

Our Village Home

Arranged by
Henry Tucker

To James D. Pinckney
Ballad

Composed by
Augustus Rogers

Moderato

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in B-flat major, 4/4 time, marked 'Moderato'. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and a melody in the right hand. The melody includes an 8va (octave) marking. The score then transitions to a vocal entry at measure 6, marked 'calando' and 'loco'. The vocal line is written in a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff, starting at measure 10. The score concludes with a final piano accompaniment section.

6

6

(8va)

3

calando

loco

10

F B \flat /F F C7 F C7

I've wan - dered to the vil - lage, Tom, I've sat be - neath the
The old school - house is al - tered some, the bench - es are re -
The spring that bub - bled 'neath the hill, close by the spread - ing
My lids have long been dry, Tom, but the tears came in my

10

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2

14 F A7/E A7 D

tree, Up - on the school-house play - ground, — which
 placed By new ones ver - y like the ones our —
 beech, Is ver - y low — 'twas once so high, that
 eyes; I thought of her I loved so so well — those

17 A7/E A7 D F B \flat /F F C7

shel - tered you and me; But — none were there to greet me, Tom, and
 pen - knives had de - faced; But the same old bricks are in the wall — the
 we could al - most reach; And, — kneel - ing down to get a drink, dear
 ear - ly bro - ken ties; I — vis - it - ed the old church - yard, and

21 F C7 F F/E \flat B \flat /D F/A B \flat C \sharp 7/G

few were left to know, That played with us up -
 bell swings to and fro, Its mu - sic just the
 Tom, I start - ed so, To see how much that
 took some flow'rs to strew Up - on the graves of

24 Dm/F D7 Gm Gm/B \flat F/C C7 F Dm A7

on the green, some twen - ty years a - go. The grass is just as
 same, dear Tom, 'twas twen - ty years a - go, The riv - er's run - ning
 I am changed, since twen - ty years a - go. Near by the spring, up -
 those we loved, some twen - ty years a - go. Oh! some are in the

28 Dm Dm A7(omit 5) Dm A7sus/D Dm A7 Dm G7/B

green, — Tom; bare - foot - ed boys at play, Were sport - ing just as
 just as still; the wil - lows on its side, Are larg - er than they
 on an elm, you know I cut your name, Your sweet-heart's just be -
 church-yard laid some sleep be - neath the sea; But few are left of

32 C G7 C G7 G7(omit 5) C F C7 F B \flat /F

we did then, with spir - its just as gay; But the "Mas - ter" sleeps up -
 were, — Tom; the stream ap - pears less wide — But the grape-vine swing is
 neath it, Tom, and you did mine the same; Some — heart-less wretch had
 32 our old class, ex - cept - ing you and me; And — when *our* time shall

legato *calando*

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4

2nd & 4th Verses Only

36 F C7 F C7 F F/E^b

on the hill, which, coat - ed o'er with snow, Af -
 ru - ined now, where once we played the beau And
 pealed the bark - 'twas dy - ing, sure but slow, Just
 come, — Tom, and we are called to go, I

39 B^b/D F/A B^b C[#]7/G Dm C F/C C7 F

ford - ed us a slid - ing place, just twen - ty years a - go.
 swung our sweet - hearts - "pret - ty girls" - just twen - ty years a - go.
 as that one, whose name you cut, died twen - ty years a - go.
 hope they'll lay us where we played, just twen - ty years a - go.

43

43 *tr.* *rit.*