

### "Mr. Old Kentucky Home."

This song was written by Stephen Col-  
line Foster, a resident of Pennsylvania,  
while he and his sister were on a visit to  
Judge John Rowan, a short distance east  
of Bardstown. One beautiful morning,  
while the darkies were at work in the  
cornfields and the sun was shining with  
a mighty splendor on the waving grass—  
first giving it the color of light red, then  
changing it to a golden hue—there were  
seated upon a bench in front of the Rowan  
homestead two young people—a brother  
and a sister. High up in the top of a  
tree was a mocking bird warbling its sweet  
notes. Over in the hidden recesses of a  
small bush the thrush's mellow song could  
be heard. A number of small negro chil-  
dren were playing not far away. When  
Foster had finished the first verse of the  
song, his sister took it from his hand and  
sang in a sweet, mellow voice:

The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky  
home;

'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;  
The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in  
the bloom.

While the birds make music all the day,  
The young folks roll on the little cabin  
floor.

All merry, all happy and bright;  
By-'n-by hard times comes a-knockin' at  
the door—

Then my old Kentucky home, good-  
night.

On her finishing the first verse the  
mocking-bird descended to a lower bough.  
The feathery songster drew his head to  
one side, and appeared to be completely  
enraptured at the wonderful voice of the  
young singer. When the last sweet note  
died away upon the air, her fond brother  
sang in a deep, bass voice:

Weep no more, my lady; oh, weep no more  
today;

We'll sing one song for the old Kentucky  
home,  
For our old Kentucky home far away.

The darkies had laid down their hoes  
and rakes; the little tots had placed them-  
selves behind the large, sheltering trees,  
while the old black women were peeping  
around the corner of the house. The faith-  
ful old house dog never took his eyes off  
the young singers. Everything was still;  
not even the stirring of the leaves seemed  
to break the wonderful silence. Again  
the brother and sister took hold of the  
remaining notes and sang in sweet ac-  
cents:

They hunt no more for the 'possum and  
the coon

On the meadow, the hill and the shore;  
They sing no more by the glimmer of  
the moon

On the bench by the old cabin door.  
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the  
heart.

With sorrow where all was delight;  
The time has come when the darkies have  
to part—

Then my old Kentucky home, good-  
night.

The head must bow and the back will  
have to bend

Wherever the darkies may go;  
A few more days and the trouble all will  
end

In the fields where the sugar cane grow,  
A few more days to "tote" the feary  
load—

No matter, it will never be light;  
A few more days till we totter on the  
road—

Then my old Kentucky home, good-  
night.

As the song was finished tears flowed  
down the old darkies' cheeks; the chil-  
dren crept from their hiding places be-  
hind the trees, their faces wreathed in  
smiles; the mocking-bird and thrush  
sought their homes in the thicket, while  
the old dog lay basking in the sun.

### On the Sunny Side of the Rockies.

I live in memory, far, far away,  
Where I lost my heart long ago.  
I'd give the world to be trillin' today,  
Back to the one I love so.

### CHORUS.

On the sunny side of the Rockies,  
Where the desert kisses the sea,  
There I left my love near the Rockies,  
When we said goodby tenderly.  
Though mountains are high and we're far  
apart.

In my dreams I'm with my sweetheart  
On the sunny side of the Rockies,  
Where the desert kisses the sea.

Sent in by Edith M. Edwards, Lexington,  
Oregon.

Home  
Sweet  
Home

## Songs of Long Ago

### The North Carolina Hills.

Oh, the North Carolina hills!  
How majestic and how grand.  
With their summits bathed in glory,  
Like our Prince Immanuel's land!  
It is no wonder then,  
That my heart with rapture thrills.  
As I stand once more with my loved ones  
On the North Carolina Hills?

Oh, the hills, beautiful hills,  
How I love the North Carolina hills;  
If o'er sea or land I roam,  
Still I think of happy home  
And the friends among the North Caro-  
lina hills!

Oh, the North Carolina hills!  
Where my childhood hours were passed;  
Where I often wandered lonely,  
And the future tried to cast;  
Many are our visions bright,  
Which the future ne'er fulfills;  
But how sunny were my day dreams  
On the North Carolina hills!

Oh, the North Carolina hills!  
How unchanged they seem to stand  
With their summits pointing skyward  
To the great Almighty's land!  
Many changes I can see,  
Which my heart with sadness fills.  
But no changes can be noticed  
On the North Carolina hills!

Oh, the North Carolina hills!  
I must bid you now adieu;  
In my home beyond the mountains  
I shall ever dream of you;  
In the evening time of life,  
If my Father only will,  
I shall still behold the vision  
Of the North Carolina hills!

Sent in by Mrs. Olive Geiger, St. John,  
Wash.

### Give Me a Home in Montana.

I've traveled all around,  
I've had a lot of fun,  
I've seen most everything  
To see beneath the sun.  
I've traveled east, I've traveled west,  
I'm traveling to the place I love best.

I've seen the city lights  
Turn night into day,  
I'm bidding farewell to old Broadway,  
Without a sigh, I'm saying goodby,  
Now I'm starting on my way,  
Watch the gravel fly.

### REFRAIN.

Give me a home in Montana, a cowboy  
Montana,  
And see how happy I will be.  
Give me an old hickory cabin,  
And I won't be crabbin'  
Let a Montana moon shine for me,  
I'll find a paradise  
'Neath the blue mountain skies,  
Where a prairie wind blew to me.  
Give me a home in Montana,  
A cowboy Montana,  
And see how happy I will be.

Sent in by Mrs. Mary Wahl, Spokane;  
Mrs. Stella Hendren, Kamiah, Idaho; Mary  
Buckpile, Davenport, Wash.

## Songs of Long Ago

### "In the Gold Fields of Montana."

Over in the hills of Montana,  
Heart of the golden west;  
Out where there's blessing aplenty,  
That's where I found peace and rest.

### CHORUS.

In the gold fields of Montana,  
'Neath the western skies so blue,  
I was searching for a treasure,  
And I found sweet, precious you;  
When I claimed you mine forever,  
All my dreams of love came true  
In the gold fields of Montana  
I found gold when I found you.

Sent in by Mrs. Stella Hendren, Kamiah,  
Idaho.

### That Tumble-Down Shack in Athlone.

I'm a long way from home,  
And my thoughts ever roam  
To Auld Erin far over the sea;  
For my heart it is there  
Where the skies are so fair  
And old Ireland is calling for me.

### CHORUS.

Oh! I want to go back  
To that tumble-down shack  
Where the wild roses bloom round the  
door;

Just to pillow my head  
In that auld trundle bed,  
Just to see my auld mother once more.

There's a bright shining light  
Guiding me home tonight  
Down the long road of white cobble-  
stones;

Down the road that leads back  
To that tumble-down shack,  
To that tumble-down shack in Athlone.  
—Chorus.

There are eyes that are sad,  
As they watch for a lad  
In the old-fashioned town of Athlone;  
And I pray for the day  
When I'm sailing away  
To auld Ireland, and mother, my own—  
—Chorus.

### Little Gray Home in the West.

When the golden sun sinks in the hills,  
And the toll of a long day is o'er—  
Though the road may be long, in the lift  
of a song  
I forget I was weary before.  
Far ahead, where the blue shadows fall,  
I shall come to contentment and rest;  
And the toils of the day will be all  
charmed away  
In my little gray home of the west.

There are hands that will welcome me in,  
There are lips I am burning to kiss—  
There are two eyes that shine just be-  
cause they are mine  
And a thousand things other men miss.  
It's a corner of heaven itself,  
Though it's only a tumble-down nest,  
But with love brooding there, why, no  
place can compare  
With my little gray home in the west.

## Old Time Songs

### Miami Shore.

Down on the shore of Miami,  
Lit by the moon above,  
Kissed by the waves that are sighing,  
Wonderful stories of love,  
How can a fellow resist them?  
Often I tried in vain,  
There is a lure in Miami,  
A pow'r that I can't explain;

When I am far from Miami,  
Far from its golden sands,  
Still there is something that lures me,  
Something no man understands,  
Is it the whispering palm trees,  
Off'ring their grateful shade!  
Is it the silvery moonlight  
Or is it perhaps a maid?

### REFRAIN.

On the golden sands of old Miami shore,  
There I always find a girl whom I adore,  
Every year it seems to happen o'er and  
o'er.  
On the golden sands where love commands  
Miami shore.

Sent in by Mrs. Paul Raeder, Spokane,  
Wash.; Doris Huffman, Leonia, Idaho.

### Some Day I'll Wander Back Again.

Some day I'll wander back again  
To where the old home stands—  
Beneath the old tree down the lane  
Afar in other lands.  
Its humble cot will shelter me,  
From every care and pain,  
And life be sweet as sweet can be,  
When I am home again.

#### CHORUS.

I'll wander back, yes, back again—  
Where childhood's home may be,  
For memory in sweet refrain  
Still sings its praise to me.

Some day I'll wander back again  
To scenes so dear to me,  
Where life's sweet infancies refrain  
Beside a mother's knee.  
To live again those golden hours  
Of joyous merry play.  
No thorns but only sweetest flowers  
There in life's merry way.

Some day I'll wander back again  
To hearts so kind and true.  
Whose gentle faces still remain  
In memory's cherished view.  
No more my wayward feet shall roam  
Life's troubled pathway o'er.  
But in the life and love of home  
I'll rest for evermore.

Sent in by Mrs. William Stookey, Spokane.

### The House Beautiful.

A naked house, a naked moor,  
A shivering pool before the door,  
A garden bare of flowers and fruit,  
And poplars at the garden foot;  
Such is the place that I live in.  
Bleak without and bare within.

Yet shall your ragged moors receive  
The incomparable pomp of eve,  
And the cold glories of the dawn  
Behind your shivering trees be drawn;  
And when the wind from place to place  
Doth the unmoored cloud galleons chase,  
Your garden blooms and gleams again  
With leaping sun and glancing rain;  
Here shall the wizard moon ascend  
The heavens, in the crimson end  
Of day's declining splendor; here,  
The army of the stars appear.  
The neighbor hollows, dry or wet,  
Spring shall with tender flowers beset;  
And oft the morning muses see  
Larks rising from the broomy lea,  
And every fairy wheel and thread  
Of cobweb dew dedlamonded.  
When daisies go, shall winter time  
Silver the simple grass with rime;  
Autumnal frosts enchant the pool  
And make the cart ruts beautiful.  
And when snow bright the moor expands,  
How shall your children clap their hands!  
To make this earth our heritage,  
A cheerful and a changeful page,  
God's intricate and bright device  
Of days and seasons doth suffice.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

### Sleepy Valley.

Everybody loves a fireside;  
Picture sitting by a fireside  
In a cozy little home  
You can call your very own.  
There's a place called Sleepy Valley,  
Let's go down to Sleepy Valley,  
Angels picked the spot  
Where we built our little cot.

#### CHORUS.

Just a cozy nest,  
Sweet and heaven blessed,  
Like a bluebird's nest in Sleepy Valley.  
Love is everywhere,  
Happiness is there,  
Love beyond compare in Sleepy Valley.  
All of my troubles,  
Cars of the day,  
Like silver bubbles  
Drifting away.  
Roses 'round the door,  
Babies on the floor,  
Who could ask for more in Sleepy Valley.

### In the Bitterroot Valley.

The shadows are deepening, I sit all alone,  
In the twilight's soft glow,  
Fond dreams come and go,  
As I turn back the pages of life's yesterday.

I am drifting again to my home far away.

The dawn's early light paints the Rockies  
with gold,  
And the meadow lark's songs,  
I hear all day long.

—That little brown church 'neath the  
pines I can see,  
And a voice that I loved—  
Sings sweet hymns to me.

#### CHORUS.

In the Bitterroot valley,  
In the heart of the hills;  
Where skies are so blue,  
Where hearts are so true;  
Just a tiny log cabin,  
But it's sweet home to me,  
In the Bitterroot valley,  
I'm longing to be.

Sent in by Mrs. L. Enfield, Stevensville, Mont.

### Dig Me a Grave in Missouri.

Dig me a grave in Missouri,  
Out where a tired man can rest,  
Bury my shotgun beside me,  
A corn likker jug on my chest;  
Hide me away in the Ozarks,  
Don't put no stone at my head,  
Plant me where my wife can't find me  
Then I'll live in peace when I'm dead.  
I'll take my shotgun a'huntin',  
Drink from my jug when I'm dry,  
Dig me a grave in Missouri,  
But don't throw me in till I die.

Sent in by Mrs. George Donaldson, Weippe, Idaho.

## Old Time Songs

### Tuck Me to Sleep in My Old Kentucky Home.

Old Kentucky cradled me when I was born,  
Old Kentucky how I miss your fields of corn  
Night time when I get to bed,  
How I weep and toss my head,  
I'll weep no more, I'm going back instead.

#### CHORUS.

Tuck me to sleep in my old 'Tucky home,  
Cover me with Dixie skies and leave me there alone,  
Just let the sun kiss my cheeks every morn  
Like the kissin' I've been missin'  
From my mammy since I'm gone,  
I ain't had a bit of rest  
Since I left my mammy's nest,  
I can always rest the best in her lovin' arms

Tuck me to sleep in my old 'Tucky home,  
Let me lay there, stay there, never more to roam.

Old Kentucky smile upon a lonesome shack,  
Dear old 'Tucky keep it bright till I get back,  
Make the shadows stay away from my mammy, old and gray,  
She'd weep no more if she could hear me say:  
(Repeat chorus.)

Sent in by Mrs. Stella Hendren, Kamiah, Idaho.

### Down Where the Morning Glories Twine.

Down in New England, far, far away,  
Back to my homestead on the hill,  
Out in the country, fondly I stray,  
Dreaming of home, where all is dear,  
I see them standing, the ones I love dear,  
There in the moon's gentle shine,  
I hear their voices calling to me,  
Down where the morning glories twine.

#### CHORUS.

Now the same old moon is shining,  
And the roses bloom as fair,  
And the same dear hearts are pinning,  
They are waiting for me there,  
Mother dear will come to meet me,  
And a sweetheart's kiss will greet me,  
Where the morning glories twine around the same old door.

Sent in by Mrs. Mae Soroko, Spokane.

## AY, MARCH 7, 1934.

## Songs of Long Ago

When it's harvest time in Peaceful valley,  
When it's harvest time in Peaceful valley,  
When the birds sing all the day  
In the fields of new mown hay,  
When it's harvest time in Peaceful valley.

#### CHORUS.

Down the lane that leads to happiness,  
I'll stray,  
There's an ivy covered cottage in the wild-wood,  
And a sweetheart writing with a love that is true,  
When it's harvest time in Peaceful valley,  
Sally, I'll be coming back to you, my Sally, dear.

Where the morning glory climbs the wall,  
By the oaken bucket hanging in the well,  
Peaceful valley, I can hear you call,  
Love's old story once again I long to tell.

Though I've wandered far from home,  
sweet home,  
In my dreams a tender memory lingers still,  
When the day is done and I'm alone,  
Seems I hear the old bob white calling from the hill.

Sent in by Elizabeth Orme, Spokane.

### Where the Silvery Colorado Wends Its Way.

As the twilight softly gathers, 'round my home among the hills  
And it seems all nature settles down to rest,  
Then I sit and sadly ponder and my heart with longing fills  
As I ofttime dream of one that I love best  
We were wedded in the springtime; our hearts they knew no pain.  
Fair nature seemed to smile on us that day,  
Now she's sleeping 'neath the lilac and will ne'er come back again.  
Where the silvery Colorado wends its way.

#### CHORUS.

There's a sob on every breeze  
And a sigh comes through the trees,  
And the mocking bird he soars with saddened lay.

While the sunbeams play no more  
Round my little cabin door,  
Where the silvery Colorado wends its way.

The silver snow is gleaming on yon distant mountain side,  
Where we often used to ramble, Nell and I.

And the birds are gayly singing in the valley far below,  
Where I hope some day to lay me down and die.

Our lives were gay and happy in the shadow of the hills,  
My heart beats fonder for her day by day.

And I feel her presence with me as I sit alone tonight  
Where the silvery Colorado wends its way.

—Sent in by Hazel Doolittle, Spokane.

## Old Time Songs

### "Take Me Back to Renfro Valley."

I was born in Renfro valley,  
But I drifted far away;  
I've been back to see the old home,  
And my friends of other days,  
Gone were all familiar faces  
And the friends I used to know,  
Things have changed in Renfro valley,  
Since the days of long ago.

Others own the old plantation,  
I can call it home no more;  
Other farms around the fireside,  
Other children round the door;  
Other voices sing the old songs,  
When the evening sun is low,  
Mother sang in Renfro valley  
In the days of long ago.

Take me back to Renfro valley,  
When I'm free from earthly care;  
Lay me down by dad and mother,  
Let me sleep forever there,  
When it's springtime in the mountains  
And the dogwood blossoms blow,  
Take me back to Renfro valley  
As in days of long ago.

Sent in by Esther Lindemann, Ritzville, Wash.

### Beautiful Texas.

You've all read the beautiful stories  
Of the countries far over the sea;  
From whence came our ancestors  
To establish this land of the free;  
There are some folks who still like to travel  
To see what they have over there  
But when they look they find it's not like the book  
And the beauty there's none to compare.

#### CHORUS.

Beautiful, beautiful Texas,  
Where the beautiful bluebonnets grow,  
We're proud of our forefathers,  
Who fought at the Alamo;  
You can live on the plains or the mountains,  
Or down where the sea breezes blow,  
And you're still in beautiful Texas,  
The most beautiful state I know.

You can travel on beautiful highways,  
By village, city or farm,  
Or sail above on our skyrways,  
And the beauty below you will charm.  
White cotton, blue rivers, green forests,  
Golden wheat fields and fruit trees that bear,  
You can look till doomsday and then you will say,  
That Texas has beauty to spare.

In this song about beautiful Texas,  
There's one thing we've just got to say,  
And that is that six million people  
Are glad they are here to stay.  
It's great to be healthy and happy,  
And that seems to be our fate,  
Then let us all smile, for life is worth while  
When you live in this beautiful state.

### Where the Silvery Colorado Winds Its Way.

The twilight softly gathers round my home among the hills  
And all nature soon will settle down to rest.  
While I sit and softly ponder and my heart with longing thrills  
As I often think of one that I love best.  
We were wedded in the June time and our hearts then knew no pain,  
Fair nature seemed to smile on us that day.  
Now she sleeps beneath the lilies and she'll ne'er come back again  
Where the silvery Colorado winds its way.

**Chorus:**  
There's a sob on every breeze  
And a sigh comes from the trees,  
And the meadow lark now croons a sadder lay.  
For the sunlight plays no more 'round my cheerless cabin door  
Where the silvery Colorado winds its way.

The silvery snow is gleaming on you distant mountain side  
Where we often used to wander, Nell and I,  
And the birds are gaily singing in the valley far below  
Where I long some day to lay me down and die;  
Then our lives were gay and happy in the shadow of the hills,  
My heart beat tender for her day by day,  
And I feel her presence near me as I sit alone tonight  
Where the silvery Colorado winds its way.

### The Little Green Valley.

Each night in my dreams I see a spot far away,  
Nestled in the hills in the land that I love,  
Stormy weather may come but whether the skies are blue or gray,  
I keep dreaming of sunlight streaming from heaven above.

**CHORUS.**  
I see a candle light down in the little green valley,  
Where morning glory vines are twining 'round my door,  
Oh, how I wish I was there tonight,  
Down in the little green valley,  
I know my homesick heart would trouble me no more.  
There's only one thing ever gives me consolation  
And that's the dream that I'll be coming back some day.  
And every night down upon my knees  
I'll pray the Lord to please take me away.

It's not hard to see what's wrong with me all the time  
When I tell you I'm homesick, lonesome and sad,  
There is one regret I can never get off my mind  
That I left to roam, left the only home I ever had

**Chorus.**  
I hear a mocking bird down in the little green valley,  
I know he's singing out his heart to welcome me  
And some one waits by the garden gate down in the little green valley,  
When I get home again how happy she will be  
Down by a little babbling brook once more I'll wander  
And in a shady nook I'll dream the hours away  
And then I'll leave all my cares behind  
And go where I know I'll find sunshine.  
Back to that little old green valley far away.

Sent in by Mrs. Vera Anderson, Grand Coulee, Wash.

**Down the Trail to Home, Sweet Home.**  
When Fortune you dreamed of has cast you aside,  
And you are left drifting along with the tide,  
Your castles have fallen all hope seems in vain,  
You're trying to find your bluebird again.

**CHORUS.**  
Would you like to go back to home, sweet home,  
Where the world and your friends are true,  
And down the lane to stroll again  
Where mother waits for you?  
When you've lost in the game of gold and fame  
And you're weary of fighting alone,  
When the tears come, I know then the heart aches to go  
Down the trail to home, sweet home.

When you are successful, the world's at your feet  
And friends by the million will make life complete,  
But, if the wind changes, you're left all alone  
Till you get a word from mother back home.—Chorus.

### When the Snowbirds Cross the Valley.

The summer skies were shining o'er my Dixie home so fair,  
The meadows green were kissed with fragrant dew.  
There I twined a wreath of blossoms to adorn my sweetheart's hair,  
While moonbeams made a veil of golden hue.  
Down the lane we slowly wandered 'neath the pine trees' gentle sway,  
As the robins chirped our wedding march on high.  
We parted, and I kissed her with these words:  
"Though far away you'll always be my own sweetheart; don't sigh."

**CHORUS.**  
When the snowbirds cross the valley,  
When Jack Frost is in the air,  
I'll come back some day to claim you,  
Dearest Ruth, so pure and fair,  
Tell me will I find you waiting,  
When the mountain crests are white,  
When the snowbirds cross the valley  
And the breezes sigh good-night.

The winter moon is beaming on the fair home of my youth,  
The forest trees are silver lined with ice;  
I've come back to claim a promise of my true love, little Ruth,  
The jewel of my heart of rarest price,  
Though the fields are clothed in snow robes, it is June time in my heart,  
Now the winter's gloom has changed to summer bliss.  
And as I asked her promise that we never more shall part,  
She turned her lips to me for one sweet kiss.

### Is It True, What They Say About Dixie?

Is it true, what they say about Dixie?  
Does the sun really shine all the time?  
Do the sweet magnolias blossom 'round everybody's door?  
Do the folks keep eatin' possum 'Til they can't eat no more?

Is it true, what they say about Swannee?  
Is that dream about that stream so sublime?  
Do they laugh, do they love,  
Like they say in every song?  
If it's true, that's where I belong.

Sent in by Dorothy Chapell, Troy, Mont.; Albert R. Sterling, Weippe, Idaho; Hazel S. Manley, R. F. D. 5, Spokane.

### "My Clinch Mountain Home."

Far away on a hill, to a sunny mountain-side,  
Many years ago we parted, my little Ruth and I,  
From the sunny mountain side,  
She clung to me and trembled  
When I told her we must part,  
She said, "Don't go, my darling,  
It almost breaks my heart."  
To think of us so far apart."

**CHORUS.**  
Carry me back to Virginia,  
Back to my Clinch mountain home.  
(Yodel.)

I folded my arms around her, leaned her head upon my breast,  
I told her I would wed her, when I came back from the west,  
At my old Clinch mountain home.  
In my hand I hold a picture  
Of my old home far away,  
In the other I hold one of my sweetheart  
I'm thinking of today,  
On the sunny mountain side.

My mother's old and feeble,  
My father's getting gray,  
I'm going back to Virginia  
And there expect to stay  
At my old Clinch mountain side,  
Back to my old Clinch mountain home,  
Back to my darling, never more to roam,  
From my dear old Clinch mountain home.  
Sent in by Mrs. Stella Hendren, Kamiah, Idaho.

### Give Me a Home in Montana.

I've traveled all around,  
I've had a lot of fun,  
I've seen most everything  
To see beneath the sun,  
I've traveled east, I've traveled west,  
I'm traveling to the place I love best.

I've seen the city lights  
Turn night into day,  
I'm bidding farewell to old Broadway,  
Without a sigh, I'm saying goodby,  
Now I'm starting on my way,  
Watch the gravel fly.

**REFRAIN.**  
Give me a home in Montana, a cowboy Montana,  
And see how happy I will be,  
Give me an old hickory cabin,  
And I won't be crabb'n'.  
Let a Montana moon shine for me,  
I'll find a paradise  
'Neath the blue mountain skies,  
Where a prairie wind blew to me,  
Give me a home in Montana,  
A cowboy Montana,  
And see how happy I will be.

### Wonder Valley.

There's a valley hidden in the old Sierras,  
Nestled down between two mountain ridges high,  
Where I used to while away  
Happy hours every day,  
Building childhood castles 'neath a peaceful sky.

**CHORUS.**  
How I long to wander down to Wonder valley,  
Cross the meadow where the brook comes winding through,  
With a girl out yonder down in Wonder valley  
Whom I vowed to love 'neath skies forever blue,  
I'll ne'er forget her tears the day we parted—  
As the lovelight in her eyes came smiling through,  
I'd give all I own to be in Wonder valley,  
Just to wander once again, sweetheart,  
with you.

### Cozy Little Shack in Dreamy Valley.

When I'm alone reminiscing  
There's a picture I always see,  
Only a shack in the valley,  
Yet it means all the world to me.

**CHORUS.**  
Cozy little shack in dreamy valley,  
Dearer than a palace to me,  
Where I spent my happy childhood,  
There my heart was light and free,  
In my dreams my mother I can picture,  
As she rocked me on her knee,  
Cozy little shack in dreamy valley,  
That's where I long to be.

### List to the Convent Bells.

List, 'tis music stealing over the rippling sea,  
Bright yon moon is beaming, over each tower and tree;  
List, 'tis music stealing over the rippling sea,  
Bright yon moon is beaming, over each tower and tree;  
The waves seem list'n'ing to their sound,  
As silently they flow,  
O'er coral groves and fairy ground, and sparkling caves below.  
List! 'Tis music stealing, over the rippling sea,  
Bright yon moon is beaming, over each tower and tree,  
List! List! List to the convent bells,  
List! List! List to the convent bells.

Music sounds the sweetest, when on the moonlit sea,  
Our bark sails the fleetest, to a sweet melody;  
Music sounds the sweetest, when on the moonlit sea,  
Our bark sails the fleetest, to a sweet melody;  
And as we're gently sailing, we'll sing that plaintive strain,  
Which mem'ry makes endearing, and home recalls again.  
List! 'Tis music stealing, over the rippling sea,  
Bright yon moon is beaming, over each tower and tree,  
List! List! List to the convent bells,  
List! List! List to the convent bells.  
Sent in by Mrs. Stella Hendren, Kamiah, Idaho.

### My Little Home in Tennessee.

Every night I'm dreamin'  
Of that little home  
Down among the hills of Tennessee,  
And I'm always lonely, longing to return  
To the place that means the world to me.

**CHORUS:**  
Just a little shack,  
Roof all turnin' black,  
Still it is a palace fair to me,  
Song birds always singin'  
Round the kitchen door,  
In my little home in Tennessee.

I can see my mother,  
Standing by the gate,  
When I drove the old horse up the lane,  
She would never scold me  
When I got home late,  
Oh, I wish I'd never caused her pain.  
—Chorus.

With her tender smile  
Beam'n' all the while,  
No one could be half as kind to me,  
Now she's gone to heaven,  
And she'll ne'er return,  
To that little home in Tennessee.—Chorus.

I can still remember  
Many years ago,  
When my sweetheart wandered by my side,  
Down among the mountains  
Where wild flowers grow,  
There she promised she would be my bride,  
Then another man won her heart and hand,  
Then I knew how much she meant to me,  
I was broken hearted  
When I went away  
From my little home in Tennessee.—  
Chorus.

### The Utah Trail.

You ask me where I'm going  
So early in the morn.  
I'm just a traveler rolling,  
Just a'roamin' an'  
I've looked this wide world over,  
Many times I've searched in vain  
For a spot that seems like heaven to me,  
Where I long to be again.

#### CHORUS.

I'm goin' to hide away.  
Out beside that Utah trail,  
Moonlight as bright as day,  
For I'm on that Utah trail.  
There's where I'll settle down in peace,  
Where all is still,  
In a little hut just built for two,  
Away back in the hills.

Beneath the skies of blue  
In the golden summer time,  
Out where your friends are true  
And nature is in rime,  
Some one's waiting  
With a love that never fails,  
Waiting to welcome me,  
For I'm on the Utah trail.

The crimson skies of autumn,  
The fragrant breath of spring  
Will linger on forever,  
Fondest memories bring,  
When I was a boy I wandered  
To the hills and swimming holes,  
Watched at evening time the old setting  
sun  
Turn the lake's blue to gold.

I'd Love a Home in the Mountains.  
We all love a home and a baby.  
That's one thing we all know is true,  
And I'd love a home and a baby,  
If I could share them with you.

#### CHORUS.

I'd love a home out in the mountains  
If you were there with me.  
I'd love a home down in the valley,  
Neath the weeping willow tree,  
And everybody in the valley  
I know would be glad to see  
That little home out in the mountains,  
If you were there with me.

Sent in by Mrs. Stella Hendren, Kamiah, Idaho

7, MARCH 28, 1940.

## Songs of Long Ago

### "Copper-Colored Moon."

In the land of wealthy mines,  
There's a copper moon that shines  
Over Montana's rolling plains;  
Every silver star that gleams,  
Brings me nearer to my dreams,  
That's where my lonely heart remains.

#### CHORUS.

There's a copper-colored moon in Montana,  
Shining on the great alone,  
There's a golden-headed girl whose heart  
is lonely,  
Makes me wonder why I left my moun-  
tain home.

In dreams I'll always see her,  
As she walked the winding trails,  
In the land of shining mountains,  
Neath the light that never fails;  
All the treasures I possess are in Montana,  
We'll be together soon,  
In the Rockies far away, there my heart  
will always stay,  
Underneath the copper-colored moon.

There's a place I long to be,  
There's a face I long to see,  
Out where Montana's skies are blue;  
Just this aching heart within,  
Knows how lonely I have been,  
That's why my roaming days are thru.

Sent in by Mrs. Clyde Copeland, Spokane.

### "Oklahoma, Land of the Sunny West."

Yodel,  
Cotton, sweet corn, watermelons on the  
vine,  
All of these grow down where I was born  
Down on the farm, and if this freight  
train stops on the right track,  
I'm gonna be back home 'fore long.

#### CHORUS.

Oklahoma, land of the sunny west,  
I'm coming back home to you;  
Little old-fashioned mother, the one I love  
the best,  
That means I'll see you soon.

Yodel.  
Now I get so homesick for you with me,  
Each night I see you in my dreams,  
Oklahoma, land of the sunny west,  
I'm coming back home to you.

Yodel.  
For years I've bummed around,  
Been away from home;  
Trying to find happiness all my own;  
But one thing I've found out,  
There's no place like home.

Sent in by Mrs. R. W. Burdett, Colfax, Wash.

## Old Time Songs

### Home, Sweet Home.

(This poem originally contained but two stanzas; the last two were added by an unknown author.)

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may  
roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like  
home;  
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us  
there,  
Which seeks through the world, is ne'er  
met with elsewhere.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!  
There's no place like home; there's no place  
like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in  
vain;  
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage  
again!  
The birds singing gaily, that came at my  
call,  
Give me them—and the peace of mind,  
dearer than all!  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!  
There's no place like home; there's no place  
like home!

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's  
smile,  
And the cares of a mother to soothe and  
beuile!  
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to  
roam,  
But give me, O, give me, the pleasures of  
home!  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!  
There's no place like home; there's no place  
like home!

To thee I'll return, overburdened with care;  
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me  
there;  
No more from that cottage again will I  
roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place  
like home.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!  
There's no place like home; there's no place  
like home!

Sent in by Mrs. Stella Hendren, Kamiah, Idaho.

### When the Sagebrush Blooms Again in Old Wyoming.

There's a long winding trail over hill  
and vale  
That leads to my home in the west  
O'er the dense chapperrel and mesquite  
so pale  
Way out there to my haven of rest,  
'Tis there I met the rose of the plains  
So I'll mount my old bronc and I'll pick  
up the reins.

#### CHORUS.

When the sagebrush blooms again in old  
Wyoming,  
On a sun-kist trail out in the golden west,  
A happy meeting there will be  
And when I hold her in my arms  
It's my guess she'll sing again to me,  
When the sagebrush blooms again in old  
Wyoming,  
Way out west where love's more than a  
dream  
And there I'll whisper in her ear  
Three words I hope she'll long to hear  
When the sagebrush blooms again in old  
Wyoming.

O'er the wide rolling plains where the  
cattle graze  
Where buffalo once used to roam,  
Where the soft curling smoke through  
dim dusky haze  
Seems to beckon and welcome me home,  
Through balmy air so silent and still  
You can hear the faint cry of the lone  
whippoorwill.

Sent in by Mrs. Stella Hendren, Kamiah, Idaho.

## Highway to Eden

In my dreams a little white cottage  
Nestled at the foot of a hill  
Surrounded by pines where not a  
sound  
Of urban life pierces the still.

There is a little brook babbles its way  
In and out among the great trees  
The birds sing quietly in the pines  
Swaying softly in the cold breeze.

Between the trees a bit of clear blue  
Shows where rests a tiny cold lake.  
Bright flowers border the woodland  
paths  
Which highways to Eden make.

### "When I Dream of My Red River Home."

There's a time when a man goes out  
roaming,  
Seeking fortune and fame far away,  
But with fortune and fame comes that  
yearning  
To return to his homeland some day.

#### CHORUS.

In my heart there's an old-fashioned  
yearning  
When I dream of my Red River home,  
And the rose-covered lanes in the door-  
way  
Seems to beckon to me as I roam,  
The peaceful fireplace, the arm-chair in  
the corner,  
How I miss them in the twilight hours;  
Every dream brings a picture of heaven  
When I dream of my Red River home.

Sent in by Mrs. Stella Hendren, Kamiah, Idaho.

### Beautiful Ohio.

Long, long ago some one I know  
Had a little red canoe,  
In it only room for two,  
Love found its start then in my heart  
And like a flower it grew.

#### CHORUS.

Drifting with the current down a moonlit  
stream  
While above the heavens in their glory  
gleam  
And the stars on high twinkle in the sky,  
Seeming in a paradise of love divine,  
Dreaming of a pair of eyes that looked  
in mine.  
Beautiful Ohio in dreams again I see,  
Visions of what used to be.

Sent in by Mrs. Fred Palmer, Spokane.

### Down by the River.

Down by the river is an old log hut  
Where father and mother once dwelt,  
The old door latch worn by many a hand,  
And the church where in prayer they  
knelt,  
Long years have passed the old log hut,  
In its seasons have passed away,  
But the birds and bees and the whispering  
trees  
Are still singing the same old lay.

#### CHORUS.

Row, row, row your boat, so gently down  
life's stream,  
For all that is past is gone, you know,  
and the future is but a dream.

There stands the tree we used to climb,  
And the race with its roaring din,  
The old wharf boat where it used to float  
When us school boys went to swim,  
Now long grass grows o'er the master's  
grave.

Yet the river keeps flowing on,  
And the rippling sounds on its mossy  
banks  
Are still singing the same old song.

Time in its rapid remorseless flight  
Has furrowed our brows with care,  
And has left the touch of its withering  
hand  
On our own silvered locks of hair,  
Long years have passed the old log hut,  
In its seasons have passed away,  
But the friendships true that in youth we  
formed  
Will never, never decay.

Sent in by Rev. E. M. Filbert, Edwall, Wash.

## Songs of Long Ago

### The Love Nest.

Many builders there have been  
Since the world began,  
Palace, cottage, mansion, inn,  
They have built for man,  
Some were small and some were tall,  
Long or wide or low,  
But the best one of them all  
Jack built long ago.  
'Twas built in bygone days,  
Yet millions sing its praise.

#### CHORUS.

Just a love nest, cozy and warm,  
Like a dove nest, down on a farm,  
A veranda with some sort of clinging vine,  
Then a kitchen where some rambler roses  
twine,  
Then a small room, tea set of blue,  
Best of all rooms, dream room for two,  
Better than a palace with a gilded dome  
Is a love nest you can call home.

Building houses still goes on,  
Now as well as then,  
Ancient Jack and Jill are gone,  
Yet return again,  
Ever comes the question old,  
Shall we build for pride,  
Or shall brick and mortar hold  
Warmth and love inside?  
The answer you may know,  
Jack solved it long ago.

Sent in by Mrs. P. S. Fregord, Spokane.

# Old-Time Songs

Samuel Woodworth, writer of the famous song, "The Old Oaken Bucket," was a drifter all his life, though he was exceedingly busy as an author. Yet from all he wrote, comprising a number of volumes, he is known today only by the six verses making up this simple song. Woodworth was born in Massachusetts in 1785. He was a poor boy and served as a printer's apprentice in Boston, but he soon went to New Haven and started a paper of his own, which had a short career. In 1812 he went to New York and published several papers and magazines. Perhaps the height of his literary activities was reached when, in partnership with George P. Morris, he established the famous New York Mirror in 1823. From this Woodworth withdrew after a year and for a while edited the Parthenon. He died in 1842.

Published this week is one version of "Pop! Goes the Weasel," requested some time ago. Miss Onn Floch, who submitted it, says this is the one her grandmother sang.

Miss Floch has also sent the "Soldier's Sweetheart," which a reader asked for recently.

An old-time mother-in-law song is contributed by L. E. Hatley of Pomroy, Wash.

## The Old Oaken Bucket.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood

When fond recollections present them to view—

The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,

And every loved spot which my infancy knew.

The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it;

The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;

The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it.

And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,

The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a treasure.

For often at noon, when returned from the field,

I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure—

The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.

How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing

And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell.

Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,

And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,

The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,

As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips.

Not a full, blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it—

The brightest that beauty or revelry slips.

And now, far removed from the loved habitation,

The tear of regret will intrusively swell,

And fancy reverts to my father's plantation.

And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,

The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well.

## Songs of Long Ago

### The Voice in the Old Village Choir.

Memories are treasures locked in my heart

I mean to keep them ever more.  
Of all my treasures one stands apart,  
Saved from the dear days of yore.

#### CHORUS.

I hear a voice so sweet and low,  
The voice in the old village choir.  
It sings to me of long ago,  
The voice in the old village choir.

In dreams I drift through the twilight haze,  
Home to the scenes of my childhood days

To hear again when lights are low  
The voice in the old village choir.

I heard her singing long, long ago,  
I still remember her song.

I hear her singing when lights are low  
Though she's been silent so long.—

Chorus.

Sent in by Miss Bessie Taylor, Elk, Wash.

## When the Sunset Turns the Ocean's Blue to Gold.

When the busy day is o'er,  
And the sun is sinking low'r,  
Then I seem to see a dear old southern home;

And the long years roll away,  
Just a child again I play,  
With my playmates in the woods we used to roam;

And at eve my mother there,  
Listens to me say my prayer,  
And I feel her kiss as in the days of old;  
But now mother's old and gray,  
Waiting for me far away,  
Where the sunset turns the ocean's blue to gold.

#### CHORUS.

Oh, the old church bells are ringing,  
And the mocking birds are singing,  
As they sang around the place in days of old;

And tho' I am far away,  
All my heart has been today,  
Where the sunset turns the ocean's blue to gold.

When a lad to manhood grown,  
With my sweetheart I did roam,  
Just a country lass with heart as pure as snow;

And again I see the dell,  
And the nook we loved so well,  
When I told life's old sweet story long ago;  
But beyond a grassy knoll,  
And I hear the church bell toll,  
As it sends a message far along the surf;  
For they gathered far and near  
And their hearts were sad and drear,  
When today they laid my sweetheart  
neath the turf.—Chorus.

## The Garden That God Forgot.

There's a place down in old Arizona  
That most people shun as they pass,  
It's built up of boulders and horned loads;

There's rattlesnakes there but no grass.  
It looks like a graveyard of tombstones  
To strangers it's a weird looking spot,  
And some loco prospector named it  
"The Garden That God Forgot."

The sun slowly sinks o'er the rimrock  
Black shadows spring up from the ground,  
Well, there's sentinels standing about you  
As the silence so dense settles down,  
And a man sits alone with his conscience  
He wonders if he's dreaming or not,  
For that is the spell of the border  
In the garden that God forgot.

It's a refuge for souls that are shattered  
It's a place where a man thinks a lot,  
To most folks the ugliest place in the world

But to me it's a wonderful spot,  
For I look deep down neath the surface  
As any man can if he tries,  
For I love the colors around me  
And I love the blue of the skies.

The beauty of evening and nature  
Were at work in this dim silent land,  
The setting sun's rays were reflected  
And a miracle seemed right at hand.  
The red and gold of the mountains  
Shine down on me sitting alone,  
And the purple and gray of the desert  
Could be seen in that canyon of stone.

It looked like a picture before me  
A painting no artist could trace,  
For no mere mortal that's livin'  
Could bring out the spell of that place.  
My horse stood in silence beside me  
Till darkness had made it a blot,  
I knew some one erred when they called it  
"The Garden That God Forgot."

Sent in by Mrs. Sarah Palmer, route 8, Spokane, Wash.

## When Day Is Done.

When day is done and the night slips down,  
And I've turned my back on the busy town,  
And come once more to the welcome gate  
Where the roses nod and the children wait,  
I tell myself as I see them smile  
That life is good and its tasks worth while.

When day is done and I've come once more  
To my quiet street and the friendly door,  
Where the mother reigns and the children play  
And the kettle sings in the old-time way,  
I throw my coat on a near by chair  
And say farewell to my pack of care.

When day is done, all the hurt and strife  
And the selfishness and the greed of life  
Are left behind in the busy town.  
I've ceased to worry about renown  
Or gold or fame and I'm just a dad  
Content to be with his girl and lad.

Whatever the day has brought of care,  
Here love and laughter are mine to share.  
Here I can claim what the rich desire—  
Rest and peace by a ruddy fire,  
The welcome words which the loved ones speak  
And the soft caress of a baby's cheek.

When day is done and I reach my gate,  
I come to a realm where there is no hate,  
For here, whatever my worth may be,  
Are those who cling to their faith in me;  
And with love on guard at my humble door  
I have all that the world has struggled for.

Sent by Mrs. L. Smith, Retsil, Wash.

## Twilight Is Stealing.

Twilight is stealing over the sea,  
Shadows are falling dark on the lea,  
Borne on the night winds voices of yore  
Come from the far-off shore.

#### CHORUS.

Far away beyond the starlit skies,  
Where the love light never, never dies,  
Gleameth a mansion filled with delight,  
Sweet, happy home so bright.

Voices of loved ones! Songs of the past!  
Still linger 'round me while life shall last,  
Lonely I wander, sadly I roam,  
Seeking that far-off home.

Come in the twilight! Come, come to me!  
Bringing some message over the sea,  
Cheering my pathway while here I roam,  
Seeking that far-off home.

Sent in by Maxson Wood, Gerome, Wash.

## Do They Think of Me at Home?

Do they think of me at home,  
Do they ever think of me?  
I who shared their ev'ry grief,  
I who mingled in their glees?  
Have their hearts grown cold and strange  
To the one now doomed to roam?  
I would give the world to know—  
Do they think of me at home?  
I would give the world to know—  
Do they think of me at home?

Do they think of me at eve?  
Of the songs I used to sing?  
Is the harp I struck untouched,  
Does a stranger wake the string?  
Will no kind forgiving word  
Come across the raging foam?  
Shall I never cease to sigh,  
Do they think of me at home?  
Shall I never cease to sigh,  
Do they think of me at home?

Do they think of how I loved  
In my happy, early days?  
Do they think of him who came  
But could never win their praise?  
I am happy by his side,  
And from mine he'll never roam,  
But my heart will sadly ask,  
"Do they think of me at home?"  
But my heart will sadly ask,  
"Do they think of me at home?"

## The Old Spinning Wheel.

Covered with dust and forgotten,  
Like the face upon the wall,  
The old souvenir of the days gone by  
I treasure most of all.

#### CHORUS.

There's an old spinning wheel in the parlor,  
Spinning dreams of the long, long ago,  
Spinning dreams of an old-fashioned garden.

And a maid with her old-fashioned beau,  
Sometimes it seems that I can hear her in the twilight.

At the organ softly singing "Old Black Joe."

There's an old spinning wheel in the parlor,  
Spinning dreams of the long, long ago.

Turn back the years of my childhood,  
As you turn the old spinning wheel,  
Just show me a lane with a barefoot boy,  
As shadows softly steal.

## The Old Freighter Comes Back

With drum of motor and droning tire,  
Rattle of bridges and culvert's jar,  
An old man is headed for Heart's Desire  
(His son at the wheel of a brand new car)

A man who had loyally held apart  
The way of his feet from the way of  
his heart.

### I

Missouri's a good state—I'm no traitor;  
Anna loved it and I loved Anna.  
She couldn't bear to have me a freighter,  
And that's how it was I left Montana.  
But it came to seem I couldn't die  
Till I'd been back once to say goodbye

People caution me there'll be changes—  
Antelope gone from the plowed-up  
prairies.

Maybe . . . God hasn't moved the ranges,  
I'll take a chance on old St. Mary's!  
Spanish peaks will smile in the sun,  
Telling me things that are never done.

I know Sun river still comes hurrying  
Out of its canyons, spinning and  
prancing

Over the shallows. I'm not worrying  
About government projects and road-  
house dancing!

Maybe the rollickers do not dream  
How much like earlier folks they seem.

### II

We're having fun at the tourist camps—  
Humanest people, just like the rest,  
Some of them honest and some of them  
scamps.

But half of them sighing, "It's not  
the West,

Montana isn't the West, any more!"  
I smile—at something I've heard be-  
fore.

My father was one of the forty-niners,  
Down by the Isthmus and back by the  
Horn,

But when he landed, some of the miners  
Were getting restless, and saying for-  
loren,

"Too many Pilgrims here for me;  
It isn't the West like it used to be!"

The West! Each dusty pine distills  
Its odor. August snows remote  
Look down. The fervor of blue hills  
Stings in my eyes and stabs my throat.  
I wonder if to find the West  
A man must carry it in his breast.

### III

I've been studying changes—great  
Enough to set a man's heart on fire!  
A motor pulling a mile-long freight  
By just one finger touching the wire!  
Where I lurched and swung with a ten-  
mule team.  
Men have seen a vision and dreamed  
a dream.

Such a miracle is a star  
That sets the whole sky right for me.  
The East says, "This is the way things  
are,"

But the West is singing of things to  
be;  
And that is what holds her children  
true  
To her timeless will, that of old was  
new.

Doubts recede in the faith that rises,  
Power carriers, striding the hill,  
Quicken our hearts with far surmises  
Of what shall be when our hearts are  
still.

We're going back, now, just as we  
planned it;  
Missouri's a good state—I can stand  
it.

—GRACE STONE COATES.

(Published by Special Permission)

## "Cricket on the Hearth."

Oh, the birds have flown away and the  
flowers have died and withered,  
And the autumn leaves they now are  
falling fast;  
As I sit alone tonight by the dear old  
hearthstone fire,  
Fond memories 'round my heart they  
sweetly cast:  
'Twas there my dear old mother and my  
father sat at night,  
While on the hearth the cricket it would  
sing:  
It's sad and lonely song 'till the embers  
died away,  
Oh, my heart around those happy days  
doth cling.

### CHORUS.

Listen to the cricket song singing on the  
hearth,  
Recollections fond it brings of days once  
full of mirth;  
Listen to the cricket song, singing there  
tonight,  
Could I only call them back, those happy  
days so bright.

Oh, 'twas when a boy at home in my  
mother's arms nestled,  
And I listened to the sweet songs she  
would sing;  
As I sat upon her knee, in those happy  
days so bright,  
Sweet thoughts of her they ever bring.  
Oh, happy were those days to me, so full  
of childish glee.  
When ev'ry moment pass'd in joyous  
birth:  
They'll never more return those sunny  
days to me.  
When the cricket sang its song upon  
the hearth.

(Repeat Chorus.)

Sent in by Minnie Bennett Tarbet, Spo-  
kane.

## Dreaming of Home and Mother.

Dreaming of home, dear old home!  
Home of my childhood and mother;  
Omit when I wake, 'tis sweet to find  
I've been dreaming of home and mother.  
Home, dear home, childhood's happy  
home!  
Where I played with sister and with  
brother;  
'Twas sweetest joy when we did roam  
Over hills and through dale with  
mother.

### CHORUS.

Dreaming of home, dear old home,  
Home of my childhood and mother,  
Oft when I wake, 'tis sweet to find  
I've been dreaming of home and mother.

Sleep, balmy sleep, close mine eyes,  
Keep me still thinking of mother,  
Hark! 'tis her voice I seem to hear,  
Yes, I'm dreaming of home and mother.  
Angels come, soothing me to rest,  
I can feel their presence as none other;  
For they sweetly say, I shall be blest  
With bright visions of home and moth-  
er.—Chorus.

Childhood has come, come again,  
Sleeping I see my dear mother;  
See her loved form beside me kneel,  
While I'm dreaming of home and mother.  
Mother dear, whisper to me now,  
Tell me of my sister and my brother;  
Now I feel thy hand upon my brow,  
Yes, I'm dreaming of home and mother.  
—Chorus.

## The Old Spinning Wheel.

Covered with dust and forgotten,  
Like the face upon the wall,  
The one souvenir of the days gone by,  
I treasure most of all.

### CHORUS.

There's an old spinning wheel in the  
parlor,  
Spinning dreams of the long, long ago,  
Spinning dreams of an old-fashioned gar-  
den  
And a maid with her old-fashioned beau.  
Sometimes it seems that I can hear her  
in the twilight  
At the organ softly singing "Old Black  
Joe."  
There's an old spinning wheel in the par-  
lor  
Spinning dreams of the long, long ago.  
Turn back the years of my childhood,  
As you turn the old spinning wheel,  
Just show me a lane with a barefoot boy  
As shadows softly steal.  
Sent in by Mrs. Robert Dorn, Spokane.

## Old-Time Songs

Mrs. Elbert Hendren of Stites,  
Idaho, has contributed the old-time  
poem, "Grandma's Quilt."

### Grandma's Quilt.

Why, yes, dear, we can put it by,  
It doesn't look in place  
On top of these down comforts  
And this spread of silk and lace.  
You see I'm used to having it  
Lie so, across my feet,  
But maybe I won't need it here  
With this night's dreadful heat.  
I made it? Yes, dear, long ago;  
'Twas lots of work you think?  
Oh, not so much, my rose quilt now,  
All white and green and pink,  
Is really handsome. This is just  
A plain log-cabin block,  
Pieced out of odds and ends; but still—  
Now, that's your papa's frock.

Before he walked; and this bit here  
Is his first little suit;  
I trimmed it up with silver braid,  
My, but he looked cute!  
That red there in the centers  
Was your Aunt Ruth's; for her name  
Her grandmother almost clothed the child  
Before the others came.

Those plaids? The younger girls' they were.  
I dressed them just alike;  
And this was baby Winnie's sock—  
The precious little tyke!  
Ma wore this gown to visit me,  
(They drove the whole way then),  
And little Edson wore this waist,  
He never came again.

This lavender pannaetta was your  
Great Aunt Jane's, poor thing!  
Mine was a spring with lilac ground,  
See, in the corner here.  
Such goods were high in war times,  
Ah, that scrap of army blue.  
Your bright eyes spied it, yes, dear child,  
That has its memories too.

They sent him home on furlough once,  
Our soldier brother, Ned,  
But somewhere now the dear boy sleeps  
Among the unknown dead.  
That flowered patch? Well, now, to think  
You'd pick that from the rest,  
Why, dearie—yes, it's satin ribbed;  
That's grandpa's wedding vest.

Just odds and ends, not great for looks,  
My rose quilt's nicer far,  
Or the one in basket pattern,  
Or the double pointed star.  
But somehow—what? We'll leave it here?  
The bed won't look so neat,  
But I think I would sleep better  
With it across my feet.

## Alice-Blue Gown.

I once had a gown, it was almost new;  
Oh, the daintiest thing, it was sweet Alice  
blue.  
With little forget-me-nots placed here and  
there;  
When I had it on I walked on thin air,  
And it wore and it wore and it wore,  
Till it went and it wasn't no more.

### CHORUS.

In my sweet little Alice-blue gown,  
When I first wandered down to the town,  
I was both proud and shy,  
And I felt every eye.  
But in every shop window I primped pass-  
ing by;  
Then in manner of fashion I frown.  
And the world seemed to smile all around;  
Till it wilted I wore it,  
I'll always adore it,  
My sweet little Alice-blue gown.

The little silkworms that made silk for  
that gown  
Just made that much silk then crawled  
into the ground,  
For there never was anything like it be-  
fore;  
And I don't dare to hope there will be  
any more;  
But it's gone 'cause it just had to be,  
Still it wears in my memory.

Sent in by Gertrude A. Koenig, Coeur  
d'Alene, Idaho.

## "That Old Gang of Mine."

I've got a longin' way down in my heart—  
For that old gang that has drifted apart;  
They were the best pals that I ever had,  
I never thought that I'd want them so bad.

### CHORUS.

Gee, but I'd give the world to see that old  
gang of mine,  
I can't forget that old quartet that sang  
"Sweet Adeline";  
Goodby forever, old fellows and sals,  
Goodby forever, old sweethearts and pals,  
(God bless them)—  
Gee, but I'd give the world to see that old  
gang of mine.

Last night I strolled to that old neighbor-  
hood,  
There on that corner I silently stood,  
I felt so blue as the crowds hurried by,  
Nobody knew how I wanted to cry.

Sent in by Mrs. Phedora Steen, Route 6,  
Spokane.