

# 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 sad I'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 I 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 hill I'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 Years have gone by since I saw her  
I've traveled many a mile  
But tonight there's a light in the window  
And she's waiting at the door with a smile I'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 I'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 Published by

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