

I WONDER HOW THE OLD FOLKS ARE AT HOME

Well I wonder how the old folks are at home
I wonder if they miss me when I'm gone
I wonder if they pray for the boy who went away
And left his dear old parents so alone

Now you can hear the cattle lowing in the lane
You can see the fields of blue grass where I roam
You can almost hear them cry as they kiss their boy goodbye
I wonder how the old folks are at home

Just a village and a homestead on the farm
And a mother's love to shield you from all harm
A mother's love so true and a sweetheart that loves you
Just a village and a homestead on the farm

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