

# The Name On The Door - song lyrics

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THE NAME ON THE DOOR.

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Words by Webster C. Fulton. Music by W. S. Mullaly.

I've been thinking once again of the name upon the door,  
For I've seen it in my dreams as in the past;  
But, alas I I know that home I shall enter nevermore.  
For those dear old days were all too sweet to last.  
How my memory rushes back to that time so long ago.  
When I'd hasten up the steps my love to meet,  
But those happy, happy hours are forever dead, I know.  
And I seldom seek the old familiar street.

Chorus.

When I pass the old place as in sweet bygone years,  
How my heart cries aloud for the days of yore,  
But I know they are dead, and the hot, blinding tears  
Fill my eyes at the sight of the name on the door.

Of in silvery summer nights, stealing softly up the stair.  
And my darling, weaving love dreams, I'd surprise;  
Then, with heart to throbbing heart, I would kiss my love so fair.  
As I read the old, old story in her eyes.  
And if silent we became, love was only unexpressed.  
With her hand so softly resting in my own;  
Then, with love too deep for words, I would clasp her to my breast,  
For I knew she was my loved one, mine alone.- Chorus.

Ah, that name upon the door! hush, my loudly beating heart:  
You must suffer on in silence 'till you break;  
'Tis like death to recollect, but our paths lie far apart,  
I must bear it all alone for her dear sake.  
Oh, those golden hours of bliss, how I live them o'er and o'er.  
As I wait the long, last sleep to set me free;  
Dearest heart, I love you then, now I worship you far more,  
But your memory is all that's left for me.-Chorus.