

# A Sailor's Home, Sweet Home - song lyrics

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A SAILOR'S HOME, SWEET HOME.

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Words by W. E. Robey. Music by Robert Recker.

A mother sits reading a message, her fond heart is beating with joy;  
It tells her the good ship's returning that carries her long absent boy;  
It bids her be brave and light-hearted, her old eyes are filled with glad tears;  
She thinks of the day when they parted-she's not seen her loved one for years.  
Ah! little she thought she would ne'er see him more,  
His good ship was wrecked within eight of the shore;  
Her gallant young sailor went down 'neath the foam;  
He'd only just pictured that bright dream of home.

Chorus.

When I come back again, when I return from sea,  
A loving mother, with outstretched arms, is waiting to welcome me.  
Parted from her for years, sailing across the foam,  
Nobody knows a sailor's love for home, sweet home.

She's sitting alone in her cottage, her thoughts are still out on the sea;  
Each footstep she hears in the distance, she startles and says, "Is it he?"  
There's no one to tell that his vessel was wrecked by a ponderous wave;  
And right within eight of the homestead he lies in a watery grave.  
At last she grows restless, the breakers they roar,  
A letter has drifted by chance to the shore;  
She read with despair, tho' 'tis dripping with foam.  
It tells of his death and his last dream of home.-Chorus.