

He Never Cares To Wander From His Own Fireside - song lyrics

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HE NEVER CARES TO WANDER FROM HIS OWN FIRESIDE.

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By Felix McGlennon. Arranged by Monroe H. Rosenfeld.

Sung by Helene Mora.

Various men have various natures-some prefer to cross the wave.
O'er the world they like to travel, for fresh scenes they seem to crave;
To their birth-place some cling fondly, and their hearts are in one spot;
See the man whose home is Eden, happy in his humble cot.

Chorus.

He never cares to wander from his own fireside;
He never carts to ramble or to roam;
With his children on his knee, he's as happy as can be.
For there's no place like home, sweet home.

How his face with joy is beaming when the worldly toil is o'er,
As with eager steps he hastens to his humble cottage-door;
Little children run to meet him. pleading for a fond caress,
There, amongst his well-beloved ones, he can find true happiness. Chorus.

There's a wife to fondly greet him with the love-light in her eye;
There're the children 'round their daddy, home to him is paradise;
Baby's arms are 'round him clinging, baby lips to his are pressed;
All & peace and love and comfort, in his home he finds sweet rest.- Chorus.