

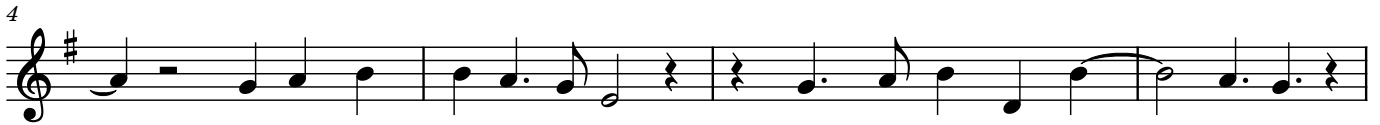
Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still

J. E. Carpenter

W. T. Wrighton



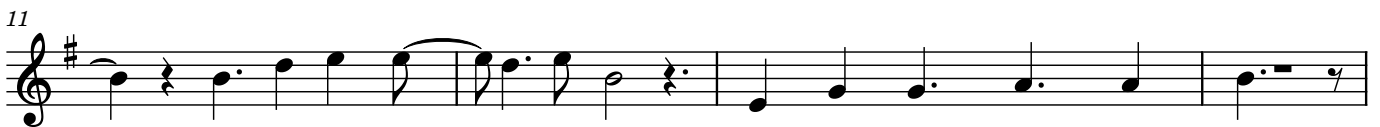
It's been a year since last we met. We may ne - ver me-et a-gain.



I have strug - led to for-get; but the strug-gle was in vain.



For her voice lives on the breeze; her spir - it comes at will.



In the mid-night on the seas her bright smile haunts me still



In the mid-night on the seas, her bright smile haunts me still.