

The University of Maine

DigitalCommons@UMaine

Vocal Popular Sheet Music Collection

Public domain (may be downloaded in full)

1894

Old Folks At Home

Stephen Collins Foster

Composer

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/mmb-vp>

Recommended Citation

Foster, Stephen Collins, "Old Folks At Home" (1894). *Vocal Popular Sheet Music Collection*. Score 1302.
<https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/mmb-vp/1302>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@UMaine. It has been accepted for inclusion in Vocal Popular Sheet Music Collection by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@UMaine. For more information, please contact um.library.technical.services@maine.edu.

FANNIE J. ROBERT

Entered at Post Office at Boston at mail matter of the Second Class.

THE BOSTON WEEKLY JOURNAL OF
SHEET MUSIC
No. 228. September 6, 1899.
Published Weekly. Subscription, \$1.00 per year, in advance.

"De Swanee Ribber"

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Written and Composed by
STEPHEN C. FOSTER

3

BOSTON
F. TRIFET, PUBLISHER
36 BROMFIELD STREET.
CATALOGUES FREE TO ANY ADDRESS ON APPLICATION.

Vp004153
1894
OLD

Bagaduce Music
Lending Library
Blue Hill, Maine
1522
Donor

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Written and Composed by S. C. FOSTER.

Moderato.

1. Way down up - on the Swa - nee rib - ber, Far, far a - way,
 2. All 'round de lit - tle farm I wan - der'd When I was young,
 3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One dat I love,

Dere's wha my heart is turn - ing eb - ber, Dere's wha de old folks stay.
 Den ma - ny hap - py days I squan - der'd, Ma - ny de songs I sung.
 Still sad - ly to my mem' - ry rush - es No mat - ter where I rove.

All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
 When I was play - ing wid my brud - der, Hap - py was I,
 When will I see de bees a hum - ming, All roud de comb,

Still long - ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.
 Oh! take me to my kind old mud - der, Dere let me live and die.
 When will I hear de ban - jo tum - ming, Down in my good old home.

CHORUS.

All de world am sad and drear - y Eb - ry where I roam,

Oh! darkeys, how my heart grows wea - ry, Far from de old folks at home.

948.—Old Folks at Home.—2—2.

**TRIFET'S
MONTHLY
BUDGET
OF MUSIC.**

Each number contains from 96 to 128 pages of solid music (no reading matter, society "gush" or trade "puffs"). No publication ever printed gives so much music for so little money: \$2.00 pays for one year's subscription, during which time you get over 1400 pages of full-sized music, that could not be bought in stores for less than \$50. Regular price of single copies is 30 cents, but if you wish to see one before subscribing, cut this coupon out and send it with 15 cents in stamps and we will mail you one as a sample. *None free.* Address: **F. TRIFET, Publisher, 36 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.** \$4.00 pays for the BUDGET OF MUSIC one year to each of three addresses. **GET UP A CLUB.**

OVER 350,000 COPIES. WEIGHING 300 TONS. ALREADY SOLD.

CONTENTS—Continued

Kiss of the beautiful River	Kataebrooks
Let's em all	Winters
And last, Good-night	Danks
There's	
Here's	Miljinsky
Deep Bar	Lehr
Harsh Bar	Marke
	Floodkamini
Village Bell, The	Gabriel
	Scully
My Mother on the wall, The	Abb
On the Bridge	Scully
	Murphy
	Hendall
Doodle	Danks
Knather	McGlennon
Humant	Kaneckel
esses, The	Gatty
My Daughter, The	
re, A	Handgoggin
Peace	
God of Hosts	Hanne
In the Right Place, The	Merris
Baby	
The Cradle of the Deep	Night
Will to Rise	Winters
the Barn, The	Johnston
	Kaneckel
Heath	Chambliss
Monal Anthem	Lincey
Story, The	Armstrong
	Brahms
ere Jean	Harris
Evilance	Chambliss
of Man, The	Lehrman
Woman's Terrible Claim	Hanne
you whom I love!	Duggett
	Cherry
Union of the Angels	Kataebrooks
summing the Daisies	Dinkmeyer
ing at the Dale for me	Allen
	Hicks
and Songs To-night	Hutledge
	Myers
Darling	Wheeler
gently kisses her Grave	Wheeler
for the Stars of Evening	Dinkmeyer
Is stealing	
from Breeze, The	
we fought in their minds	
Light	Hornby
	Keege
First Spring	Chambliss
my Grandmother's Chair, The	Cowan
	Carlin
The	Hivens
The gently were shining	Wizan
and Hammer	
me to night	Kataebrooks
Soul	Gabriel
	Chambliss
National Hymn	Foster
and bye	Lindbald
in Breath of Summer	Webster
May	Lincey
Agro, The	Johnston
	Kataebrooks
as tender Fathers shed	Scott
at the old Home	Hendall
	Wheeler
self, my trim built Cherry	McGlennon
what	
vacant Chair	Allen
rainbow in the Clouds	Danks
to be a Way	DeLano
marged him because he was old	
es, Love, in your Dreams	McGlennon
at to me	
y Queen	Sullivan
by	Blackstock
by and by	Adams
	Salemson
ear Heart, we're fading	Lindsey
again I parted, dear Mother	Kataebrooks
	Deignan
	Givens
ing's A's Alphabet	
	Scott
ly, the Angels are calling	Turner
'ro the meadows	Malley
OO Cow did at	Scott
on short Year	Kataebrooks
are happy, There's none!	Reckel
're joined the Saints	Johnson
owers as white as Snow	Carman
	Rossini
he Past	Gatty
heim, De	Williams
Angels, through the Skies	Hendall
	Olbert
trum in that?	Lafayette
tell us of the Night	DeLano
these Home To-day	Bowering
by	Gabriel
When done for me?	Wheeler
did	Grainger
ly, the Angels are saying	Jewell
I trace each Herb and Flower	Kataebrooks
er the rolling Sea	Hendall
Evening Shades are falling	Gabriel
nesses are blooming again	Wheeler
ness to part no more	Keefer
and I were Boys	Scully
and young, Maggie	Prior
many Manions be	Butterfield
will Song	Allen
Love, The	Millard
la	Hawthorne
James propose	Jewell
and, The	Schubert
	Harley
marked for my Footstep?	Blawie
cold, The	Schubert
ing of Edinboro' Town	Dolores
riper, The	Keefer
ing that Tree	Sullivan
is, The	Schubert
die	Arns
at part	Russell
me	Aspinall
Have seen her Boots	Carlin
	Solomon

Nobody knows but Mother	Wheeler	When the Duke
None but I can say	Sullivan	When Violent
Forma's wrong	Ballini	When we meet
Look for Joseph	Lloyd	When you
New was a Iook?	Kugel	When you
		Where the
O, Baby mine	Gilbert	Whip-poor-
Oh! carry me back to Ole Virginia	Whisper	Whisper of
Oh! sing along that gentle Strain	Dinamore	Whisper of
Oh! this Love!	Russell	Who are Sybil
Oh! we're in Love the grass Red Rose	Osithur	Why don't
Oh! what a difference in the Morning	McGowan	Why don't
Oh! you little Darling	Tahrar	Willd Roseb-
Oh! fasten my Wail by the Wayside, The	Skelly	William Rus-
Ole Folks at Home	Wester	Willow
Ole Garden, An	Temple	Wind blow
Ole Kitchen Clock, The	Turner	Winds are m
Ole Man has been a good more, The	Danks	Winds is a M
Ole Man of Tabaco, The		Woodman, a
Ole oaken Bucket, The	Kialmark	Workingma-
Ole Red Cradle, The	Gilbert	
Ole Rooin, the Bean		
Once I loved a Maiden fair	Oxoford	Yankes Dou-
One Day, Margot	Andran	Yes, we must
Only	Gabel	You came to
Only a Blossom from her Grave	Ked	You should
Only a few faded Rose	Skelly	

Address all Orders to F. TRIFET, Publisher, 36 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.