

Home, Sweet Home, And Mother's Arms - song lyrics

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HOME, SWEET HOME, AND MOTHER'S ARMS.
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Words by Thos. V. Dale. Music by Wm. H. Friday, Jr.

Gazing in the fire-light rosy, loving faces I can see;
Loving hearts so true and tender, though so far away from me;
Sister's voice is gently chiding, as my mother's eyes grow dim,
And methinks the fond lips murmur, "I was thinking, dear, of him!"

Refrain.
Home, sweet home, beyond the billows; home, sweet home, and mother's arms,
Longing to enfold the wand'rer, from this world's alluring charms;
From earth's vain and idle fancies: from its drear and dark alarms-
There is but one earthly solace: Home, sweet home, and mother's arms.

I can see the low, thatched cottage, with the roses 'round the door;
And the dear, old-fashioned garden, fragrant as in days of yore;
Near the roses that I planted, mother's dreaming in her chair,
And my arms, which would enfold her, find, alas I she is not there-Ref.

Fire-light forms another picture, and the wanderer is home;
Loving hearts are glad and joyful, nevermore is he to roam;
'Tis a dream, but sad the waking, yet the hope is born anew,
That perchance a glad reunion in the future may come true.-Refrain.