

The Old, Old Story - song lyrics

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THE OLD, OLD STORY.

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Words and Music by Arthur West

The life of a man is a mariner's life,
As he battles along o'er this ocean of strife,
From the time that he's born till he's wed to his wife,
His head's never calm on its pillow;
And so he sails on with his loving first mate,
Side by side, hand in hand, holy estate,
Always on watch for each other they wait,
As they sail o'er life's stormy billow.

Refrain.

It's only the old, old story, only the old, old tale,
Life's but a span for ev'ry man, a calm and a storm and a gale;
A sweet little wife to cheer us, and comfort us when we're old,
A daughter And son, the race is ran, and the tale of our lives is told.

At first comes the calm of the honeymoon's bliss,
As soft as the zephyr falls Cupid's first kiss:
No wave would disturb them, I'm certain in this,
The first of the voyage they're going:
At length comes the storm in its fury and might,
Captain and mate cling to each other tight.
His arms 'round her waist, as he whispers, "All right,
It's only a little gale blowing." -Refrain.

And then comes the harbor of refuge in view,
Their good ship sails in and he calls up his crew;
He tells them, "My boys, that is all I can do,
My roaming days now must be over:"
He anchors his boat for the rest of his life,
The captain is old now, and so is his wife:
The sons and the daughters themselves face the strife,
And the old man's no longer a rover- Refrain.