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This is the sight that papa sees
When the busy day in town is over,
As the cars glide out of a grove of trees
Into the fields of blooming clover.

O welcome sight to a good man's eyes,
With the dust and heat of the day behind
him;
The wide green fields and soft blue skies
And only the fetters of love to bind him.

And thus when the day of life is done
And we slip the leash in which we have
striven,
May those we have loved and called our own
Be watching for us at the gate of heaven.