

Don't Take My Little Home - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

DON'T TAKE MY LITTLE HOME.

Copyright, 1898. by N. E. Byers. Words and Music by E. Ninian.

Is It true, kind stranger, I have just been told
That I will have to leave, this cottage has been sold.
Yes, the old log cabin; grandma, will be torn down,
And here for myself I will build a home, the finest in the town.

Refrain.

Don't take my little home sir, pity a mother, pray;
Here I have lived since childhood, seventy years to-day.
My heart will break with sorrow, from this dear place to roam;
Don't turn me out in the street, kind sir, don't take my little home.

Here we played in childhood, brother dear and I,
Under the old oak tree, while summer days sped by;
in the chimney corner, near the log fire bright,
The cold winter days there we whiled away, slept in the loft at night. - Ref.

In the village church-yard, 'neath a crumbling stone,
Loved ones have long been sleeping, I am all alone;
From the scenes of childhood, never I thought to roam.
For all in the world that is dear to me is this, my little home.-Refrain.