

New friends will clasp your hand, dear, new faces
on you smile ;
You'll bide with them and love them, but you'll
long for us the while ;
For the word across the water, and the farewell
by the stile—
For the true heart's here, my darlin' !

You'll hear the wild birds singin' beneath a
brighter sky,
The roof-tree of your home, dear, it will be
grand and high ;
But you'll hunger for the hearthstone where, a
child, you used to lie—
You'll be comin' back, my darlin' !

And when your foot is weary, and when your
heart is sore,
And you come back to the moor that spreads
beyand your father's door,
There'll be many an ancient comrade to greet
you on the shore—
At your comin' back, my darlin' !