

Where Are The Friends Of My Youth

George Baker, 1773-2847
arr. Laurel Hunt Pedersen

Where are the friends of my youth, Say

where are those che-rished ones gone? And why have they dropped with the

leaf? And why have they left me to mourn? Their

voi - ces still sound in mine ear. Their fea - tures I see in my

dreams, And the world is a wil - der-ness, drear, As a wide spread-ing

17

des - ert it seems. Ah Where are the friends of my

20

youth, Ah where are those cher-ished ones

23

why have they dropped with the leaf, Ah why have they left me to mourn?

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Say, can I ev - er a- gain, Such

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ties can I ev-er re - new? Or feel those warm pul - ses a- gain: Which

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 beat for the dear ones I knew. The world as a win - ter is cold: Each

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 charm seems to van - ish a - way; My heart is now blight - ed and old, It shares in all

43
 na - ture's de - cay. Ah Where are the friends of my

46
 youth, Ah where are those cher - ished ones gone; And

49
 why have they dropped with the leaf, Ah why have they left me to mourn?