



SONGS & BALLADS  
OF  
MISS  
CATHARINE HAYES.

- N<sup>o</sup> 1. *Why do I weep for thee.* W. WALLACE.  
 2. *I mourn thee, but I love no more.* W. WALLACE.  
 3. *Ah mon fils (Ah! my child.)* MEYERBEER.  
 4. *Come where the sweet tonèd Zephyrs.* F. MORI.  
 5. *O Sing to me.* G. A. OSBORNE.  
 6. *The Harp that once thro' Taras Halls.* MOORE.  
 7. *Kathleen Mavourneen.* CROUCH.  
 8. *Softly ye night winds.* W. WALLACE.  
 9. *Home, sweet home.* BISHOP.  
 10. *Savourneen deilish.* IRISH.  
 11. *Comin' thro' the rye.* SCOTCH.  
 12. *Annie Laurie.* SCOTCH.  
 13. *Those happy days are gone.*  
 14. *Auld Robin Gray.*

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# THOSE HAPPY DAYS ARE GONE.

WORDS BY C. LINLEY.

MUSIC BY L. LAVENU.

*Andante Espressivo.*

Original Key B $\flat$ .

*p*

The first system of the score is a piano introduction. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The music is in a minor key (B-flat major) and 3/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Andante Espressivo' and the dynamic is 'p' (piano). The introduction features a series of chords in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes in the left hand.

Those hap-py days are

The second system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first phrase. The vocal line is on a treble clef staff, and the piano accompaniment is on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics 'Those hap-py days are' are written below the vocal staff.

gone, And I am lone-ly now; The blight-ing hand of care Is

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'gone, And I am lone-ly now; The blight-ing hand of care Is' are written below the vocal staff.

trac'd up-on my brow— The green-woods and the bow'rs, Des-pair-ing, now, I

The fourth system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'trac'd up-on my brow— The green-woods and the bow'rs, Des-pair-ing, now, I' are written below the vocal staff.

fly, My ten-der plants and flow'rs, Neg-lect-ed, droop and die. The

si-lent tears I shed, Shall ne'er be seen by thee, Those hap-py days are

gone, And thou art lost to me, Yes, thou art lost, art lost to me.

1

shun the world's cold gaze, From all I strive to flee; But

bu - - sy mem' - ry strays Un - con - scious back to thee. The

love thine eyes first taught, Still glows for thee a - - - lone — A

love with an - - guish fraught, That lives tho' hope be

gone; The si - lent tears I shed, Shall ne'er be seen by

thee, Those hap - - py days are gone, And thou art lost to  
cres - - - - -

me. Yes, thou art lost, art lost to me.  
- - - - - dim.

*p*