

Memories Of The Old Homestead - song lyrics

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Memories of the Old Homestead.
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Written and Composed by Anthony J. Gray.

I sit to-night in silent thought, and think of days gone by,
I can picture our old homestead as it stood 'mid fields of rye.
A brother and a sister dear, a father old and gray,
Sweet memory brings me back to when I heard my mother say:

Chorus.
I Good-night, good-night, sleep well my darling;
Mother will watch und pray that no harm befall thee.
Good-night, goodnight, sleep well, my treasure;
Good-night, baby, darling, good-night, good-night, sleep well, sweet one.

Though far away 'mid strangers now, in foreign lands I roam,
I have still the recollection of my boyhood's happy home.
The lessons that poor father taught when done with childish play.
When tired out, my mother she in accents soft would say:-Chorus.

The village church where oft I've walked upon a Sabbath morn.
And listened to those joyous bells that echoed through the com,
And in the still of eventide to God above I bow.
And listened to my mother's words methinks I hear them now.- Chorus.