



## Little girl I use to call my own.

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# The Little Girl I Used to Call My Own

Words and Music  
- by -  
Carl P. Dietz

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# The Little Girl I Used to Call My Own

Arranged by  
Olga Mihopulos.

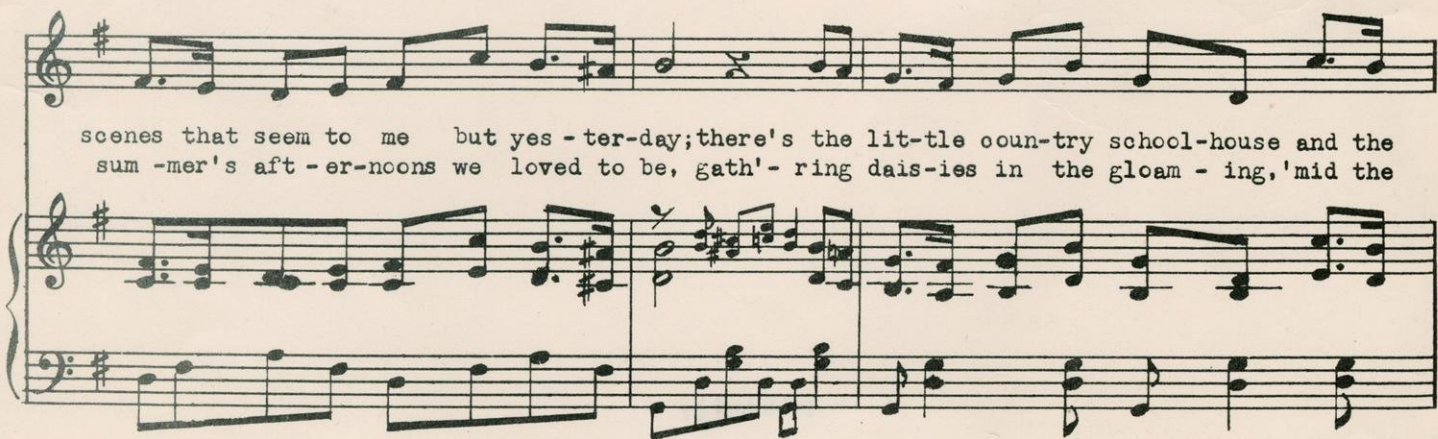
Words and Music by CARL P. DIETZ



Look - ing back o'er days of child - hood man - y vis - ions I can see of  
There's the stream that winds the mead - ow with its sha - dy fish - ing pool, where



scenes that seem to me but yes - ter - day; there's the lit - tle coun - try school - house and the  
sum - mer's aft - er - noons we loved to be, gath' - ring dais - ies in the gloam - ing, 'mid the



shad - y ma - ple tree, where boys and girls to - geth - er used to play;  
breez - es soft and cool; the world was one bright sum - mer time for me.

Man - y  
But those



fac - es I re - mem - ber man - y Names I now re - call of  
 sum - mer days are o - ver, time has changed the scenes for me, and

child-hood's friends in that New Eng - land home; But there's  
 man - - y child-hood's joys have long since flown; But 'tis

one who was the fair - est, whom I loved be - yond them all; The  
 sweet to oft re - mem - ber one who was the world to me; The

lit - tle girl I used to call my own. I can  
 lit - tle girl I used to call my own. I can

CHORUS: - -

hear the church - bells ring-ing, and the mead - ow - lark is sing - ing as

down that coun - try lane once more I roam; where the

wood - bine soft is creep - ing, in sweet si - lence she is sleep - ing; the

lit - tle girl I used to call my own.