

The Old House At Home - song lyrics

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THE OLD HOUSE AT HOME.

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Written and Composed by John J. Stamford.

It often sets me thinking, when I'm feeling sad and low.
Of the house that I was born in, ah, it seems (to long ago;
Where my father and my mother lived before I thought to roam,
'Mid the sweet associations of the dear old house at home.

Chorus.

I fancy I can see it, I fancy I am there,
Granddad sitting in the old arm-chair;
Tho' far away I wander, wherever I may roam,
I always think with feeling of the old house at home.

A wild and truant rover, I in many lands have been,
And many are the ups and downs, that in my life I've seen;
In the mining camp, the battle field, and on the stormy sea,
But 'mid them all, the house at home was ever dear to" me.-Chorus.

The ones that made it home for me have gone forever more,
And stranger fancies now are seen around the cottage door;
But while I have life, I'll never cease to cherish and revere,
The mem'ry of the house at home and those I hold so dear.- Chorus.