The Old Farm House - song lyrics

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THE OLD FARM HOUSE.
By J. R. Thomas.

Oh, the old farm-house down beside the valley stream,
Where in childhood so oft I have played,
Ere sorrow had clouded my heart's early dream,
Or life's purest joys had decayed;
How well I remember its vine-covered roof,
And the rose-bushes clust'ring nigh.
And the tall, stately poplar trees standing aloof,
Whose tops seemed to reach to the sky;
Oh, the old farm-house, my childhood's happy home.

Oh, the old farm-house, how I've sported round its hearth
With my sisters and brothers so dear,
How oft has it rung with our innocent mirth,
And hallow'd our soft evening pray'r,
But the old farm-house now is bowing to decay,
Its stones like dead friends lie apart,
But its dear cherished image shall ne'er fade away
From affections domain in my heart;
Oh, the old farm-house, my childhood's happy home.