

Spare The Old Homestead - song lyrics

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SPARE THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

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Words by Sydney Dyer. Music by J. P. Webster.

Oh! spare, spare the old homestead,
Twas there I first knew
The love of my mother,
Still changeless and true.
A father's, a brother's,
A lov'd sister's care;
Oh, these are the mem'ries,
That beam on me there.

Chorus.

Then spare, spare the old homestead,
'Tis dear to me yet;
The home of my childhood,
I never, never can forget.

Oh! spare, spare the old homstead,
Nor ruthlessly part
The ties that have bound it
So long to my heart.
When wandering and weary,
And burdened with care,
A bright spot of sunshine,
Still beams for me there.-Chorus.

Oh! spare, spare the old homestead,
Though moss overgrown,
Its halls are deserted,
Decaying alone.
Yet back to its hearthstone,
My heart will repair,
As though its warm greetings,
Still welcomed me there.-Chorus.

Oh! spare, spare the old homestead
Till that pensive hour.
When age makes me weary
And life yields its power.
Then bear me when fainting,
To breathe the sweet air,
And die 'mid the sunshine,
That beams on me there.-Chorus.