

Grandmother's Garret - song lyrics

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GRANDMOTHER'S GARRET.

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Oh! sweet to my heart is my grandmother's garret.
With its cobwebbed rafters and windows so small,
With its treasures of years and the dust thick upon them.
And rubbish enough a child's heart to enthrall.
You may sing all you please of the moss-covered bucket,
You may sing of the clock which stood on the stair;
But in my own heart there is naught can compare with
My grandmother's garret all out of repair.

There were chests packed with patch-work her dear hands had quilled,
There were books that she learned, when a child like myself.
There were bits of old china in a quaint corner cupboard,
Which had lost both its doors and a part of a shelf.
And a spinning-wheel old stood alone in one corner,
Suggestive of linen with a lavender scent.
Which grandma had packed in an old-fashioned bureau.
In a room where I followed whenever she went.

And the cradle in which I was rock'd when a baby.
With its red and white quilt, was a joy to my heart,
And in it I rock'd my own babies of sawdust.
With never a thought that we sometime must part;
In the years that have passed of joy and of sorrow,
A picture I've kept on memory's fair wall;
'Tis of grandmother's garret, with cobwebs and contents,
With her love, as a veil, thrown over it all.