

HOME SICKNESS.



VER blown stretches of ocean,
With each hour of the night and the day,
A sweet-cadenced voice calls ever,
"Come hither away, come away!"
It echoes from mist-shadow'd mountains,
It murmurs from plain and far vale,
In every clime where I wander
I hear its appealing wail:
Whether I talk, dream, or ponder
I hear its appealing wail.

"Come to the mother who loves you—
Oh, why were we parted, *ma cree?*
Right merry will be our meeting
If you haste to me over the sea;
Mavrone, 't would make me feel younger,
For though my locks have grown white,
No change blights the heart of a mother,
And this heart o' mine is still light;
With sorrows enough to smother,
This heart o' mine is still light."