

DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME?

Do they miss me at home, do they miss me?

'Twould be an assurance most dear,
To know that this moment some loved one
Were saying, "I wish he was here;"
To feel that the group at the fireside
Were thinking of me as I roam,
Oh, yes, 'twould be joy beyond measure
To know that they miss'd me at home,
To know that they miss'd me at home.

When twilight approaches the season
That ever is sacred to song,
Does some one repeat my name over,
And sigh that I tarry so long?
And is there a chord in the music
That's miss'd when my voice is away?
And a chord in each heart that awaketh
Regret at my wearisome stay?
Regret at my wearisome stay?

Do they sit me a chair near the table,
When evening's home pleasures are nigh,
When candles are lit in the parlor,
And the stars in the calm azure sky?
And when the "good-nights" are repeated,
And all lay them down to their sleep,
Do they think of the absent, and waft me
A whisper'd "good-night," while they weep?
A whisper'd "good-night," while they weep?

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me
At morning, at noon, or at night?
And lingers one gloomy shade round them
That only my presence can light?
Are joys less invitingly welcome,
And pleasures less hale than before,
Because one is miss'd from the circle,
Because I am with them no more?
Because I am with them no more?