"Same Old Welcome at the Door"

Lyric by
BOLLARD MACDONALD

Music by
HARRY CARROLL

Piano

Moderato

Lively

When you're far away

way to Dublin Bay, And the dear old

don't

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en el ano MCMXI por Jos. W. Stern y Cia., Proprietarios Nueva York y Mexico
over here, My heart is over there. No
long the street Don't seem like friends to you. Al

matter where I chance to roam, In the land of
though they shake you by the hand, Tho' they smile and

any man, I can see a picture
say "Hello!" Still it doesn't sound the

of my home, And I'm awfully glad I can.
same "Hello!" That you get from folks you know.
Chorus

It's the same old cottage in the same old lane,
In the same old village I recall.

It's the same old garden where the roses bloom,
And the same old ivy's clinging to the wall.
same old mother and the same old dad, Just the

same as in days of yore, And no

matter where I roam, there's a "Home, sweet home," With the same old

welcome at the door. It's the door.