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A Tale of the Fireside

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A sob, a sigh; a tear-dimmed eye,
A softly murmured prayer;
A babe at rest; on a mother's breast,
Too young as yet to care;
A note that came from "Over There,"
Tells how their hero died,
A tale that's old; too often told,
A Tale of the Fireside.
When joy and gladness flood the soul, No voice have we to speak,
And a kindly word of sympathy may soothe the pain a while,
And

So when sorrow comes our way, Its sadness leaves us weak;
A pride in him whose loss they feel, May cause a tender smile;
But

Heart then speaks that rules the voice and tears the words do mold,
And when the glow from out the hearth lights up the faces there, No
so this tale of centuries in that language here is told.
pow'r on earth can stem their tears or can fill that vacant chair.

REFRAIN with feeling

A sob, a sigh, a tear dim'd eye, A softly mur-mured pray'r; — A

babe at rest on a mother's breast, too young as yet to care; — A

note that came from "o-ver there," tells how their hero died; — A

tale that's old, too of-ten told, A tale of the fireside.