

The Old Back Stair - song lyrics

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THE OLD BACK STAIR.

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Words by J. Stephenson. Music by Albert W. Brown.

We children romped, the live-long day, about the dear old farm,
And in and out, with laugh and shout, and never thought of harm,
Till mother, tired out with our noise, with angry voice and frown,
Would send us all up stairs to bed, an hour before sun-down:
Our comrades still played on the green, and soon we'd join them there,
By sliding down the railing of the old back stair.

Refrain.

How happy were the times we had in days so long ago,
My brother Jim and I and our darling sister Flo;
Around the dear old country home, what memories cluster there,
And varied recollections of the old back stair;
How happy were the limes we had, in days so long ago,
My brother Jim and I and our darling sister Flo;
Around the dear old country home, what mem'ries cluster there,
And varied recollections of the old back stair.

When Jim and I had bigger grown and stayed out late at night,
A-courting of the pretty girls that were our hearts' delight.
We never dreamt that mother knew, for not a word she said;
And always, when we came so late, she seemed asleep in bed,
But one time, fancy our surprise, when mother, I declare,
Was standing on the landing of the old back stair.- Refrain.

What times we meet together, with our darling sister Flo,
We laugh at how she ran a way and married her first beau;
Though Jim and I both liked him well, the old folks were unkind,
And scolded her because she chose a lover to hr mind:
One night he waited at the gate and sister joined him there,
By sliding down the railing of the old back stair.-Refrain.