Little Faces At The Window - song lyrics

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

Little Faces at the Window.
Copyright, 1997. by Albert M. Mansfield.
Words and Music by E P. Favor.

While coming from my work one summer's eve,
I happened to glance over 'cross the way,
There in a cottage neat sat a mother looking sweet.,
While by her side the children were at play.
When to the window suddenly they go,
For soon it's time for papa, they all know.
With faces near the pane, they watch him down the lane.
While to me comes this very sweet refrain:

Refrain.
Little faces at the window, watching there each night,
Little faces at the window, always there so bright.
When Papa at first they spy, quickly to him they both fly,
Little faces at the window, watching there each night.

As slowly I turned to go away.
I could not help but think of days gone by.
How when I was a lad, what a pleasure it gave dad,
As each night we would quickly to him fly,
How happy he would always seem to be,
When we d meet him light-hearted and so free.
As mem'ry to me clings, tears to my eyes it brings,
As watching them I could not help but sing:-Refrain.