THE BREEZE FROM HOME—Concluded.

1. How sweet the whisper comes to me, That tells of home and harbor nigh.
   A soft wind fans the spreading sails, The pleasant breeze that blows from home.
   A strong hand guides the toiling bark, To port across the stormy wave.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

1. 'Mid pleasures and palace, though we say roam, Be it ever so
2. I gaze 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 hollow us
mother now thinks of her child; As she looks on that moon from our own cottage
lowly thatched cottage again; The birds singing gaily, that came at my

REFRAIN.

there, Which, seek thro’ the world, is ne’er met with elsewhere.
door, Thro’ the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more. {Home, home,
call; Give me them, and that peace of mind, dearer than all.

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