

Little Back Parlor At Home - song lyrics

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Little Back Parlor at Home.

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I'm dreaming to-night of the past,
Of the friends and the pleasures of old,
And mem'ry's sweet treasure once more
To my vision their beauties unfold;
For there rises before me a scene,
Tho' afar from it ever I roam,
Of a sweet little place, full of home's quiet grace,
The little back parlor at home.

Chorus.

Then I ne'er shall forget it, that dear little room,
Tho' afar from it ever I roam;
Such a sweet little place, full of home's quiet grace,
That little back parlor at home.

In a life ever checkered and strange,
Blending sorrow with pleasure and glee,
Tho' the sunshine oft gleamed in my heart,
Yet the shadow, too, oft fell ou me;
And at times when for loved ones I'd sigh.
While alone amid strangers I'd roam,
How the spirit would sink, as I'd tenderly think
Of that little back parlor at home.-Chorus.