(Deposited October 30. 1850
Recorded Vol. 25. Page 480.)

GOOD OLD DAYS OF YORE

SONG OF HOME

sung by the

Hutchinson Family.

WORDS BY

JESSE

MUSIC BY

JUDSON

H. F. Greene.

BOSTON

Published by G. P. REED & Co. *17 Tremont Row*

Entered according to act of Congress A.D. 1850 by G.P. Reed & Co. in the Clerks Office of the district Court of Mass.

"THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF YORE".

a song of home.

sung by the Hutchinson Family.

Soprano.

How my heart is in me burn_ing, And my ve__ry soul is yearning, As my

Alto.

How my heart is in me burn_ing, And my ve__ry soul is yearning, As my

Tenor.

How my heart is in me burn_ing, And my ve__ry soul is yearning, As my

Bass.

How my heart is in me burn_ing, And my ve__ry soul is yearning, As my

Piano.

thoughts go backward turn_ing To the good old days of yore When my father and my

thoughts go backward turn_ing To the good old days of yore, When my father and my

thoughts go backward turn_ing To the good old days of yore, When my father and my

thoughts go backward turn_ing To the good old days of yore, When my father and my

mother, And each sister dear, and brother, Sang and chatted with each other 'Round that

mother, And each sister dear, and brother, Sang and chatted with each other 'Round that

mother, And each sister dear, and brother, Sang and chatted with each other 'Round that

mother, And each sister dear, and brother, Sang and chatted with each other 'Round that

good old cot_tage door. Dear old

good old cot_tage door. Dear old

good old cot_tage door. Dear old

good old cot_tage door. Dear old

good old cot_tage door. Dear old homestead cot_tage door. Dear old

homestead cottage door. . . Though our days on earth are fleeting And all

homestead cottage door. . . Though our days on earth are fleeting And all

homestead cottage door. . . Though our days on earth are fleeting And all

homestead cottage door . . . Though our days on earth are fleeting And all

temp'ral joys re-treating; Yet we hope for an-other meet-ing, Better far than days of

temp'ral joys re-treating; Yet we hope for an-other meet-ing, Better far than days of

temp'ral joys re-treating; Yet we hope for an-other meet-ing, Better far than days of

temp'ral joys re-treating; Yet we hope for an-other meet-ing, Better far than days of

yore; Where through heav'nly courts ascending, And with Angels voices blending, We shall

yore; Where through heav'nly courts ascending, And with Angels voices blending, We shall

yore; Where through heav'nly courts ascending, And with Angels voices blending, We shall

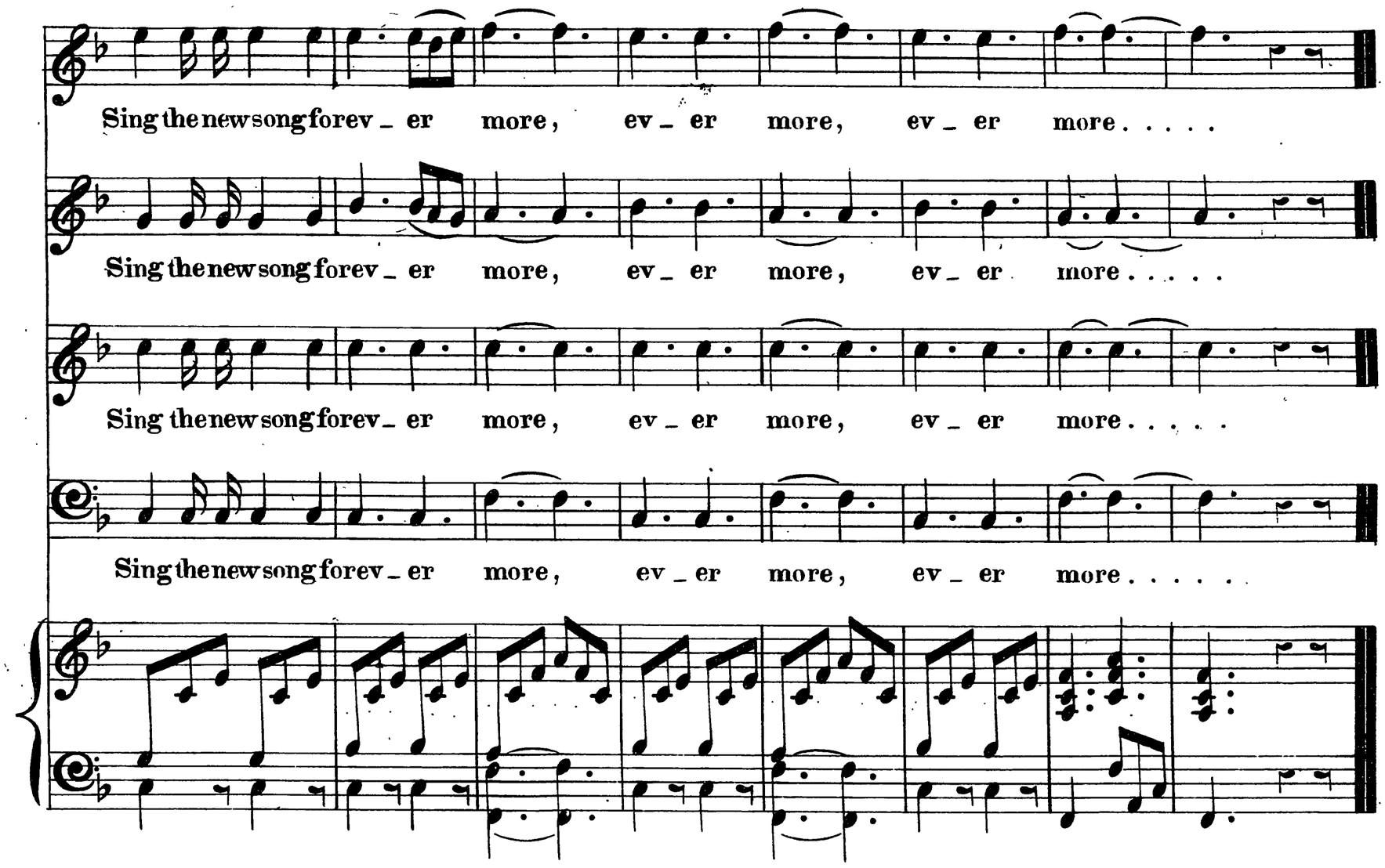
yore; Where through heav'nly courts ascending, And with Angels voices blending, We shall

sing on without ending, At our heav'nly Father's door.

sing on without ending, At our heav'nly Father's door.

sing on without ending, At our heav'nly Father's door.

sing on without ending, At our heav'nly Father's door. Sing the new song forever more.



3

Voice and spirit loved to cheer it,
And the very birds to hear it
Flew around the door, and near it.—
Near that good old cottage door!
And each sister dear, and brother,
Nestled closer to each other,
As our father and our mother,
Sang their good old songs of yore.

4

Then were words of kindness spoken,
And each heart renewed the token,
Pledging vows not to be broken,—
Broken, never, never more:
And though now assunder driven,
With the ties of childhood riven,
Still we cherish pledges given
'Round that good old cottage door!