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Bright sunny days.

Hovey, Alvin P.

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BRIGHT SUNNY DAYS

Dedicated to.

ESSIE

BY

ALVIN P. HOVEY.

Arranged by

Ferdinand Kirker,

Translation by

José Arnaldo Marquez.

LIMA 1867

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NEW YORK

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BRIGHT SUNNY DAYS.

CLAROS DIAS DE SOL.

F. KIRKER.

Bright sun-ny
Claros di - as de

days have de - par - ted,
sol han pas - sa - do,

The fair flowers of spring fade a -
Bellas flores de Abril ya no

way;
son;

Lone - ly - lone - ly and sad, heavy hearted
Solo y triste yo va - go abru - ma - do,

I wander a-round day by day. . . I ask will the
Por mi propio infe-liz cora... zon. . . ¡Volve-rán los ful-

sun be un-sha-ded? . . I ask, will the flow'rs bloom a-gain?
go-res del di-a! . . ¡Volve-rán las guir-naldas de A-bril!

Ah! . . tears, like the rain-drop, un-heed-ed, My throbbing heart
So-lo llan-to de in-ten-sa ago-ní-a Dá res-pues-ta á mi

answers *in.* gain.
añe-lo fe-bril. Ah! . . tears, like the rain drop, un-heed-ed,
So-lo llan-to de in-ten-sa ago-ní-a

My throbbing heart answers a - - gain. . . .
 Da res-pues-ta á mi anhe-lo fe - - bril. . . .

II.

Oh, wild in the revels of pleasure,
 I seek for relief in my woe;
 I'd drain the rich bowl to its measure
 If I only my cares could forgo, —
 The dear dreams of youth have all vanished,
 Their fairy charms melted and gone,
 I have lived, I've loved, I have vanquished,
 But now I'm alone, all alone.

III.

Oh, what is the world, with its pleasures,
 Its glory, its pomp, and its train?
 They fade like miragean waters,
 And leave the poor wanderer in pain;
 One fond heart that truly adores thee,
 Is worth all their pride and their name,
 Give me back the pure heart that once loved me,
 Take honors, wealth, glory, and fame!

II.

¡Oh! yo busco a mi angustia consuelo
 En la loca embriaguez del placer,
 Si pudiera olvidar este duelo,
 Todo el cáliz podría beber.
 Juventud! ya tu sueño querido
 Con sus bellos encantos pasó. —
 Vida; amor, triunfos, todo he tenido....
 ¿Quién es hoy, quien, mas solo que yo?

III.

¿Qué es el mundo con todo su brillo,
 Con su gloria y su pompa falaz?
 Un miraje que pasa, un castillo
 Que fabrica una nube fugaz. —
 Ellos dejan mas triste al viajero....
 ¡Oh volvedme, volvedme el amor
 De aquel pecho que fue mio entero,
 Y tomad gloria, fama y honor!