

Stanley Brothers, The "The Wandering Boy"

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Out in the cold world and far away from home
Some mother's boy is wandering all alone
No one to guide him or keep his footsteps right
Some mother's boy is homeless tonight

Oh, bring back to me, my wandering boy
For there is no other that's left to give me joy
Tell him his mother with faded cheeks and hair
Is at the old home, awaiting him there

Out in the hallway there stands a vacant chair
Had an old pair of shoes he used to wear
Empty now the cradle, he used to love so well
Oh, how I love him, no tongue can tell

Oh, bring back to me, my wandering boy
For there is no other that's left to give me joy
Tell him his mother with faded cheeks and hair
Is at the old home, awaiting him there

Well, I remember the parting words he said
"We'll meet again where tears are never shed
No separation [Incomprehensible]
When life is over, I'll meet you up there

Oh, bring back to me, my wandering boy
For there is no other that's left to give me joy
Tell him his mother with faded cheeks and hair
Is at the old home, awaiting him there

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