

A Woman's Song - song lyrics

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

A WOMAN'S SONG.

By Clement Scott.

She took her song to beauty's side,
Where riches are, And pomp, and pride,
There in the world, amidst the crowd,
She found out hearts by sorrow bowed;
And midst a dream of lights and dress
She saw the pain of loneliness.
Her voice's magic held a tear,
She made the weary ones draw near;
And all the passions of the throng
Were melted into peace by sung.

She took her song along the street,
And hushed the beat at of passing feet;
And tired toilers stopped to fill
Their hearts with music at her will.
She sang of rest for weary feet,
Of sea-mown and of meadow sweet;
Her voice's pleading stilled the air,
And little children wept with her;
So all their sorrow, grief and pain
She softened into love again.

She look her song to those who rest
Safe in the clasp of Nature's breast;
Amid the waves, along the shore,
Washed with salt tears forevermore;
And then she sang. How long! How long!
Before we hear that perfect song-
That angel hymn, that mystic strain,
When those who loved shall love again,
When life's long struggle shall be blest
With music of Eternal Rest!