

IN MEMRY'S GOLDEN FRAME



AS
SUNG BY
MISS AIMEE
ANGELES

Miss Aimee Angeles

Photo by
Hall N^o 2

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IN MEMRY'S GOLDEN FRAME

Words by
HERBERT A. JOYCE

Music by
ARTHUR M. COHEN

Moderato

mf *rit.*

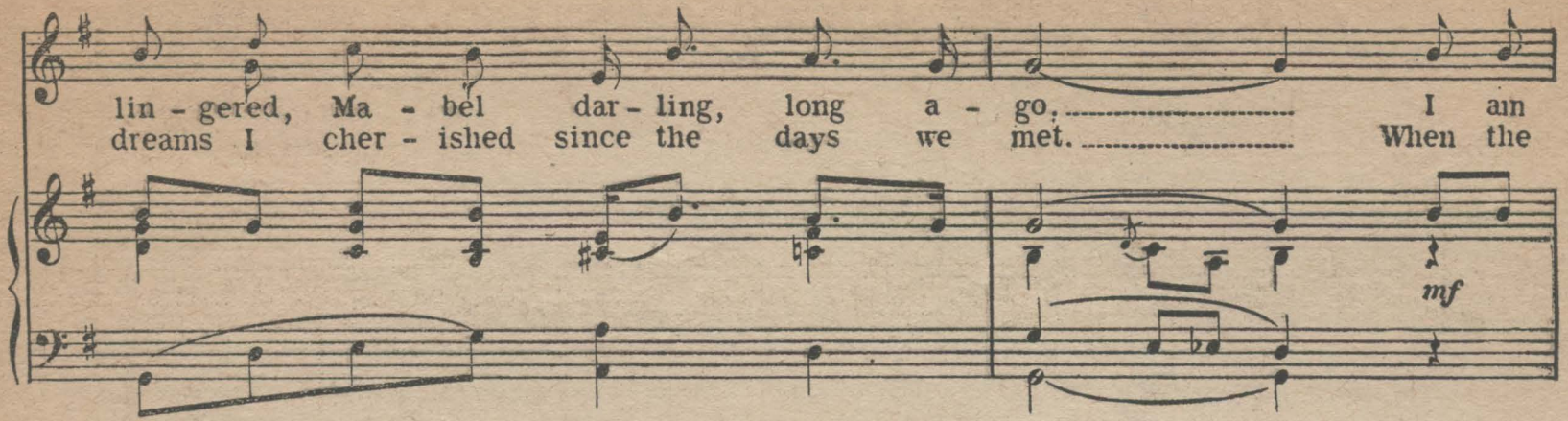
1. Mem'-ry calls to mind the scenes of days de-part-ed; While, re-
2. When I pass the lit-tle church, down in the vil-lage, In my

p

-flect-ing in the twi-light's fad-ing glow,..... Fan-cy
heart there is but sor-row and re-gret;..... For, 'twas

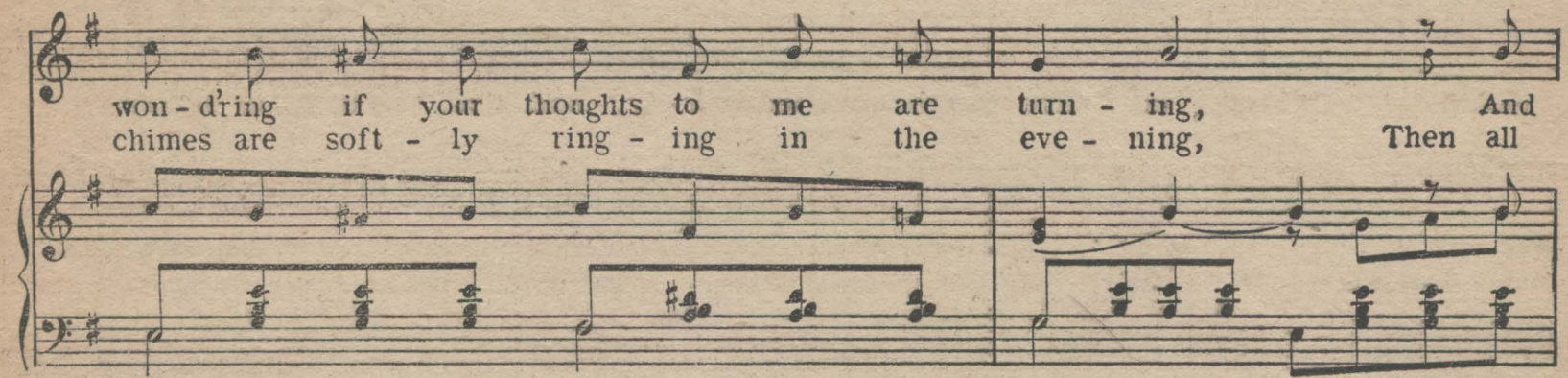
paints the rus-tic bridge a-cross the riv-er, Where we
there I hoped to see the hap-py end-ing Of the

lin - gered, Ma - bel dar - ling, long a - go, I am
dreams I cher - ished since the days we met. When the



mf

won - d'ring if your thoughts to me are turn - ing, And
chimes are soft - ly ring - ing in the eve - ning, Then all



if your lov - ing heart re - mains the same. Re - col -
na - ture seems to whis - per your sweet name. Far a -



- lec - tion seems to bring you ev - er near - er, I can
way, as in a vi - sion, Ma - bel dar - ling, I can

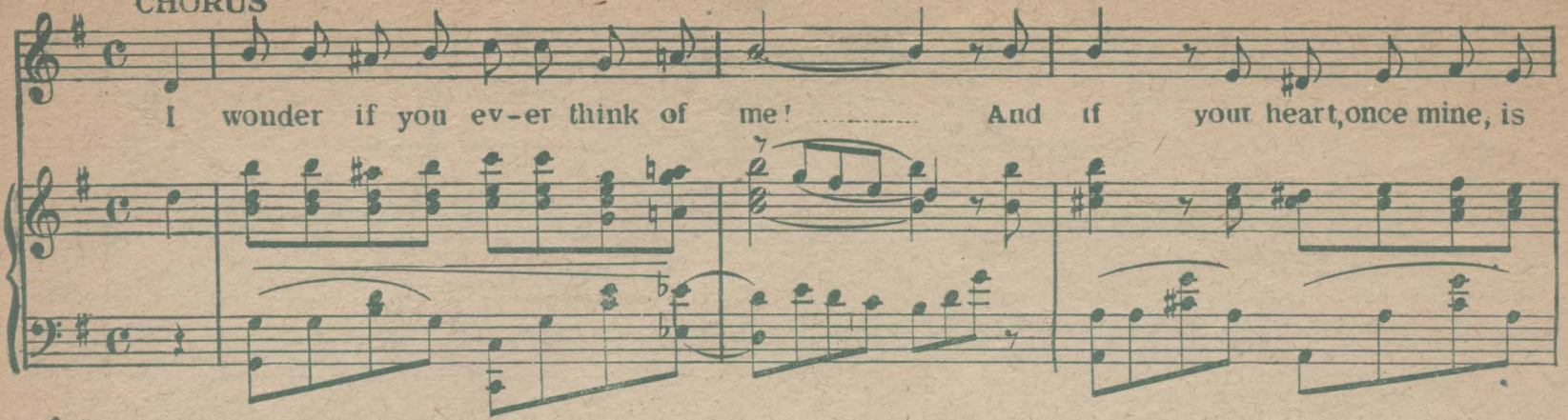


see your face in mem' - ry's gold - en frame.
see your face in mem' - ry's gold - en frame.

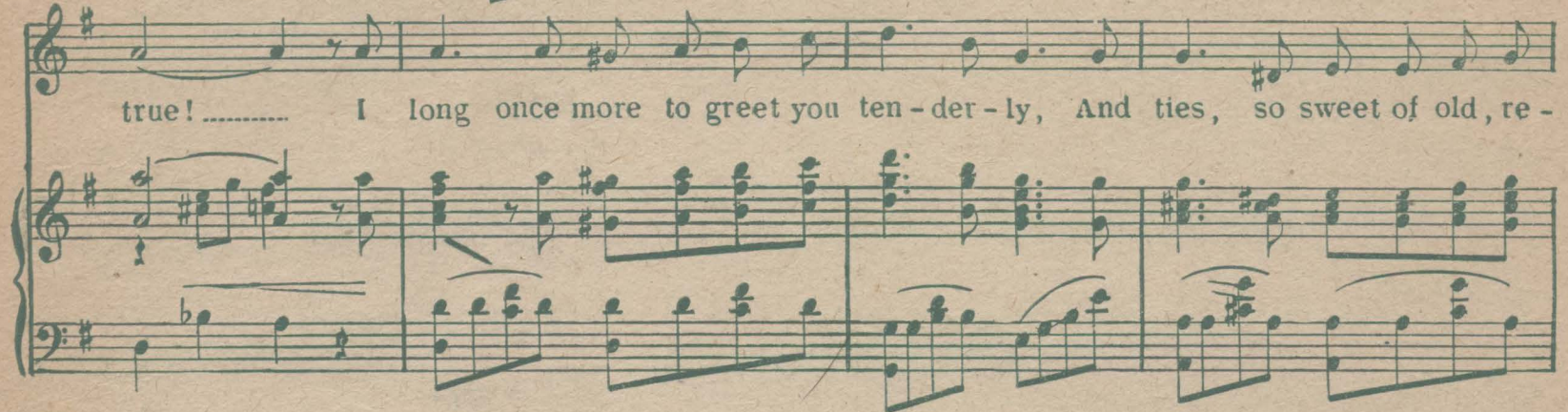


CHORUS

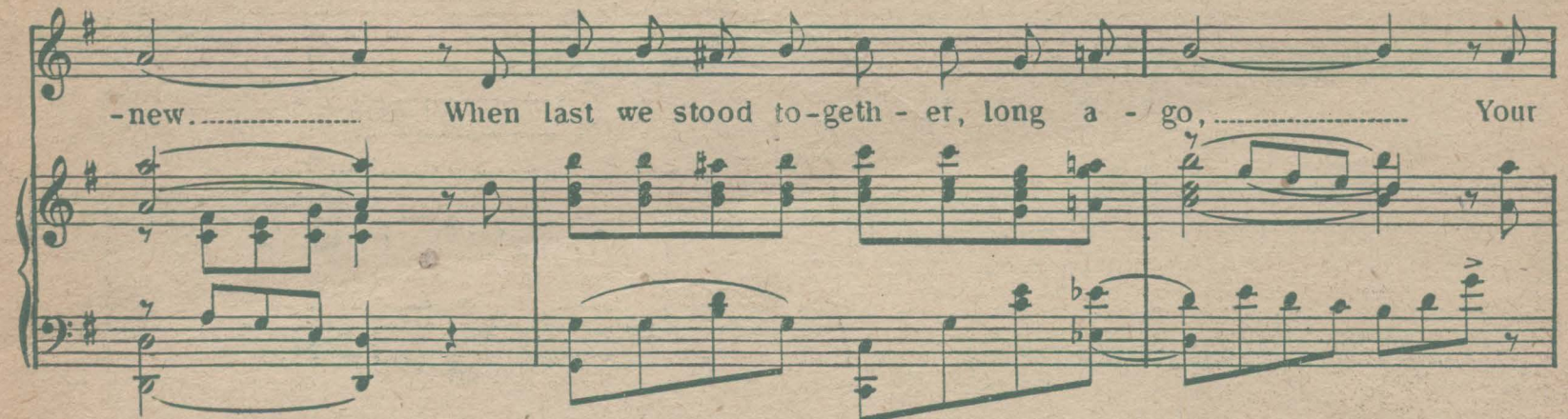
I wonder if you ev-er think of me! And if your heart, once mine, is




true! I long once more to greet you ten-der-ly, And ties, so sweet of old, re-



-new. When last we stood to-gether, long a-go, Your



cheeks, so fair, with crim-son were a-flame; While, dreaming in the twilight's fading



glow, I see your face in mem'ry's gold-en frame.

poco rit. D.C.

