

Watching And Waiting - song lyrics

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WATCHING AND WAITING.

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Words and Music by Arthur West.

Down on the shore near the harbor in Cork,
Is a little old cottage that stands by the sea;
Right over here in the State of New York,
Is a laboring lad and a youngster is he.
Hard at his work ev'ry day of his life,
And if he could gaze o'er the foam.
He would see at the door sweet Eily O'Moore,
By his mother's side, sitting at home.

Chorus.

Poor old mother seated at the door.
In her little cottage by the sad sea shore,
With love her eyes are dim. as she gazes o'er the track,
Waiting and watching, till her boy comes back.

Twelve months have passed since he left Granuail,
For he couldn't get work on his own native shore;
Twelve months have passed since the vessel set sail.
And his mother and sweetheart he ne'er may see more!
His letter each week brings the light in his eye,
That only a mother's love can.
And she sits by the door and thinks of her boy,
Will she see him when he is a man?- Chorus.

Night-time when most of the work has been done,
Near that little old cottage that's close to the sea,
Most of the boys gather round with the fun,
Whilst sweet Eily O'Moore takes a seat by her knee.
One plays the pipes, or another will sing
The songs of old Ireland of yore;
While she smiles at the fun, she's listening still
To the wild waves that beat on the shore.-Chorus.