

# Waiting For His Footstep At The Door - song lyrics

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

Waiting for His Footstep at the Door.

Copyright, 1898, by H. W. Petrie.

Words by Wallace Poynes. Music by H. W. Petrie.

A light is dimly burning in a quiet little home;  
A mother sits beside the fire and sews;  
Her heart is sad and lonely, for her boy's upon the sea,  
And he may ne'er return to her, who knows?  
She loved him us a mother always loves her darling boy,  
And since the day he left his native shore;  
Within a little cottage she has lived a life alone  
Waiting for his footstep at the door.

Chorus.

Waiting for his footstep at the door,  
Dreaming of the days that are no more;  
Long years have passed away,  
And her hair has turned to gray,  
Waiting for his footstep at the door.

He left her many years ago. no news has ever come;  
No tidings from the one so far away,  
And as she lingers there alone Inside the fire to-night,  
She wonders if they'll meet again some day.  
Perhaps the ship and all were lost upon the stormy sea,  
Perhaps he sleeps upon some foreign shore.  
And silently she prays for him, as there she sits and sews.  
Waiting for his foot-step at the door.- Chorus.