

## Toyland

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*Very slow and dreamily*

1. When you've grown up, my dears, And are as old as I, . . . You'll oft - en pon - der  
2. When you've grown up, my dears, There comes a drear - y day . . . When 'mid the locks of

*legato*

on the years That roll so swift - ly by, My dears, that roll so swift - ly  
black ap - pears The first pale gleam of gray. My dears, the first pale gleam of

*poco animato*

by . . . And of the man - y lands You will have jour - neyed through, You'll  
gray . . . Then of the past you'll dream As gray - haired grown - ups do, . . . And

*p animato e cres.*

*molto rit.* *pp*

oft re - call The best of all The land your child - hood knew! Your  
seek once more Its phan - tom shore, The land your child - hood knew! Your

*molto rit.* *mf*

*molto rit.*

child - hood knew. Toy - land! Toy - land! Lit - tle girl and

*molto rit. e dim. p — pp dolcissimo*

boy - land, While you dwell with - in it, You are ev - er hap - py

then. Child - hood's joy - land, Mys - tic mer - ry Toy - land!

*rit.* Once you pass its bor - ders you can ne'er re - turn a - gain. . gain.

*rit. rit.*

*pp*