

# The Beauty of the Days Gone By

Van Morrison

When I recall just how it felt  
When I went walking down by the lake  
My soul was free, my heart awake  
When I walked down into the town

The mountain air was fresh and clear  
The sun was up behind the hill  
It felt so good to be alive  
On that morning in spring

I want to sing this song for you  
I want to lift your spirits high  
And in my soul I want to feel  
The beauty of the days gone by

The beauty of the days gone by  
It brings a longing to my soul  
To contemplate my own true self  
And keep me young as I grow old

The beauty of the days gone by  
The music that we used to play  
So lift your glass and raise it high  
To the beauty of the days gone by

I'll sing it from the mountain top  
Down to the valley down below  
Because my cup doth overflow  
With the beauty of the days gone by

The mountain glen  
Where we used to roam  
The gardens there  
By the railroad track  
Oh my memory it does not lie  
Of the beauty of the days gone by

The beauty of the days gone by  
It brings a longing to my soul  
To contemplate my own true self  
And keep me young as I grow old

And keep me young as I grow old  
And keep me young as I grow old  
And keep me young as I grow old