

DREAMING OF HOME AND MOTHER

John P. Ordway (1824-1880)

1. Dream - ing of home, dear old home! Home of my child-hood and mo-ther;
 2. Sleep, balm - y sleep, close mine eyes, Keep me still think - ing of mo-ther,
 3. Child - hood has come, come a - gain, Sleep - ing, I see my dear mo-ther;

Oft when I wake, 'tis sweet to find I've been dream-ing of home and mo-ther.
 Hark! 'tis her voice I seem to hear, Yes, I'm dream-ing of home and mo-ther.
 See her loved form be - side me kneel, While I'm dream-ing of home and mo-ther.

Home, dear home, childhood's happy home! When I played with sis - ter and with brother;
 An - gels come, sooth - ing me to rest, I can feel their pres-ence and none oth - er;
 Mo - ther dear, whis - per to me now, Tell me of my sis - ter and my brother;

'Twas the sweet-est joy when we did roam, O - ver hill and through dale with mo-ther.
 For they sweet-ly say I shall be blest With bright vis - ions of home and mo-ther.
 Now I feel thy hand up - on my brow, Yes I'm dream-ing of home and mo-ther.

Dream - ing of home, dear old home! Home of my child - hood and mo-ther;

Oft when I wake, 'tis sweet to find I've been dream-ing of home and mo-ther.