

# Memories Of Home And Mother - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

Memories of Home and Mother.  
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Words by Harry V. Vogt. Music by J. Wesley Hughes.

Oh, sing again that dear old strain my mother sang to me,  
When holy rays of other days gleamed through our threshold tree,  
The sunset low, in purple glow, crept o'er the sanded floor,  
She linger'd there in that old chair, beside the oaken door.

The low-caved roof with mossy wolf, and creepers trailing o'er,  
The story long, the dear old song, beside that oaken door,  
The eyes that shone, the melting tone of that sweet voice, now still,  
With silver'd hair, and plaintive prayer, blessed memories how they trill,  
Then sing again that dear old song my mother sang to me,  
When holy rays of by-gone days gleamed through our threshold tree.

Long years have fled, the vines are dead, and withered that old tree,  
And nevermore beside that door will mother sing to me,  
But golden gleams of hallow'd themes will linger to the last,  
I cherish still, with sacred thrill, the ashes of the past.  
Home, sweet, sweet home; then sing again that dear old strain my  
mother sang to me,  
When holy rays of by-gone days gleam'd through our threshold tree