

What Is, Life - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

WHAT IS, LIFE?

A little crib beside the bed,
A little face above the spread;
A little frock behind the door,
A little shoe upon the floor.

A little lad with dark brown hair,
A little blue-eyed face, and fair;
A little lane that leads to school,
A little pencil, slate and rule.

A little blithesome, winsome maid,
A little hand within his laid;
A little cottage, acres four,
A little old-time fashioned store.

A little family gathering round,
A little turf-heaped, tear-dewed mound;
A little added to his soil,
A little rest from the hardest toil.

A little silver in his hair;
A little stool and easy chair;
A little night of earth-lit gloom,
A little cortege to the tomb.