

# With Home And Mother - song lyrics

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WITH HOME AND MOTHER

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Words by Arthur J. Lamb. Music by Lutie St. Clair.

I long for the dear old days of yore, for the friends of long ago;  
I long for the home of my boyhood days, for the joys I need to know,  
And now with one hope in my aching breast, for one more thing I yearn.  
To find in my native village rest, to my home I will return.

Refrain.

Once more I'll see the dear old home; of homes there's no each other:  
No more my steps shall wayward roam, I'm back with home And mother.

The joys and the griefs of days long gone, oh, what ore they to me now,  
For my heart is restless with its woes, and care, care is on my brow;  
But the dear old face of my mother will be smiling still as sweet,  
And love shall reign in our hearts again, all is perfect And complete.-Refrain.

She folds me close to her dearest heart, that dear heart of all the best;  
Though life may have brought full many a smart; in love, love I now find rest;  
The storms may rage, though friends be false, I have no more to gain;  
My mother's love will soothe all woes, and will turn to joy my pain.-Refrain.