

# Into the West

## Tim O'Brien

Lay down  
Your sweet and weary head  
Night is falling  
You have come to journeys end  
Sleep now and dream  
Of the ones who came before  
They are calling  
From across the 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

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  
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