

A Miner's Dream of Home

Kate Rusby

"It's ten weary years since I left England's shore,
For a distant far country to roam,
How I long to return to my own native land,
To my friends and the old folks at home.
Last night as I slumbered I had a strange dream,
A dream that brought distant lands near,
I dreamt of old England, the land of my birth,
The heart of her sons ever dear.

While the joyous bells rang as I wended my way,
To the house where I lived as a boy,
I passed by the window and there sat by the fire,
Were my parents, my heart filled with joy.
The log burnt so brightly it was keeping them warm,
On a night that could banish all sin,
And the bells they were ringing, the old year out,
And the new year in.

At the door of the house there we stood face to face,
For the first time in ten weary years,
Soon the past was forgot, and we stood hand in hand,
Father, mother and wanderer in tears.
And the log burnt so brightly, it was keeping us warm,
On a night that would banish all sin,
And the bells they were ringing, the old year out,
And the new year in.

And the bells they were ringing, the old year out,
And the new year in.