

# Good-bye At The Door - song lyrics

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

GOOD-BYE AT THE DOOR

I Of all the mem'ries of the past  
That comes like summer-dreams,  
Whose rainbow hues still round us cast  
Their bright but fleeting beams,  
The dearest, sweetest that can be,  
Of days long gone before,  
Are those that bring to mind to me  
The good-bye at the door.  
Are those that bring to mind to me  
The good-bye at the door.

But time and place had quite estranged  
Each early friend we knew;  
How few remain, how many changed  
Of those we deemed so true.  
Those happy hours again to me  
But mem'ry can restore,  
And life's last moments seem to be  
The good-bye at the door.  
And life's last moments seem to be  
The good-bye at the door.