

October 27, 1939

THE MEMORY

(To the music of Strauss's "Tales of Vienna Woods")

Gently, so tenderly,
Dim in the morning haze,
Gray skies fade suddenly
And from the misty maze
Vienna, the place of dreams
Reaches my weary eyes
Casting a glorious light
Where first hung cold gray skies.

Vienna in sunshine bright,
Vienna in tinkling rain
Smiles on the Danube blue,
Smiles on the fertile plain,
Gone from the earth today
Leaving a memory,
Vienna, my morning dream
Fades gently, tenderly.