

Waiting - song lyrics

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WAITING.

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Words by Ellen H. Flagg. Music by H. Millard.

The stars shine on his pathway,
The trees bend back their leaves,
To guide him to the meadow
Among the golden sheaves;
Where stand I, longing, loving,
And list'ning as I wait
The nightingale's wild singing,
Sweet singing to its mate;
Singing, singing,
Sweet singing to its mate.

The breeze comes sweet from heaven,
And music in the air,
Heralds my lover's coming
And tells me he is there,
And tells me he is there.
Come, for my arras are empty,
Come, for the day was long,
Turn the darkness to glory,
The sorrow into song.

I hear his footfall's music,
I feel his presence near,
All my soul responsive answers
And tells me he is here.
Oh, stars, shine out your brightest,
Oh, nightingale, sing sweet,
To guide him to me, waiting,
And speed his flying feet;
To guide him to me, waiting,
And speed his flying feet.