

**In dreams of my childhood : Memories graves : song and chorus
/ words by Luke Collin ; music by J.P. Webster.**

Webster, Joseph Philbrick, 1819-1875.

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In Dreams of Childhood
Memories Graves
Song and Chorus
Words by

LUKE COLLIN;
Music by
J. P. WEBSTER.



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IN DREAMS OF MY CHILDHOOD,

or

MEMORY'S GRAVES.

Words by LUKE COLLIN.

Music by J. P. WEBSTER.

Con glissando et grazioso.

2. The old gran - ite hills cast their

1. In dreams of my child-hood, what

Ped. Sempre

fan - ci - ful shadows, The dimple-faced riv - er flows laugh - ing - ly by, The

vis - ions flit o'er me, I see as I saw them the things that are gone, The

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sweet flowers bloom in the wood-land and meadows. And bright as of yore is the ³

scenes of my youth pass in beau - ty before me. The cot - tage and gar - den and

clear az - ure sky; That pil - low of down my light curls are caress - ing, My

green sloping lawn; The friends that were dear seem to gath - er around me, The

father's strong arm is a - round me a - gain, My moth - er dear gives me a

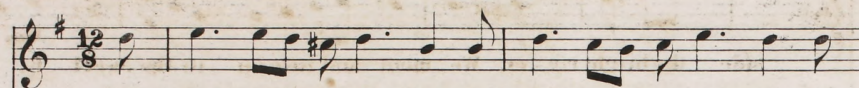
loves of a boy a - gain quick - en and flame. Bright eyes and fond hearts and warm

kiss with her blessing, And brothers and sis - ters are near me as then.

greet - ings surround me, And life and enjoy - ment once more are the same.

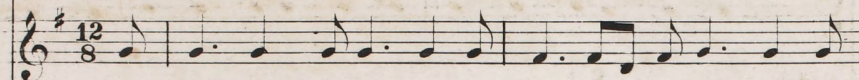
CHORUS.

A I R.

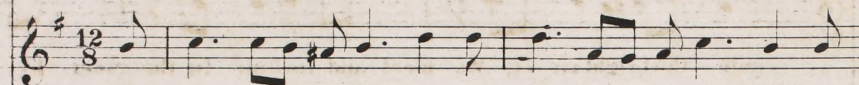


O bride of my soul whom I loved and for-ev - er, Dear

A L T O.

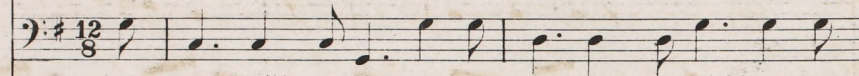


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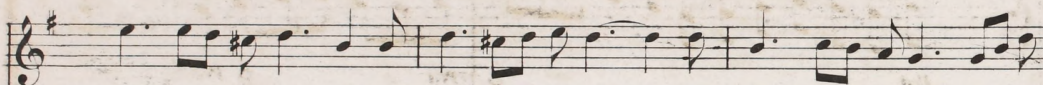
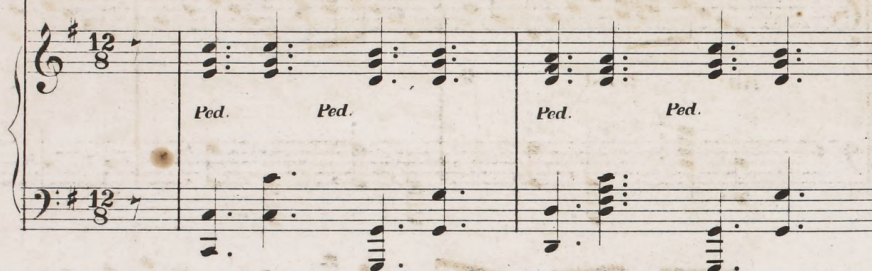


O bride of my soul whom I loved and for-ev - er, Dear

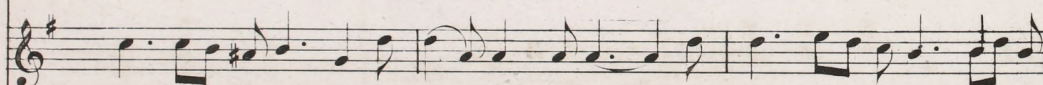
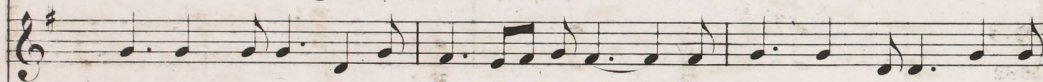
B A S S.



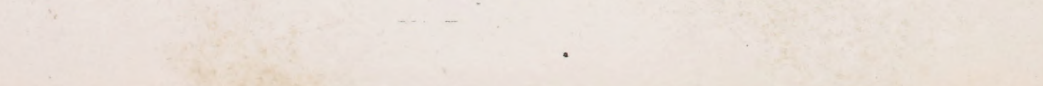
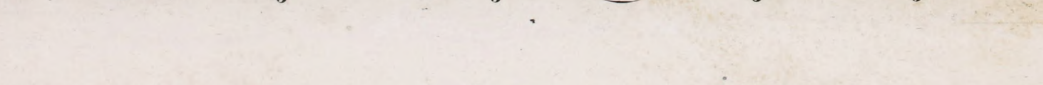
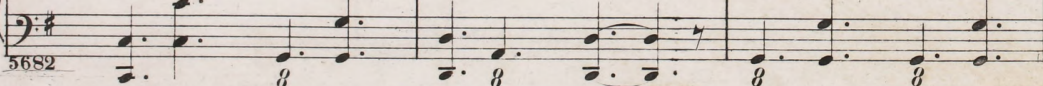
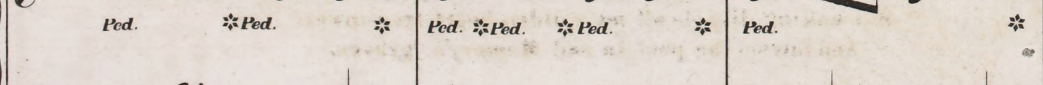
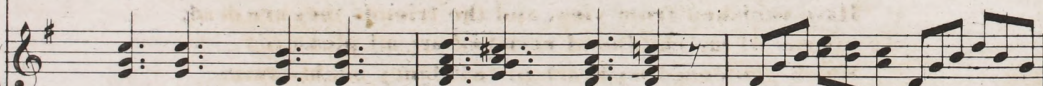
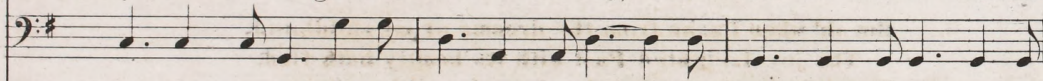
P I A N O.



child whom the an-gelstook home to the sky, In dreams of the fu - ture be-



child whom the an-gelstook home to the sky, In dreams of the fu - ture be-



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side the bright riv-er, We meet and love on in the sweet by and by.

Ped. * Ped. *

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But ah! when I wake from the dreams of my childhood,
 The joy-freighted Past with its beauty hath fled;
 The cottage, the garden, the river, the wild wood
 Have vanished from view, and the friends they are dead;
 In dreams of my childhood reviewed are all pleasures
 Which gladdened my heart or that fancy might crave,
 But waking dispels all my golden heart treasures,
 And buries the past in sad Memory's graves.

