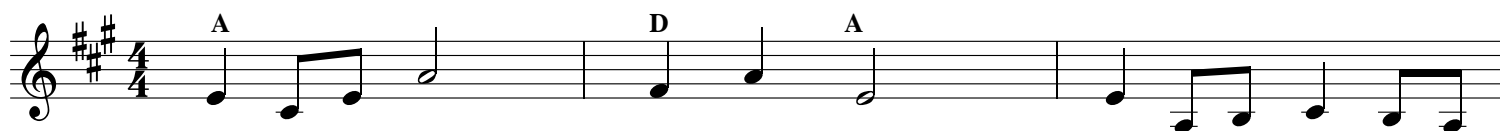


# Dreaming of Home and Mother

John P. Ordway

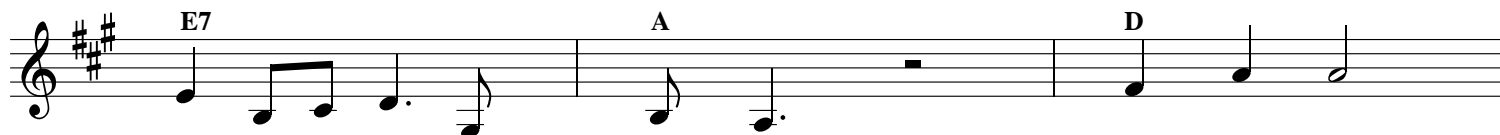
Key = A



1. Dream- ing of home, dear old home. Home of my child- hood and  
 2 Sleep blam- y sleep, close mine eyes. Keep me still think- ing of  
 3 Child- hood has come, come a- gain. Sleep- ing I see my dear



1. moth- er. Oft when I wake 'tis sweet to find, I've been  
 2. moth- er. Hark 'tis her voice I seem to hear, Yes, I'm  
 3. moth- er. See her loved form be- side me kneel, While I'm



1. dream- ing of home and moth- er. Home dear home,  
 2. dream- ing of home and moth- er. An- gels come,  
 3. dream- ing of home and moth- er. Moth- er dear,



1. child- hood's hap- py home when I palyed with sist- er and with broth- er  
 2. sooth- ing me to rest. I can feel their pre- sence as none oth- er.  
 3 whis- per to me now. Tell me of my sist- er and my broth- er.



1. 'Twas the sweet- est joy when we did roam o- ver hill and thro' dale with  
 2. For they sweet- ly say I shall be blest with bright vi- sions of home and  
 3. Now I feel thy hand up- on my brow, Yes I'm dream- ing of home and



moth- er. Dream- ing of home, dear old home.



Home of my child- hood and moth- er. Oft when I wake 'tis



sweet to find, I've been dream- ing of home and moth- er.