Dedicated to my friend Ivor Foster.

IN AN OLD-FASHIONED TOWN.

Words by
ADA LEONORA HARRIS.

Music by
W. H. SQUIRE.

Moderato.

There's an old-fashioned house in an old-fashioned street
In a quaint little old-fashioned town;

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street where the cobble stones harass the feet, As it straggles up hill and then down;

And, though to and fro through the world I must go, My heart while it beats in my breast,

Where'er I may roam To that old-fashioned home Will fly back like a bird to its nest.
In that old-fashioned house in that old-fashioned street Dwells a sostenuto.

dear little, old-fashioned pair.

colla parte.

sotto voce.

see their two faces, so tender and sweet, And I
love ev'-ry wrinkle that's there, I love ev'-ry mouse in that old-fashioned house, in the street that runs up hill and down, each stone and each stick, ev'-ry cobble and brick in that quaint, lit-tle, old-fashioned town.