

My Little One's Waiting For Me - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

My Little One's Waiting for Me.
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In the dell, where the brooklet's gently flowing,
On the bench, 'neath the old willow tree
Where the birds their songs are sweetly ringing.
There my little one's waiting for me.
And she knows well the sounds of my footsteps.
As I cross o'er the bridge by the lea,
And I hasten with arms stretched to greet her-
My little one's waiting for me.

Chorus.
In the dell, where the brooklet's gently flowing.
On the bench, 'neath the old willow tree,
Where the birds their songs are sweetly singing,
There my little one's waiting for me.

And at night, when my daily toil is o'er,
And I'm wending my way towards my home,
My heart's always beating with pleasure,
For my little one surely will come.
A; I pass o'er that clear, rippling brooklet,
There, matching. I always can see,
On the bench, 'neath the old weeping willow,
My little one waiting for me.-Chorus.