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## Sweet mem'ries of my childhood.

Westendorf, Thomas P.; Winton, Mrs. J. M.  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin: Wm. Rohlfing and Co., 1887

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Fannie Nicholson.

TO  
W. H. WINTON ESQ.  
INDIANAPOLIS, IND

Sweet memories of my childhood  
Song AND Chorus

WORDS BY

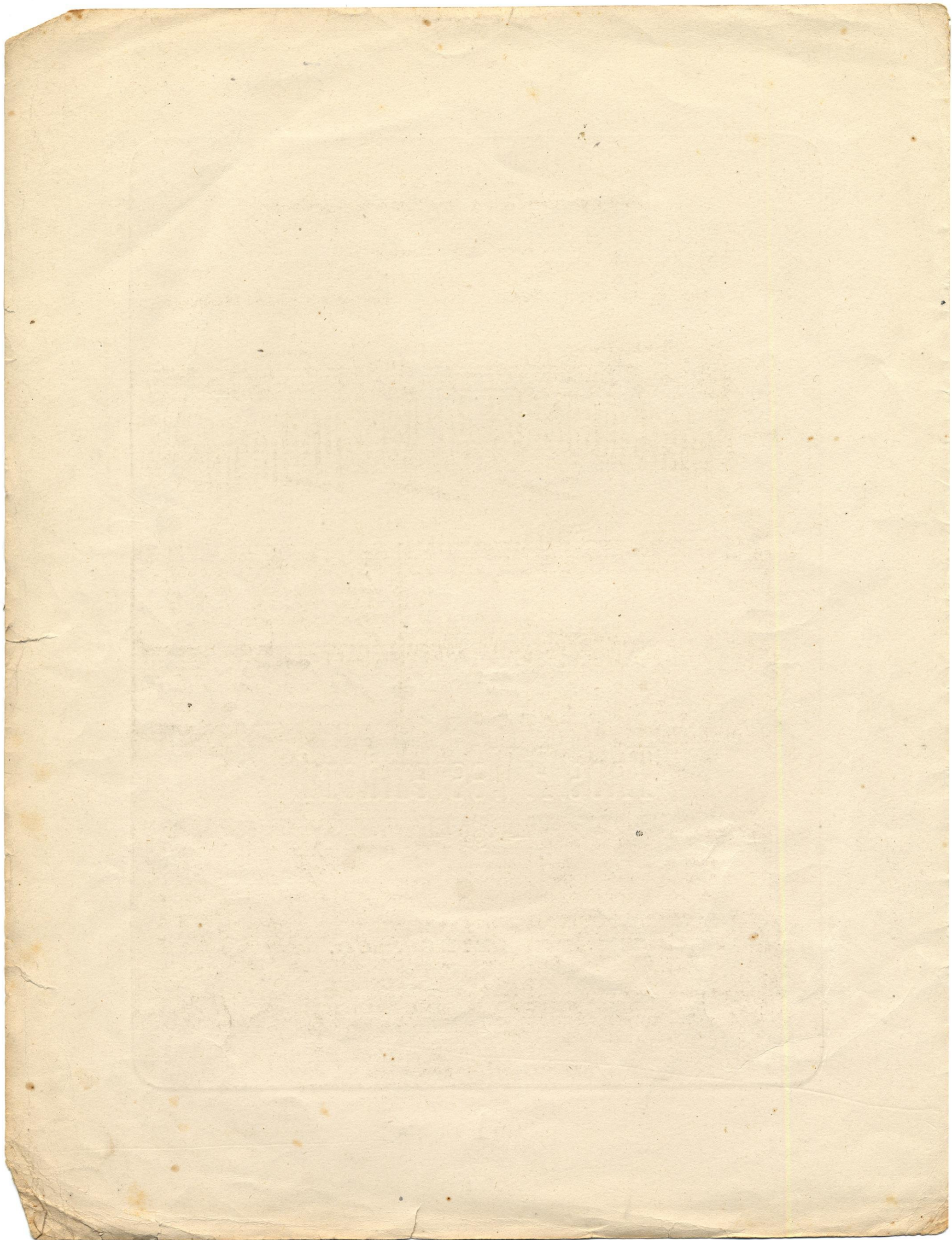
MRS. J. M. WINTON

MUSIC BY

Thos. P. Westendorf.

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# SWEET MEM'RIES OF MY CHILDHOOD.

SONG WITH CHORUS.

Words by Mrs J. M. WINTON.

Music by THOMAS P. WESTENDORE.

Con Express.

Piano or Organ *mf*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand (treble clef) begins with a melody in E-flat major, marked *mf*. The left hand (bass clef) provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

The first line of the chorus features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 1. Sweet mem'ries of my / 2. Oh! the hap - py days of my / 3. Oh! the bare and breez - y

The second line of the chorus continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: child - - hood How pleasant - ly they come With the / child - - hood The joys too pure to last Are like / up - - land Green glens so dark and wild And the

3076 - 4.

sound of ring - ing wa - ters And the wild bee's dreamy  
 shad - ows in the wild - wood Those bliss - ful days now  
 hill - side where sweet flow - ers In beau - ty seem'd to

hum For with vis - ions of the meadow Where.  
 past smile With the ech - oes of sweet voices And  
 the How ra - diant was the sunshine How

pur - ple vio - lets grew And but - ter cups like  
 joy in fleet - ing dreams Like the per - fume of june  
 balm - y were the flowers Which fell on those be -

drops of gold Were spark - ling in the dew.  
 ro - ses sweet Gone all that love - ly seems.  
 lov - ed scenes Un - cloud - ed were the hours.

Sop. CHORUS.

Oh! the mem' - ries fond mem' - ries Of joys that used to be In the

Alto.

Tenor.

Oh! the mem'ries of the past fond mem'ries of the past Of joys that used to be In the

Bass.

hap - py days of child - hood How dear they are to me.

hap - py days of child - hood How dear they are to me.

