Through These Wonderful Glasses Of Mine

Words by
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Music by
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Moderato

Come and look, come and look,
Through these wonderful glasses I can see,

I can see,
Shady lanes and the old rustic found,
Look with me and you'll see lots of wonderful things all around,

Look with me and you'll see lots of wonderful things all around,
Swimming pool, village school, and the ivy clad church on the hill,

Here and there everywhere, I can see the whole world far and near;
Childhood days, future ways, for these glasses make everything clear.

Childhood days, future ways, for these glasses make everything clear.
Mother dear seems so near, Her sweet face makes the picture complete.
I can see a pretty cottage, Where the morning glories twine. The good old pals I once called mine, In the days of "Auld Lang Syne!"
I can see a sweetheart yearning, Neath the old grape arbor vine. And I plainly can see, She is waiting for me. Through these wonderful glasses of mine. I can mine. mine.