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1915

## The Little Road That Leads Back Home

Jacob Henry Ellis  
*Composer*

Arthur E. Bucknam  
*Lyricist*

Pfeiffer  
*Illustrator*

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BY THE WRITERS OF "IN AUTUMN TIME"

# The Little Road That Leads Back Home

LYRIC BY

ARTHUR E. BUCKNAM

MUSIC BY

JACOB HENRY ELLIS

COMPOSER OF "THE SONG  
I HEARD ONE SUNDAY MORN"



Vp. 003253

1915

LITTLE

MUSIC PUBLISHING CO.

Dedicated to Mr L E Durfee  
Pittsfield, Mass.

# "The Little Road That Leads Back Home"

Lyric by  
ARTHUR E. BUCKNAM

Music by  
JACOB HENRY ELLIS

*Andante con espressione*

*f*

*mp*

I've tried hard to for-get you since we part-ed long a-go, I've  
I'll ne'er for-get the hap-py day when you be-came my bride, With-

tried, dear, but I find 'tis all in vain, Through  
in the lit-tle church be-neath the hill, I

all the sad and drear-y days I've longed to let you know, With  
nev-er knew what sor-row meant till you went from my side, Though



all my heart I've wished you back a - gain;  
years have passed, dear heart, I love you still;

The  
Those

lit - tle nest is emp - ty where we lived just you and I,  
first fond mem - ries lin - ger yet, each old fam - il - iar scene

Those  
Drifts

hap - py wed - ded days that once we knew,  
back a - gain when e'er I pass you by,

But hearts some - how will fondly cling, though  
While in the lone - ly hours, dear, through

lips have said good - by, That's why I send this mes - sage, dear, to you.  
all the years be - tween, My heart has learned that love can nev - er die.

## CHORUS

Let's find the lit - tle road a - mong the heath - - er, The

lit - tle rust - ic bridge a - bove the stream, Where

in old hap - py days we've strolled to - geth - - er, Our

heart's a - glow with love's sweet ten - der dream; Let's

find the lit - tle road, dear, through the wood - land, Where

hand in hand so oft we loved to roam; Let's

mend love's brok - en tie, and find, dear, you and I, The

lit - tle road that leads back home.

The Little Road etc. 4



JACOB HENRY ELLIS'S COMPOSITIONS

"You Can't Forget Your Mother When the Heart Turns Home"

Chorus

A - round the cot - tage door, the vines cling as of yore, There's a  
moth - er who waits all a - lone. Her face so kind - ly fair, all

The musical score for the chorus of "You Can't Forget Your Mother When the Heart Turns Home" is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The vocal line has a simple, sentimental melody with lyrics: "A - round the cot - tage door, the vines cling as of yore, There's a moth - er who waits all a - lone. Her face so kind - ly fair, all".

"The Little Road That Leads Back Home"

CHORUS

Let's find the lit - tle road a - mong the heath - er, The  
lit - tle rust - ic bridge a - bove the stream, Where

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