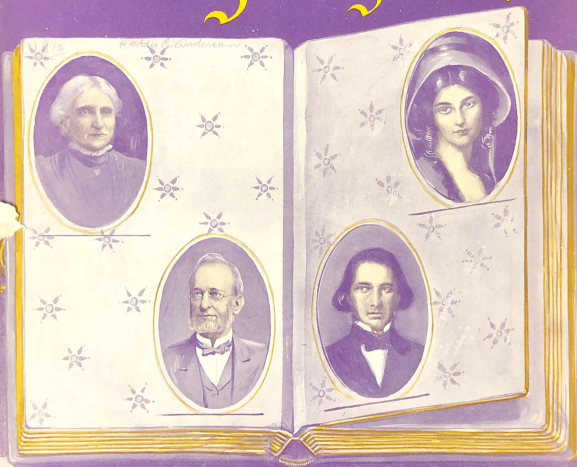


THE SWEETEST SONG SINCE "HOME SWEET HOME"

# When The Old Folks Were Young Folks



WORDS BY  
ARTHUR J. LAMB

MUSIC BY  
ALFRED SOLMAN

WRITERS OF "MARY WAS MY MOTHER'S NAME"

JOE MORRIS MUSIC CO.

130-132 WEST 37<sup>TH</sup> ST., NEW YORK

To our esteemed friend and fellow-author Mr. Monroe H. Rosenfeld.

# When The Old Folks Were Young Folks.

Words by  
ARTHUR J. LAMB.

Music by  
ALFRED SOLMAN.

Tempo di Marcia.



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old, fair, Soft - ly sing - ing in the Wed - ding bells are gai - ly

gloom - ing: ring - ing, "Sil - ver threads a - mong the For the young and hap - py

gold." pair. Now they hear a young man Now they has - ten to the

plead - ing low: old folks side "Let me have your Nell, I For a bless - ing to the

love her self Tears are glisten-ing in the moth-ers  
groom and bride, Now a-down the sha-dy lane they

eyes, As the fath-er to the ea-ger youth re-plies:  
roam, While the old folks sigh and slow-ly turn back home.

*p dolce* *rit.*

REFRAIN *a tempo*

When the old folks were young folks They loved

*p dolce*

just like you! When the old folks were

young folks — They · had heart - aches too! — So just

take our dar - ling to your lov - ing heart and when you're

old and gray — May you be as true and

hap - py too, As the old folks are to - day! —

*ben marcato.*

*rit. mf a tempo*