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# A SOLDIER'S DREAM OF HOME



Words by

Mrs. M. J. TOOZE

Music by

LEO FRIEDMAN

NORTH AMERICAN  
MUSIC COMPANY  
GRAND OPERA HOUSE BLDG  
"CHICAGO"

H1626

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Moderato

1. There are long weary days since I left my dear old home, In a far dis-tant coun-try to  
 2. While the joy-ous bells rang swift-ly I wend-ed my way, To the home where I lived when a  
 3. At the door of my home, we met face to face once more, 'Twas the first time for man-y long

room, How I long to re-tur-n to my own na-tive land, To my friends and the  
 boy, And I looked in the win-dow, yes there by the fire, Sat my par-ents; my  
 days, Soon the past was for-got-ten, we stood hand in hand, Fa-ther, Moth-er and

old folks at home, Last night as I slumbered I had a strange dream, One that  
 heart filled with joy, And the tears trickled fast down my sun burned cheeks, As I  
 sol-dier in tears, Once more in the fire-place, the oak log burns bright, And I

seemed to bring dis-tant friends near, — I dreamt of New Eng-land the land of my birth, To the  
 gazed on my mother so dear, — I knew in my heart she was rais-ing a pray'r, For the  
 prom-ised no more would I roam, — As I sit in the va-cant chair by the hearth, And I

heart of her sons ev-er dear. — CHORUS  
 boy who she ne'er dream'd was near. — I saw the old home and some faces I  
 sing the dear song; 'Home, Sweet Home.'

loved, I saw the old bridge by the mill, — I listened with joy as I did when a boy, To the

sound of the old church bells, — The log was burn-ing brightly, — 'Twas a night that should banish all

sin, — For the bells were ringing, — The Old Year out and the New Year in. —

