

# Don't Leave Me, Laddie - song lyrics

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DON'T LEAVE ME, LADDIE

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Words and music by M. H. Rosenfeld.

In the Spring of life a youth stood beside his mother's knee,  
Waiting ere he sped across the main,  
For it word of cheer to comfort, a smile to speed him on,  
From the lips of her he ne'er might see again.  
I'm going now, dear mother, oh, bid me sweet farewell  
My country and its freedom call to me;  
I'll bring thee gold in plenty, I'll fight for name and fame,  
And when, some day, I'll come again, these all I'll bring to thee.

Chorus.

Cheer up, dear mother, oh! do not weep and sigh,  
Life is at best a book of pain;  
Sweet sunny days will soon come back again,  
And I will be with you bye and bye

But the mother, bent with age, took her laddie's hand in hers,  
Drew him close unto her beating heart,  
As she spoke in accents sadly: "We ne'er shall meet again!  
If thou and I, my laddie, now must part!"  
In pleading, sweet and sadly, I saw her bend her head,  
And look into the eyes of her dear boy,  
Then with a sigh of sorrow, she brush'd a tear away,  
And kneeling there she held his hand and these words softly said:

Chorus.

Don't leave me, laddie, oh! look into my eyes,  
What is thy fame or gold to me?  
These fade away, but true love never dies,  
And that, lad, is all I ask of thee.

Refrain.

Never leave a mother for fame or gold,  
Never leave a mother for wealth untold,  
These fade away, but true love never dies,  
And that, lad, is all she asks of thee!

Yet the lad he sail'd away, o'er the deep and silent sea,  
Onward to a distant land of woe,  
And beneath the starry heavens, where the bravest heroes fell,  
With gallant heart he proudly met the foe!  
A thrust from warrior's sabre had pierc'd his bleeding heart,  
While far away, his mother watched in vain,  
He'd fought for name and glory, he'd fallen with his fame,  
And evermore, methinks I hear this sad, this sad refrain:  
Don't leave me, laddie, &c.