

COTTAGE FOR SALE, A (W. Robison)

Moderato

Our lit-tle dream cas-tle with ev-'ry dream gone, Is lone-ly and si-lent, The
The lawn we were proud of is wav-ing in hay, Our beau-ti-ful gar-den has

shades are all drawn, And my heart is heav-y as I gaze up-on — "A Cot-tage For
with-ered a-way, Where you plant-ed ros-es The weeds seem to say

Sale" "A Cot-tage For Sale," From ev-'ry sin-gle win-dow, I see your face,

But when I reach a win-dow, There's emp-ty space. The key's in the mail box the

same as be-fore, But no one is wait-ing for me an-y more, The

end of our sto-ry is told on the door — A Cot-tage For Sale.

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