..... }