

Her Own Boy Jack - song lyrics

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HER OWN BOY JACK.

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The foremost picture in my mind is one I'll ne'er forget,
Tho' years have dimed its brightness, it is here before me yet;
The picture is a cottage with the ivy trailing o'er
An aged woman and a boy are standing at the door.
That woman was my mother, I was going far away,
The sorrow in her eyes was more than any words could say;
Her only boy was leaving her, perhaps for many years,
And trying to be brave, she spoke in accents full of tears.-

Chorus.

Be upright and honest, fearless and bold,
Remember that honor is purer than gold;
You may not be a hero, but still when you come back.
Your mother will be proud of you, her own boy Jack.

Our hearts were torn with sorrow, yet the parting had to come,
I tried to look so manly, but my boyish voice was dumb;
She sat the last few moments 'neath the branches of the vine,
And let her trembling hand within my curly locks entwine.
She said, where'er you wander, Jack, on land or on the sea,
If ever you are tempted, let your thoughts come back to me;
Remember how your father lived, remember how he died,
Take my advice you'll be like him, your mother's joy And pride.-Chorus.

And after years of absence to the homestead I returned
An honored name and fortune in the struggle I had earned;
The mother whom I loved was there to meet me at the door,
And then and there I vowed that I would never leave her more.
I stayed to close the dear old eyes which once shone clear and bright,
I kissed the lips which ne'er again would greet me with delight;
And even now amid the friends who've lasted many a year,
I'd give the whole world's riches if that voice I could but hear.-Chorus.