

My Childhood's Happy Home - song lyrics

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

MY CHILDHOOD'S HAPPY HOME.

Copyright, 1892, by P. H. Stauffer.

Words and Music by Peter High Stauffer.

After many weary years, full of gladness, full of tears,
I again behold my childhood's happy home;
As a pilgrim, wan and worn, at the home where I was born,
'Mongst the happy scenes of childhood here I roam.
Here a father, old and gray-I can see his face to-day -
Gave to me these parting words, "God bless my boy;"
And a mother as she pressed me in parting, to her breast.
Left to me a lasting legacy of joy.

Quartette.

Oh, my childhood's happy home, as a pilgrim here I roam,
'Midst familiar scenes of childhood's happy days;
Kindest friends and comrades dear, holy mem'ries cluster here.
They, like angels, guard me on my pilgrim ways.

Here I spent life's happiest hours-shady nook and leafy bowers,
Waken recollections of my childhood's home;
In the old familiar place, where I see the stranger's face,
As In days of yore again to-day I roam.
Hallowed ground I softly tread-mem'ries from the sainted dead,
Bringing back to me my childhood's happy day*;
Father, mother, brother dear, holy mem'ries cluster here.
Guarding me like angels on my pilgrim ways.-Quartette.