

My Boyhood's Home - song lyrics

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MY BOYHOOD'S HOME.

Words by J. T. Haines. Music by W. M. Rooke.

My boyhood's home! I see thy hills,
I see thy valley's changeful green,
And manhood's eye a teardrop fills,
Though years have rolled since thee I've seen.
My boyhood's home! I see thy hills,
I see thy valley's changeful green.
And manhood's eye a teardrop fills (a teardrop fills),
Though years have rolled since thee I've seen
Though years have rolled since thee I've seen
My boyhood's home, my native home,
My boyhood's, boyhood's home.

I come to thee from war's dread school,
A warrior stern o'er thee to rule;
But while I gaze on each loved plain,
feel -I feel I am a boy again.
To the war-steed adieu, to the trumpet farewell.
To the pomp of the palace, the proud, gilded dome;
For the green scenes of childhood I bid ye farewell.
The warrior returns to his boyhood's home
For the green scenes of childhood I bid ye farewell.
The warrior returns to his boyhood's loved home.
To his boyhood's loved home, his loved native house.
To his loved native home- returns to his loved native home.
My boyhood's home! I see thy hills,
I see thy valley's changeful green,
And manhood's eye a teardrop tills (a teardrop fills),
Though years have rolled since thee I've seen -
Though years have rolled since thee I've seen.
My boyhood's home, my native home-
My boyhood's, boyhood's home.