We may rove the wide world o'er, But we ne'er shall find a trace
Of the home we loved of yore, Of the old familiar place;

We may sail o'er every sea, But we still shall fall to find
Any spot so dear to be As the one we left behind;

Other scenes may be as bright, But we miss, 'neath alien skies,
Words of comfort we may hear, But they cannot touch the heart;

Both the welcome and the light Of the old, kind, loving eyes,
Like the tones to memory dear, Of the friends from whom we part;

Home is home; of this bereft, Memory loves again to trace
Home is home; the wanderer longs All the scenes of youth to trace,

All the forms of those we left In the old familiar place.
And o'er hear the old home songs In the old familiar place.

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P. Moderato.

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Rall.

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A tempo.

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Rall.