

Years roll by, my tho'ts fly To Mt. A. a - cross the sea. —
 Songs most dear strike my e e, Bring-ing back those gold - en days. —
 Songs so true, na - ture so, Birds and wind their themes re - peat. —

Chorus.
 M.M. $\text{♩} = 66$.

When I hear those old songs ring-ing: — Man - dy Lee and

Old Black Joe, — Seems as if I could hear the boys

sing - ing As they did in the long a - go. —