OME HOME.

When loved ones spring to meet us,
The lonely and be-nighted,

We, And striv-ing first to greet us;
Joy, Fond eyes for us are light-ed;

And hosts of care are press-ing,
In quest of worldly treasure,
are, There hope of fireside blessing,
or To guide to fireside pleasures.

When we are sure of a welcome home,

When we are sure of a welcome home;

Welcome home,

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