

Calling Me Back To The Old Home - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Calling Me Back to the Old Home.
Copyright, 1889, by H. Kallenberg.
Words by George Cooper. Music by J. P. Skelly.

I hear it wherever I'm roaming,
A whisper so loving and sweet;
It comes to my heart in the gloaming
And tells me the dear ones I'll meet.
My heart yearns with fondest affection
To wander afar o'er the main;
They're calling me back to the old home,
The home of my loved ones again.

Refrain.
Come back, come back,
They fondly call, "come back."

Chorus.
They're calling me back to the home I love so well,
I long for their smiles with a joy no heart can tell,
For here I grow lonely with sadness,
But there is all sunlight and gladness;
They're calling me back to the old home,
Afar beyond the main;
Still calling me back to the old home,
My dear old home again.

It seems many years since we parted.
And yet those dear faces I know,
Have cheered me when alone, weary-hearted,
As roses are cheered by the dew.
A mother, with snowy white tresses,
Is watching for me at the pane;
She's calling me back to the old home,
The home of my childhood again.-Ref. & Cho.

I go where the loved ones are sighing
To welcome the wanderer once more;
I'll haste, like the bird swiftly flying,
To yon distant home-nest of yore.
This world cannot give me the gladness
That waits for me o'er the main;
They're calling me back to the old home,
The home of my heart once again.-Ref. & Cho.