

THE LITTLE ONES AT HOME.-

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The moon looks mildly down, the same as oft before,
 And bathes the earth in floods of mellow light,
 But its beams are not so bright upon this lonely shore,
 As they seemed at home one year ago to-night,
 Sadly my heart still turns to thee,
 Wherever I may chance to roam,
 I hear your voices ringing in merry childish glee,
 Oh, I long to see the little ones at home:

CHORUS—The little ones at home, &c.

May guardian angels still, their vigils o'er thee keep,
 May heaven's choicest blessings on thee rest,
 Till I am safely home across the stormy deep,
 And meet again with those I love the best.
 Soon; soon your faces I shall see,
 Never, nevermore from thee to roam,
 Soon shall I hear your voices, in merry childish glee,
 Proclaim the joyous welcome, welcome home.

CHORUS—The little ones at home, &c.