If I Only Could Bring Back the Past

Word by
Andrew S. Sterling

Music by
Geo. Hamilton
If I Only Could Bring Back the Past.
A DESCRIPTIVE BALLAD
by the
Composers of "My Sunny Sue."

Words by ANDREW B. STERLING. Music by GEO. HAMILTON.
Arr. by Lee Oreen Smith.

Moderato quasi Andante.

VOICE.

Sitting alone in the twilight,
Then all alone in the valley,
Seemed to see faces of those I love,
Planted a rose on a green, green grave,

Watching the embers glow,
Down where the willows weep,
Faces of long ago;
Mother is fast asleep,

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voice seemed to come from the shadows,
un-der the wide spreading ma-ple,
Whis-pring a low sweet
Dressed in her robe of

prayer,
I ten-der-ly mur-mured, "Mother,"
In
white,
The girl of my heart is sleep-ing,
My

fan-cy, I thought I was there,
And then came an-oth-er
heart is there with her to-night;
And now as I watch the

vis-ion,
I fan-cied two eyes of blue
were
em-bers,
The vo-ices of those I love
Seem

If I only could &c. 4
gazing at me from the shadows,
Calling to me from the shadows,
Piercing me through and through,
Within them I saw the love-light,
The love that she said would last.
Ah, if they were only vision dies out at last.
Ah, if they were only with me,
If I only could bring back the past.
If I only could &c. 4
CHORUS.

If I only could bring back the past, With its hopes, with its joys and tears, If I

on - ly could bring back the girl I loved, After these weary years, Oh, what

joy to my heart it would bring, Just to see mother's face again, If I

on - ly could bring back the past, The past with its pleasures and pain.

If I only could &c.4.
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There's a charm about the old love still For it fills a place none else can fill There's a memory of a face that I've seen, and seen, And we


Oh my memory lingers o'er pictured sweet fields of clover Filled with tender recollections of happy times that's flown And a


I'm dreaming of the night, a bout you far away I'm lost by my sweet heart with out you Day by


A maid so fair with bright golden hair By a window sat a least one day Watching the stream as it passed a long While her


In the dear way of a cottage stands an old man stern of face in the steps a woman's face, soft and low Take me back my dear old daddy let me


Long ago in a small village dwelt two children girl and boy They were playmates in sweet child, I would not by hours They would


Jane, Jane, my pretty Jane, come tell me now that you love me Whiner so soft you that none can hear but the moon and


There's an old fashioned girl with an old fashioned curl in her hair that is sprinkled with gray And her face once so fair Is now furrowed with care That no

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