

# The Song That Will Never Die - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

The Song That Will Never Die.  
Written and composed by J. F. Mitchell.  
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I heard it first in a lowly cot  
From the lips of a peasant bride;  
Her voice was full of melody,  
That she sang with a joyous pride.  
I saw the husband return from toil.  
And he stood in the porch to hear  
The loving song that his young wife sang,  
In a voice that was low and clear.

Chorus.  
And the same sweet song has been ever sung,  
In each land beneath the sky;  
And the sweetest Bona in the mother tongue,  
Is the song that will never die.

I heard it next in the gilded halls,  
Of a palace grand and rare,  
And sweeter far than the siren's song  
Came its burden on the air.  
It brought me back to the happy times,  
And I lived it o'er again,  
When my mother folded a sleeping child,  
While staging the sweet old strain.