

When He Was A Choir-boy - song lyrics

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WHEN HE WAS A CHOIR-BOY.

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Words by Raymond A. Browne. Music by Chas. Coleman.

The service in a near-by church had only just begun,
And through the stained glass windows brightly streamed the morning sun;
The choir's blending voices floated out upon the street,
Just as a stranger entered, bowed his head, and took a seat.
He watched the white-robed choir and he listened while they sang;
As loud above the others there a boy's sweet tenor rang;
And as the lad's sweet tones rang out, his eyes were dim with tears;
The first that glistened there in many, many weary years.

Refrain.

He was a choir-boy, long ago in a village far away,
In the little church so humble, where his pray'rs he'd learned to say;
And many a recollection that time could never destroy,
Came back as he thought of those by-gone days, when he was a choir-boy

He often in the days gone by the same old hymns had sung,
A Chorister, his voice with boyish fervor oft had rung:
He looked around and fancied he could see in ev'ry pew,
The well-remembered faces of the ones that once he knew.
His father, mother, sister, brothers, all alike were there,
He seemed to see them plainly, heard their voices raised in prayer;
And as the choir's last "Amen" proclaimed the service o'er,
He wandered out and soon was lost to sight beyond the door.-Refrain.