

# Dreaming- Near The Hearth - song lyrics

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DREAMING- NEAR THE HEARTH.

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Words by M. Cavanagh. Music by Alfred Lee.

When you hear the kettle singing on the hob on a winter night,  
And the children's voices, ringing, till the old home with delight.  
To your heart it brings such gladness, sweetest music to your ear;  
Banishing all thoughts of sadness, happy are we when we hear:

Chorus.

Drip, drip, drip, falls the rain upon the window-pane;

Ha, ha, ha, laugh the little ones in mirth;

Chirp, chirp, chirp, you hear the cricket's merry note.

Singing to the old folks, who sit dreaming near the hearth.

(Granny's in the corner sitting, with her work upon her knee;  
Sometimes sewing, sometimes knitting, like a girl of twenty-three;  
Children's voices, ceasing never, merrily they sing and shout;  
Near the hearth there's comfort ever, tho' the night is drear without.- Chorus

Little Sue has got a lover: every night he calls, you know,  
To be teased by one or other, 'cause he's there in rain or snow;  
Grandma has a welcome for him, and old grandpa by her side.  
As he thinks of days gone o'er him, slyly smiles at his old bride.-Chorus.