

# Remembrance Of Home - song lyrics

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

REMEMBRANCE OF HOME.

Written and sung by Gus Williams.

I am thinking of my home,  
Of the cottage on the hill,  
The cottage where my poor old mother died;  
Of the orchard, of the school where I learned the golden rule,  
Of old Dobbin, on whose back I oft did ride.  
And as I recall the scene,  
It seems just like a dream,  
A dream that is past now and is o'er;  
A tear comes in my eye, and I can only sigh,  
For to see my dear and good old home once more.

Chorus.

Home once more, home once more,  
Shall I ever see my home once more?  
Home once more, home once more,  
Shall I ever see my home once more?

Shall I ever see the church where I often used to go?  
Shall I ever see that dear old church again?  
Shall I ever see the mill that stood right near the hill,  
Or must I in a foreign land remain?  
Shall I ever see my father,  
That dear, old gray-haired man,  
As he sat in the arm-chair by the door?  
I have power, I have wealth,  
Yet I'd give them all for health,  
So that I could see my dear old home once more.-Chorus.