

I WONDER HOW THE OLD FOLKS

ARE AT HOME

WORDS BY
HERBERT S. LAMBERT
MUSIC BY
F. W. VANDERSLOOT



VICTOR
Record No. 45134

BY
Paul Reimers

Issued
November, 1917

CHORUS

I wonder how the old folks are at home;
I wonder if they miss me while I roam;
I wonder if they pray for the boy that went away
And left his kind old parents all alone,
I hear the cattle lowing in the lane,
And see again those fields of golden grain;
I almost hear them sigh as they bade their boy goodbye;
I wonder how the old folks are at home.

H. J. DITTMAR

VANDERSLOOT MUSIC PUB. CO., WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

I Wonder How The Old Folks Are At Home

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Words by
HERBERT S. LAMBERT

VICTOR RECORD No 45134
By Paul Reimers, Issued Nov. 1917

With Patriotic Version

Companion to

BACK AT DEAR OLD HOME SWEET HOME

By Same Composers

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Full Orchestra & Pa. " " 1.15

Music by
F. W. VANDERSLOOT

Andante moderato Patriotic Version by Ed. Rose. "Some-
'Tis This

f *rit.* *p rall.*

where in France a mil-lion sons Have gone to face the foe, A million moth-ers' hearts will yearn, for each brave son I know; A
not so ma-ny years a-go, When as a boy I played, A-mid the scenes so dear to me, from morn til ev'-ning shade; No
world grows wea-ry day by day, I'm lone-ly and I'm sad, I long a-gain to see the scenes, I knew when but a lad; To

Pa tempo

mil-lion girls will sigh in vain, a mil-lion tears will fall, And thru a mil-lion lips you'll hear, "I
place so dear to child-hood days, as my old coun-try home, Un-til one day I said "good-bye," and
play with lit-tle broth-er as, we whiled the hours a-way, No thought had we of sor-row then, our

love him best of all." A mil-lion let-ters he will read And in each one he'll find, A
went a-way to roam. The old folks said, "God bless you boy, and may you soon re-turn, Two
hearts were light and gay. I see a-gain the old school-house, the church up-on the hill, The

faster

mil-lion kiss-es un-der-lined, from loved ones left be-hind; A mil-lion thots flash thru his mind, but
brok-en hearts a-wait you here, two souls will watch and yearn." The years have come and gone a-way, no
lane that leads to Grand-ma's house, is fresh in mem'-ry still; A wand'-ring boy a-lone to-night, with

Tempo I

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one stands out a - lone, That one is for his moth-er and, he sighs "my dear old home."
 news from son at home, No lov-ing mes-sage to the boy, who went a - way to roam.
 thoughts of home sweet home, Still won-ders how the old folks are, this boy who went to roam.

rit.

CHORUS *slow*
 I won-der how the old folks are at home, I won-der if my moth-er's tears have flown; I
 I won-der how the old folks are at home; I won-der if they miss me while I roam; I

mp

won-der if old Dad is not proud be-cause the lad A-mong the first to go there, was his own; Al-
 won-der if they pray for the boy that went a - way And left his kind old par-ents all a - lone; I

tho' each let-ter tells me they're all right, I'd give a lot to be with them to - night; There's
 hear the cat-tle low-ing in the lane, And see a-gain the fields of gold - en grain; I

one thing here I miss, that's my moth-er's good-night kiss; I won-der how the old folks are at
 al-most hear them sigh as they bade their boy "good-bye;" I won-der how the old folks are at
 (last time ad lib.) I won-der how they are at home sweet

rit.

1 home. 2 home.
 home. D.C. home.
 home. home.
 Last time only ad lib.

pp

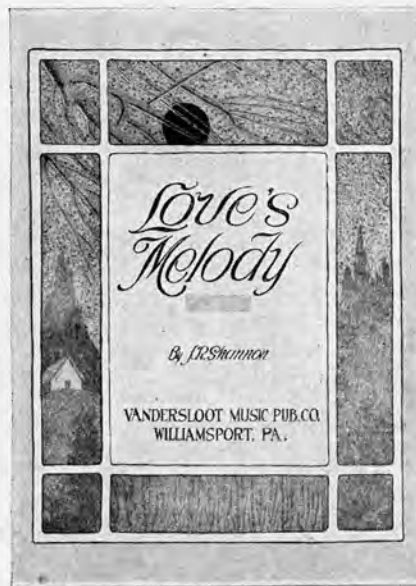
GEMS BY J.R. SHANNON

Loves Melody
Reverie
By J. R. SHANNON

NOTE: Keep left pedal down throughout entire piece.

Andante

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Loves Melody
Song Reverie
By J. R. SHANNON

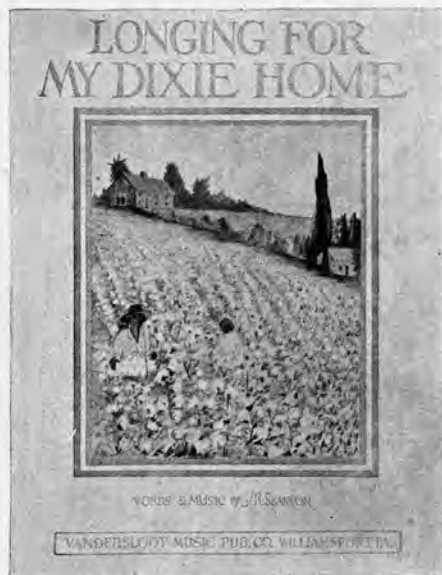
REFRAIN
Na-ture is sleep-ing, Bright stars are peep-ing, Vi-gils they're keep-ing over you and me,
Even-ing chimes ring-ing, Soft winds are sing-ing, Sweet strains they're bring-ing Of Loves Mel-o-dy

FINALE
Blow Blow gen-tle winds blow Sing Sing strains sweet and low, Hum Hum
Sing on to me Strains of Loves old Mel-o-dy

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THREE OF THE MOST
WONDERFUL MELODIES
EVER WRITTEN.
THE KIND THAT WILL
SURVIVE.
THE KIND THAT MAKE
HOME LIFE BEAUTIFUL
CLEAN AND REFINED.



LONGING FOR MY DIXIE HOME
Words and Music by J. R. SHANNON

REFRAIN
I'm long-ing to-night for my old home in Dix-ie, Down where the bees are
hum-ming round the comb, The voice of the night is call-ing from the South-land, In
long-ing for my Dix-ie home, I'm long-ing for my Dix-ie home

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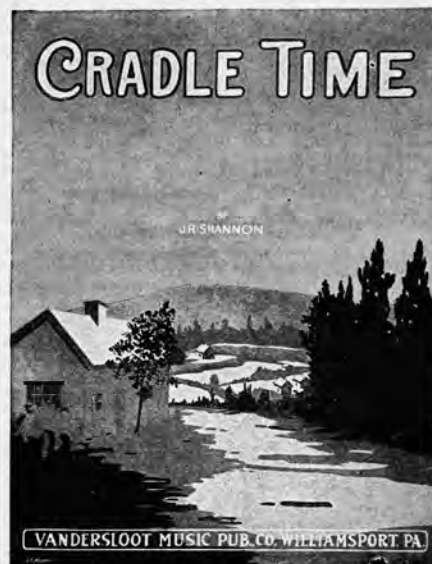
CRADLE TIME
(A Reminiscence founded on our Mother's favorite melodies)
Reverie
Also published as a song
By J. R. SHANNON

NOTE: Keep the left pedal down throughout the entire piece.

Andante cantabile

PIANO

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CRADLE TIME
Lullaby
(A Reminiscence founded on our Mother's favorite melodies)
Slowly
By J. R. SHANNON

Andante sostenuto

PIANO

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