

My Son, My Only Son - song lyrics

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MY SON, MY ONLY SON.

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Written by E. W. Rogers. Composed by George Le Brunn.

Just five and twenty years ago, how well I know the day.
My only child, a son, was born my lands and house to sway;
With fond delight my darling wife called him her joy And "pride,
And I was proud, as he grew up, to have him by my side;
And when from college home he came, so tall and full of grace,
I thought how well in future days he'd fill his father's place;
But one dark day I came to learn that he had forged my name,
With curses deep I drove him forth to bear his load of shame.

Chorus.

My son, my son, my only one, come back to your father once more,
I'm sorry I drove you with curses away, to roam on a foreign shore,
Your mother is dead, her spirit has fled to blighter realms of joy.
Let by-gones be by-gones, come home once more to your father, my darling boy.

He went off to Australia's shores, and as the weeks flew on
His mother's face began to fail, her face grew pale and wan.
And in her sleep she dreamt of him. one night she woke and said:
"My boy, my boy is innocent, you'll know it when I'm dead."
And on her dying bed she cried ", "my race is nearly run.
Oh! John, my heart is breaking for a glimpse of him-my son!"
That night she died, and oh! the grief it nearly drove Me mad.
For news then came to me of how I'd wronged my noble lad.-Chorus.

His cousin, dying, had confessed, his hand had forged the bill
My son to ruin And his place to take upon my will.
I seat at once to find my boy-six months they searched in vain.
And anxiously I'm wailing now for news across the main-
What's that? a telegram for me-what makes me tremble so?
My eyes are dim-I cannot see the news I long to know :
"Dear sir, your boy is found at last, has sailed across the foam.
His ship is due, he "longs for you, so bid him welcome home. " -Chorus