

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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