

The Same Old Mother Loves Me, In The Same Old Home - song lyrics

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The Same Old Mother Loves Me, in the Same Old Home.

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Words by William Jerome. Music by Andrew Mack.

The dearest "pot on earth to me is my old country home,
And though it's but an humble one, I have no care to roam;
A mother's, loving words are dearer than all earthly fame;
Though life has many changes, my old home remains the same.

Chorus.

Just the same old fireside, just the same old place:
Just the same old mother, with her same sweet face.
Friends may all desert me, hearts may turn a to stone.
But the same old mother loves me, in the same old home.

The same sweet-scented flowers are still growing 'round the door,
And as each day it passes by, I love the old home more.
The same old robin red-breast in the tree still sweetly sings.
And I fancy I'm a baby, tied to mother's apron strings.- Chorus.