

# The Song My Mother Used To Sing - song lyrics

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The Song My Mother Used to Sing.

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Words by J. McCristall Music by Pauline McCristall.

I dreamt of scenes in days of yore, when I from pain and care was free;  
I saw my mother's face once more, it beamed with joy to welcome me;  
I saw her as she used to sit, while childish glee around did ring.  
And softly, sweetly as she knit, she sang the song she used to sing.

Chorus.

I think of dear and sainted mother everywhere I roam,  
I fancy I hear her singing, far from "the old folks at home."

I saw the play-ground where the boys, so joyous, gay and free from care.  
Would sport around with merry noise, while I in every sport did share;  
I skipped across the emerald lea and plucked the flowers of early spring.  
But dearer far than all to me, the song my mother used to sing.-Chorus.

I wandered by the little brook that through the greenwood winds its way.  
Where in a shady Little nook I've fished for minnows many a day,  
I climbed the old oak tree anew, and sat upon the little swing,  
Where oft I swung und listened to the song my mother used to sing.-Chorus.