The Kettle Song.

Lyric by HERBERT REYNOLDS.

Music by JEROME KERN.

I've seen the sun, When day is done Go creeping down to rest.

And overhead Blue gold and red Lights up the

T.B.H. Co. 64-4

Copyright MCMXVIII by T.B. Harms Co.
All Rights Reserved
International Copyright Secured
wondrous West, Those lovely skies Our cit y

eyes have little chance to heed Yet scenes as

fair Are ever there come follow where I lead

Burthen.

A kettle is singing, Little

T.B.H.Co. 64-4 The Kettle Song
mother's made the tea,  On the table a

cover of white cups and saucers, and

spoonshine bright. It is surely a picture We would

wander miles to see. All her work is

T. B. H. Co. 64-4 The Kettle Song
done, Rest at last is won Not a vase to

dust... Not a room to sweep, And up on her

knee Peaceful as can be Lies her little

babies asleep.