

The Old, Old Friends In The Old, Old Home - song lyrics

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THE OLD, OLD FRIENDS IN THE OLD, OLD HOME.

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Written by Norton Atkins and Felix McGlennon.

Composed by Felix McGlennon

In my wand'ring dreams oft to me it seems
I can see the dear old home of youth;
Fields and pleasant glade where so oft I've played,
Home of beauty, virtue, love and truth.
Many years have past since I saw it last,
Since I went in foreign lands to roam;
And where'er I be, still I love to see
Faces of my dear old friends at home.

Chorus.

Oh, the old, old friends in the old, old home,
Are they thinking of the wand'rer o'er the foam?
There's a vacant chair, and I'll soon be there,
In the old, old home.

O'er the distant years, thro' a mist of tears,
I recall my mother, fond and true;
"Good-bye, darling Jack, you will soon come back,"
Thus with broken voice she bade adieu.
Ah, the sad good-byes-tears were in all eyes
As once more I gripped each friendly hand;
Do they think of me, far across the sea.
Striving, toiling in a foreign land?- Chorus.

Once again I see faces dear to me.
Longing for the wanderer's return.
O'er the boundless tide by the old fireside
Once again to be my heart doth yearn.
Back to home and friends, there my journey ends.
Soon again I'll see my native shore;
Loving hearts will greet when at length we meet,
Meet to part on earth, all, never more.- Chorus.