

Ah, the hillock cannot cover, and the grass it
cannot hide
The love that never changeth, whatever wind or
tide ;
And though you'll not be seein', we'll be standin'
by your side—
You'll be comin' back, my darlin' !

O, there's no home like the old home, there's no
pillow like the breast
You slumbered on in childhood, like a young
bird in the nest :
We are livin' still and waitin', and we're hopin'
for the best—
Ah, you're comin' back, my darlin'—comin' back !