

There's A spot in Carolina  
That juts out into the Sea,  
Some call it Cape Hatteras  
But its as Heaven to me  
The reason its more dear to me  
Than any Earthly Lands  
Is the bodies of my loved ones  
Lie buried in its sands

'Twas there the fading Sun  
Went down behind the Hills  
And hid the rosy tulips  
And the yellow daffodils  
'Twas there the tiny Acorns  
Grew into the great oak trees  
'Twas there the pretty flowers  
Kept nodding with the breeze

'Twas there my Love entwined  
around most every thing  
'Twas there the robin red breast  
Came to herald in the spring  
'Twas there the little lamblins  
So white and frisky too  
Frolicked on the grassy lawns  
That glistened with the dew

'Twas there the little song birds  
sang their pretty tunes  
'Twas there the pretty sea oats  
waved on the sandy dunes  
'Twas there the precious babies  
Just quigled with glee  
As they were bounced by motire power  
From mom or daddys knee

'Twas there my Lover came  
In his gas boat all alone  
To see the little girl  
He hoped to make his own  
Then there came that happy day  
When both were filled with pride  
I said good bye to loved ones  
And went off as his bride

He took me to his fathers home  
Just for a little stay  
until he built our little house  
not very far away  
The builders from that fishing port  
were summoned every one  
To come and help him build his house  
'Til all the work was done

His brothers too, were helping  
and his little sisters too  
piling trash and pulling weeds  
or whatever they could do  
His father and his mother  
were interested too  
and often were around  
to see what they could do

O what a happy day that was  
when we moved into our own  
little house that love built  
to make of it our home  
It seemed that all the glow  
from Heavens golden street  
was shining down upon us  
to make our joys complete

It seemed that Holy Angels  
Did their vigils keep  
while we were awake  
and when we were asleep  
But God in Heaven knew  
There was another joy  
So he made and sent to us  
A lovely baby boy

my lover helped his little son  
to come into the earth  
and had him in his arms  
just minutes after birth  
O what a happy mom that was  
with her lover by her side  
crooning to our baby son  
his face gleaming with pride

and so the happy years fled by  
until the little lad  
grew and grew and grew until  
he was as big as dad  
then there came a shadow  
on our home that faced the bay  
one that hugs and kisses  
could not chase away

it seemed destructive bombs  
were sent here from Japan  
to drop upon the ships  
that belonged to Uncle Sam  
so a very urgent call  
went out throughout the land  
for every able bodied man  
to lend a helping hand

so my lover packed his clothes  
and those of his only son  
and went to work in war works  
until the war was won  
now my precious little one  
you must be a soldier too  
and I'll go and find a house  
then I'll come back for you

there were many hugs and kisses  
and tears from every one  
as they had to go and leave me  
in our dream house all alone  
so I watched the big white boat  
as it sailed across the bay  
wondering if it was taking  
my loved ones far away

but I was very, very, proud  
of my two precious men  
as they answered the call  
when their country needed them  
it seemed the Holy Angels  
that had been guarding them  
two went off with them  
and the other stayed with me

there were many, lonely hours  
in our home that faced the bay  
it didn't seem the same place  
with my loved ones both away  
so I sat by my window  
and I sat there by the hour  
just gazing at the flashing light  
from the Old Cape Hatteras Tower

So the Lure of old Cape Hatteras  
Seemed to get a grip on me  
While my lover was away  
And my son across the sea  
I was really in the throes  
of writing all that lonely night  
As I sat by my window  
Gazing at the flashing light

But I knew that my thinking  
was not as it ought to be  
with my loved ones off working  
To help make our country free  
But it seemed that the thoughts  
of my former home sweet home  
would not go off and leave me  
As I sat there all alone

But my lover too was lonely  
All the while he worked away  
So he found a boarding place  
And took me there to stay  
Then we were much happier  
For we were not alone  
Because we were together  
When his days work was done  
Then my lover found a house  
A big one built of brick  
It had two doors on the front  
And the windows were three thick  
There were four lovely rooms  
And a big reception hall  
These were all down stairs  
And all were ten feet tall

Five big bedrooms were upstairs  
But all were looking bare  
Not a sign of a curtain  
Or a carpet any where  
From the cellar to the attic  
Roamed my husband's watchful eye  
And all met with his approval  
So he decided he would buy

So then he wrote a check  
on his bank account  
And all the legal laws were met  
Then he paid the full amount  
So then we had a place  
that we could call our own  
then we went to work  
to make of it a home

while at the boarding house  
we made a list of things  
Twelve pillow cases and sheets  
Three mattresses and springs  
Three massive bed room suites  
for three big rooms upstairs  
And window shades of white  
to keep out the street light glare

we needed scatter rugs  
to lay upon the floors  
down by the vanities  
and bureaus, chests and doors  
we needed some pillows  
to go on all the beds  
and to brighten up the rooms  
we needed pretty spreads

So while my husband worked  
I went down town to find  
All the pretty things  
That had been glowing in my mind  
It seemed that the Angel  
That so long had been around  
Led me to the places  
Where the pretty things were found

I was in the Auction Warehouse  
When the owner said to me  
He had a lot of furniture  
He would like for me to see  
There were lots of people there  
But I left and followed him  
And I saw they had unloaded  
The three trucks that had come in

All those massive bedroom suites  
Were a thrilling sight to see  
So when I asked the price  
I then selected three  
Then the owner called for trucks  
And my suites were loaded on  
And headed for the big house  
Where I was to make a home  
The truckmen placed the furniture  
And for a little tip,  
They screwed the mirrors on the backs  
Of all that needed it  
They dusted washed and polished  
Til every thing looked fit  
Then my husband came from work  
And gave to them another tip.

And gathered treasures there  
And brought them to the big house  
So it would not look so bare  
And it did look more home like  
With the things from our dream home  
So now all things were ready  
For the day our son might come

There were many, many hours  
We sat home wondering  
If the hands of hurt and worry  
Were bearing down on him  
Yes many, many hours we spent  
Wondering about our son  
Where he was and how he was  
And when he could come home

For six long years we labored  
For six long years we prayed  
For six long anxious years  
In that big house we stayed  
When the mailman's whistle sounded  
I ran, hoping there would be  
Some little message for us  
That had come across the sea

One day I went shopping  
In Crocker's Levy's store  
When I heard such a clamor  
I went to the front door  
It seemed that all of Norfolk  
Was there on Grandby street  
I never saw so many  
Jumping, dancing, feet

The war is over people screamed  
But still there were days  
Their joy was great indeed  
The clouds spilled lots of rain  
Their celebration was so great  
But we knew that the sunshine  
There was almost a stampede  
Would shine on us again  
It seemed that everything  
We were trying to be patient  
That could make a noise  
As it was possible to be  
Was slamming and banging  
We kept saying to each other  
Expressing peoples joys  
It takes long to cross the sea

I met with one old war dad  
But our hopes kept on soaring  
In such a happy state  
On a daily rate  
That he plunged me around  
And we kept saying louder  
To help him celebrate  
God is good and he is great  
But I was in a hurry  
It seemed that all anxiety  
To go find Edgar's dad  
That we'd been going thru'  
For I had the best war news  
Was working now to make  
That a war dad could have had  
Us strong and happy too

So I pushed thru' the mob  
And as our faith grew stronger  
To go find Edgar's dad  
And the dense fog burned away  
To learn if he had heard the news  
We could see the brilliance  
But he already had  
Of God's great gift of day  
He took me in his arms  
So we rested much easier  
And he began to pray  
Feeling time was very near  
To thank God Almighty  
When our precious son  
For this happy happy day  
Would soon be with us here

Now it seemed the dark shadow  
And it really seemed our house  
That hung so low to crush  
Was trying too to celebrate  
Was lifting so the sunshine  
As the rain did pitter patter  
Could peep thru' on us  
On our roof that was of slate  
The days were not so long now  
It seemed the wind and rain  
And they were brighter too  
Was cleaning everything around  
And the burdens all seemed lighter  
The house, porches and trees  
As the sun came peeping thru'  
And the grass down on the ground

And when nature had finished  
All that it planned to do  
The sun smiled its approval  
As our house looked clean and new  
Then we got a message  
It was from our son  
"I'll be to Aunt Mami's house  
on Monday Afternoon"

"Do not meet the Train  
I'm coming home by bus"  
And at Aunt Mami's house  
He would meet with us  
Aunt Mami had a meal prepared  
That was fit for a King  
Edgar drank a glass of tea  
But would not eat a thing

While you're eating dinner  
I'll take a shower and dress  
And then lie down a while  
Just for a little rest  
He stayed in that room so long  
His daddy went to peep  
To see what was the matter  
And found him fast asleep

I don't remember hugs or kisses  
Tho' we had lots of them  
Just waiting for the day  
We could give them to him  
With his Daddy's arm around him  
Our gaze was fixed upon  
The precious face and form  
That had been gone so long

Early the next morning  
We had to leave for home  
His dad worked the night shift  
And had to be there at noon  
So that left our precious son  
In the big house with me  
But he would not discuss  
His life beyond the sea

He stayed with us for a few days  
And then on week ends  
He went to our former house  
To visit relatives and friends  
It seemed that all the labor  
And all the money spent  
Brought to him no pleasure  
Or no measure of content

Then he went to Grandma's house  
And he found a place to stay  
"We could buy my Brother's house  
And move in right away"  
His Dad was still in war work  
But he went with his son  
Just to look around

To see what could be done  
The angels who had followed them  
Must have been around  
Because when they came home  
They were pleased with all they  
found  
They rented lighthouse buildings  
And the states buildings too  
And had them all made ready for  
Tourists to move into

So after a few years  
there came some little heirs  
who had a bad, bad, habit  
of tumbling down the stairs  
So their mom and Dad decided  
on a lot they liked to own  
then they began the building  
of a new and bigger home

So then there came a day  
when their new home was complete  
and they moved their little tumblers  
into their new retreat  
no more tumbling now  
for the precious heirs  
because they built their new house  
minus of the stairs

The tourist trade was thriving  
and the grocery business too  
and the precious hands that loved to work  
wanted something else to do  
so he started building cabins  
for himself and his son  
and as one was finished  
he began another one

It seemed the joy of building  
had a strong hold on him  
as he looked at his cabins  
two long rows of them  
when the buildings were finished  
he worked on this and that  
he started out the laundry  
to send to the laundry mat

that's what he was doing  
the last day he did work  
he went to see the hunting box  
and said "Edgar I can't walk"  
so Edgar got him in his car  
and brought him home to me  
and the sad, sad, look of helplessness  
was so sad for me to see

We took him to the hospital  
the verdict there was bad  
because it was a stroke  
that our precious daddy had  
I stayed close beside him  
Edgar too was there  
doing all we could for him  
in love and tender care

We then packed everything  
for the day had come  
to go back to the house he built  
and loved as his home  
he liked to nap on the sofa  
and sit in his reclining chair  
and look at his television  
to him, love was everywhere

at night when I thought he was asleep  
and he would feel me move  
he'd say "I'm praying for you honey"  
then I'd feel his pat of love  
I often wished that I could hear  
the prayers that he did pray  
for he prayed and he sang  
in the night and in the day

There were sad, sad, feelings  
That mom and her son had  
That very soon a call would come  
For our precious, precious, Dad  
So it came on one Friday  
Late in the Afternoon  
His Heavenly Father came for him  
To move to his new home

He did not have to build that one  
It is beautiful were told  
No shingles, wood or brick was used  
But all was shining gold  
He knew about his mansion  
His Father would prepare  
And when it was all ready  
He would come to take him there

What a great reunion  
That Friday must have been  
When his departed loved ones  
All were waiting to greet him  
In the Land that is eternal  
He can praise God and sing  
And do that forever now  
In the palace of the King

Tho' he's been gone a long long time  
I still can hear him say,  
"God bless you my darling  
And bless you every day  
And all thru' the day and night  
I still can hear him say  
"I'm praying for you honey  
And I'm praying night and day"

I often wonder if he knew  
How much I would need them  
As I sit at home alone  
Just thinking of him  
I'm sure God heard those prayers  
That went soaring up to him  
And in his own time and way  
He will answer all of them

I'm sure God answers prayers  
Of every sincere son  
And that the time will come  
He will answer every one  
Now I'm waiting and I'm hoping  
That the time will soon come  
When I can meet with him  
In his Heavenly home

As I look at the cabins  
That are on the beach lands  
I see them as memorials  
Of his precious working hands  
And the house I still live in  
In its beauty stands  
As a memorial too  
Of his precious working hands

Time has made great changes  
The one time tumbler's are grown  
And moved from mom and Dad's house  
Into homes of their own  
Now there is a great grand baby  
As precious as can be  
Who came to bring some needed joy  
To all our family



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