



# HOME ONCE MORE.

I am thinking of my home and the cottage on the hill,  
 The cottage where my poor old mother died ;  
 The orchard and the school where I learn'd the  
 golden rule,  
 And old Dobbin on whose back I used to ride  
 When I recall the scene, it seems to be a dream,  
 A dream that is long past and o'er.  
 A tear comes in my eye, and I cannot help but sigh,  
 To see my dear and good old home once more.

Home once more, home once more, shall I ever see my  
 home once more,  
 Oh, those pleasant hours I play'd, in those happy  
 childhood days,  
 Shall I ever see my home once more, shall I ever see  
 the church where I often used to go:  
 Shall I ever see that dear old church again,  
 Shall I ever see my playmates, who in childhood's day  
 I played,  
 Or must I in a foreign land remain.  
 Shall I ever see my father, that poor grey-haired old  
 man,  
 As he sat in his arm chair by the door.  
 If I had power, if I had wealth, I'd give them all for  
 health.  
 So that I might see my good old home once more.

I still recall to mind, how my sister good and kind,  
 At parting gave to me a lock of hair,  
 Seven years are now past o'er since I left my native  
 shore,  
 And still my heart is longing to be there  
 To a maiden kind and true, I also bid adieu,  
 And tho' far away, that girl I do adore,  
 And I hope and trust I may live to see the happy day,  
 When I'll see them in my good old home once more.

