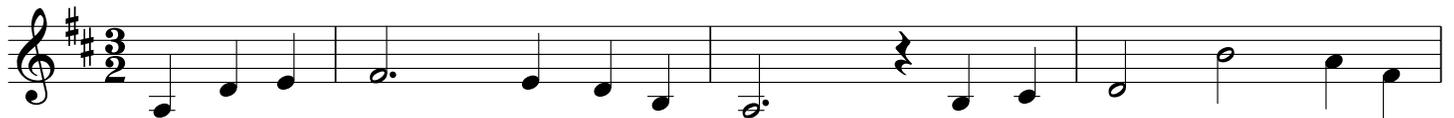


# Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still

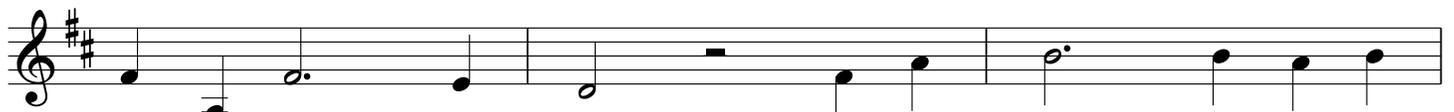
J. E. Carpenter / W. T. Wrighton



It's been a year since last we met We may nev - er meet a-



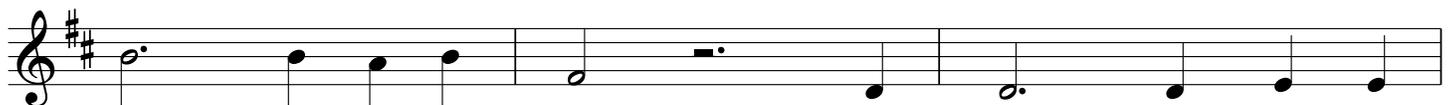
- gain I have strug - gled to for - get But the



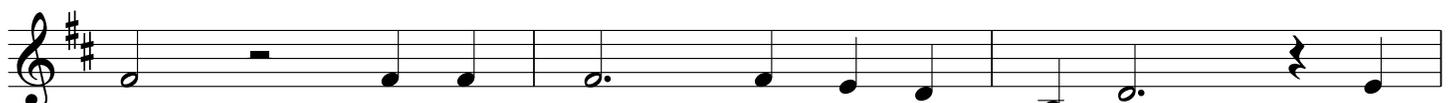
strug - gle was in vain For her voice lives on the



breeze And 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