

Remember Poor Mother At Home - song lyrics

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Remember Poor Mother at Home.
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Oh, give me again those bright days of yore,
And the dear land where I was born;
And the bright little home with ivy covered o'er,
Where I left dear old mother alone?
That parting so sad, I will never forget,
Where'er on the earth I may roam;
When I'm happy to-night in my fireside so bright,
I will think of my mother at home.

Chorus.
Then where'er I may be, on the land or the sea,
Where'er o'er the earth I may roam,
She watched me with care, may God bless her gray hair,
I'll think of my mother at home.

I ne'er shall forget the last words she said.
As I kissed her that fond, sweet good-by;
She cried: "My dear son, my life's race is done,
If you leave me in sorrow I'll die.
Who'll watch o'er with care those poor, withered, gray hairs,
While far from your mother you roam?
May the God up above, in his mercy and love,
Bring you back to your mother at home." - Chorus.

A letter she wrote me a short time ago,
And the words in my memory remain;
She said: "My dear boy, my last hour is nigh,
And I'm longing to see you again.
Your father is dead, and he lies 'neath the trees
Where you in your childhood did roam;
Oh, to see you again, it would free me from pain,
Then come back to your mother at home." - Chorus.