

THEN.

Words by
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Andante.

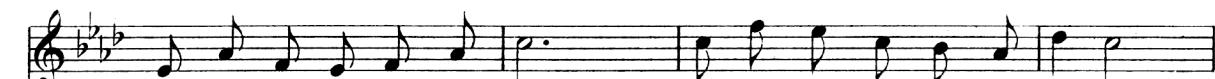
1. Rays of beauty float-ed round me,
2. When the noon-day light is guard-ing,
3. When I heard that old-en sto-ry,
4. As the rar-est chords of pleas-ure,

And my world seemed fair-y-land,
Who may say when dawn be-gun?
Told by Love with mas-ter skill,
Die, at times, in mi-nor strains,

When the shut-ters of my fancy,
And when mid-night gloom is ward-ing,
Like a si-ren song it woed me,
And the silv-ry haze of sum-mer,

Wide were swung by Cu-pid's hand;
Who may say where eve was done?
Thralled me with a si-ren will;
Fades a-way in au-tumn rains,

Then the chal-ice of my gladness,
So, when Love has winged his ar-arrow,
And tho' far a-way I've wandered,
So, the one my soul ex-alt-ed,



Glowed and spark-led in my sun,
Who may say when bow he bent?
From that day of per-fect bliss,
Of whose life I seemed a part,

While I drained its ho-ly nec-tar,
And when Love a - far has journeyed,
Still, a wand of sweet en-chantment,
Waft-ed me to heights of rap-ture,



REFRAIN.

Quaffed to him my plight-ed one; —
Who may say the time he went? —
Blends, some-how, that time with this; —
Then threw down my trust-ing heart; —

Mar-vel not my day of dream-ing,

Mar-vel not nor que-ry when; For I can but give you ans-ter: 'Twas

then, then.

m *rit.* *a tempo*