

# **Our Old Homestead**

**A. D. Fillmore  
(1823-1870)**

**Augustus Damon Fillmore** (1823-1870) was born near Gallipolis, Ohio, and grew up in Fulton, near Cincinnati. When he was two or three years old, before he could sing words, he would sit on his father's knee and sing the soprano of simple tunes while his father sang bass. At age 16 he began to teach music and compose songs. After teaching music a few years, he decided to be a preacher but was never ordained. He was active and well known for his preaching but also remained active in music. He wrote many hymns and Sunday school songs. He also published a number of church music collections and the periodicals "The Gem and Musician" and "The Temperance Musician." He died on his farm near Cincinnati. His two sons James Henry Fillmore and Frank Fillmore were also successful composers and established the successful music publishing firm "Fillmore Brothers."

Our old brown homestead reared its walls  
From the wayside dust aloof;  
Where the apple boughs could almost cast  
Their fruitage on the roof.  
And the cherry tree so near it grew  
That when awake, I've lain  
In the lonesome nights I've heard the limbs  
As they creaked against the pane.  
And the orchard trees,  
Oh! the orchard trees,  
I have seen my little brothers  
Rocked in their tops by the summer breeze.

The sweetbriar under the windowsill,  
Which the early birds made glad;  
And the damask rose by the garden fence  
Were all the flowers we had;  
I've looked on many flowers since then,  
Exotics rich and rare,  
That in other eyes were lovelier,  
But not to me so fair.  
And the roses bright,  
Oh! the roses bright,  
I have twined them with my sister's locks  
That are laid in the dust from sight.

Our homestead had an ample hearth  
Where at night we loved to meet;  
Where my mother's voice was always kind,  
And her smile was always sweet;  
And there I have sat on my father's knee,  
And watched his thoughtful brow,  
With my childish hand in his raven hair,  
That hair is silver now;  
But the broad earth's light,  
Oh! the broad earth's light,  
And my father's look, and my mother's smile,  
Are in my heart tonight.

Phoebe Cary (1824-1871)

# Our Old Homestead

A. D. Fillmore

S  
Our ——— old brown home - stead reared its walls From the way - side dust a -

A  
Our ——— old brown home - stead reared its walls From the way - side dust a -

T  
Our old brown home - stead reared its walls From the way - side dust a -

B  
Our old brown home - stead reared its walls From the way - side dust a -

5  
S  
loof; Where the ap - ple boughs could al - most cast Their

A  
loof; Where the ap - ple boughs could — al - most cast Their

T  
loof; Where the ap - ple boughs could — al - most cast Their

B  
loof; Where the ap - ple boughs could — al - most cast Their

## Our Old Homestead

8

S fruit - age on the roof. And the cher - ry — tree so

A fruit - age on the roof. And the cher - ry — tree so

T fruit - age on the roof. And the cher - ry tree so

B fruit - age on the roof.

11

S near it grew That when a - wake, I've lain In the

A near it grew That when a - wake, I've lain In the

T near it grew That when — a - wake, I've lain In the

B That when a - wake, I've lain In the

14

S lone - some nights I've heard the limbs As they creaked — a - gainst the

A lone - some nights I've heard the limbs As they creaked — a - gainst the

T lone - some nights I've heard the limbs As they creaked a - gainst the

B lone - some nights I've heard the limbs As they creaked — a - gainst the

# Our Old Homestead

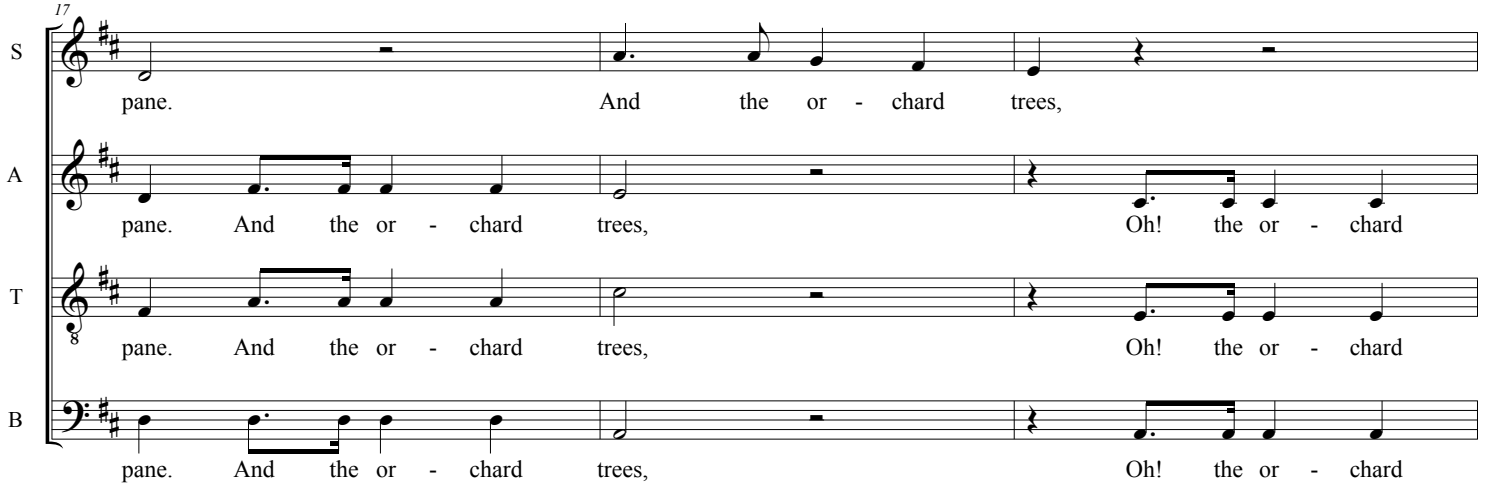
17

S pane. And the or - chard trees,

A pane. And the or - chard trees, Oh! the or - chard

T pane. And the or - chard trees, Oh! the or - chard

B pane. And the or - chard trees, Oh! the or - chard



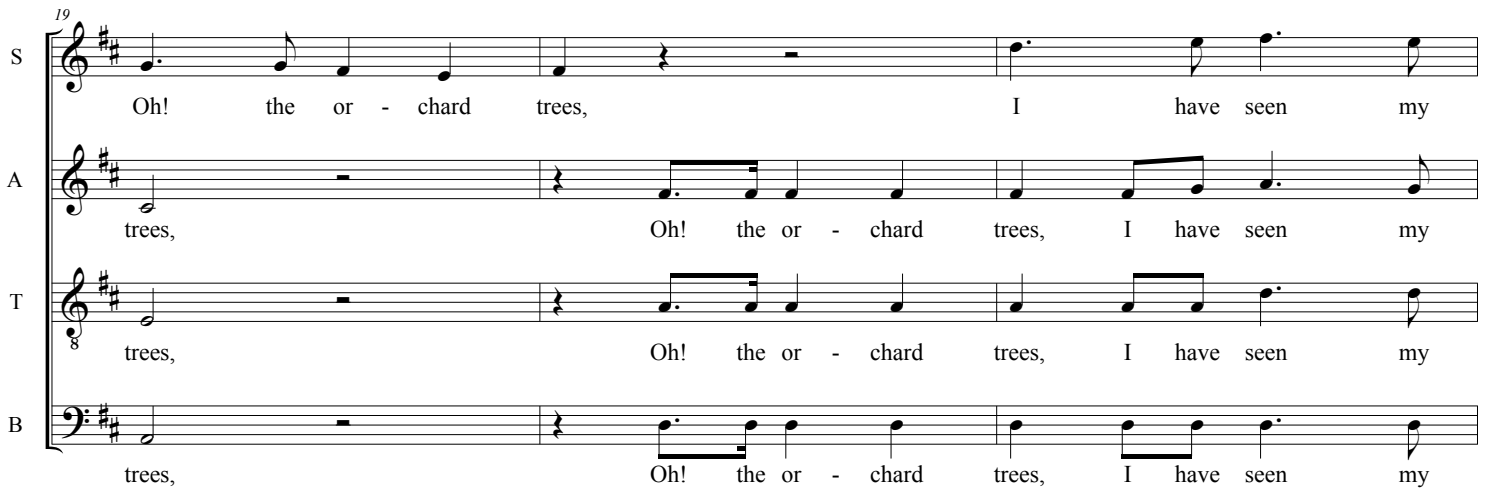
19

S Oh! the or - chard trees, I have seen my

A trees, Oh! the or - chard trees, I have seen my

T trees, Oh! the or - chard trees, I have seen my

B trees, Oh! the or - chard trees, I have seen my



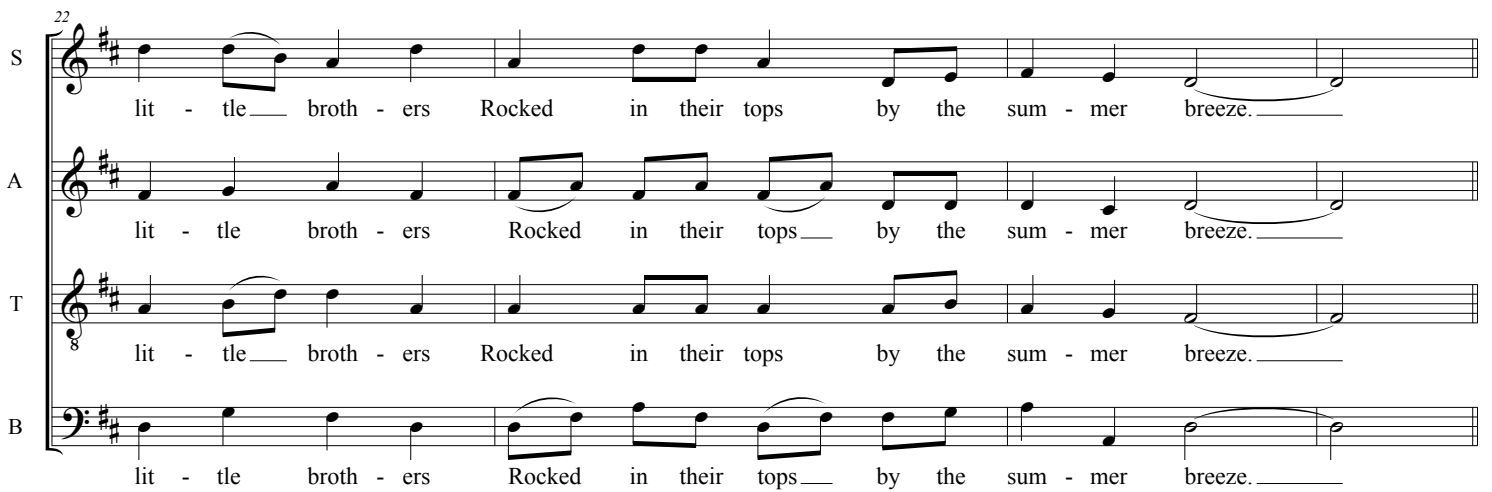
22

S lit - tle\_\_ broth - ers Rocked in their tops by the sum - mer breeze.\_\_\_\_\_

A lit - tle\_\_ broth - ers Rocked in their tops\_\_ by the sum - mer breeze.\_\_\_\_\_

T lit - tle\_\_ broth - ers Rocked in their tops by the sum - mer breeze.\_\_\_\_\_

B lit - tle\_\_ broth - ers Rocked in their tops\_\_ by the sum - mer breeze.\_\_\_\_\_



## Our Old Homestead

26

S The \_\_\_\_\_ sweet - briar un - der the wind - ow - sill, Which the ear - ly birds made

A The \_\_\_\_\_ sweet - briar un - der the wind - ow - sill, Which the ear - ly birds made

T The sweet - briar un - der the wind - ow - sill, Which the ear - ly birds made

B The sweet - briar un - der the wind - ow - sill, Which the ear - ly birds made

30

S glad; And the da - mask rose by the gar - den fence Were

A glad; And the da - mask rose by the gar - den fence Were

T glad; And the da - mask rose by the gar - den fence Were

B glad; And the da - mask rose by the gar - den fence Were

33

S all the flowers we had; I've looked on \_\_\_\_\_ man - y

A all the flowers we had; I've looked on \_\_\_\_\_ man - y

T all the flowers we had; I've looked on man - y

B all the flowers we had;

# Our Old Homestead

36

S flowers since then, Ex - ot - ics rich and rare, That in

A flowers since then, Ex - ot - ics rich and rare, That in

T flowers since then, Ex - ot - ics rich and rare, That in

B Ex - ot - ics rich and rare, That in

39

S oth - er eyes were love - li - er, But not \_\_\_\_\_ to me so

A oth - er eyes were love - li - er, But not \_\_\_\_\_ to me so

T oth - er eyes were love - li - er, But not to me so

B oth - er eyes were love - li - er, But not \_\_\_\_\_ to me so

42

S fair. And the ros - es bright,

A fair. And the ros - es bright, Oh! the ros - es

T fair. And the ros - es bright, Oh! the ros - es

B fair. And the ros - es bright, Oh! the ros - es

## Our Old Homestead

45

S Oh! the ros - es bright, I have twined them

A bright, Oh! the ros - es bright, I have twined them

T bright, Oh! the ros - es bright, I have twined them

B bright, Oh! the ros - es bright, I have twined them

48

S with my sis - ter's locks That are laid in the dust from sight.

A with my sis - ter's locks That are laid in the dust from sight.

T with my sis - ter's locks That are laid in the dust from sight.

B with my sis - ter's locks That are laid in the dust from sight.

52

S Our home - stead had an am - ple hearth Where at night we loved to

A Our home - stead had an am - ple hearth Where at night we loved to

T Our home - stead had an am - ple hearth Where at night we loved to

B Our home - stead had an am - ple hearth Where at night we loved to



# Our Old Homestead

56

S meet; Where my moth - er's voice was al - ways kind, And her

A meet; Where my moth - er's voice was al - ways kind, And her

T meet; Where my moth - er's voice was al - ways kind, And her

B meet; Where my moth - er's voice was al - ways kind, And her

59

S smile was al - ways sweet; And there I have sat on my

A smile was al - ways sweet; And there I have sat on my

T smile was al - ways sweet; And there I have sat on my

B smile was al - ways sweet;

62

S fath - er's knee, And watched his thought - ful brow, With my

A fath - er's knee, And watched his thought - ful brow, With my

T fath - er's knee, And watched his thought - ful brow, With my

B And watched his thought - ful brow, With my

## Our Old Homestead

65

S child - ish hand in his rav - en hair, That hair \_\_\_\_\_ is sil - ver

A child - ish hand in his rav - en hair, That hair \_\_\_\_\_ is sil - ver

T child - ish hand in his rav - en hair, That hair is sil - ver

B child - ish hand in his rav - en hair, That hair \_\_\_\_\_ is sil - ver

68

S now; But the broad earth's light,

A now; But the broad earth's light, Oh! the broad earth's

T now; But the broad earth's light, Oh! the broad earth's

B now; But the broad earth's light, Oh! the broad earth's

71

S Oh! the broad earth's light, And my fath - er's

A light, Oh! the broad earth's light, And my fath - er's

T light, Oh! the broad earth's light, And my fath - er's

B light, Oh! the broad earth's light, And my fath - er's

# Our Old Homestead

74

S look, and my moth - er's smile, Are in my heart to - night.

A look, and my moth - er's smile, Are in my heart to - night.

T look, and my moth - er's smile, Are in my heart to - night.

B look, and my moth - er's smile, Are in my heart to - night.

Song originally published:  
Birchard & Co.  
Arrangement by composer published:  
Oliver Ditson & Co.  
(1885)

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