

# Bygone Days

by Clive M. Killpack

$\text{♩} = 100$  A

When life gets down and I'm  
wheat fields stir on a

4

feel - in' blue and I'm  
sum - mers day; the folks not  
sure just what  
ca - jole, I see

6

I should do; I sit back and dream of a  
pup - pies play. What I'd give to have ev - ry

8

by-gone scene when the sun time was shin - in' al - ways climb - in'  
by - day but the time is gone, its

1.

11

high - er in the sky. The move - in' on its

2.

15

way.

18

**B**

I see the fields where I spent each day, just I  
vis - ion fades but it soon re - turns;

21

bare - foot, mud through my toes would play with a  
 think it knows that my heart still years for the

23

cool - in' breeze pass - in' through the trees with a friend be-side to  
 place I've grown now to call my home, but the time is gone, its

26

3.  
 laugh and chide the mom - ents as we pleased. The

30

4.  
 move - in' on its way.

34

Time goes by there will al-ways be folks to meet plac-es still to\_ see, still i

*Largo*

38

long to stay ev - ry by-gone day but the time is gone, its

*a tempo*

41

mov - in' on, the time is gone, its mov - in' on its way.

45