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1910

When The Apple Blossoms Bloom

Chas. K Champlin

Composer

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SINGING WITH GREAT SUCCESS BY THE COMPOSER

WHEN THE APPLE BLOSSOMS BLOOM

WORDS AND MUSIC BY



CHAMPLIN

Vp. 007398

1910

WHEN

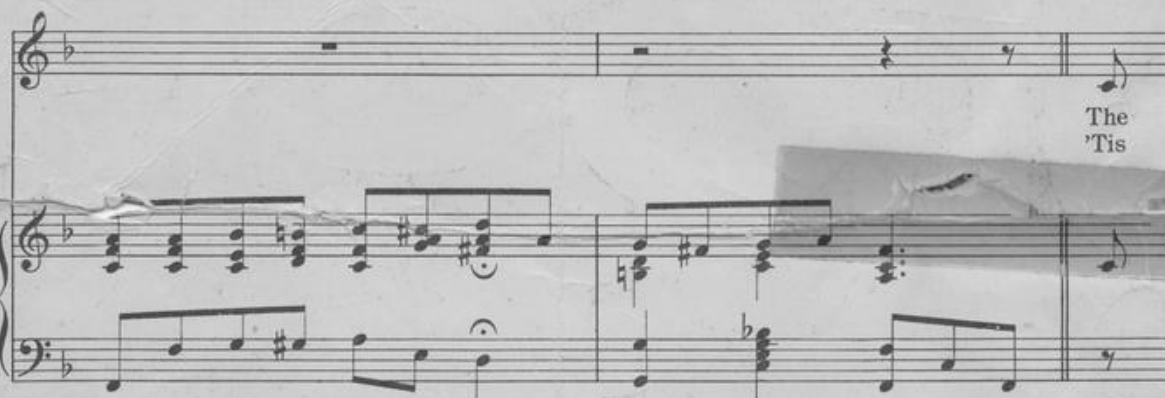
EDERSLOOT MUSIC PUB. CO. WILLIAM

When The Apple Blossoms Bloom.

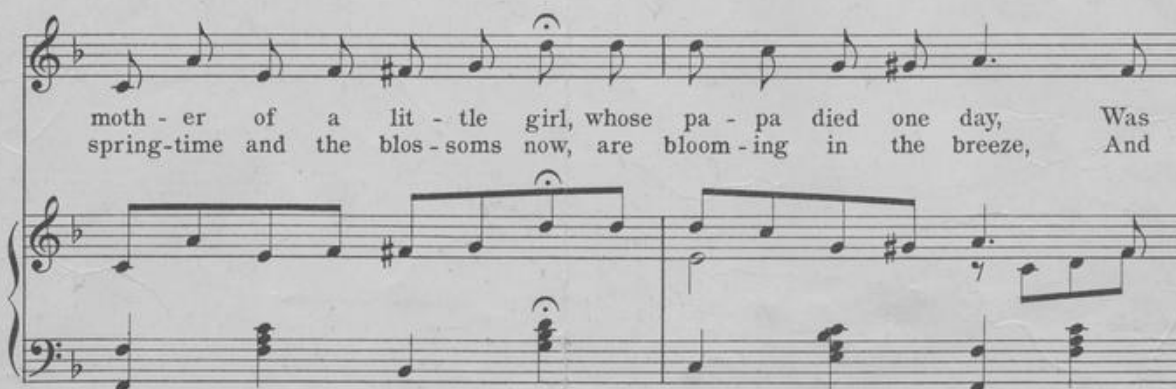
Words and Music by
CHAS. K. CHAMPLIN.

Composer of
"The Flag Of Uncle Sam,"
"Love Me, Dearie," etc., etc.

Moderato.

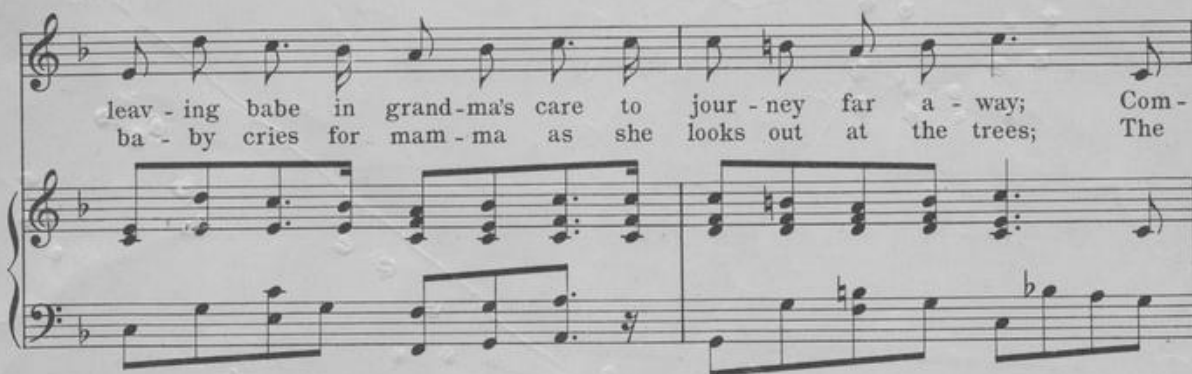


The
'Tis

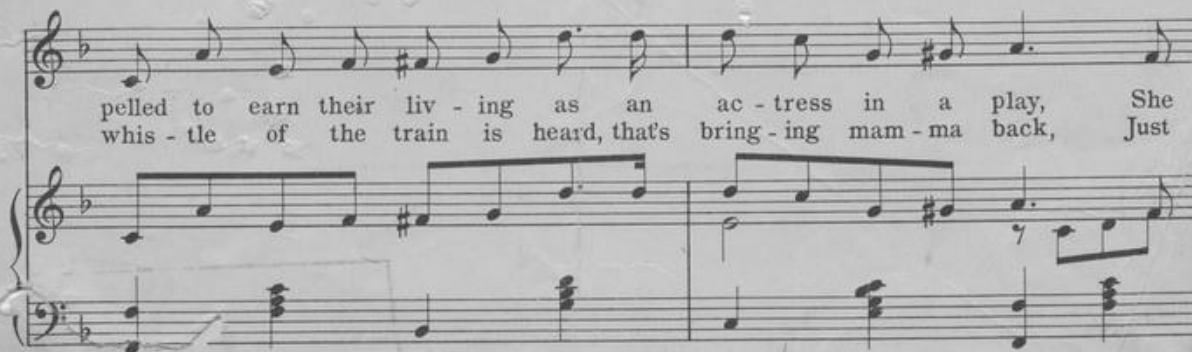


moth - er of a lit - tle girl, whose pa - pa died one day, Was
spring-time and the blos - soms now, are bloom - ing in the breeze, And

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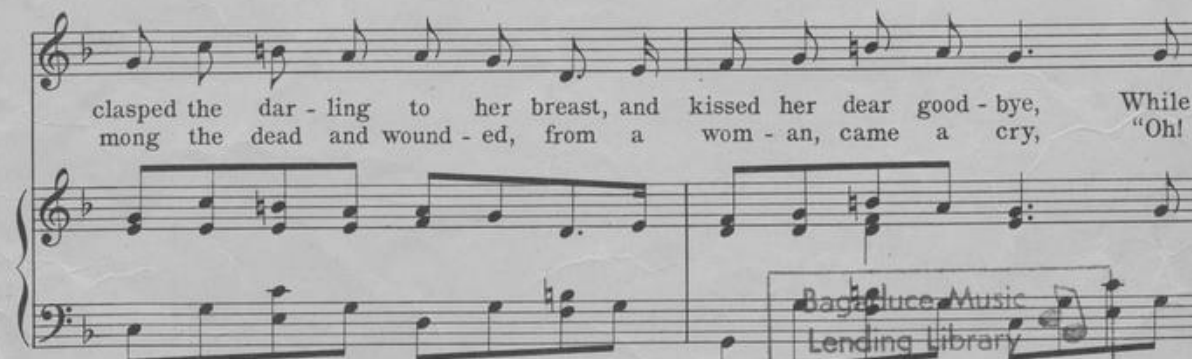
leav - ing babe in grand - ma's care to jour - ney far a - way; Com -
ba - by cries for mam - ma as she looks out at the trees; The



pelled to earn their liv - ing as an ac - tress in a play, She
whis - tle of the train is heard, that's bring - ing mam - ma back, Just



left them in Sep - tem - ber to be back a - gain in May; She
then a dread col - lis - ion and the train has left the track; A -



clasped the dar - ling to her breast, and kissed her dear good - bye, While
mong the dead and wound - ed, from a wom - an, came a cry, "Oh!


grand - ma, old and fee - ble, wiped a tear - drop from her eye, And
doc - tor wont you take me home, they say that I must die;" "Oh,

as she kissed her babe, she said, "I'll come back to you soon, Your
take me to my ba - by," said the moth - er, "take me soon, For

mam - ma will be home, dear, when the ap - ple blos - soms bloom."
I must see my dar - ling while the ap - ple blos - soms bloom."

CHORUS.

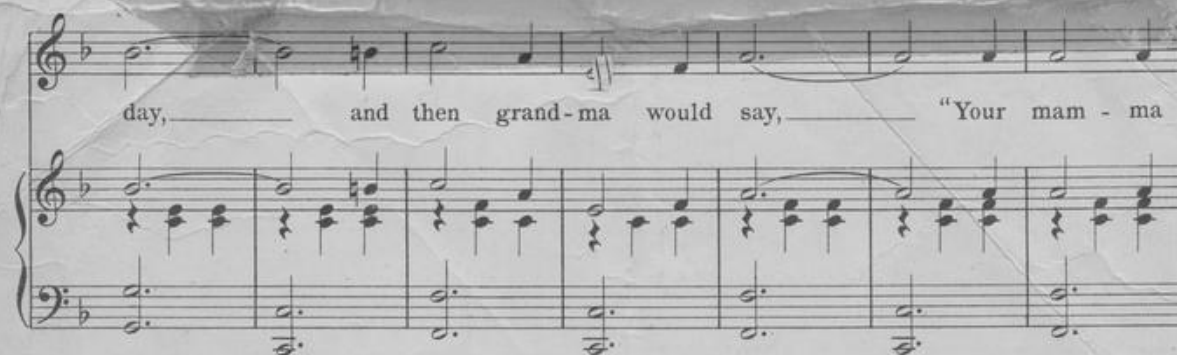
"When the ap - ple blos - soms bloom, your mam - ma



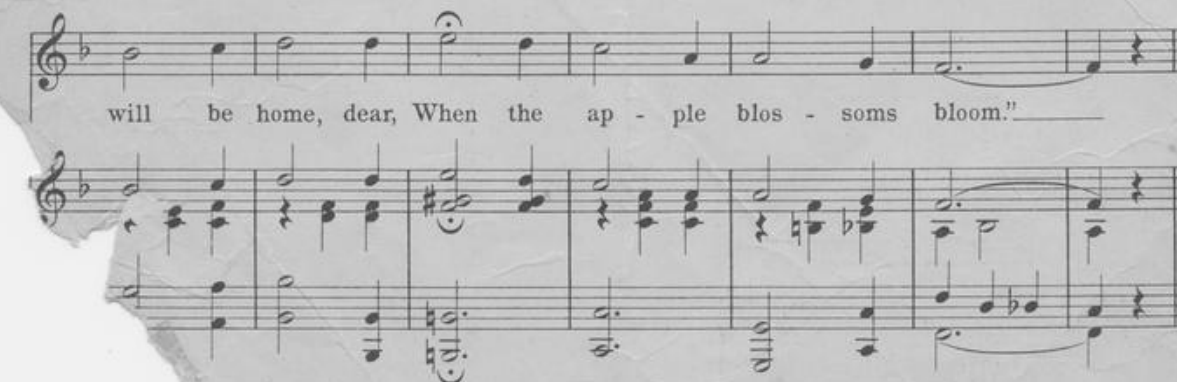
will come home," Grand - ma oft' told ba - by, as she



played a - round the room; She would watch the trees each



day, and then grand - ma would say, "Your mam - ma



will be home, dear, When the ap - ple blos - soms bloom."

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.

VANDERSLOOT MUSIC PUE 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.



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