A Dear Little Face At The Window - song lyrics

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A Dear Little Face at the Window.
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Written and Composed by Charles L. Miller.

When homeward I stray, at the close of the day,
So wearied with labor and care,
My heart soon grows light with the visions so bright,
Of the face that is waiting me there,
As she stands in the window, with mother close by,
Who softly strokes each little girl:
And soon as she sees me, so gladly she'll cry,
My own little, dear baby girl.

Chorus.
'Tis a dear little face at the window, with a smile and a heart full of glee;
More precious than pearl is my dear baby girl, who waits at the window for me.

How often I've thought of the Joy she has brought
To home and to mother and me;
Of one tearful day, when in sickness she lay,
And we missed her sweet laughter so free.
But the kind angels left her to our care And love,
To brighten our home here below;
And naught here on earth, or in heaven above,
Can equal our treasure, I know.- Chorus.