To our esteemed friend and fellow-author Mr. Monroe H. Rosenfeld.

When The Old Folks Were Young Folks.

Words by ARTHUR J. LAMB.

Tempo di Marcia.

Music by ALFRED SOLMAN.

Mid the fragrant flowers songs of love the birds are roaming sing ing.

Summer skies are bright and.
Old, fair, softly singing in the gloaming:
Wedding bells are gaily ringing,
"Silver threads among the gold."
Now they hear a young man's pair.
Now they hasten to the old folk's side.
"Let me have your Nell, I pleading low:
For a blessing to the

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love her sol’’ Tears are glistening in the mother’s
groom and bride, Now down the shady lane they
eyes, As the father to the eager youth replies:
roam, While the old folks sigh and slowly turn back home.

REFRAIN. a tempo

When the old folks were young folks They loved

just like you! When the old folks were

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young folks  They had heart-aches too!  So just
take our darling to your loving heart and when you're
old and gray  May you be as true and
happy too, As the old folks are today!