

Dreams of Childhood Days



Words by
BESSIE GRADY
Music by
R.G. GRADY

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McKinley Music Co.
CHICAGO NEW YORK

TRY THESE ON YOUR PIANO

I will Love You when the Silver Threads are Shining Among the Gold

Words by
ROGER LEWIS.

Music by
F. HENRI KLIKKMANN.

And^{te}. mod^{to}.

At the or-gan, dear, last ev'-ning, You sang me that old time song,
If life's sum-mer days were o-ver, And up-on your locks I'd see

"Sil-ver threads a-mong the gold." And as I sat there a dream-ing Of the
"Sil-ver threads a-mong the gold." I would be as true and faith-ful, As I

sun-ny gold-en past, I could see you as of old. That
promised you to be, Long a-go in days of old. In my

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When the Sun-Set Turns the Ocean's Blue to Gold

REFRAIN.

Oh the old church-bells are ring-ing, And the mock-ing birds are sing-ing, As they

sang a-round the place in days of old. And tho'

rall.

I am far a-way, All my heart has been to-day, Where the

sun-set turns the o-ocean's blue to gold.

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There's Only One Story the Roses Tell

CHORUS

There's on-ly one sto-ry the ros-es tell, Yet the tale is told —

Somewhere each day In the same ten-der way. And it nev-er grows

old, — Whispered at dawn or as twi-light comes on, 'Neath the

stars a-bove, — There's on-ly one sto-ry the ros-es tell. 'Tis a

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My Dixie Rose

CHORUS

Sweetly p-f

My Dix-ie Rose, no flow'r that grows My se-cret

My Dix-ie Rose, no flow'r that grows

knows — but you, my, 'Rose; And yet 'tis

My se-cret knows — but you, my Rose;

true, your eyes so blue Made me love

And yet 'tis true, your eyes so blue Made me love

rall. *a tempo* *rall.*

you, and on-ly you, my Dix-ie Rose. My Dix-ie Rose.

you, and on-ly you, my Dix-ie Rose, my Dix-ie Rose. Rose, My Dix-ie Rose.

rall. *a tempo* *rall.*

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My Dixie Rose

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DREAMS OF CHILDHOOD DAYS

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Lyric by BESSIE GRADY

Music by R. G. GRADY

Andante con espressione

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a time signature of 6/8. The tempo and mood are indicated as 'Andante con espressione'. The score is divided into three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes dynamic markings: 'pp' (pianissimo) at the beginning and 'p' (piano) later on. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words hyphenated across measures. The lyrics are: 'Lone - ly I sit by the mill - stream, Shad - ows of eve - ning are fall - ing, Watch - ing the wat - ers at play, Eve - ning breezes sighs thro' the trees, While silv - 'ry light from a Night - in - gales are sweet - ly moon - beam, Turn night time in - to the day; call - ing, Their mel - o - dy seems to please;'. The score ends with a final piano accompaniment flourish.

pp

Lone - ly I sit by the mill - stream,
Shad - ows of eve - ning are fall - ing,

p

Watch - ing the wat - ers at play, While silv - 'ry light from a
Eve - ning breezes sighs thro' the trees, Night - in - gales are sweet - ly

moon - beam, Turn night time in - to the day;
call - ing, Their mel - o - dy seems to please;

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Id - ly I dream of my child - hood, — When as a boy I was
In dreams a - gain I am play - ing, — Hap - py and free as a

gay, — And oft - en strolled thro' the
boy, — And I can hear moth - er

wild - wood, — Now I can on - ly say: —
say - ing: — "You are my pride and joy." —

REFRAIN

Dream - ing, Dream - ing, Dreams of child - hood days, —

Of hap - py hours in shad - y bow'rs, — Play - ing in child - ish

ways. — Dream - ing, Dream - ing, on - ly id - le

dreams; — Oh, how I sigh for the days long gone by, — In

Dreams of Child - hood Days. — Days. —

TRY THESE ON YOUR PIANO

You Can't Repay the Debt you Owe Your Mother

CHORUS

Valse lento

You can't re-pay the debt you owe your moth-er, fond and true, — And

night and day, when you're a-way, she al-ways prays for you: — Too

late you'll yearn for her re-turn, you'll nev-er find an-oth-er. When

she is gone you can't re-pay the debt you owe your moth-er.

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Mid the Purple Tinted Hills of Tennessee

CHORUS

Mid the pur-ple-tint-ed hills of Ten-nes-see, — There she

told me she would 'er be true to me. — And my

heart is ev-er turn-ing to a Dix-ie girl that's yearning 'Mid the

pur-ple-tint-ed hills of Ten-nes-see.

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Sing me the Rosary, the Sweetest Song of All

REFRAIN

Valse lento

Sing me "The Ros-a-ry," — The sweet-est song of all; —

Sing me "The Ros-a-ry," — And hap-py

days re-call — I drift a-gain to lands of bliss Where

true loves nev-er part — Sing me "The Ros-a-ry," —

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I Love You as I Loved You Long Ago

Refrain

con espressione

I love you, as I loved you, long a-go, — And your

heart beats just as true for me, I know, — Though your

hair is snow-y white, — We are sweet-hearts still — to-night, — For I

love you, yes, I love you, — As I loved you long a-go. — *DC*

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