

Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still

W. T. WRIGHTON

With expression



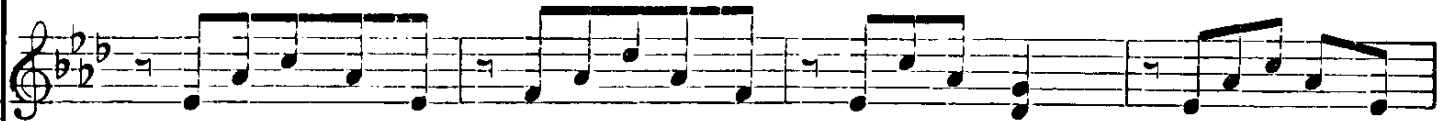
1. 'Tis years since last we met, And we may not meet a - gain; I have
 2. At the first sweet dawn of light, When I gaze up - on the deep, Her
 3. I've sail'd 'neath a - lien skies, I have trod the des - ert path, I have



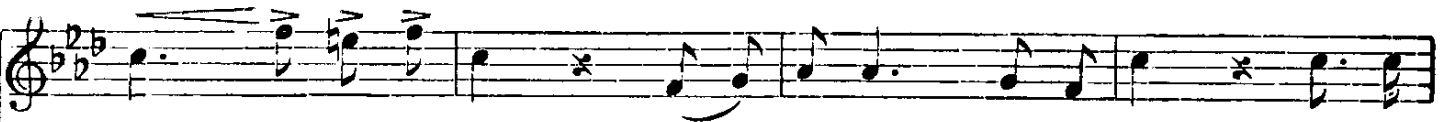
legato



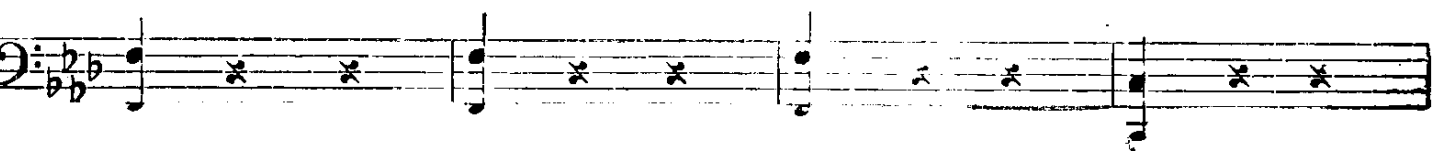
strug - gled to for - get, But the strug - gle was in vain; For her
 form still greets my sight, While the stars their vig - ils keep; When I
 seen the storm a - rise, Like a gi - ant in his wrath; Ev - 'ry



rall. a tempo



voice lives on the breeze, And her spir - it comes at will; In the
 close mine ach - ing eyes, Sweet dreams my sen - ses fill; And from
 dan - ger I have known, That a reck - less life can fill; Yet her



mid - night, on the seas, Her bright smile haunts me still. For her
 sleep when I a - rise, Her bright smile haunts me still. When I
 pres - ence is not flown, Her bright smile haunts me still. Ev - 'ry

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