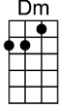
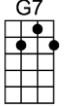
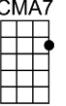



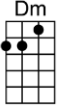
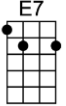
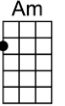
YESTERDAY, WHEN I WAS YOUNG

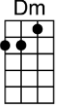
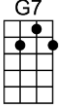
4/4 1234 12

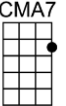
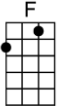
-Charles Aznavour/Herbert Kretzmer

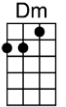
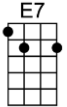
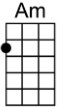
Intro: |  |  |  |  |

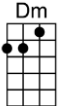
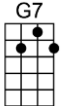
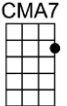
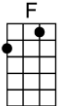
   
Yester-day, when I was young, the taste of life was sweet as rain upon my tongue.

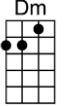
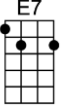
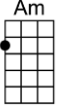
  
I teased at life, as if it were a foolish game, the way the evening breeze may tease a candle flame.

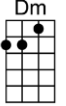
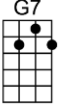
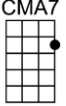
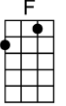
 
The thousand dreams I dreamed, the splendid things I planned

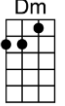
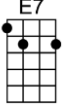
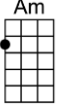
 
I always built to last, on weak and shifting sand.

  
I lived by night, and shunned the naked light of day, and only now I see how the years ran away.

   
Yester-day, when I was young, so many happy songs were waiting to be sung,

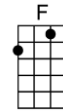
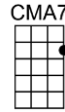
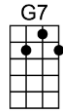
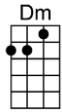
  
So many wild pleasures lay in store for me, and so much pain my dazzled eyes refused to see.

   
I ran so fast that time and youth at last ran out, I never stopped to think what life was all a-bout

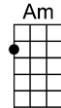
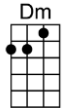
  
And every conver-sation I can now re-call, concerns itself with me and nothing else at all.

p.2 Yesterday, When I Was Young

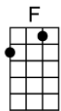
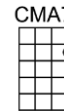
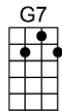
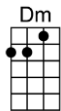
Instrumental (same as verse)



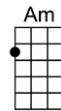
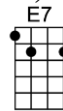
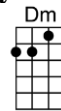
Yester-day the moon was blue, and every crazy day brought something new to do.



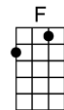
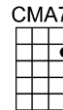
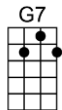
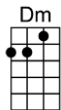
I used my magic age as if it were a wand and never saw the waste and emptiness beyond.



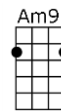
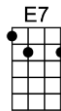
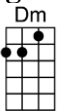
The game of love I played with arrogance and pride, and every flame I lit too quickly, quickly died.



The friends I made all seemed somehow to drift a-way, 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 yester-day when I was young.

YESTERDAY, WHEN I WAS YOUNG

4/4 1234 12

-Charles Aznavour/Herbert Kretzmer

Intro: | Dm | G7 | CMA7 | C6 |

Dm G7 CMA7 F
Yester-day, when I was young, the taste of life was sweet as rain upon my tongue.
Dm E7 Am
I teased at life, as if it were a foolish game, the way the evening breeze may tease a candle flame.
Dm G7
The thousand dreams I dreamed, the splendid things I planned
CMA7 F
I always built to last, on weak and shifting sand.
Dm E7 Am
I lived by night, and shunned the naked light of day, and only now I see how the years ran away.

Dm G7 CMA7 F
Yester-day, when I was young, so many happy songs were waiting to be sung,
Dm E7 Am
So many wild pleasures lay in store for me, and so much pain my dazzled eyes refused to see.
Dm G7 CMA7 F
I ran so fast that time and youth at last ran out, I never stopped to think what life was all a-bout
Dm E7 Am
And every conver-sation I can now re-call, concerns itself with me and nothing else at all.

Instrumental (same as verse)

Dm G7 CMA7 F
Yester-day the moon was blue, and every crazy day brought something new to do.
Dm E7 Am
I used my magic age as if it were a wand and never saw the waste and emptiness beyond.

Dm G7 CMA7 F
The game of love I played with arrogance and pride, and every flame I lit too quickly, quickly died.
Dm E7 Am
The friends I made all seemed somehow to drift a-way, and only I am left on stage to end the play.

Dm G7 CMA7 F
There are so many songs in me that won't be sung, I feel the bitter taste of tears upon my tongue.
Dm E7 Am9
The time has come for me to pay for yester-day when I was young.