

THE HOME WHICH RANG WITH MERRY PEALS.

Air, "The Harp of Tara," written and arranged for "Canada Temperance Advocate." Words, W. W. C., Toronto.

1. The home which rang with mer - ry peals Of child-ish laugh-ter loud, Is si - lent now and

2. We saw thee when thy youth-ful form Was beau-ty, health and grace; And in - no-cence and

3. And one there was, thy joy and pride, As thou wast his I wcen, We of - ten saw thee

4. We miss him now, ah! where is he Who vow'd with sol-emn breath, To cher-ish, love and

5. All gone, and with them all thy joys, And hopes long since have fled, That husband and those

thro' it steals A form by sor-row bow'd; Poor lone-ly one, so sad-ly worn By anguish more than

ev'-ry charm A-dorn'd thy fair young face; Smiles deck'd thy brow, thy eye was bright, Thy voice of silv'ry
stray be-side a youth of no-ble mein; And well we mind the hap-py day That seem'd to crown thy

suc-cour thee, There on-ly un-till death; And where the lit-tle ones who clung And cluster'd round thy

no-ble boys, Ah! yes, all, all are dead! What hath this blight and ru-in brought, On hopes once so c-

years; With long, sad years thy bosom torn—Fur - row'd thy cheek by tears.

tone, Rang blithe - ly for thy heart was light—Its mu - sic now hath gone.
life, When from thy youth - ful home a - way, He bore thee as his wife.

knee, Who prat - tled, laugh'd and play'd and sang A - round thy household tree.

late? RUM hath the dou - ble mur - der wrought, and made the de - so - - late.