# The Exile's Return - song lyrics

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

THE EXILE'S RETURN.
Words and Music by James O. Clark.

My mountain home, my own green hills, I see your long-lost glories rise;
I hear the birds and gushing rills that roam beneath your clear, blue skies.
Ah, here I dwelt In early years, when hopes were high and hearts were true.
Ere love's bright dream was dimmed with tears, and life had lost its rainbow hue.

Chorus.
I see my home on yonder hill; the woods are waving o'er It still.
While far below the torrent shines like silver through the towering pines.

My mountain home, sweet home of yore, I left thy bills in life's fair May;
But while I view their scenes once more, I wipe the starting tear away.
They greet me not, the young, the old, the early loved of boyhood's bloom,
For years have rolled and hearts grown cold And friends are sleeping in the tomb.

Chorus.
Their dirge is sung by rolling waves, the woods are mourning o'er their graves;
While far away the torrent shines in glory through the towering pities.