

The Land Where The Old Folks Dwell - song lyrics

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The Land Where the Old Folks Dwell.

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Words by R. Woods Gyle. Music by Robert Recker.

In a distant land, 'neath a stranger's roof,
A weary wanderer lay,
His dim eyes foretold that the sands of life
Were ebbing fast away;
Still his only thought seemed to be of home
And loved ones o'er the seas,
I And the only pray'r that escaped his lips
Was breathed in words like these:

Chorus.

Oh, for the pow'r for one brief hour on my far-away home to gaze.

To once more stand on my native land, 'mid the scenes of my boyhood days-

It would ease my pain to visit again the land where the old folks dwell,

Their hands to shake, just for old love sake, and bid them my last farewell.

He had left his home with his young heart full
Of hope's bright, sunny beams,
And his thoughts went forth to the reaping time
Of boyhood's golden dreams.
But that cruel fate which can blast all aims
Had ruled it otherwise;
And now to-day, far away from his friends.
He murmurs as he lies:-Chorus.

There were tear-dimmed eyes in that village home
Whene'er the message came,
That Contained the news that their wand'ring boy
Now only lived in name;
Still their grief was mixed with reflective joy,
Which helped to ease their pain.
For his dying words told of filial love,
Borne in this simple strain:- Chorus.