

# 102

## Memories

(1897)

A.

Presto

6

We're sit - ting in the op - era house, the  
(As fast as it will go.)

*f*

7

op - era housem the op - era house; We're wait - ing for the cur - tain to a - rise with won - ders

12

for our eyes; We're feel - ing pret - ty gay, and well we may, "O, Jim - my, look!" I say, "The

17

band is tun - ing up and soon will start to play." We whist - tle and we hum,

23

beat time with the drum. Whistle - - - - - We

29

whis - tle and we hum, beat time with the drum, Whistle - - - - -

35

We're sit - ting in the op - era house, the op - era house, the  
(Octaves ad lib.)

40

op - era house, a - wait - ing for the cur - tain to rise with won - ders for our eyes, a

45

feel - ing of ex - pec - tan-cy, a cer - tain kind of ec - sta-sy, ex - pec - tan-cy and

50

ec - sta-sy, ex - pec-tan-cy and ec - sta-sy — Sh'-s--s'-s. — Curtain!

56 Adagio

B.

*p*

From the street a strain on my eardoth fall, A—

*f*

*p*

*Ped.*      *\**      *Ped. semper*

60

tune asthreadbare as that "old red shawl," It is tat-tered, it is torn, it shows

63

sings of be - ing worn, It's the tune my Uncle hummed from ear - ly morn,  
'Twas a

66

com-mon lit-tle thing and kind 'a sweet,  
But 'twas sad and seemed to slow up both his

69

feet; I can see him shuff - ling down to the barn or to the town, a\_\_\_

72

hum - - - - - ming.