DO THEY THINK OF ME AT HOME?

1. Do they think of me at home, Do they ever think of me? I who shared their every grief, I who mingled in their glee? Have their hearts grown cold and strange To the one now doomed to roam, I would give the world to know,—"Do they think of me at home?" I would give the world to know,—"Do they think of me at home?" Beneath a dark and clouded sky,

2. Do they think of me at home? Of the songs I used to sing? Is the harp I struck untouched, Does a stranger wake the string? Will no kind, forgiving think of him who came, But could never win their praise? I am happy by his
do side, And from mine he'll never roam, But my heart will sadly ask,—"Do they think of me at home?" Shall I never cease to sigh,—"Do they think of me at home?" Shall I never cease to sigh,—"Do they think of me at home?"

3. Do they think of how I loved In my happy, early days? Do they think of him who came, But could never win their praise? I am happy by his

THE BREEZE FROM HOME.

1. When sailing o'er time's restless sea, Beneath a dark and clouded sky, When sailing o'er time's restless sea, Beneath a dark and clouded sky,

2. Loud raves the voice of angry gales, But while the breakers madly foam, Loud raves the voice of angry gales, But while the breakers madly foam,

3. Then let the frowning sky grow dark, Let the wild tempest wilder rave; Then let the frowning sky grow dark, Let the wild tempest wilder rave;
THE BREEZE FROM HOME—Concluded.

How sweet the whis-per comes to me That tells of home and har-bor nigh.
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 storm-y wave.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

1. 'Mid plea-sures and pal-a-ce, though we say 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-les 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.