

Back To His Native Land - song lyrics

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BACK TO HIS NATIVE LAND.

Copyright, 1896, by Wm. E. Slafer.

Composed by Edward I. Boyle. Written by Wm. E. Slafer.

There's a sailor boy departing from a lowly cottage home,
I From a tearful, anxious mother, over unknown seas to roam.
See her watch the white ship fondly, as it proudly sails from shore.
Bearing him from her sweet presence, will she ever see him more?
But hark! a thunder cloud is rolling, hear the howling of the storm.
Look upon the foam-capped billows, see the headland's awful form:
Wildly roars the driving tempest, yet above the mighty gale,
He hears a soft voice singing with a low and plaintive wail:

Chorus.

God bless my darling boy. and bring him home to me;
Back to his native land, from far across the sea.
Angels ever guard him wherever he may roam,
And bring him back to mother and his dear old home.

In a pleasant peaceful doorway sits a mother, all alone,
Ll'st'ning to the plaintive voices of the ocean's hollow moan,
Till the very air seems laden with a joyful melody,
Breathing words of love and comfort from her boy who went to sea;
And look a stalwart form is coming, 'tis her long lost boy once more.
Brown and bearded, strong and manly, walking briskly up the shore.
Now the mother's prayer is answered, God has sent him home again.
From her glad soul, as she greets him, comes this beautiful refrain:

Chorus.

God bless my darling boy, home again with me;
Back to his native land, from far across the sea.
Angels, they have guarded him upon the ocean foam,
And brought him back to mother and his dear old home.