Her Old-Fashioned Homestead on the Hill

Words and Music by JOHN J. DONAHUE

Moderato

A pretty country maid-en left her pleasant home one day For the
Now many years have pass'd since she has left her dear old home And

in the city where the lights so brightly shine She thought that she'd be happy, where
wandered to the city far a-way The friends who lov'd her dearly, all

all seem'd grand and gay. So said good-bye and left them all behind Her
left behind to mourn, For no one heard from her till yesterday Her

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mother now heart-broken in the old home far away,
brother there had met her in the crowd while passing by,

schoolmates in the village oft-times say:
called her, then a tear came to her eye

long to see our lost one, remember our friend Jane,
thought of her dear mother, her home and friends so true.

CHORUS

pray that she will soon return again.
cried, "Oh Jack! may I go back with you?"

To the
To the

Her old-fashioned &c 3
old-fashioned homestead on the hill, Where her
mother dear is waiting for her still Tho'
now she's far away, she may come back some day, To her
old-fashioned homestead on the hill.

Her old-fashioned Ace II
Her Old-Fashioned Homestead on the Hill

CHORUS FOR MALE QUARTETTE

Moderato

J.J. DONAHUE

1st TENOR

To the old-fashioned homestead on the hill Where her

2nd TENOR

Lead

To the old-fashioned homestead on the hill Where her

BARITONE

To the old-fashioned homestead on the hill Where her homestead on the hill

BASS

mother dear is waiting for her still

mother dear is waiting for her still Tho' now she's far away, she

mother dear is waiting for her still Tho' now she's far away, she

wait-ing for her still

To her old-fashioned homestead on the hill

may come back some day To her old-fashioned homestead on the hill

may come back some day To her old-fashioned homestead on the hill

Copyright, MCMX, by John J. Donahue home-steam on the hill
TRY THIS OVER ON YOUR PIANO
BY THE OCEAN SIDE

CHORUS

Words and Music by J. J. DONAHUE

When we're strolling by the ocean side where the wild waves roll

As the moon is peeping from the sky Then her hands I'll hold

Once again life's story old is told to the girl I know

When she's so fond of me then I know we'll both agree as thro' life we go

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