

# A Whiff Of The Pipe - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

A WHIFF OF THE PIPE.  
As sung in "The Ivy Leaf."

Oh, what joy in a whiff of the pipe for your soul,  
When your labor is done for the day,  
As you watch the blue smoke curling up from the bowl,  
While you dream all your troubles away.  
The tea-kettle merrily hums on the hob,  
And the little ones climb to your knee;  
While puss softly purrs as she watches your wife  
While setting the table for tea.

Chorus.  
Glad-hearted and gay, your cares pass away  
In the smoke from the bowl rich and ripe;  
And the heart in your breast is made glad while you rest  
And enjoy a few whiffs from the pipe.

What though you must toil for your bread, being poor,  
True love makes the toiler's task light;  
And when you go home to your own humble door,  
Why, a whiff of the pipe sets you right.  
No king on his throne is more happy than you  
In your home, though it be but a cot;  
With dear ones around you, who love you so true,  
No king but might envy your lot.-Chorus.

And when tea is over you draw up your chair  
To the fire, and you bask in its glow;  
While your wife sits beside you, so happy and fair.  
And you talk of the sweet long ago.  
All rosey and plump, the little ones play,  
Made glad by a smile or a nod;  
I am sure one and all will agree when I say,  
Such a home has the blessing of God.-Chorus.