

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Old Door Step

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(A. J. Crider, Geo. B. Chase, 1880)

I stand on the doorstep at eventide now,
The wind whispers by with a moan,
The fields will be whit'ning but I will be gone
To roam o'er the wide world alone.
I stood on this doorstep when schooltime was o'er
And longed for the time to go by,
And now it has gone, and I stand here tonight,
To bid this dear old stepstone goodbye.

Cho: Goodbye to this stepstone, goodbye to my home,
God bless those I leave with a sigh,
I'll cherish dear memories when I am away,
Goodbye dear old stepstone, goodbye.

It is hard to be parted from those that we love,
When reverses in fortune have come,
And the strongest of heartstrings are broken in twain
By the absence of loved ones at home.
But I'll bid this poor heart cease repining in vain
And hush'd be each deep heaving sigh,
Tho' the pain it will cost me none ever can know,
To bid this dear old stepstone goodbye.

There are many temptations with which I may meet,
And sad mournful scenes every day,
And the faces at home, oh! I never shall greet,
Their forms will be so far away
But I'll think of the dear old stone step at the door
And oft drop a tear from my eye,
I will stand in my dreams as I stand here tonight,
To bid this old stepstone goodbye.

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