

Down On The Farm - song lyrics

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

DOWN ON THE FARM.

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Words and Music by James T. Williams.

When a boy I used to dwell in a home I loved so well,
Far away amongst the clover and the bees;
Where the morning-glory vines 'round the cabin porch did twine,
And the robin red-breast sang among the trees.
There were brothers, young and gay, a father, old and gray,
A mother dear, to shield us from all harm;
There I passed life's golden hours, running wild among the flowers,
In my boyhood's happy hours down on the farm.

Refrain.

Many weary years have passed since I saw the old place last,
And mem'ry dear, steals o'er me like a charm;
Ev'ry old familiar place, ev'ry kind and loving face,
In my boyhood's happy home down on the Farm.

And, to-day, as I draw near that old home I love so dear,
A stranger comes to meet me at the door;
'Round the place there's many a change, and the faces all seem strange.
Not a loved one comes to greet me as of yore.
For my mother dear, is laid 'neath the elm tree's quiet shade,
Where the golden Summer sun shines bright and warm;
And near the old fire-place, there I see a stranger's face
In my father's old arm-chair down on the farm.-Refrain.

Chorus.

Sweet vision of childhood, sweet vision of childhood,
Dearer than all to me.