

Herbert Kretzmer**"YESTERDAY WHEN I WAS YOUNG"**

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Yesterday when I was young
the taste of life was sweet as rain upon my tongue.
I teased at life as if it were a foolish game,
the way the evening breeze may tease a candle flame.
The thousand dreams I dreamed, the splendid things I planned
I always built alas on weak and shifting sand.
I lived by night and shunned the naked light of the day
and only now I see how the years ran away.
Yesterday when I was young
so many drinking songs were waiting to be sung,
so many wayward pleasures lay in store for me
and so much pain my dazzled eyes refused to see.
I ran so fast that time and youth at last ran out,
I never stopped to think what life was all about
and every conversation I can now recall
concerned itself with me and nothing else at all.
Yesterday the moon was blue
and every crazy day brought something new to do.
I used my magic age as if it were a wand
and never saw the waste and emptiness beyond.
The game of love I played with arrogance and pride
and every flame I lit too quickly quickly died.
The friends I made all seemed somehow to drift away
and only I am left on stage to end the play.
There are so many songs in me that won't be sung,
I feel the bitter taste of tears upon my tongue.
The time has come for me to pay for yesterday when I was young.

Submitter's comments:Â

Please format in same as original for the singer to be able to follow it with the music as best you can. Thanks so much. This is for my 90 year old father who wants to learn this in French to sing to an old dying friend who spent many years in France during WWII.

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