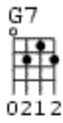
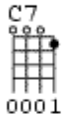


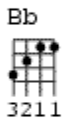
You are the same sweet girl I knew



In happy days of old,



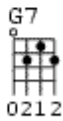
Your hair is silver but your heart is gold.



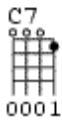
Red roses blush no longer,



In your cheeks so sweet and fair;



It seems to me dear I can see,



White roses blooming there.

Chorus and finish