

For sound of music in the pines and sight of the
green firs,
For press of mother's lips to mine and that strong
love of hers!

Again I hear the river moan along the gray coast
line,
And lo! a song of gladness fills this longing heart
o' mine.
The *Wanderlust* is over now and I shall see again
The hills and fields of Canada, the wide and grassy
plain.
I've roamed for years, through other lands, from
Erin to Japan,
But now, thank God, I'm coming home, a wiser,
sadder man—
The gold of life is in my heart, I'm coming home
to see
The little cot down by the hills, where Youth once
played with me.