When The Ships Come Home.

Lyric by
P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Music by
JEROME KERN.

Moderato.

Piano.

Con moto.

Life's an ocean grim that has no charts;
Clouds may hide the skies and gales may blow; R.H.

And the ships that swim on it are hearts:
Angry waves may rise, but on they go: R.H.

T.B.H.Co. 39-3

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O'er that lonely sea far, far they roam;
Filled each day may be with dangers new;
But they've

Love at the helm, and he will bring them home.
Love at the helm, and he will guide them through.

Chorus.

Yes, all the little ships come sailing home across the

sea:
The weary journey ended, their

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way they've wended home where they would be. They glide across the bar, where no storms are, all dangers past;

And, two by two, together come sailing home at last.

Yes, all the little last.

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