

Back To The Old Home Again - song lyrics

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

Back to the Old Home Again.
Copyright, 1894, by Frank Tonsej.
Words and Music by Felix McGlennon.

There's a place that will ne'er be forgotten by me,
"Its the cottage wherein I was born,
And though years have rolled on, yet in fancy I see
It there, 'mid the tall waving corn.
'Twas humble, 'twas lowly, but ah, it contained
My nearest and dearest on earth,
And where'er I go, I am longing to be
Once more in the home of my birth.

Chorus.
Back to the old home again, down In the old country lane,
Back to the spot I've never forgot, back to the old home again.

The green Ivy clustered around the old walls,
The breath of sweet flow'rs filled the air,
The birds built their nests in the cozy thatched roof,
Their songs drove away every care:
I'd roam through the meadows, I'd climb o'er the hill,
In childhood's sweet innocent glee,
My life was all sunshine, no sorrow or care-
Oh, how I am longing to be- Chorus.

I've seen many lands, but no place seemed so fair
As that dear little old-fashioned cot;
I've made many friends, but my dear parents' love
I've never, no, never forgot.
They're anxiously waiting to welcome me home,
They're eager their fond love to show:
I'm tired of the wand'ring and trials of life,
And so once again I will go- Chorus.