

# I WONDER HOW THE OLD FOLKS

# ARE AT HOME

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



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## 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.**

Companion to  
"BACK AT DEAR OLD HOME SWEET HOME"

By Same Composers.

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Music by  
**F. W. VANDERSLOOT.**

Author of "There's A Charm About The Old Love Still"  
Etc. Etc.

*Andante moderato.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a series of chords and arpeggiated figures, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The tempo is marked *Andante moderato* and the dynamic is *f*.

*a tempo*

The first system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics: "'Tis not so ma - ny years a - go, When This world grows wea - ry day by day, I'm". The piano accompaniment includes markings for *p*, *rall.*, *rit.*, and *p*.

as a boy I played, A - mid the scenes so dear to me, from morn 'til ev'ning shade; No  
lone-ly and I'm sad, I long a - gain to see the scenes, I knew when but a lad; To

The second system shows the piano accompaniment for the second line of the song. It continues the harmonic and rhythmic patterns established in the first system, supporting the vocal line.

place so dear to child-hood days, as my old coun-try home, Un-  
play with lit-tle broth-er as, we whiled the hours a-way, No

til one day I said "good-bye," and went a-way to roam. The *faster*  
thought had we of sor-row then, our hearts were light and gay. I

old folks said, "God bless you boy, and may you soon re-turn, Two  
see a-gain the old school-house, the church up-on the hill, The

*Tempo I.*  
brok-'en hearts - a - wait you here, two souls will watch and yearn" The  
lane that leads to Grand-ma's house, is fresh in mem-'ry still; A  
*Tempo I.*

years have come and gone a-way, no news from son at home, No  
wand-'ring boy a-lone to-night, with thoughts of home sweet home, Still

lov-ing mes-sage to the boy, who went a-way to roam. —  
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 they miss me while I

*mp*

roam; — I won-der if they pray for the boy that went a-way And

left his kind old par-ents all a - lone; — I hear the cat-tle low-ing in the

lane, — And see a - gain the fields of gold - en grain; — I

al-most hear them sigh as they bade their boy 'good-bye;' I wonder how the old folks are at  
(last time ad lib.) I wonder how they are at home sweet

home. — home. —  
home. — home. —

*D.C.*

*PP Last time only ad lib.*