Down The Lane That Leads To Drowsy-Land.

Lyric by
LEO. J. CURLEY.

Andante con moto.

Music by
ERNEST R. BALL.

There's a dear little land in a kingdom a-far, O'er the
O, it's long, long ago and the worlds not the same, But my

p a tempo.

vale of the years gone by, Where life flows a-long like an
heart's just as young to-day, And oft-times it seems once a-

old sweet song, With never a care or sigh, It's a
gain in dreams, Fairies play in the same old way, I can

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realm, where the fair-ies at e-ven-tide fall, Steal
hear the re-frain of that lul-la-by strain, Steal
out 'neath the moon's soft glow, And if chil-dren are wise, why they
soft in the twi-light glow, And a voice that I love comes to
just close their eyes, Cud-dle up and a-way they go;
me from a-bove, As on mem-o-ry's wings I go:
Slowly.

Down the lane that leads to drow-sy-land, Thro' the beau-ti-ful gar-den of
Thro' the fields where the red pop-py
dreams, Where the soft winds whisper lullabies, And

nothing is just what it seems; When shadows are creeping and

flowers are asleep, Then fairies dance round hand in hand; O there's

no other place in the whole wide world. Like the lane that leads to drowsy-land.