

# Memories Of Home And Mother - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

Memories of Home and Mother.  
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Words by Harry V. Vogt. Music by J. Wesley Hughes.

Oh, sing again that dear old strain my mother sang to me,  
When holy rays of other days gleamed through our threshold tree;  
The sunset low, in purple glow crept o'er the sanded floor;  
She lingered there, in that old chair, beside the oaken door.

The low-eaved cot, with mossy roof, and creepers trailing o'er;  
The Story long, the dear old song, beside that oaken door;  
The eyes that shone, the melting tone of that sweet voice now still,  
With silvered hair and plaintive prayer, blest mem'ries how they thrill;  
Then sing again that, dear old song my mother sang to me,  
When holy rays of bygone days gleamed through our threshold tree!

Long years have fled, the vines are dead, and withered that old tree;  
And never more beside that door will mother sing to me,  
But golden gleams of hallow'd themes will linger to the last;  
I cherish still, with sacred thrill, the ashes of the past:  
Home, sweet, sweet home, then sing again that dear old strain my mother sang to me,  
When holy rays of bygone days gleamed through our threshold tree.