Mother and Dad

Moderato

When I think of the old folks at home, And the days when I
Now this world is just full of despair; Yet we live and we
dolce

start-ed to roam, Brings a tear and a sigh of the
don't seem to care, Till the day we grow old, then our

old days gone by, When I was a wee lit-tle lad; For, no
thoughts we un-fold, Of the past and the wor ries of strife; But who

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matter, where- ever I go, This old say- ing I is, it that suf- fers' a- gain, All for you, still a

hear and I know, That an' old friend in need is a friend they re- main, 'Tis your moth-er and dad, and, no

ture friend, in- deed, When you're lone-ly and feel ve- ry sad: matter, how bad, They for- give and pro- tect you through life:

CHORUS con espressione

So {I just think of {my moth-er and dad, They're the best friends that {I you ev-er had,
They cherish your love, like an angel above,
Although I may be far, far away;
Then there's one thing we must not forget,
When they're gone we are bound to regret,
For God gave them to me, and no other will do,
Like my own loving mother and dad.