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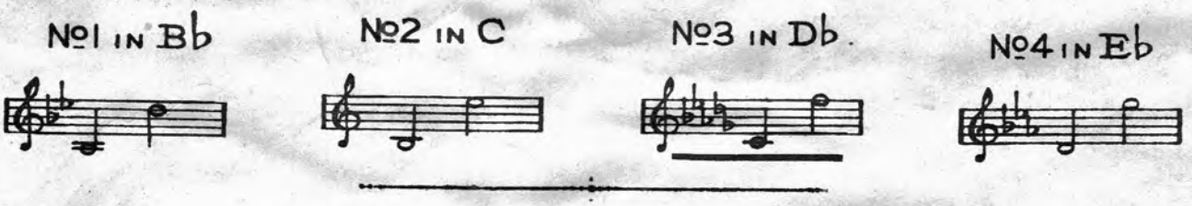


# LITTLE GREY HOME IN THE WEST

## SONG

WORDS BY

D. EARDLEY-WILMOT

MUSIC BY

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## A PAGE FOR LITTLE FINGERS.

# "Come, ye Disconsolate."

From "Buds and Blossoms," by CHARLES GROBE.

Published by LEE & WALKER, Philadelphia.

## 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.

# LITTLE GREY HOME IN THE WEST.

## Song.

Words by
D. EARDLEY-WILMOT.

Music by
HERMANN LÖHR.

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road may be long, in the lilt of a song I for - get I was wear - y be -
rall.
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- fore. Far a - head, where the blue sha - dows fall, I shall
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There are hands that will wel - come me in, There are
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lips I am burn - ing to kiss- There are
two eyes that shine just be - cause they are mine, And a

thou - sand things o - ther men miss. It's a
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place can com - pare With my lit - tle grey home in the west.
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rall. molto
p