Just a Little Cottage
(I'll call it "Home Sweet Home")

Lyric by AL. HARRIMAN

Melody by JACK EGAN

Moderato

All my schem-ing is o-ver,

All day long I've been dream-ing,

Ev'ry min-u-te I'm schem-ing, Try-ing hard to find, what I have in mind, Someth-ing that

Ev'ry thing is in clo-ver, 'Cause at last I've found, after look-ing'round, Some one to

haunts me, Not a vis-i-on of treas-ured gold Wealth is no-th-ing to me

love me, Just as in-no-cent as a child Like a ba-by to me

My am-bi-tion, and what I'm wish-in', is some day I may see

Ear-ly in the spring, I'll give her a ring, may-be then I'll see

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Chorus

Just a little cottage with red roses 'round the door— Just a few big shady trees
Just a little summer breeze
There's no sorrow, no tomorrow,

The birds are singing, The bells are ringing, Just a little country maid in just a gingham gown
She's standing by the gate, She knows I won't be late, She's waiting with the rest of our little family,
That's what I'm always dreaming when I'm all alone. And if it ever comes true I'll call it "Home, Sweet Home."

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