

Phantom Footsteps

Childish footsteps just behind her
Softly pattered on the green ^{her}
Back she glances tears may blind
But no little one is seen
Blanced as by an ill apalling
Home in terror hastens she
while the baby voice is calling
Mother mother wait for me

Chorus falling
Phantom footsteps hear them
Falling now, wherever she may ^{be}
while the baby voice is calling
Mother mother wait for me

Sobbing faint but never lagging
Soon she enters at the gate
while before her on the flagging
Sees the symbol of her fate

Tiny footsteps plainly speaking
Of the salt and foamy sea
Hark was that the door hinge
Mother mother wait for me
Ere she is wailing
Half her night is spent in
Ere she can forget her cares
Is there not an infant creeping
Creeping slowly up the stairs
Venturing thither in her yearning
Only shadows can she see
Yet she hears the cry while
turning
Mother mother wait for me

Written by

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