

The Old Wooden Bench By The Door - song lyrics

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The Old Wooden Bench by the Door
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By J. W. Wheeler.

We look o'er the past like a draw, Maggie,
And think of the changes we've seen.
The spot where we once used to play, Maggie,
We may never meet there again.
The place where together we've sat side by side,
And talked childhood's plans o'er and o'er.
The one you remember, so dear to us then,
The old wooden bench by the door.

Chorus.
Though years they have passed like a dream, Maggie,
And Spring brings the song birds no more,
We'll never forget the spot where we've sat,
And the old wooden bench by the door.

The swallows have fled from the barn, Maggie;
Our playmates are women and men,
And grass thickly covers the path, Maggie,
Where both you and I oft have been,
The old brook is dry by the mill down the lane,
And mosses grow wild on the floor,
And close by the porch there remains just the same,
The old wooden bench by the door.- Chorus.

The old wooden bench by the door, Maggi,
Where we've sang the sweet songs of our youth,
And pledged we'd be friends to the end, Maggie,
'Neath stars that had witnessed the truth,
Still stands, und seems waiting to greet us again.
Ere life's weary wanderings are o'er,
But. we'll never more sit hand in hand 'neath the stars
On the old wooden bench by the door.-Chorus.