Smilin' Through

Lyric and Music
By ARTHUR A. PENN

Slowly and simply

There's a little brown road windin' over the hill
To a little white cot by the sea; There's a

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little green gate At whose trellis I wait, While two

eyes o' blue Come smiling through At me! There's a

gray lock or two in the brown of the hair, There's some
silver in mine, too, I see; But in all the long years When the clouds brought their tears, Those two eyes o' blue Kept smil-in' through At me!