

My Boy You're Still at Home

Words by
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Music by
WILLY WAGNER

Moderato

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in B-flat major, 4/4 time, marked 'Moderato'. The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The melody starts with a half note B-flat, followed by a quarter note D-flat, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano introduction ends with a half note B-flat and a half note D-flat, marked 'rit. e dim.'. The vocal entry begins on the third measure, with the lyrics 'Far a - way in yon - der home - land where the i - vy ev - er clings The'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm, featuring a mix of chords and single notes. The lyrics continue: 'With great re - morse I drop my head to my hide the tears that flow; For Her I know she's fad - ing fast a - way my chair she can - not place. Her'. The piano part provides a harmonic foundation for the vocal line, with a consistent rhythm and a mix of chords and single notes. The lyrics continue: 'sweet fond face of moth - er to fan - cy it does bring She can't re - call to mem - o - ry that she has touched the ten - der strings that sin has har - dened so. This aw - ful cup the world does give when strength is leav - ing with old age for she has run her race. Count-less is the sum I'd give to'. The piano part continues with a steady rhythm, featuring a mix of chords and single notes. The lyrics continue: 'sweet fond face of moth - er to fan - cy it does bring She can't re - call to mem - o - ry that she has touched the ten - der strings that sin has har - dened so. This aw - ful cup the world does give when strength is leav - ing with old age for she has run her race. Count-less is the sum I'd give to'.

mf

rit. e dim.

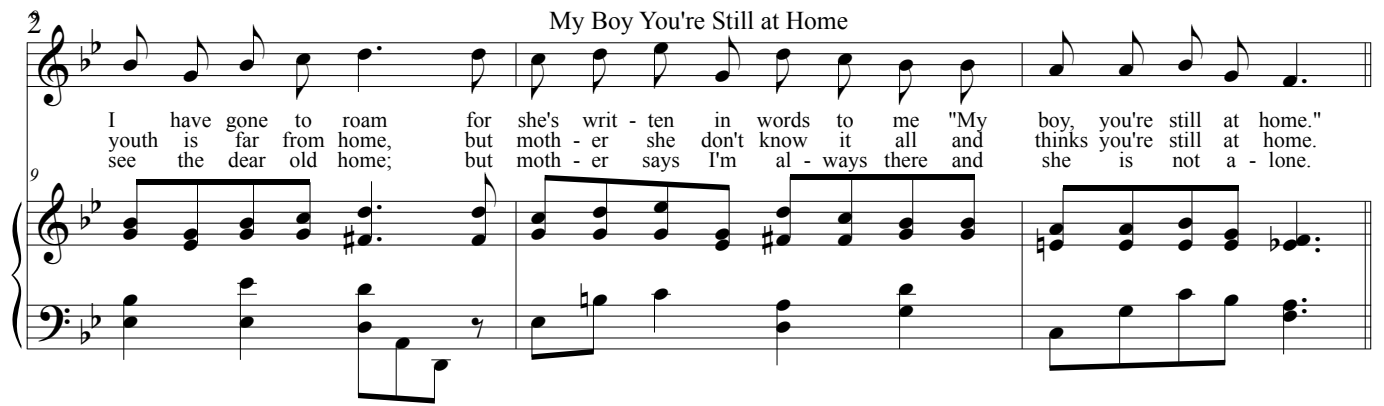
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Far a - way in yon - der home - land where the i - vy ev - er clings The
With great re - morse I drop my head to my hide the tears that flow; For Her
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I have gone to roam for she's writ - ten in words to me "My boy, you're still at home."
youth is far from home; but moth - er she don't know it all and she thinks you're still at home.
see the dear old home; but moth - er says I'm al - ways there and she is not a - lone.

12 CHORUS



"They say you're liv - ing far a - way but I can't be - lieve it's free; For your

15



chair I place at ta - ble yet and al - ways talk to you. At ev - en - tide I light your lamp Which

18



fills my heart with joy. Be - fore I shut your bed - room door I say: God bless you boy."