

The Old Home

The Stanley Brothers

I left my old home in the mountains
And the only friends I ever had
And while I rambled this world over
My heart felt so lonely and sadI'm going back to the old home
Back to the place I love so well
Where the sweet waters flow
And the wildflowers grow
Back to the old home on the hillI know that dear old mothers waiting
Waiting alone on that hill
With the silver in her hair and a twinkle in her eye
In the old cabin home on the hillI'm going back to the old home
Back to the place I love so well
Where the sweet waters flow
And the wildflowers grow
Back to the old home on the hillYears have gone by since I saw her
Ive traveled many a mile
But tonight theres a light in the window
And she's waiting at the door with a smileI'm going back to the old home
Back to the place I love so well
Where the sweet waters flow
And the wildflowers grow
Back to the old home on the hillI'm going back to the old home
Back to the place I love so well
Where the sweet waters flow
And the wildflowers grow
Back to the old home on the hill

Songwriters

Carter Stanley

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