Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.

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Home, Sweet Home.

John Howard Payne.

Sir Henry R. Bishop.

1. Mid pleasures and palaces tho' we may roam, Be it ever so
2. I gazed on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my
3. An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain; Oh, give me my

humble, 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 gai-ly, that came at my

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.

The grand essentials of happiness are something to do, something to love and something to hope for.—Chalmers.
A piano is pretty nearly as essential—especially a good piano, one that is Cable-made.