

## My mother's last goodbye Neilie Hirrell

When I was but a youngster bold sure I thought I'd like to roam  
Like many's another foolish lad I had no thoughts of home  
Those kind old friends around me thought so much of me  
And I left my dear old homestead and I went away to sea

My father as we parted said my lad where e'er you roam  
Let no false pride let you forget the loving ones at home  
My mother she could hardly speak the day I went away  
She threw her arms around my neck and this to me did say

Chorus:

Oh may God be with you darling son wherever you may roam  
Let no false pride make you forget the loving ones at home  
Goodbye God bless you darling son so sadly she did cry  
And while I have life I'll ne'er forget my mother's last goodbye

I landed but alas too late my parents they were dead  
My gold it had no charm for me since all my joys had fled  
I long to see that old home in a bright land far away  
And often in my dreams I hear my good old mother say

Chorus