

The Miner's Dream Of Home - song lyrics

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THE MINER'S DREAM OF HOME

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Written and Composed by Will Goodman and Leo Dryden.

It is ten weary years since I left Ireland's shore,
in a far distant country to roam;
How I long to return to my own native land,
To my friends and the old folks at home.
Last night, as I slumbered, I had a strange dream,
One that seemed to bring distant friends near;
I dreamt of old England, the land of my birth,
To the heart of her sons ever dear.

Refrain.

I saw the old homestead and faces I love; I saw England's valleys & dells;
I listened with Joy. as I did when a boy, to the sound of the old village bells;
The log was burning brightly-'twas a night that should banish all sin,
For the bells were ringing the old year out and the new year in.

While the joyous bells rang, swift I wended my way
To the cot where I lived when a boy;
And I looked in the window, yes, there, by the fire.
Sat my parents-my heart filled with joy.
The tears trickled fast down my bronzed, furrowed cheeks,
As I gazed on my mother so dear;
I knew in my heart she was raising a prayer
For the boy whom she dreamt not was near.- Refrain.

At the door of the cottage we met face to face,
'Twas the first time for ten weary years;
Soon the past was forgotten-we stood hand in hand-
Father, mother and wanderer in tears.
Once more in the fireplace the oak log burns bright,
I And I promised no more would I roam;
As I sit in the old vacant chair by the hearth.
And I sing the dear song "Home, Sweet Home." - Ref.