

# MY HOME IN KENTUCKY.

I long, how I long for my home in Kentuck,  
With its fields where I labor'd, so green,  
Where the possum and the coon, and the  
juicy wild duck,  
And the 'bacco so prime I have seen:  
There I've fished from the banks of the  
Masella creek,  
And oft, in the shades of the night,  
Have I watch'd with my gun, nigh the old  
Salt Lick,  
For the game as it come to my sight.

## CHORUS.

There is my old cabin home,  
There are my sisters and brother,  
There is my wife, joy of my life,  
My child, and the grave of my mother.

That hut, my dear home, my log-cabin home  
With the bench that stood at the door,  
Where weary at night, from my work I would  
come  
And there rest, ere I stepp'd on its floor.  
The calabash vine that then clung to its walls  
Oh! 'tis dear in memory still to me,  
And my master, who lives in his own hand-  
some halls,  
Not so happy as then I could be.

But that cabin is far, far away from me now,  
I am far from the scenes that I love,  
Far away from that wife that once heard me  
vow  
That for ever I faithful would prove—  
My friends are still there, and still there is  
my child,  
And still there, all in life I must crave—  
Still there is that mound, with its flowers so  
wild,  
That covers my old mother's grave.

# DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME.

Do they miss me at home, do they miss me?  
'Twould be an assurance most dear,  
To know that this moment some loved one,  
Were saying I wish he was here.  
To feel that the group at the fireside  
Were thinking of me as I roam,  
Oh, yes, 'twould be joy beyond measure  
To know that they missed me at home,  
To know that they missed me at home.

When twilight approaches, the season  
That ever is sacred to song,  
Does some one repeat my name over,  
And sigh that I tarry so long?  
And is there a chord in the music  
That's missed when my voice is away,  
And a chord in each heart that awaketh  
Regret at my wearisome stay,  
Regret at my wearisome stay.

Do they sit me a chair near the table,  
When evening's home pleasures are nigh,  
When the candles are lit in the parour,  
And the stars in the calm azure sky?  
And when the "good nights" are repeated,  
And all lay them down to their sleep,  
Do they think of the absent, and waft me  
A whispered good night while they weep?  
A whispered good night while they weep.

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me  
At morning, at noon, or at night?  
And lingers one gloomy shade round them  
That only my presence can light?  
Are joys less invitingly welcome,  
And pleasures less hale than before,  
Because one is missed from the circle,  
Because I am with them no more.  
Because I am with them no more.

