

MY OLD PLANTATION HOME

WORDS AND MUSIC
BY
H. A. FISCHLER.

COMPOSER OF
SOMEDAY, SOMEONE WILL WHISPER, "I LOVE YOU."
ETC

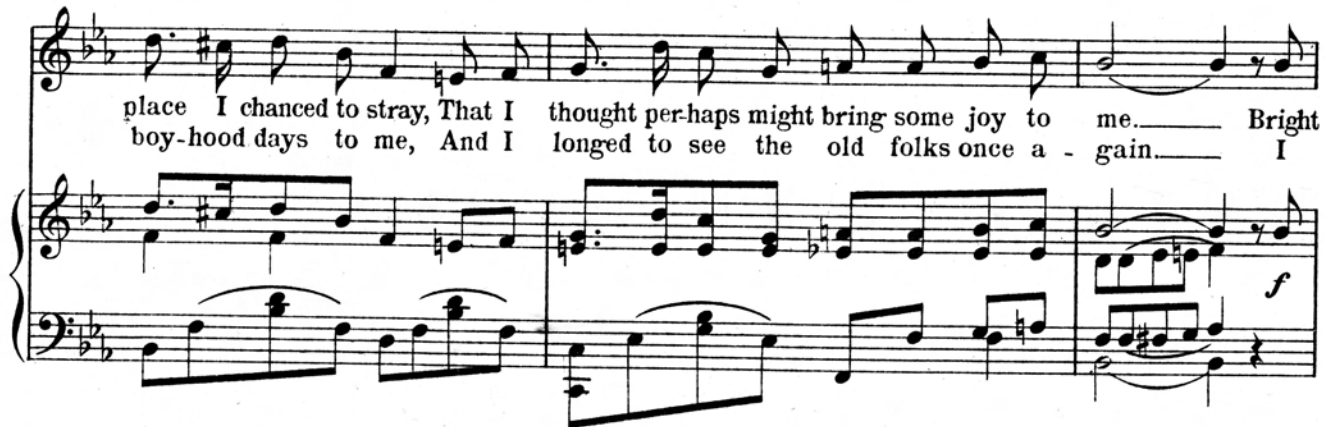
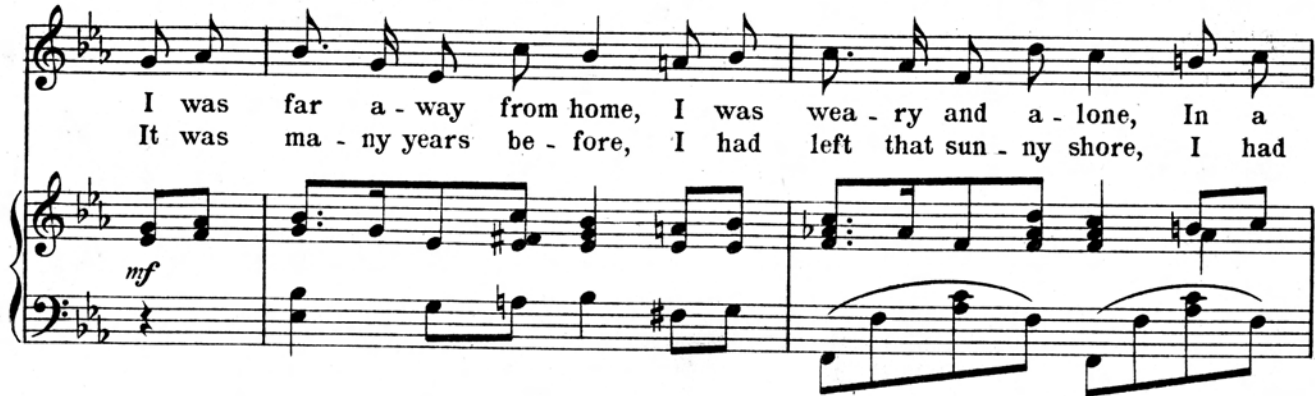


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MY OLD PLANTATION HOME.

Words and Music by
H. A. FISCHLER.

Composer of Some Day, Some One Will Whisper
"I Love You," etc. etc.



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pict - ures on a cur - tain flashed, for me they had a charm, But
seemed to hear their voi - ces call - ing far a - cross the foam, - "Come

poco accel.

as I looked my heart with grief was torn, As a
back my boy, don't let us plead in vain;" As I

a tempo

pict - ure bright and fair, On the cur - tain I saw there, 'Twas my
sat with head bowed low, think - ing of that long a - go, 'Twas a

mf

boy - hood home, the place where I was born.
pict - ure that, with me, will e'er re - main.

CHORUS.

My— old plan - ta - tion home that I left a-cross the foam, My

gray-haired Dad and Moth - er I could see; Then I

wiped a - way a tear, for it seemed that I could hear, - Hap - py

Andante.
dark ies sing-ing sweet and clear, - "Far from the old folks at home."

My Old Plantation Home.

Quartette for Male or Mixed Voices.

Arr. by Harry J. Lincoln.

CHORUS.

(Melody in 2nd Tenor or Soprano)

1st TENOR. (Alto)
2nd TENOR. (Soprano)
BAR. (Tenor)
BASS. (Bass)

My old plan - ta - tion home, that I left a - cross the foam, My

My old plan - ta - tion home, that I left a - cross the foam, My

gray haired Dad and Moth - er I could see; could plain - ly see; Then I

gray haired Dad and Moth - er I could see; could plain - ly see; Then I

wiped a - way a tear, for it seemed that I could hear, - Hap - py

wiped a - way a tear, for it seemed that I could hear, - Hap - py

dark-ies sing-ing sweet and clear, - "Far from the old folks at home."

dark-ies sing-ing sweet and clear, - "Far from the old folks at home."

I WONDER HOW THE OLD FOLKS ARE AT HOME

THE GREAT SONG HIT

Words By HERBERT S. LAMBERT

CHORUS

Music By F.W. VANDERSLOOT.

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.

A SONG OF THE OLD HOME

I WONDER HOW THE OLD FOLKS ARE AT HOME

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



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.

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 MIXED QUT .25

VANDERSLOOT MUSIC PUB. CO. WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

**SWEEPING
 THE
 CONTINENT
 LIKE A
 HURRICANE
 A
 CYCLONIC
 HIT**

I Wonder How The Old Folks Are At Home.

Words by HERBERT S. LAMBERT.
 Music by F. W. VANDERSLOOT.

Chorus slow.



1 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 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
 home; home; home; home;

rit. Last time only ad lib.

pp Last time only ad lib.

D.C.

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