

# VOICE OF THE WIND.

Words by  
EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD.

*Lento.*

*pp leggiero*

*l. p.*

*pp con pedale*

1. Time hath pro-faned the dear old pla - ces, Where are the haunts I  
 2. Fair is the world with shift - ing splen - dor, Glad is the world with  
 3. Far in the night a song comes steal - ing; Peace and con - tent are  
 4. Hid by the veil the dark - ness mak - eth, Time and his work have

used to know? Flow'rs that I loved have stran - ger fa - ces,  
 change - ful song; Still do I turn to mem' - ries ten - der,  
 mine at last; Sweet is the charm to me re - veal - ing,  
 passed a - way; Touched by the wind the world a - wak - eth,

Not like the flow'rs of the long a - go. Ten - der and low, a  
 Still for the joys of the past I long. Ten - der and low, a  
 All I would know of the dream-y past. Ten - der and low, a  
 Crowned with the joy of its bright-est day. Ten - der and low, a

voice that I know; Whis - per-eth peace to me; ——— For  
 voice that I know; Prom - is-eth rest to me; ——— For  
 voice that I know; Work - eth the charm for me; ——— For  
 voice that I know; Mak - eth a child of me; ——— For

ev - er the wind, the soft, — sweet wind, Is just as it used to be. —  
 ev - er the wind, the soft, — sweet wind, Is just as it used to be. —  
 ev - er the wind, the soft, — sweet wind, Is just as it used to be. —  
 ev - er the wind, the soft, — sweet wind, Is just as it used to be. — } The

wind, — the soft sweet wind, For

*pp leggiero colla parte*

ev - er the wind, the soft, sweet wind; Is just as it used to be. —