

DO THEY THINK OF ME AT HOME?

J. E. CARPENTER.

CHAS. W. GLOVER.

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;

How sweet the whis - per comes to me That tells of home and har - bor night.
 A soft wind fans the spread-ing sails, The pleas-ant breeze that blows from home.
 A strong hand guides the toil - ing bark To port a - cross the storu - y wave.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

1. 'Mid pleas-ures and pal - a - ce, though we may roam, Be it ev - er so
 2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my
 3. An ex - ile from home, splen-dor daz - zles in vain; Oh, give me my

hum - ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us
 moth - er now thinks of her child; As she looks on that moon from our own cot-tage
 low - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain; The birds sing-ing gal - ly, that came at my

REFRAIN.

there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where.
 door, Thro' the wood-bine whose fra-grance shall cheer me no more. } Home, home,
 call; Give me them, and that peace of mind, dear - er than all.

sweet, sweet home, There's no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home.