'The Old Home's the Best After All'

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THE OLD HOME'S THE BEST AFTER ALL.

Written and Composed by HERBERT DARNLEY.

Sung by HARRY CLIFFORD.

Key C.

1. Three years ago I left my home and sailed to foreign parts, Upon the quay were loving ones with tears and noble hearts; I've made my pile, but back again I often sigh to roam, For after all the words are true, "There is no place like home."

Chorus:

No home like the old home, far across the sea, No friends like the old friends, half so dear to me; For true may come, and wealth to me may

2. I'm wealthy now, and that has brought much luxury to me, But things are not so homely as they were across the sea; The girls all know I've lots of cash, so to me they're nice and kind, But they're not so sweet and gentle as the girl I left behind.

Chorus—No home like the old home, &c.

3. I often see in dreamland loving faces I once knew, And wish that I were back again with trusty friends and true; Abroad's the place to make the cash and into luck to fall, But dear "old England" is the place to spend it after all.

Chorus—No home like the old home, &c.

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