

# Into the West

H. SHORE, F. WALSH, A LENNOX

Lay down your sweet and weary head  
Night is falling, you have come to Journey's end  
Sleep now, and dream of the ones who came before  
They are calling from across a distant shore

Why do you weep ? What are these tears upon your face ?  
Soon you will see, all of your fears will pass away  
Safe in my arms, you're only sleeping

What can you see on the horizon ?  
Why do the white gulls call ?  
Across the sea, a pale moon rises  
The ships have come to carry you home

And all will turn to silver glass  
A light on the water, all souls pass

Hope fades into the world of night  
Through shadows falling out of memory and time  
Don't say "We have come now to the end"  
White shores are calling, you and I will meet again  
And you'll be here in my arms, just sleeping

What can you see on the horizon ?  
Why do the white gulls call ?  
Across the sea, a pale moon rises  
The ships have come to carry you home

And all will turn to silver glass  
A light on the water, grey ships pass into the West