Dreams, Just Dreams.

Andante Moderato.

Piano.

The sun-beams have taken their flight,
I wake with the morning my dear,

The day slowly turned into
The sun up above shining

night;
All nature's at rest,
The flowers seem gay to welcome the day,

clear;
The birds in their rest Sleep

on, 'neath the moon's silvery light.
The shadows of eves ease my day that will seem like a year.

My goal is a land so it

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heart — For now that we've drifted apart, I find joys a new while seems, Where night never turns to sunbeams, The world I would give to

dreaming of you, Dreams that can never come true.
go there and live, Live with my golden dreams.

Chorus. con espressione.

Dreams, just dreams, My beautiful golden

dreams, It seems my dreams Are misses of sweet con-

Dread * Dread *
a tempo.

la- tion. Each dream I dream

Turns gloom to a bright sun-

beam. Since the love that I gave

Found a grave, all I crave is

a tempo.

D.C.

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