

# When I Was A Child Of Three - song lyrics

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When I Was a Child of Three.

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Words by J. Cheever Goodwin. Music by Woolson Morse.

When I was a child of three,  
Heigho, long ago;  
Some one gave a doll to me,  
Rosy cheeks she had, and eyes  
Blue as are the summer skies.,  
Though she answered not a word,  
Yet I fancied that she heard  
All the childish hopes and fears  
That I whispered in her ears;  
Whispered all in secrecy.  
When I was a child of three.  
Heigho, long ago, long, long ago,  
Long, long ago, long, long ago, long ago.

Even when I older grew,  
Heigho, long ago;  
To my doll I still was true;  
Other toys aside were thrown.  
Still my heart was all her own;  
All my griefs to her were told.  
Childhood's sorrows manifold.  
Time had all her roses culled,  
And the blue eyes sadly dulled;  
She was fair to none but me,  
Still at heart a child of three.  
Heigho, long ago, long, long ago.  
Long, long ago, long, long ago, long ago.

Childhood's days are vanished quite,  
Heigho, long ago;  
Older toys my love invite,  
Grown up dolls of flesh and bone,  
I by dozens count my own.  
Some are pretty, some are wise,  
Koine I very dearly prize.  
But at times my memory strays  
To those far-off yesterdays;  
And I'd give them all to be  
Once again that child of three.  
Heigho, long ago, long, long ago,  
Long, long ago, long, long ago, long ago