

# Happy Hours - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

HAPPY HOURS.

Copyright, 1890 by Lee & Walker.

Words by Katie Belle Wichmann. Music by H. Millard.

Joyous childhood, never heeding future sorrow, future pain,  
Happy hours swiftly fleeting, never more to come again:  
For the mirth of childhood ceases as old time doth swiftly fly,  
But the mem'ry of those hours, happy, bright, can never die.

Chorus.

There is toil and there is sorrow in this world, this world of ours;  
But there mingles with the shadows ever sunny, happy hours.

Clasping merry, laughing baby, playing gaily 'midst the flowers,  
Mother's daily toil And sorrow lost in light of happy hours;  
Little mischief, romping, shouting, petting blossoms in wee showers.  
Filling mother's heart with gladness, making bright the happy hours. - Chorus.

Looking back to days of childhood, seem they not like happy hours  
That have vanished all too quickly, faded like the fairest flowers?  
Golden moments, precious are they seen by mem'ry's soft'ning powers.  
There's no joy like that of childhood, never are more happy hours. - Chorus.