

The Birds Sing Sweeter, Lad, At Home - song lyrics

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The Birds Sing Sweeter, Lad, at Home.
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Words by John F. Palmer. Music by Chas. E. Pratt.

When but a lad of lender years, my dear old simple Dad
This maxim would impress upon my mind:
"Remember, Joe, where'er you go, you'll never know the joy
You found with loving kindred left behind.
Strange sights will greet your seeking, strange companions take your hand;
You may wander through this world, my boy, alone;
Bright birds of ev'ry plumage will attract and please your gaze,
But you'll find the birds sing sweeter, lad, at home.

Chorus.
"In ev'ry foreign clime keep this motto in your mind,
Admire, if you will, each silv'ry tone-
Do not be led astray by the bird of feathers gay,
For you'll find the birds sing sweeter, lad, at home."

Though many years have passed away, my mem'ry still retains
The tender, thoughtful words my father said.
He's sleeping now behind the church, and mother, too, is there;
The sweet home birds they loved, sing overhead.
No welcome voice gives greeting to the one who went away,
And who says, while choking back a plaintive moan,
There were birds of ev'ry color; but my dear old Dad was right
When he said, "The birds sing sweeter, lad, at home." - Chorus.