DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME?

DOLCE LEGATO.

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 were here, To feel that the group at the fireside Were thinking of me as I roam, Oh yes, 'twould be joy beyond

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measure, To know that they miss'd me at home, To know that they miss'd me at home.

season That ev'er is sacred to song, Does some one re-peat my name o-ver, And

sigh that I tarry so long? And is there a chord in the mu-sic That's miss'd when my voice is a-
Do they set me a chair near the table
When ev'n ing's home pleasures are nigh,
When the candles are lit in the parlor,
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?

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?