

Please Spare That Old Home - song lyrics

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Please Spare That Old Home.
As sung by Ned Barry, in One of the Bravest.

There's an old rustic cot that stands in a square,
For ninety odd years that cot has stood there,
Surrounded by trees and a fence that is worn,
It's the home of my forefathers, there I was born;
But misfortune came o'er us, it's hard for to tell,
The sheriff came in, our old home to sell;
It's then I did weep and my mother did mourn,
As I begged them in vain, would they please spare that home.

Chorus.
Please spare that old home, please spare it I pray;
Don't turn out my mother so feeble and gray,
And my dear loving sister, so sickly and pale,
Auctioneer, auctioneer, won't you please stop that sale?

You seldom would find a happier lot.
Than our little family that dwelt in that cot,
With father and mother, sister, brother and I,
Till sickness came over us and father did die.
My brother left home to find work to do.
But where he had gone to no one ever knew;
I toiled late and early to keep down the debts,
And I fancy I hear myself pleading them yet.-Chorus.

In vain did I plead but 'twas of no avail,
The auctioneer continued to cry on the sale,
And the very next bidder, a man quite unknown,
He laid down his money and purchased our home;
Then mother and sister, with hearts sad and sore,
Prepared to depart from that old cottage door,
When the stranger spoke up, saying your sorrow is done,
Accept a home from me your long lost son.

Chorus.
What love and rejoicing was there on that day,
When brother embraced my mother so gray.
With a welcome for me and my sister, so pale,
And that put an end to the dread sheriff's sale.