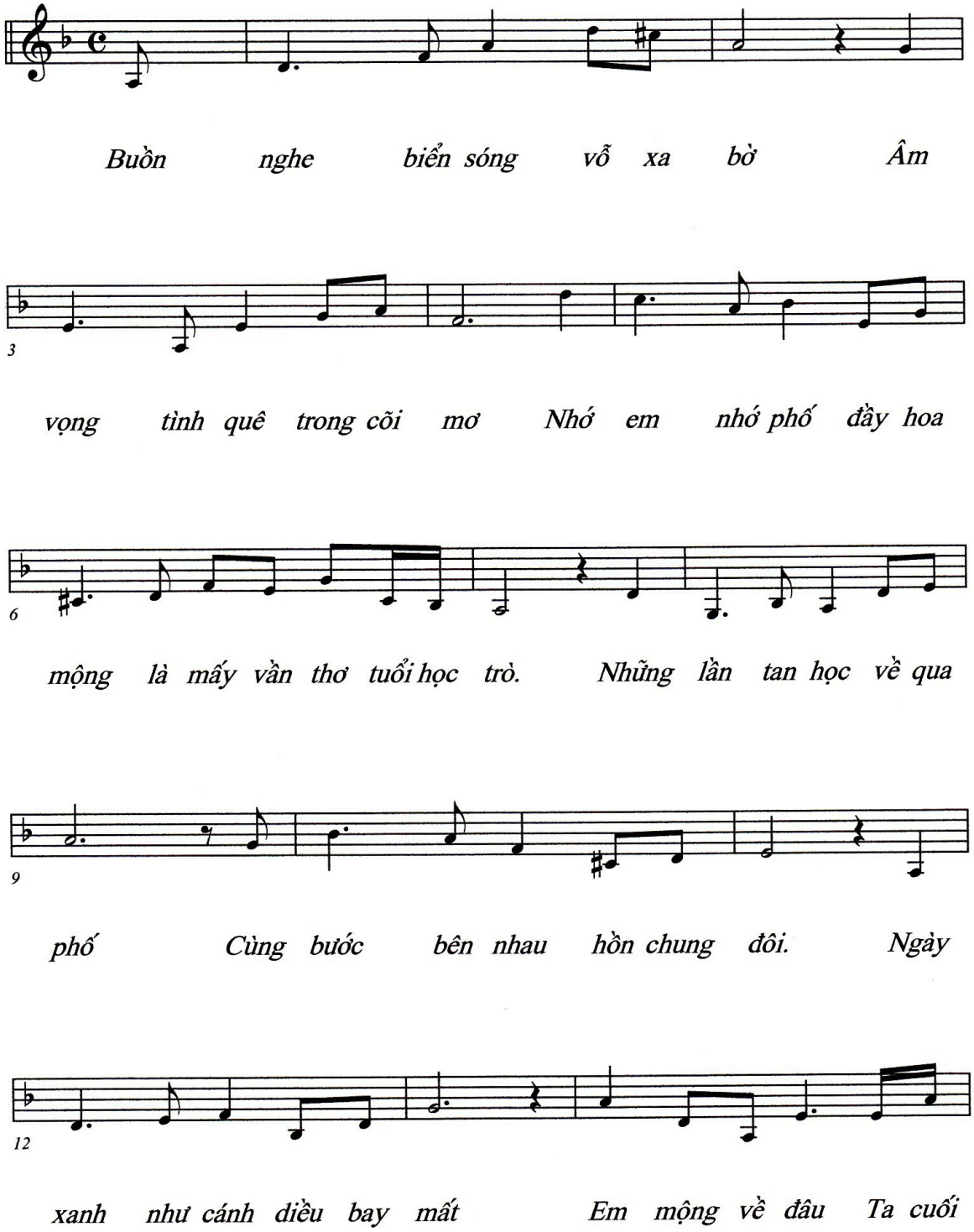
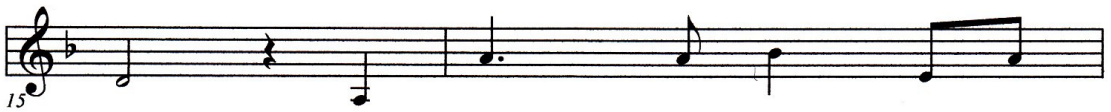
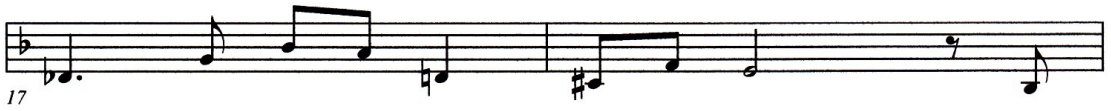
PHỐ XƯA - ĐỖ BÌNH

Andante

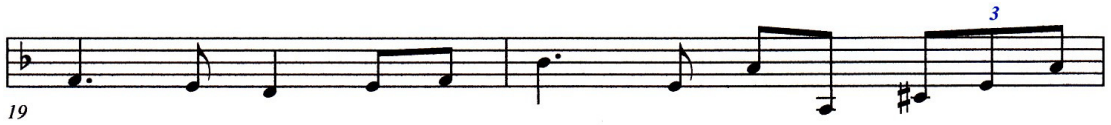




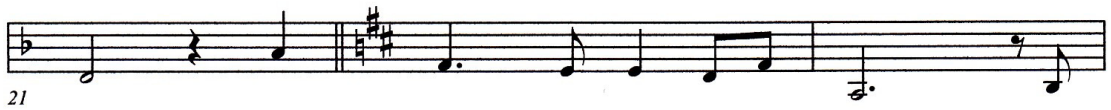
trời. Giọt mưa tí tách ngoài song



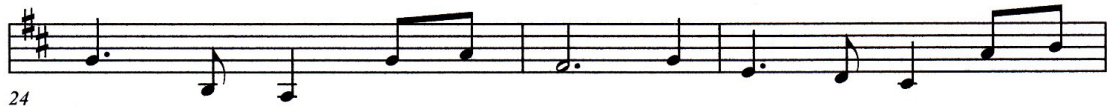
cửa Ta nhớ nắng hồng chiều phố mưa. Chẳng



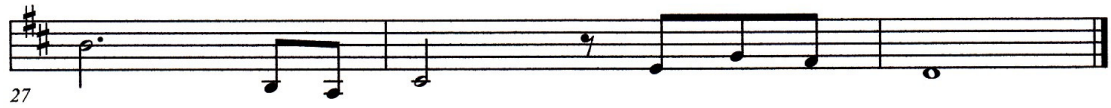
biết con đường cây bóng mát còn thắm tình xanh trên lối



xưa Tháng giêng ta mơ trời kỷ niệm Chỉ



thấy trăng vàng bông tuyết bay. Đã lâu chưa về thăm phố



cũ Dòng đời trôi phai những nỗi niềm.