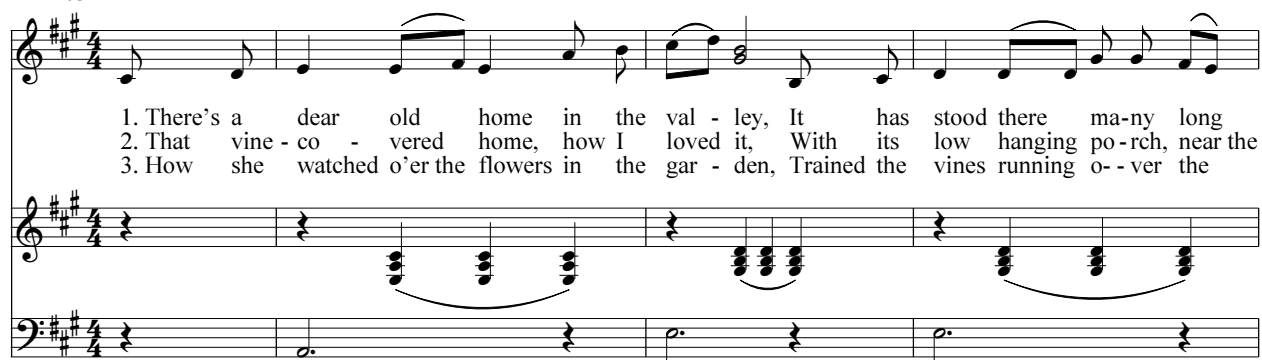


Memories of Childhood

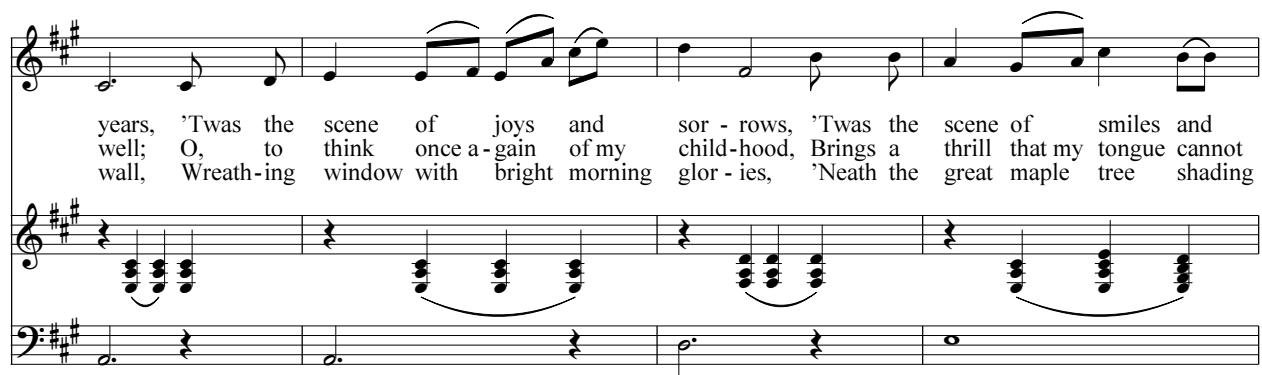
Frederick Arthur Graves, 1895

Frederick Arthur Graves

♩=105



1. There's a dear old home in the val - ley, It has stood there ma - ny long
2. That vine - co - vered home, how I loved it, With its low hanging po - rch, near the
3. How she watched o'er the flowers in the gar - den, Trained the vines running o - - ver the



years, 'Twas the scene of joys and sor - rows, 'Twas the scene of smiles and
well; O, to think once a - gain of my child - hood, Brings a thrill that my tongue cannot
wall, Wreath - ing window with bright morning glor - ies, 'Neath the great maple tree shading



tears; We were rocked in the old - fa - shioned cra - dle, Sung to sleep in the old rock - ing
tell; But the mem - o - ry dear - er than o - ther, As I look o'er the years fraught with
all; But her 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 - day in the home o - ver there.
care; Is the mem - o - ry of that pre - cious mo - ther, As she sat in the old rock - ing chair.
prayer; Yet I know she is now with the Sav - ior, And I'll meet her at last o - ver there.