

# That Old Girl Of Mine

Lyric by  
EARLE C. JONES

Music by  
EGBERT VAN ALSTYNE

**Andante moderato (con moto)**



The twi - light shades are fall - ing, The sun has gone to rest. In  
The ro - ses, sweet and ten - der, Are sad when you are gone. The



dreams I'm now re - call - ing The girl I love the best. How  
stars have lost their splen - dor, But ro - sy is the dawn. The



well do I re - mem - ber The gold - en days gone by, When  
night - in - gales are sing - ing In sum - mer skies of blue, And



hearts were true and love was new To you, my Lou, and I.  
while they sing they seem to bring Sweet mem - o - ries of you.

**CHORUS Marcia (moderato)**

In your eyes the light of love was soft-ly beam - ing, \_\_\_\_\_ My dear - ie, \_\_\_\_\_ so



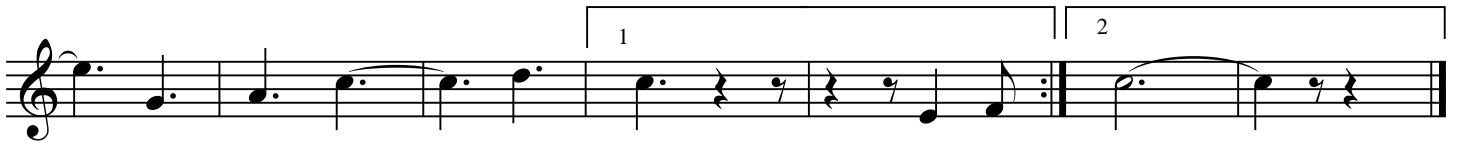
sweet and cheer - y. In your hair a shade of gold was gleam - ing, \_\_\_\_\_ Like



moon - beams \_\_\_\_\_ that shine. \_\_\_\_\_ Lou, Lou, \_\_\_\_\_ I still love you, For the



sake of Auld Lang Syne; \_\_\_\_\_ And I call you, when I fall to sleep a - dream - ing, \_\_\_\_\_



\_\_\_\_\_ "That Old Girl \_\_\_\_\_ of Mine." In your Mine." \_\_\_\_\_