

That Sweet Face At The Door - song lyrics

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That Sweet Face at the Door.

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Words and Music by Ned Cole.

One night as I sat in the twilight dim,
And evening shadows fell.
Far, far away from my native land.
Old scenes I remembered well,
Came back to me there as I dreamed alone
Of a face I can ne'er forget,
A face that look'd out from a farm-house door.
And whose cheeks with tears were wet;
I vow'd I'd go back to that home once more,
The home I'd not seen for years,
And as I drew near to those old haunts I dreamed
I saw thro' the mist of my tears:

Chorus.

That same sweet face was still at the door,
That same sweet smile, the same as of yore,
Thro' trouble and thro' care
That same sweet face was there,
To welcome me home once more.

I strolled thro' the village, there was no change,
The same dear sleepy lane,
That led to my old home, in memory I
Was Just a boy again.
Along past the old smith's shop I stroll'd,
By the store and the church-yard old,
And there stood my mother with welcome smile,
How I long'd to my heart to fold.
And close by her side stood my sweetheart Nell,
She had been true thro' long years,
The Sweetest picture I ever saw,
Those two smiling out thro' their tears.-Cho.