LITTLE GREY HOME IN THE WEST.

Song.

Words by
D. EARDLEY-WILMOT.

Music by
HERMANN LÖHR.

Moderato.

VOICE.

When the golden sun sinks in the hills, And the

PIANO.

toil of a long day is o'er, Though the
road may be long, in the lilt of a song I forget I was weary be-

fore. Far ahead, where the blue shadows fall I shall come to contentment and rest; And the toils of the day will be all charmed away In my little grey home of the west.
There are hands that will welcome me in
There are lips I am burning to kiss
There are two eyes that shine just because they are mine, And a
thousan'd things o-t her men miss. It's a

corner of heav-en its-e l. Though it's

on-ly a tumb-le-dow nest, But with love brood-ing there. why, no

place can com-pare With my lit-tle grey home in the west.
LITTLE GREY HOME IN THE WEST.

When the golden sun sinks in the hills,
   And the toil of a long day is o'er—
Though the road may be long, in the lilt of a song
   I forget I was weary before.
Far ahead, where the blue shadows fall,
   I shall come to contentment and rest;
And the toils of the day will be all charmed away
   In my little grey home of the west.

There are hands that will welcome me in,
   There are lips I am burning to kiss—
There are two eyes that shine just because they are mine,
   And a thousand things other men miss.
It's a corner of heaven itself
   Though it's only a tumble-down nest—
But with love brooding there, why, no place can compare
   With my little grey home in the west.

D. EARDLEY-WILMOT.