



THE HAPPY DAYS OF CHILDHOOD
Ballad

COMPOSED AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

MISS MARY D. C. LUDLOW

AUGUST WALDAUER.

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THE HAPPY DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.

ANDANTE CON ESPRESSIONE.

The hap - - - py days of childhood, Oh! could they come a -

gain, When round the garden walks we played, A ro - - - sy, gladsome

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are "gain, When round the garden walks we played, A ro - - - sy, gladsome". The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand, with some slurs and accents.

train; When oft our sires with smiling looks, For-sook their grave em-
Cres:

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "train; When oft our sires with smiling looks, For-sook their grave em-". A dynamic marking "*Cres:*" is placed above the vocal line. The piano accompaniment continues with similar chordal and melodic patterns.

- ploy, To gaze upon our infant sports, And mingle in our

The third system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "- ploy, To gaze upon our infant sports, And mingle in our". The piano accompaniment features more complex chordal textures in the right hand.

joy, To gaze up-on our infant sports, And mingle in our

The fourth system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "joy, To gaze up-on our infant sports, And mingle in our". The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained note in the left hand.



2.— The simple prayer of childhood,
 How reverently it rose,
 As by our mother's lap we knelt,
 Before we sought repose;
 When with her hand upon our head,
 We raised our hearts to heaven,
 To seek our God and Saviour there,
 And have our sins forgiven.

3.— The pleasant home of childhood,
 Alas! no longer ours,—
 New feet trip o'er its gravelled paths,
 New fingers crop its flowers;
 We envy not their gaiety,
 Which once was all our own,
 But only wish their youthful glee
 May have as blithe a tone.

4.— Dear, lovely scenes of childhood,
 How oft at close of day
 You flit before my mental eye,
 In fancy's bright array;
 And you gently glide along
 With mingled joy and pain—
 I say adieu, sweet happy days,
 You cannot come again.