

# Come Back To The Old Home - song lyrics

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COME BACK TO THE OLD HOME.

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Words by John P. Harrington. Music by Orlando Powell.

Within a lone hut on the fair Devon shore,  
In tears sat a lovely young bride;  
The one whom she wed had in bitterness tied  
To a land far away o'er the tide.  
A few hasty words they have blighted her bliss;  
He'd left her without one last look or kiss;  
Her mother sat by her, with silver gray hair.  
And whispered of hope while she sobbed in despair:

Refrain.

Come back to the old home, come back o'er the sea.  
Come back to the old home, come back to mother and me;  
Tho' you in anger departed, to sail away o'er the foam.  
Come back, my darling, come back to me, come back to the dear old home.

A suitor whom she had passed by for his sake  
Had poisoned the ear of her love;  
He vowed there was shame on her name, although she  
Was as pure as the angels above.  
The false accusation she proudly denied,  
But he would not heed her his newly-made bride.  
Go! leave me, if I of your faith have been robbed!  
He went and too late in her anguish she sobbed.- Refrain.

Ten years had sped by, and the snowstreaks of grief  
Had silvered the young wife's dark hair,  
When, one winter's eve, came a knock at her door-  
She looked up and her husband stood there.  
"Dear Maggie, the villain who wronged you is now dead.  
Confessed ere he died all was false that he said.  
Say, can you forgive me?" "I do!" was her cry.  
"Dear love of my heart never more need I sigh "-Refrain.