The Old Door-step At Home - song lyrics

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

The Old Door-Step at Home.
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Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

I'm sitting on the door-step, thinking of the days gone by,
Those happy recollections bring back sad tears to my eyes;
Of all the merry party that were gathered here at night,
The gay and happy boys and girls, with hearts so free and light.
Some have joined the army, and some have gone to sea;
Some have gone to other lands that are not known to me.
Some it was their destiny around the world to roam,
I wonder if they ever think of the old door-step at home.

Chorus.
No more there will we assemble at twilight or at gloom,
All the boys and girls have scattered from the old door step at home.

There's little Rosie Kelly and my little sister, too.
Most of the girls are married and are very well to do;
Bell Grimes was killed in Texas and Ike Hudson died at sea,
Ned Hanson has his millions and his children 'round his knee.
All the boys they left home, and never did return;
They have never written while their mothers' hearts still yearn,
Some they sleep in foreign land, while some sleep 'neath the foam,
While to-night I sit deserted on the old door-step at home.-Chorus.