

## COMING HOME.

Come tidy up the room, my dear,  
 Shut out the threatening storm ;  
 Stir up the fire, for we'll require  
 To keep the supper warm.  
 And bring me down my nicest gown,  
 Set all its folds aright,  
 And tie my shoes in neatest bows ;  
 My love comes home to-night.

Then curl my hair with greatest care ;  
 Put on my silver comb ;  
 I must be dressed to look my best,  
 When my dear love comes home.

No lover of a day is he,  
 Whose "welcome home" I sing ;  
 A wedded life of twelve long years  
 Is not so light a thing.  
 No happy bride, by loved one's side,  
 Could feel her heart more light ;  
 All fears have fled ; and joy instead  
 Fills all my soul to-night.

My thoughts go back on all these years,  
 As I sit here and wait.  
 We've had our share of smiles and tears,  
 And troubles small and great,  
 But every bliss seems small to this  
 Great joy of which I write.  
 My children dear are with me here ;  
 Their papa comes to-night.

Then curl my hair with greatest care ;  
 Put on my silver comb ;  
 I must be dressed to look my best,  
 When my dear love comes home.