

Oh, Take Me Home To Die - song lyrics

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

Oh, Take Me Home to Die.

My mother's hand I fain would feel
Laid on my aching brow;
My father's kiss would almost heal
The pain that racks me now.
I yearn at home to be caressed,
And breathe my latest sigh;
In this strange land I cannot rest,
Oh, take me home to die.

Oh, chide me not, the worth I know
Of those who watch me here;
But still I cannot meet the foe
'Till kindred tones I hear.
A wounded dove will seek its nest
When shades of death are nigh;
And like that dove would I be blest.
Oh, take me home to die.

The few that stood beside her bed,
And watched with kindly care;
Before the sands of life had sped,
Had answered all her prayer.
The frail and wasted one they bore
To view her native sky;
And ere life's fitful dreams were o'er,
They took her home to die.