

## WESTERING HOME

Hugh S. Robertson

*Chorus*

West-er-ing home, and a song in the air, Light in the eye and it's good-bye to care.

*Fine*

Laugh-ter o' love, and a wel-com-ing there, Isle of my heart, my own one.

1. Tell me o' lands o' the O - ri-ent gay; Speak o' the rich-es and joys o' Ca-thay.  
2. Where are the folk like the folk o' the west? Can-ty and cou-thy and kind-ly, the best;

*D.C.*

Eh, but it's grand to be wak-in' ilk day To find your-self near-er to Is - la.  
There I would hie me and there I would rest At hame wi' my ain folk in Is - la.