

# YESTERDAY, WHEN I WAS YOUNG

(Hier Encore)

Moderately

English Lyric by HERBERT KRETZMER  
Original French Text and Music by CHARLES AZNAVOUR

**Gm7**

Yes - ter - day when I was  
day the moon was

**C7** **Fmaj7** **Bb** **Em7-5** **A7**

young. The taste of life was sweet as rain up - on my tongue, I teased at life as if it were a fool - ish game. The way the eve - ning  
blue, and ev - 'ry cra - zy day brought some - thing new to do, I used my mag - ic age as if it were a wand, an nev - er saw the

**Dm** **Gm7** **C7** **Fmaj7**

breezema tease a can - dle flame; Thethou - sand dreams I dreamed, The splen - did things I planned I al - ways built, a - las, on weak and shift - ing  
waste and emp - ti - ness be - yond; The game of love I played with ar - ro - gance and pride and ev - 'ry flame I lit to quick - ly quick - ly

**Bb** **Em7-5** **A7** **Dm** **To Coda** **Gm7**

sand; I lived by night and shunned the na - ked light of day And on - ly now I see how the years ran a - way. Yes - ter - day. When I was  
died; The friends I made all seemed some - how to drift a - way And on - ly I am left on stage to end the

C7

Fmaj7

Bbmaj7

Gm

A7-9

Young. So man-y drink-ing songs were wait-ing to be sung. So man-y way-ward plea-sures lay in store for me And so much pain my

Dm

Gm7

C7

Fmaj7

daz-zled eyes re-fused to see, I ran so fast that time and youth at last ran out. I nev-er stopped to think what life was all a-

Bbmaj7

Gm

A7-9

Dm

D.S. al Coda

bout And ev-'ry con-ver-sa-tion I can now re-call con-cerned it-self with me, and noth-ing else at all. Yes-ter-

CODA

Dm

Gm

A7

Dm

G

play. There are so man-y songs in me that won't be sung. I feel the bit-ter taste of tears up-on my tongue. The time has come for

Gm

Dm

A7

Gm

Dm

Gm

Dm

me ——— to pay for Yes-ter-day When I Was Young