

## Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still

W. T. WRIGHTON

Slow with expression

*mf*

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—

strug - gled to for get, But the strug - gle was in vain; For her  
 form still greets my sight, While the stars their vi - gils keep. When I

*cresc.*

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

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

*mf*

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

*cresc.* *dim.*

mid - night, on the seas, Her — bright smile haunts me still.  
sleep when I a - rise, Her — bright smile haunts me still.

## The Girl I Left Behind Me

SAMUEL LOVER

*Moderato*

*mf*

1. The hour was sad I left the maid, A lin-g'ring farewell tak - ing, Her  
2. Then to the East we bore a-way, To win a name in - sto - ry, And

sighs and tears my steps de - lay'd, I — thought her heart was break - ing, In  
there, where dawns the sun of day, There dawn'd our sun of glo - ry: Both

hur - ried words her name I bless'd, I breath'd the vows that blind me, And  
blaz'd in noon on Al - ma's height, Where in the post as - sign'd me, I —

to my heart in an - guish press'd The girl I — left be - hind me.  
shard the glo - ry of that fight, Sweet girl I — left be - hind me.