

flute

2.

All 'round de little farm I wandered When I was young, Den many happy days I squandered

pf

cello

31

tr

Many de songs I sung, When I was playing wid my brudder, Hap - py was I

37

*Chorus*

Oh! take me to my kind old mudder, Dere let me live and die. All de world am sad and dreary

43

Eb - ry-where I roam, Oh! darkeys, how my heart grows weary, Far from de old folks at home.