

DO THEY THINK OF ME AT HOME?

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1. Do they think of me at home, Do they ev - er think of me? I who
 2. Do they think of me at eve? Of the songs I used to sing? Is the
 3. Do they think of how I loved In my hap - py, ear - ly days? Do they

shared their ev - 'ry grief, I who mingled in their glee? Have their hearts grown cold and
 harp I struck untouched, Does a stran - ger wake the string? Will no kind, for - giv - ing
 think of him who came, But could nev - er win their praise? I am hap - py by his

strange To the one now doomed to roam, I would give the world to know,—“Do they
 word Come a - cross the rag - ing foam? Shall I nev - er cease to sigh,—“Do they
 side, And from mine he'll nev - er roam, But my heart will sad - ly ask,—“Do they

think of me at home?” I would give the world to know,—“Do they think of me at home?”
 think of me at home?” Shall I nev - er cease to sigh,—“Do they think of me at home?”
 think of me at home?” But my heart will sad - ly ask,—“Do they think of me at home?”

THE BREEZE FROM HOME.

1. When sail - ing o'er time's rest - less sea, Be - neath a dark and cloud - ed sky,
 2. Loud raves the voice of an - gry gales, But while the break - ers mad - ly foam,
 3. Then let the frown - ing sky grow dark, Let the wild tem - pest wild - er rave;