

# The Old House

**John McDermott**

Lonely I wander through scenes of my childhood  
They bring back to memory the happy days of yore  
Gone are the old folk, the house stands deserted  
No light in the window, no welcome at the door  
Here's where the children played games on the heather  
Here's where they sailed their wee boats on the burn  
Where are they now? Some are dead, some have wandered  
No more to their home will the children return  
Lonely the house now, and lonely the moorland  
The children have scattered, the old folk are gone  
Why stand I here, like a ghost or a shadow?  
Tis time I was movin', tis time I passed on

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