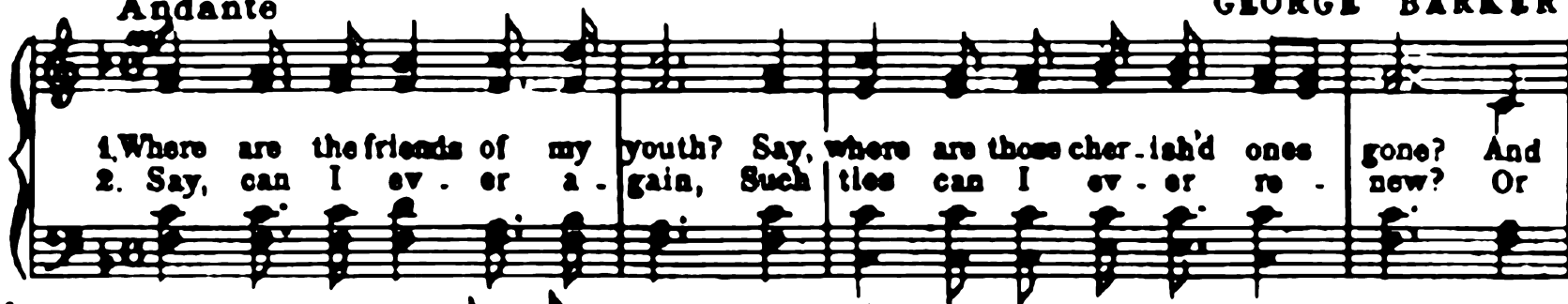


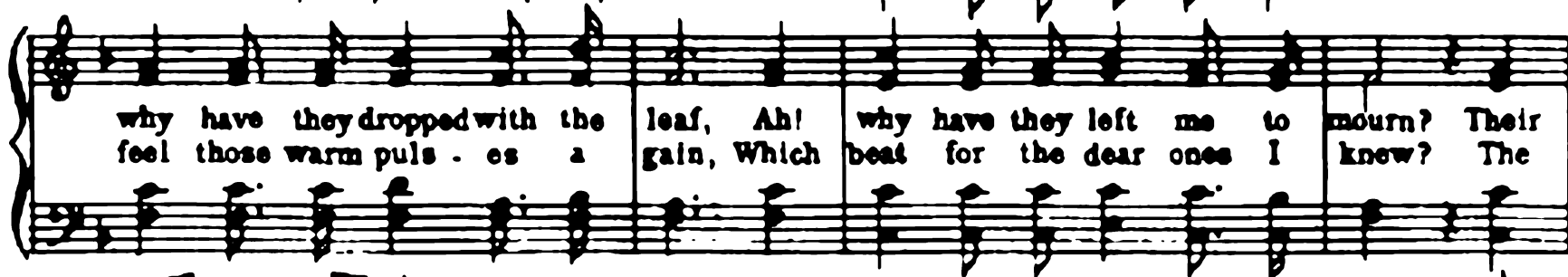
# Where Are The Friends Of My Youth?

Andante

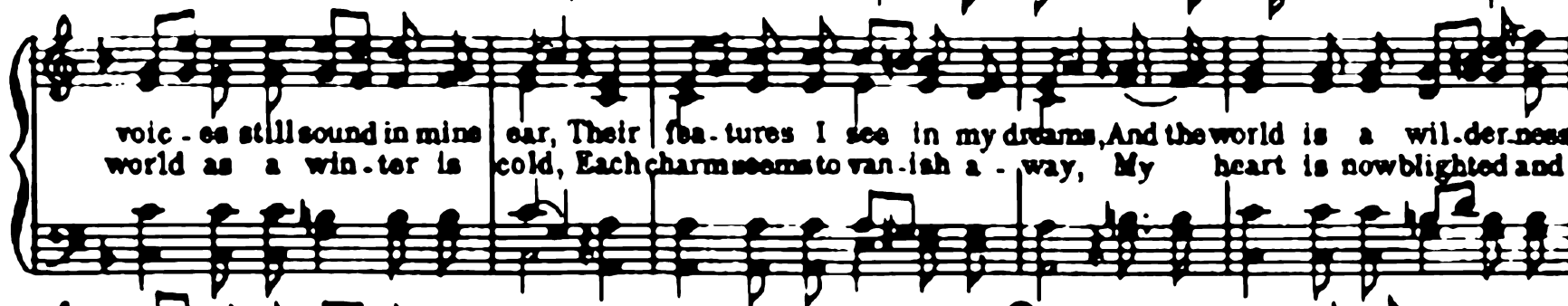
GEORGE BARKER



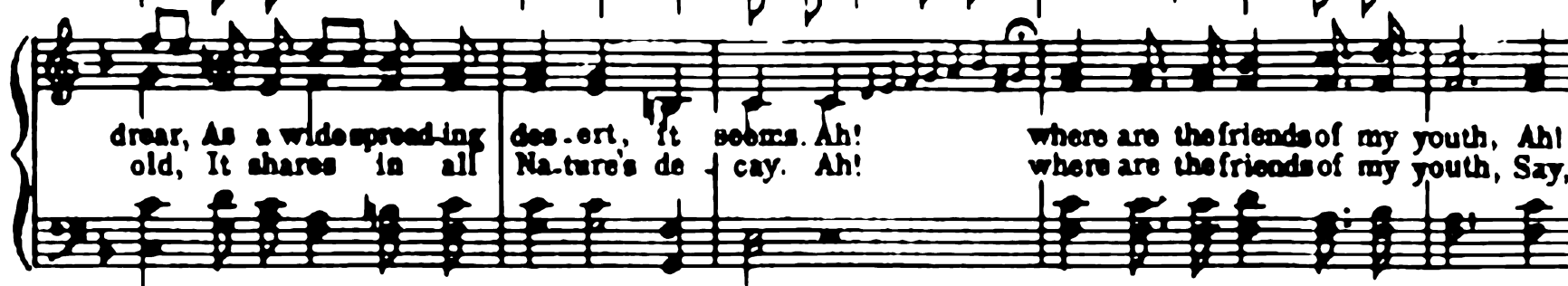
1. Where are the friends of my youth? Say, where are those cher-ish'd ones gone? And  
2. Say, can I ev - er a - gain, Such ties can I ev - er re - new? Or



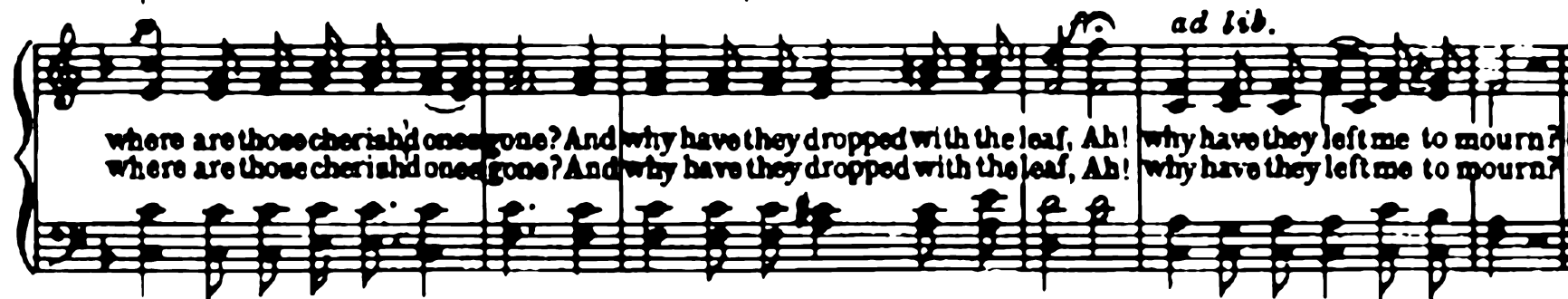
why have they dropped with the leaf, Ah! why have they left me to mourn? Their  
feel those warm puls - es a gain, Which beat for the dear ones I knew? The



voic - es still sound in mine ear, Their fea - tures I see in my dreams, And the world is a wil - der - ness  
world as a win - ter is cold, Each charm seems to van - ish a - way, My heart is now blighted and



drear, As a wide spread - ing des - ert, it seems. Ah! where are the friends of my youth, Ah!  
old, It shares in all Na - ture's de - cay. Ah! where are the friends of my youth, Say,



*ad lib.*  
where are those cher-ish'd ones gone? And why have they dropped with the leaf, Ah! why have they left me to mourn?  
where are those cher-ish'd ones gone? And why have they dropped with the leaf, Ah! why have they left me to mourn?