JOHN PRINDLE SCOTT

THE OLD ROAD
Song of Wandering

For High Voice

For Low Voice

Price, 40 cents, set
(In U. S. A.)

G. SCHIRMER, INC.,
New York
The Old Road

Words by
Reginald V. Darow

Music by
John Prindle Scott

In March-time

Straight and white, in the hot sunlight, The high-road stretches far;

I hear the beat of the tramping feet, Where the

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many travelers are;
But my thoughts today fly

far, far away To a little winding road, I knew, For

my road is the old road, Where the sun lies warm and still, And
my road is a by-road
That winds up over a hill;
O, the

high-road is a long road,
Where the weary wayfarers roam,
But

I will take that little winding road
That leads the wanderer
home!

Many a mile I have traveled the while, Thro' many a vale and town,

But weary am I, with the night drawing nigh, When the
sun is going down! But on I'll go thro' the after glow, Till the

old cross-roads I see. For my road is the

old road, That my fathers used to climb, And my road is a
by-road That I took in the old-en time! O, the high-road is a
long road, Where the wear-y way-far-ers roam; But
I will take that lit-tle wind-ing road That leads the wan-der-er home!
T R E E S

Poem by
JOYCE KILMER

Music by
OSCAR RASBACH

G. SCHIRMER, INC.