

# The Mill Will Never Grind Again With The Water That Has Pass - song lyrics

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

The Mill will Never Grind Again with the Water that has Passed.

Last night I dreamed of home and friends and When I was a boy,  
I thought I lived in scenes I had of yore,  
I thought I heard my mother's voice in accents soft and low,  
It sounded sweeter than it ever did before;  
I went with father to the mill, as often I had done,  
And watch the wheel go 'round so smooth and fast.  
He placed his hand upon my head, and said to me: My son,  
The mill will never grind again with the water that has passed.

Chorus.

Those dear old scenes I can't forget wherever I may go.  
Far in my memory they will ever last,  
And as I journey on through life there's something whispers low,  
The mill will never grind again with the water that has passed.

As years rolled on I grew to be a wild and reckless boy,  
Not caring what I done or where I went,  
I grew to be a drunkard, I who was my mother's joy,  
And on the road to ruin I was bent;  
My money gone, I sat me down to think what I had done,  
And the tears rolled down my cheeks so thick and fast,  
And as I sat I thought I heard my mother say: "My son,  
The mill will never grind again with the water that has passed."  
Those dear old scenes, &c.