

The Forgotten Song.

Words by JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

Music by HUMPHREY J. STARK.

VOICE. *mf*

PIANO. *f* *Maestoso.* *mf*

At mid-night I woke from slum-ber, And I
Then the strain took its an-cient mea-sure, The

heard the min-ster chimes; They peal'd like the rhythmic num-ber Of long-for-got-ten rhymes—
rhymes fell in-to their place, And my pain grew in-to plea-sure, As sun-beams sha-dows chase; And

Rhymes that I fashioned in childhood, When my heart pour'd out its song, As a wan-der-ing bird in the
fresh as the breath of morn-ing, And sweet as the scent of flow-ers, Like waves when the tide is

1st time. *rit.* *S.* 2nd time. *rit.*

wild-wood For joy sings all day long. turn-ing, Flow'd back the far-a-way hours.

a tempo. agitato.

Hours when the soul was spot-less, From taint of passion and sin, And life was happy and thought-less,

a tempo. agitato.

poco rit.

Sunshine without and with-in : Ma-ny a song have I writ-ten To call forth a smile or tear, When

rit. *a tempo.*

mirth-mov'd or sorrow - smit - ten, But none to my heart so dear. I sang that song till the wak - ing Of

cres.

birds to the morning ray, Then writ it, as day was break-ing, In a book that near me

f

lay : The lost I have found for ev - er, To cheer me in sor-row and pain ; That

rit. *ad lib.*

song of my child-hood nev - er Shall leave me thro' life a - gain.