On the banks of the Beautiful Thames.

Poetry by B. M.  Music by J. Wilkinson.

Andante con moto.

Oh gone are those days when my heart was so light, Like...
them none again I shall see. When I
rambled so playful from morning till night, And
care was a feather to me, And care was a feather to
me: The bright buds of friendship still bloom in my view, And

On the banks.
For...tune withdraws not her beams,
Yet I think on my life's fairest
blossoms that grew,
On the banks of the beaut...iful Thames:
On the banks of the beaut...iful Thames.

2nd Verse.
Oft
oft I revi...sit that spot of my youth, But no longer 'tis fresh as be-

fore,........ Yet my mem'ry shall che. rish its beau.ties with truth, 'Till

Life and its tears shall be o'er: 'Till Life and its tears shall be

o'er: And oft as re..call.ing past scenes of delight, I'll

On the banks.
think with a sigh on the names,  
Of the lovd ones that ne'er can a...

...gain meet my sight, On the banks of the beau...ti...ful Thames:  
On the

banks of the beau...ti...ful Thames.

On the banks.