



Written for this Occasion

W E'RE going home to the old hearthstone,
Where kind hearts will welcome when-
ever we come ;

To the loved ones there, tho' dear ones are gone,
We're going home, we're going home.

We will gather again at the hissing train,
And crowd till 'tis full and echoes the strain
Of a happy throng as we sweep along,
'To the sweet refrain of the glad old song,
We're going home, we're going home.

'Tis a precious sight to those who behold
The coming again to the old threshold,
Of sons from afar and daughters near,
And children greeting their grandma dear,
We're going home, we're going home.

We will timely arrange our business affairs,
And banish afar the lesser cares ;
We'll join once more the happy throng
Who merrily sing that dear old song,
We're going home, we're going home.

