

# You'll Never Miss Your Mother 'till She's Gone - song lyrics

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You'll Never Miss Your Mother 'Till She's Gone.

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By Harry Birch.

When I left my happy home in this wide, wide world to roam.  
My poor old mother she did sob and sigh;  
I in fancy see her now, as she fondly kissed my brow,  
And press'd me to her heart and said good-bye.  
I was thoughtless, young and gay, as the good ship sail'd away,  
The weeks to months and years, the time rolled on;  
I returned at last to home, to find it all in gloom,  
My poor old mother she was dead and gone.

Chorus.

You will never miss your mother 'till she's gone,  
When a portrait's all you have to gaze upon;  
I in fancy see her there seated in her old arm chair,  
You'll never miss your mother 'till she's gone.

At times I sob and sigh, as the tears roll from my eye,  
When thinking of those by-gone happy days,  
When I was but a boy, my dear mother's pride and joy,  
Now she's in heaven beyond my earthly gaze.  
What use to me is wealth that I hoard up now with stealth?  
No home, alas, no mother I have now;  
I would give this wealth away if she was here to-day,  
I feel so sad at heart, alas, she's gone.-Chorus.

While far across the sea what a joy it was to me.  
To gaze upon her portrait day by day,  
And know I'd soon go back and hear her say, dear Jack,  
My darling boy, how could you go away?"  
Oh, could I but foreseen, I should not so hard have been.  
And left her in her sorrow and her pain;  
What misery we bring, while in youth we have our fling,  
You'll never miss your mother 'till she's gone.-Chorus.