# Baby's Footsteps On The Sill - song lyrics

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

Baby's Footsteps on the Sill.
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Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by T. B. Kelley.

Oh! how sweet when home returning, and the toils of day have flown
While the heart for home is yearning once again to clasp our own;
How we listen for the voices that we know will greet us still.
Then 'tis joy to hear them patter, baby footsteps on the sill.

Chorus.
Like soft music round us falling, oh, what bliss to hear them still.
Tiny footsteps, fairy footsteps, baby footsteps on the sill
Like soft music, oh, what bliss to hear them still.
Tiny footsteps, baby footsteps on the sill.

Dimpled arms are round us twining, loving kisses then we share.
Stars above so brightly shining never saw a sight so fair.
What would home e'er be without them? tears our longing eyes would fill,
If we heard no more those footsteps, baby footsteps on the sill.-Chorus.

Oh, the heart is filled with gladness when those baby hands we hold.
And we pray that never sadness may our darling one enfold;
For the home would lose its sunshine, as we climb life's weary hill.
If we heard do more those footsteps, baby footsteps on the sill.- Chorus.