



**Dreaming of the  
Old Home**

**R. A. Kinzie  
(1842-1918)**

# Dreaming of the Old Home

R. A. Kinzie

S Ah,— here it is, that dear old place, Un - changed thro' all these years; How

A Ah,— here it is, that dear old place, Un - changed thro' all these years; How

T Ah, here it is, that dear old place, Un - changed thro' all these years; How

B Ah, here it is, that dear old place, Un - changed thro' all these years; How

5  
S like some sweet fa - mil - iar face My child - hood's home ap - pears! The—

A like some sweet fa - mil - iar face My child - hood's home ap - pears! The—

T like some sweet fa - mil - iar face My child - hood's home ap - pears! The

B like some sweet fa - mil - iar face My child - hood's home ap - pears! The

9  
S grand old trees be - side the door— Still spread their branch - es wide, The

A grand old trees be - side the door Still spread their branch - es wide, The

T grand old trees be - side the door Still spread their branch - es wide, The

B grand old trees be - side the door Still spread their branch - es wide, The

# Dreaming of the Old Home

13

S riv - er wan - ders as of yore, With sweet - ly mur - m'ring tide; The \_

A riv - er wan - ders as of yore, With sweet - ly mur - m'ring tide; The \_

T riv - er wan - ders as of yore, With sweet - ly mur - m'ring tide; The

B riv - er wan - ders as of yore, With sweet - ly mur - m'ring tide; The

17

S dis - tant hills look green and gray, The flow'rs are bloom - ing \_ wild, And

A dis - tant hills look green and gray, The flow'rs are bloom - ing \_ wild, And

T dis - tant hills look green and gray, The flow'rs are bloom - ing wild, And

B dis - tant hills look green and gray, The flow'rs are bloom - ing \_ wild, And

21

S ev - 'ry thing looks glad to - day, As when \_ I was a child.

A ev - 'ry thing looks glad to - day, As when \_ I was a child.

T ev - 'ry thing looks glad to - day, As when \_ I was a child.

B ev - 'ry thing looks glad to - day, As when I was a child.

## Dreaming of the Old Home

S Re - gard - less how the years have flown, Half won - der - ing I stand, I —

A Re - gard - less how the years have flown, Half won - der - ing I stand, I —

T Re - gard - less how the years have flown, Half won - der - ing I stand, I

B Re - gard - less how the years have flown, Half won - der - ing I stand, I

29 S catch no fond, en - dear - ing tone, I clasp no friend - ly hand, I —

A catch no fond, en - dear - ing tone, I clasp no friend - ly hand, I —

T catch no fond, en - dear - ing tone, I clasp no friend - ly hand, I

B catch no fond, en - dear - ing tone, I clasp no friend - ly hand, I

33 S think my Moth - er's smiles to meet, — I lisp my Fa - ther's call, I —

A think my Moth - er's smiles to meet, I lisp my Fa - ther's call, I —

T think my Moth - er's smiles to meet, I lisp my Fa - ther's call, I

B think my Moth - er's smiles to meet, I lisp my Fa - ther's call, I

# Dreaming of the Old Home

37

S pause to hear my Broth - er's feet Come bound - ing thro' the hall; But \_

A pause to hear my Broth - er's feet Come bound - ing thro' the hall; But \_

T pause to hear my Broth - er's feet Come bound - ing thro' the hall; But

B pause to hear my Broth - er's feet Come bound - ing thro' the hall; But

41

S si - lence all a - round me reigns, A chill creeps thro' my heart— No \_

A si - lence all a - round me reigns, A chill creeps thro' my heart— No \_

T si - lence all a - round me reigns, A chill creeps thro' my heart— No

B si - lence all a - round me reigns, A chill creeps thro' my heart— No

45

S trace of those we love re - mains, And tears for - bid - den start.

A trace of those we love re - mains, And tears for - bid - den start.

T trace of those we love re - mains, And tears for - bid - den start.

B trace of those we love re - mains, And tears for - bid - den start.

## Dreaming of the Old Home

S What though the sun - beams fall as fair, What tho' the flow - ing, flow'rs Still

A What though the sun - beams fall as fair, What tho' the flow - ing, flow'rs Still

T What though the sun - beams fall as fair, What tho' the flow - ing, flow'rs Still

B What though the sun - beams fall as fair, What tho' the flow - ing, flow'rs Still

53 S shed their fra - grance on the air, With - in life's gold - en hours? The \_

A shed their fra - grance on the air, With - in life's gold - en hours? The \_

T shed their fra - grance on the air, With - in life's gold - en hours? The

B shed their fra - grance on the air, With - in life's gold - en hours? The

57 S lov - ing ones that clus - ter'd here \_ These walls may not re - store; Voic -

A lov - ing ones that clus - ter'd here These walls may not re - store; Voic -

T lov - ing ones that clus - ter'd here These walls may not re - store; Voic -

B lov - ing ones that clus - ter'd here These walls may not re - store; Voic -

# Dreaming of the Old Home

61

S es that fill'd my youth - ful ear Will greet my soul no more. And

A es that fill'd my youth - ful ear Will greet my soul no more. And

T es that fill'd my youth - ful ear Will greet my soul no more. And

B es that fill'd my youth - ful ear Will greet my soul no more. And

65

S yet I quit that dear old place With slow and lin - g'ring tread, From

A yet I quit that dear old place With slow and lin - g'ring tread, From

T yet I quit that dear old place With slow and lin - g'ring tread, From

B yet I quit that dear old place With slow and lin - g'ring tread, From

69

S which each dear fa - mil - iar face For - ev - er - more has fled.

A which each dear fa - mil - iar face For - ev - er - more has fled.

T which each dear fa - mil - iar face For - ev - er - more has fled.

B which each dear fa - mil - iar face For - ev - er - more has fled.

**Richard Abel Kinzie** (1842-1918) was born in Wayne County, Ohio (alternate spelling was Kensey). He became a music teacher in Farmington, Illinois, and taught music at the Kansas State Normal School. He enlisted in the 9th Illinois Cavalry as a photographer during the Spanish-American War and was appointed bugler. After the war, he was a music salesman in Cherryvale, Kansas, and Chanute, Kansas.

Ah, here it is, that dear old place,  
Unchanged thro' all these years;  
How like some sweet familiar face  
My childhood's home appears!  
The grand old trees beside the door  
Still spread their branches wide,  
The river wanders as of yore,  
With sweetly murmuring tide;  
The distant hills look green and gray,  
The flowers are blooming wild,  
And every thing looks glad today,  
As when I was a child.

Regardless how the years have flown,  
Half wondering I stand,  
I catch no fond, endearing tone,  
I clasp no friendly hand,  
I think my Mother's smiles to meet,  
I lisp my Father's call,  
I pause to hear my Brother's feet  
Come bounding through the hall;  
But silence all around me reigns,  
A chill creeps through my heart—  
No trace of those we love remains,  
And tears forbidden start.

What though the sunbeams fall as fair,  
What though the flowing, flowers  
Still shed their fragrance on the air,  
Within life's golden hours?  
The loving ones that clustered here  
These walls may not restore;  
Voices that filled my youthful ear  
Will greet my soul no more.  
And yet I quit that dear old place  
With slow and lingering tread,  
From which each dear familiar face  
Forevermore has fled.

Anon.

NOTE: In some 19th century publications, the last two lines read:  
"As when we kiss a clay-cold face  
And leave it with the dead."

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