Years, Years, Years.

Words by
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Music by
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Moderato.

I dare not say that fate's unkindly.
One little bird sang 'neath my window.

I dare not think that hope is gone.
One little song of sweet content.

But still at evening, shadows come, dear,
For close at hand its mate would twitter.

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And then my grief rolls on and on,
And many glad-some days were spent.

I'm waiting for a golden day, dear,
But one dark day the mate was missing.

When from this separation free,
The grief of one is sad to see.
And now its plaintive tones all vanish,
When you, my love, come back to me.

The years of darkness all will
And bring my sorrows back to me.

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Refrain.
Slowly.

Years, Years, Years, I've waited, dear,

Heart filled with longing, just to have you here,

Come, come, come, I want but thee,

Come to your sweet-hearts arms, come back to me.

Years, Years, Years.