

The New Home, Sweet Home - song lyrics

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THE NEW HOME, SWEET HOME.
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Words and Music by Felix McGlennon.

In an humble homestead, pleading is a mother to her boy-
"Stay with me: don't leave me, darling; life without you hath no joy."
He is headstrong, fain would travel, leaves his mother sad, forlorn;
Years pass o'er him, and he's dreaming of the col where he was born;
For home, home, sweet home, so far across the sea.
Amongst the scenes of childhood's days, he longs once more to be;
The world to him seemed wondrous fair, 'might gold was o'er the foam;
But gold won't soothe his aching heart,
He yearns for home, sweet home;
Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
He yearns to rest his weary heart
Once more at home, sweet home.

Blood-red seems the golden sunset on a foreign battle-field.
Mingled are the dead and dying, hearts that knew not how to yield;
Clustered 'round are gallant soldiers, where a wounded comrade lies,
Vainly, vainly he is yearning for one glimpse, before he dice,
Of home, home, sweet home. He says, with feeble breath,
I die for my dear country's cause-ay, faithful unto death.
He babbles of the green, green fields o'er which he used to roam.
His dim eyes close, his heart is stilled
In death for home, sweet home;
Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
Who would not die for such a land,
My dear old home, sweet home.

In the sea a good ship's laboring, how the waves against her dash;
On her deck a mother's darling stowed away in moment rash.
See the ship is sinking, sinking, as on bended knee he prays,
"Save me from the cruel waters-let me, let me once more gaze
On home, home, sweet home," but still the waters rise;
He looks across the gloomy waves with eager, straining eyes:
A sail in eight, help comes at last, they're bounding o'er the foam;
They save the little stowaway,
And sail for home, sweet home;
Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
He murmurs as he steps ashore,
There's no place like home.

Standing in a gilded chamber, is a maiden young and fair,
From her lips comes ribald laughter-lips that once had lisped in prayer;
Sparkling wine is circling 'round her, men of fashion gayly jest;
Feel a tear! her thoughts are wand'ring to the dear old parent nest,
At home, home, sweet home, the home from which she strayed,
When at a dear, old mother's knee she knelt and humbly prayed;
Her thoughts go back to childhood's days, before the tempter came;
She sees a mother bowed with grief
Beneath a daughter's shame.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
Ah! sin will ne'er bring happiness,
There's no place like home.

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