

A Waif Of The Storm - song lyrics

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A WAIF OF THE STORM.

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Words and Music by Stone and Blair.

A rugged old sailor sat watching the waves
Dash and break into silvery spray;
In silence he turns to a child at his side,
His thoughts, though, are far, far away.
A stranger approaching disturbs his daydream
With a question concerning the child;
In answer the old sailor tells him that she
Was shipwrecked in tempest so wild.

Chorus.

"She's a poor little waif of the storm, sir,
No one to love her but I;
No mother's prayer, or kind, loving care,
To guard her with watchful eye.
Yes, she's only a waif of the storm, sir,"
When he drew the child to his knee;
Her bright golden head nestled close to his breast;
'Twas a picture, that old tar and she.

The stranger's eyes moistened as he gazed on the scene,
He drew forth a locket and chain:
He looked at the picture enclosed within,
And then at the girl's face again.
He told the old sailor of a wreck years ago,
His wife had been lost, that was known,
But the child had been saved, and the picture soon showed
That the waif of the storm was his own.-Chorus.

A great many years they have passed since that day,
The maiden now stately and tall,
And known to her friends as the waif of the Storm,
Her kind way endeared her to all.
The rugged old sailor one day passed away,
As the sun it went down in the west;
His faithful voice faltered, and these were the words
On his lips as he sank to his rest: - Chorus.