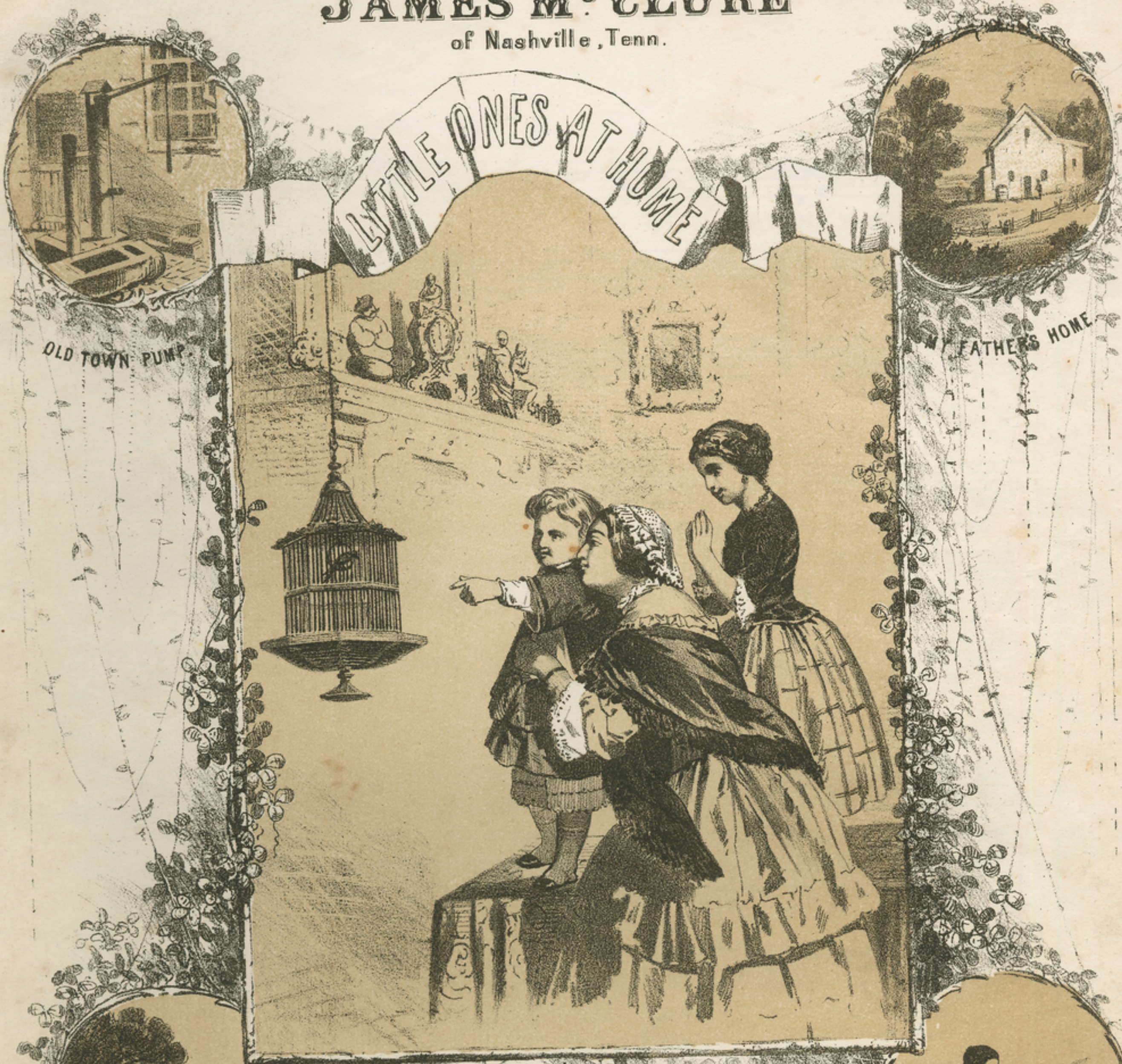


DEDICATED
 To
JAMES M^c CLURE
 of Nashville, Tenn.

LITTLE ONES AT HOME



OLD TOWN PUMP

MY FATHER'S HOME

MY BROTHER'S GRAVE

GENTLE JENNY GRAY

Sung by Christy's Minstrels
 Words by W. HAYES
 COMPOSED BY

C. L. WARD

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THE LITTLE ONES AT HOME.

VOICE.

PIANO FURTE.

1st V. Tho' far away from
 home I've wander'd, O'er life's dark and stormy sea, Many hap-py days I've squander'd
 When my heart was light and free, I left my own my native place, Where oft in childhood
 I did roam, But now I run life's narrow race. I miss those lovely little ones at home.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The piano part features a steady accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands. The vocal line is a simple melody with lyrics written below it. The lyrics are: "1st V. Tho' far away from home I've wander'd, O'er life's dark and stormy sea, Many hap-py days I've squander'd When my heart was light and free, I left my own my native place, Where oft in childhood I did roam, But now I run life's narrow race. I miss those lovely little ones at home." The score ends with a double bar line.

§ CHORUS.

ad lib.

Sopr. Then what are all life's joys to me, Since I have cross'd the ocean's foam, Oh

Alto. Then what are all life's joys to me, Since I have cross'd the ocean's foam, Oh

Tenor. Then what are all life's joys to me, Since I have cross'd the ocean's foam, Oh

Bass. Then what are all life's joys to me, Since I have cross'd the ocean's foam, Oh

would that I once more could see Those mer-ry lovely little ones at home.

would that I once more could see Those mer-ry lovely little ones at home.

would that I once more could see Those mer-ry lovely little ones at home.

would that I once more could see Those mer-ry lovely little ones at home.

2nd V. My Mother wept when

I de-part-ed, Kiss'd my brow and spoke farewell, Father almost broken hearted

His tears it seem'd a tale to tell; I cast my eye to-wards my Brother, My Sister too who

Repeat Chorus. *f*
sat a-lone, Ev-er I'll remem-ber Mother, And the lovely little ones at home.