

one sweet form that well I know. I'm wear - y and my heart is
 ech - oed by the brook-lets flow. Here once be - side a lov - ing
 heed the fool-ish one that strayed. The vil - lage clock the hour is

yearn - ing For rest with - in my child-hood's home. Oh!
 moth - er, I pass'd the days in child-ish glee, And
 toll - ing, Each tone it seems would bid me stay, And

if I knew they would for-give me, No more in sor-row would I roam.
 now I'd give the world if on - ly One ten - der thought was spared for me.
 yet I fear in lone-ly sad-ness, That I a - las must turn a - way.

No word of welcome.