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## Young folks at home.

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Words Written by  
*Frank Spencer*  
THIRTEENTH EDITION

YOUNG FOLKS AT HOME

WRITTEN & COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR

Wood's Minstrels

Minstrel's Hall 444 Broadway

COMPOSED BY

MISS HATTIE LIVINGSTON

Guitar 25¢ net.

Piano 25¢ net.

NEW-YORK.

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J.E. GOULD & CO. Successors to A. FIOT.

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# THE YOUNG FOLKS AT HOME.

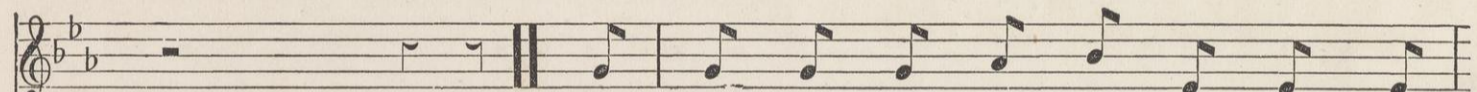
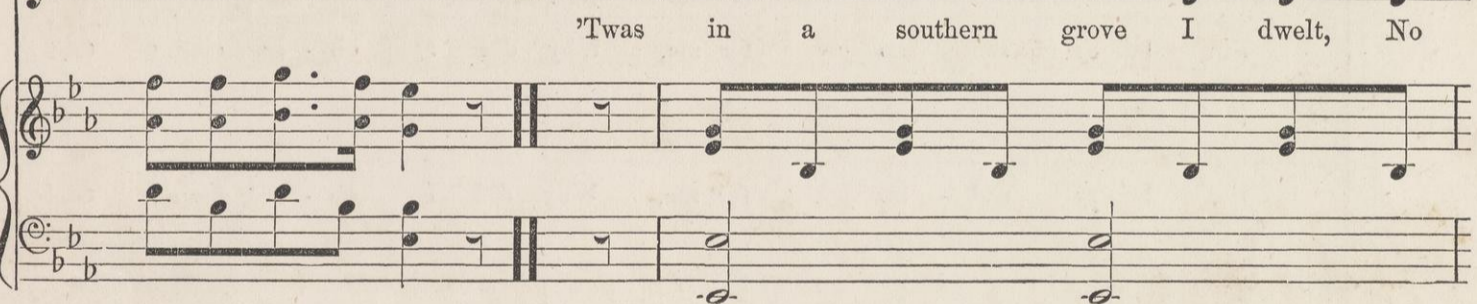
WRITTEN BY  
FRANK SPENCER.

MUSIC BY  
MISS HATTIE LIVINGSTON.

VOICE. 

PIANO *ESPRESSIVO.* 

FORTE. 

  
'Twas in a southern grove I dwelt, No  


  
sor - row then I knew; It seem'd dat eb - 'ry hour was bright, Dat  


gay - ly o'er me flew; De lit - tle ones dat clung a - round, Ere I from dem did roam, Made

eb - 'ry hour still hap - pier seem, Oh! dear Young Folks at Home!

**CHORUS.**

*Second time pp.*

*mf*  
TENOR. I'm be - ry sad— no joy for me, Why did I eb - er roam? Oh!

*mf*  
ALTO. I'm be - ry sad— no joy for me, Why did I eb - er roam? Oh!

*mf*  
SOPRANO. I'm be - ry sad— no joy for me, Why did I eb - er roam? Oh!

*mf*  
BASS. I'm be - ry sad— no joy for me, Why did I eb - er roam? Oh!

*mf*  
PIANO FORTE.

*Repeat Chorus pp.*

shall I neb - er, neb - er see De dear Young Folks at Home!

shall I neb - er, neb - er see De dear Young Folks at Home!

shall I neb - er, neb - er see De dear Young Folks at Home!

shall I neb - er, neb - er see De dear Young Folks at Home!

2.  
 We play'd de banjo, tambourine,  
 And danced beneath de shade;  
 And all around us love to hear  
 De music dat we made;  
 De mocking-bird sung sweetly then;  
 De wild birds dey would come,  
 And make de grove wid music ring—  
 Oh! dear "Young Folks at Home!"  
 CHORUS.—I'm bery sad, &c.

3.  
 But now I broken-hearted go—  
 Poor Tom dey all despise;  
 I grieve o'er all de happy past  
 Wid bitter tears and sighs;  
 I'm scorned by all de careless crowd,  
 No matter where I roam;  
 Oh! shall I neber see again  
 De dear "Young Folks at Home!"  
 CHORUS.—I'm bery sad, &c.

4.  
 Ah! no,—I now am far away,  
 Where no such pleasures shine;  
 I neber dream'd dat sorrow'd come  
 To dis poor heart of mine!  
 Den take me to dat dear old spot,  
 Nor longer let me roam,—  
 And lay me in de cold, cold grave,  
 Near de dear "Young Folks at Home!"  
 CHORUS. I'm bery sad, &c.