Moral On His Grave-stone - song lyrics

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

MORAL ON HIS GRAVE-STONE.
Judge me as a jack-ass,
Or judge me as a fool,
I was smarter than some politicians
That went to grammar school;
I had the brains of a mighty man,
But for one I could not pass;
So please have printed on my grave:
McCormick's little jack-ass.

Out of the Old Home Into the New.

Out of the old house into the new
With glad and joyous hearts we go;
The walls are white, the ceilings bright.
While in the old one they're dingy and low;
The broad panel-doors of the new one are high,
While those of the old one are worn.
In the new house I'll live And there, too, may die,
But the old house i8 where I was born.

Chorus
Out of the old house into the new -
Out of the old house few there are to go;
Dear friends are now with angels fair-
Mother waits on the golden stair.

In the new house a book-case there is
Of walnut in beautiful mold.
With safe, lock and key to protect the outlay
Of morocco and trimmings of gold;
But in the old house a pine cupboard was made-
No barrier 'gainst all that was there;
And low on the shelf, within teach of all.
Laid the old Bible and church book of prayer.-Chorus.

Out of the old house into the new.
But few there are now left to go;
Our mother has gone to her new home above
And we to our new one below.
In the old one she nursed me, taught me of God,
And of all the true blessings of prayer;
And she beckons me on to her home in the skies
As she waits on the golden stair.-Chorus.