

THE OLD FAMILIAR PLACE

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p Moderato.

1. We may rove the wide world o'er, But we ne'er shall find a trace
2. We may sail o'er ev-'ry sea, But we still shall fall to find

Of the home we loved of yore, Of the old fa-mil-lar place;
An-y spot so dear to be As the one we left be-hind;

Oth-er scenes may be as bright, But we miss, 'neath a-l-ien skies,
Words of com-fort we may hear, But they can-not touch the heart

Rall.

Both the wel-come and the light Of the old, kind, lov-ing eyes.
Like the tones to mem-'ry dear, Of the friends from whom we part.

A tempo.

Home is home; of this be-reft, Mem-'ry loves a-gain to trace
Home is home; the wan-d'r'er longs All the scenes of youth to trace,

Rall.

All the forms of those we left In the old fa-mil-lar place.
And o hear the old home songs In the old fa-mil-lar place.