

WILLIE COMES NOT HOME.

THE sun went down in a flood of light,
A glorious sight to see,
And the evening bell has tolled the hour,
Of six, most sweetly.
The laborer and the artisan
Unto their homes have gone,
But though long I've watched and waited,
My WILLIE comes not home.

My baby dear is nestling,
Close to my widowed breast,
Her soft blue eyes look in my face,
As she peacefully sinks to rest.
There's no father to kiss her fair young cheek,
Her dimpled smile to own,
Or press her little soft white hand,
Now WILLIE comes not home.

My children's anxious faces,
Seem asking for their sire ;
They miss him when our table's spread,
And by the evening's fire.
They are lonely, for their father's smile
And kindly words are gone ;