

Magic Pictures In The Grate - song lyrics

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Magic Pictures in the Grate.

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I'm an old, gray-haired man, I've seen four score years and ten,
And for me the sands of life are nearly run,
But my heart seems young and gay, as I sit at close of day.
And watch my little grandchild at his play;
And when he's Safe In bed, as he always is at eight,
Still I sit and Idly dream and smoke my pipe,
And, in the firelight's fitful glow, I see pictures come and go,
And dear, familiar faces, In the grate.

Chorus.

Yes, I'm old and very feeble, and the hour Is growing late,
Yet, still I feel that life is sweet to me,
As I sit at close of day, in the twilight shadows gray,
And watch the magic pictures in the grate.

I can see myself a child, full of health and spirits wild,
In a quiet, peaceful, old New England home,
And my mother, too, is there, sitting in her high-backed chair,
And teaching me my little evening prayer;
And then again I see, down a lane, a rustic gate,
And a school-house, in the distance, far away.
The little child Is now a boy, full of manly pride and Joy-
These are pictures that I see in the grate.- Chorus.

Looking still, I see a change, and the boy has grown a man;
He has gone to make his fortune In the world:
Working hard, with little pay, he has met success half way;
I see him going home on New Year's day;
The blue-eyed girl he loves She Is waiting at the gate,
And she says the little "Yes" he wants to hear,
And then, with pomp and much display, comes a wedding party pay-
These are pictures that I see in the grate.- Chorus.

Then I see a house in town, with a green And shady lawn,
And some merry, happy children, at their play,
And the father, too, is there, with a furrowed face of care,
And mother, with blue eyes and sunny hair.
The man is growing old, but he murmurs not at fate,
Though the trials of life weigh heavy on him now.
He works from morning until night, for he sees things coming right-
These are pictures that I see in the grate.- Chorus.

Once again I see the man; he Is feeble, old and gray,
He has given up the busy cares of life.
And he sits at close of day, seeing pictures sad and gay,
Where the shadows with the glowing embers play.
The fire Is burning low, and the hour is very late,
Still he sits and idly dreams the dreams I see:
With fading eyes, fast growing blind, yet at peace with all mankind.
I can see this old man dying, In the grate.- Chorus.