

The Son The Chimney Sang - song lyrics

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

THE SON THE CHIMNEY SANG

Copyright, 1890, by Chas. W. Held.

Words by Wm. D. Hall. Music by Fred Silva.

One night by a hearth-place I sat all alone,
In the grate burned a fire, dim and low;
Ev'ry window did rattle, which told of the night,
On each pane danced the fast falling snow.
My thoughts seemed to wander to days that would come,
As the wind down the flue fiercely rang;
I fancied its music and welcomed each sound,
And here's what the old chimney sang:

Refrain.

"Be upright and honest," the blast seemed to squeak;
"Be kind to the needy," I then heard it speak;
A thousand such lessons came forth 'midst its clang,
And that was the song that the old chimney sang.

I never once, tired, as if charmed there I sat,
Controlled by the maxims it told;
To live that night over and hear the same old song,
I'd gladly resign the world's gold.
'Twas then, when a boy, I so happily lived,
And my heart, always gay, knew no pang;
How well I remember those once golden days,
And the song that the old chimney sang.- Refrain.