

Don't Worry, Dad, For I Am Coming Home - song lyrics

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DON'T WORRY, DAD, FOR I AM COMING HOME.

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By Wm S. Estren.

in a crowded city street there stood an old gray headed man,
Confusion on his face was plainly seen,
When starting off a few short steps he stops and looks around.
As in his eyes the tears began to gleam;
If I could only find her, in feeble voice he said,
When 'round him then there stops the passers by.
A girlish form push'd thro' the crowd, stepped to the old man's side.
With arms around his neck, began to cry:

Chorus.

Don't worry, dad, for I am coming home,
Your sad face tells me you have been alone,
You've missed your darling Kate, I'll go back ere 'tis too late,
Don't worry, dad, for I am coming home.

in a pretty country home strayed, free from guilt or guileful ways,
Where naught but love across her young life fell,
'Till budding into womanhood the evil tempter came,
She loved him not too wisely but too well;
One early morn she left them, it broke her mother's heart,
Her father sought to find her in despair;
When broken down from feebleness, the last hope nigh had flown,
He heard his daughter's voice cry in his ear:-Chorus.