

My Dear Childhood Days

1. Through the time - weath - ered face of an old coun - try
 Oh the lime green - ish col - ours of our kin - der - gar - ten
 2. Crink - led cracks on the side - walks are both cur - vy and
 Then to Grand - pa and to Grand - ma's cheer - ful home we would
 3. Now the past clear - ly bids to us its waves of good -

2

barn, I see dis - tant won - ders of an un - fad - ing
 school, the coarse wood - ed fenc - es and the sand, moist and
 straight. My bare feet in rhy - thm pounce in each ti - ny
 go. Those dear songs of wor - ship, how they still lin - ger
 byes. The fu - ture it brings the tears of fear to my

4

charm. The tree that is stand - ing with its sore bend - ing
 cool. Through clefts I see Mo - ther's cot - ton a - pron and
 space. The sweet scent - ed hay - loft with its warm dust - ed
 so. Those smooth chairs of com - fort where they sat all con -
 eyes. But days gone be - hind me still re - mind me to

6

limb, sug - gests that there's still life in the old fash - ioned
 shawl, she car - ries wa - ter - mel - on in a rose flow - ered
 rays, in - vite my thoughts to wand' - ring to my dear child - hood
 tent, they take me to the place where man - y eve - nings were
 smile. In Heav - en we'll be walk - ing down that dear child - hood

8

1. 2. *Refrain*

swing. _____ }
 days. _____ } bowl.
 spent.
 aisle.

Oh take me a - way on the breeze of the past. I'll cling to the

14

pro - mise that all fresh - ness will last. I'll al - ways be -

16

lieve in those in - no-cent ways. Oh take me a - way to my dear child-hood days.

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