

At The Golden Gate - song lyrics

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AT THE GOLDEN GATE.

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Words from "Home Journal" Music by Edgar G. Spinning.

Oh, don't you remember the corn, Bell Blair,
That waved in the Autumn breeze;
Like the peaceful flow of a mother's prayer,
Or the swell of the singing seas.
And bow when the harvest time came on,
We hid in the golden sheaves,
To wait for the coming of gentle John
From under the low barn eaves?
To wait for the coming of gentle John
From under the low barn eaves?

I am not ashamed that I loved John Dean,
For his heart is pure and true;
Though the flow'rs he cull'd in the Spring time green,
Were always given to you;
And you crushed them under your feet, Bell Blair,
As he lovingly turned away;
But I gathered them up to my heart and there
They are all abloom to-day;
But I gathered them up to my heart and there
They are all abloom to-day.

Ah! well I remember the roses borne
With his beautiful love for thee,
How he freed their stem of the faintest thorn,
And the briars were given to me;
They are all I shall ever ask, Bell Blair,
For I know my brier will bloom
To a fragrant flower for my soul to wear,
For I smell its hushed perfume;
To a fragrant flower for my soul to wear,
For I smell its hushed perfume.

Sometimes when the shadowy mist uncurls
From the path my soul will tread,
And the rose unfolds 'mid the eddying whirls
Of the snow around my head.
And now when the harvest times comes on,
In heaven I shall gladly wait
And watch for the coming of angel John
At the beautiful golden gate;
And wait for the coming of angel John
At the beautiful golden gate.