

Little Footsteps - song lyrics

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LITTLE FOOTSTEPS.

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Little footsteps, soft and gentle, gliding by our cottage door;
How I love to hear their trample, as I heard in days of yore
Tiny feet that traveled lightly in this weary world of woe,
Now silent lie In yonder churchyard, 'neath the dismal grave below.
Little footsteps, soft and gentle, gliding by our cottage door;
How I love to hear their trample, as I heard in days of yore!

Chorus.

Little footsteps, soft and gentle, gliding by our cottage door;
How I love to hear their trample, as I heard in days of yore!

She sleeps the sleep that knows no waking by the golden river's shore,
And my heart it yearns with sadness when I pass that cottage door;
Sweetly now the angels carol tidings from our loved one far.
That she still does hover o'er us, and will be our guiding star.
She sleeps the sleep that knows no waking by the golden river's shore,
And my heart it yearns with sadness when I pass that cottage door. - Chorus.

Little footsteps now will journey in the world of sin no more,
Ne'er they'll press the sand banks lightly by the golden river's shore.
Mother, weep not; father, grieve not; try to smooth your troubles o'er,
For I'll think of her as sleeping, not as dead. but gone before.
Little footsteps now will journey in the world of sin no more.
Ne'er they'll press the sand banks lightly, by the golden river's shore. - Chorus.