I've Grown So Used To You.

Words and Music by THURLAND CHATTAWAY.

In an old old-fashioned homestead sat a couple old and gray, 'twere on the way to threescore years and "Do you still recall the days when we went to the village school Boy and girl together playing on the

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The old man's thoughts were turning to a 
loved you then, I love you more to-day,

To see your chair, at evening prayer, with

the wed-ding bells that rang when they were wed,

With the you no long-er here Would bring to me a mem- o-ry of man-y a by-gone year, And be-

I'm grown so used to you.

cause thro' all these years, old wife, your heart has been so true, I'd miss you, for 'I've grown so used to you.'
CHORUS.

"When your eyes so bright have lost their light, Your voice so dear no longer here, When

you're called home and I'm alone, I won't know what to do:............. If the

'Master' knew how I'd miss you, I wonder if he'd call me too, 'Twould

break my heart if we should part, For 'I've grown so used to you.'.............

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