

Memories of Childhood

Frederick Arthur Graves, 1895

$\text{♩} = 105$

1. There's a dear old home in the val - ley, It has
2. That vine - co - vered home, how I loved it, With its
3. How she watched o'er the flowers in the gar - den, Trained the

stood there ma - ny long years, 'Twas the scene of joys and
low hanging po - rch, near the well; O, to think once a - gain of my
vines running o - ver the wall, Wreath - ing window with bright morning

sor - rows, 'Twas the scene of smiles and tears; We were
child - hood, Brings a thrill that my tongue cannot tell; But the
glor - ies, 'Neath the great maple tree shading all; But her

rocked in the old - fa - shioned cra - dle, Sung to sleep in the old rock - ing
 mem - o - ry dear - er than o - ther, As I look o'er the years fraught with
 work here on earth now is end - ed, Ne - ver - more will I hear her in

chair; But the mo - ther who sang then so sweet - ly, Sings to -
 care; Is the mem - ory of that pre - cious mo - ther, As she
 prayer; Yet I know she is now with the Sav - ior, And I'll

- day in the home o - ver there.
 sat in the old rock - ing chair.
 meet her at last o - ver there.