

The Old Man Dreams - song lyrics

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THE OLD MAN DREAMS.

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Words by G. M. Ballard. Music by J. P. Webster.

I'm dreaming a dream, this afternoon, of days accounted olden.
When laughter played a silver harp, And youthful smiles were golden.

Chorus.

I'm dreaming a dream of the olden time,
When life was smooth as the poet's rhyme,
When my feet were bare and my cheeks were brown,
And my heart was light as the Eider down.

I'm dreaming again, this evening time, of her whose love grew stronger-
We're walking down the homestead lane, while evening shades grow longer.

Chorus.

My daughters I see, and my little boys-
Those pledges of love that crown'd my joys;
And the babe comes, too, And we all now meet,
And we kiss them oft-oh! my dreams are sweet.

I'm dreaming no more, this lone midnight, for footsteps give me warning,
That soon I'll hear the stringlatch raise, And angels say, "Good morning."

Chorus.

I'm dreaming no more on this lone midnight,
For the embers give but a feeble light,
And I hear a step in the outer halls-
Good night, good night, for the angel calls.