

Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics
www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

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 while I roam
I wonder if they pray for the boy who went away
And left his dear old parents all alone

You could hear the cattle lowing in the lane
You could see the fields of blue grass where I've grown
You could almost hear them cry as they kissed their boy goodbye
Well 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, a sweetheart that loves you
A village and a homestead on the farm

* Refrain