

Cobwebs On The Wall - song lyrics

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COBWEBS ON THE WALL.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

I'm an old peculiar fellow, and I've some peculiar ways;
I believe in sticking to a friend or anything that pays.
There's one thing true in nature, old time was made for all.
Without your leave 'twill wind and weave like cobwebs on the wall.

Chorus.

Then here's to my old attic, a rusty, dusty place,
Where pride, deceit or envy must never show their face;
Then here's to my old slippers, my bottle, pipe and all,
Likewise my old companions, oh, the cobwebs on the wall.

I believe in living humble, oh, for what's the use of pride?
Don't you grumble if compelled to walk, nor envy those who ride.
Contentment is a blessing, it's at your beck and call;
Away with woe, oh, let it grow like cobwebs on the wall.-Chorus.

We must never carry malice, we must bury all our spleen,
Hating cunning with our heart and soul, let charity be queen.
For mercy is her guardian, go spread it over all.
Oh, let her weave her golden threads like cobwebs on the wall.-Chorus.

Here's a toast to thee, old spider, and it's may you bring good luck
While your weaving in the steps of time with energy and pluck;
Let ruins rot and crumble, and ages rise and fall.
Your silver thread among the dead will gather over all.-Chorus.