

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