

Mother Is Waiting At Home To-night - song lyrics

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MOTHER IS WAITING AT HOME TO-NIGHT.

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Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

While mother is waiting at home to-night,
And the little ones play 'round the floor;
Supper is over, she sits near the light
Mending what little ones tore;
Father sits reading the newspaper through;
He reads of some shipwreck: at sea,
The more that he reads, the less mother hears,
Because she is thinking of me.

Chorus.

Mother is waiting at home to-night
For her absent boy out on the foam;
Could I be there to-night and bring a smile to her brow,
While mother is waiting at home.

While mother is waiting at home to-night
She can hear the winds blow through the trees,
Every footstep she hears on the soft, rustling leaves,
Mother, she thinks it is me.
When she looks at the chair vacant, once mine,
She wonders why does her boy roam;
God bless that old mother so gentle and kind,
I know she is waiting for me.-Chorus.