



## Dear home of my youth I still cling to thee.

Philadelphia: George Willig (171 Chesnut St.), 1846

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/NOY65CKTXJNUI83>

<http://rightsstatements.org/vocab/NKC/1.0/>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

**DEAR HOME OF MY YOUTH I STILL CLING TO THEE**

A

**BALLAD**

Composed and Arranged for the

**Piano Forte**

And respectfully dedicated by permission to

**MISS JANE FALCONER**

BY

**H. AVERY.**

*Pr. 25cts. net.*

Philadelphia **GEORGE WILLIG 171 Chesnut St.**

## DEAR HOME OF MY YOUTH I STILL CLING TO THEE.

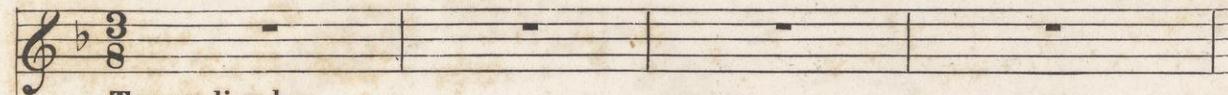
(A Ballad)

COMPOSED and ARRANGED

BY H. AVERY.

Allegretto.

VOCE .



Tempo di valse.

PIANO .



Why? oh why should I, in life's young day, My gay companions

fly to own love's sway. No! no! whate'er my fate, this

heart yet free, Dear home of my youth still clings to

Moderato.

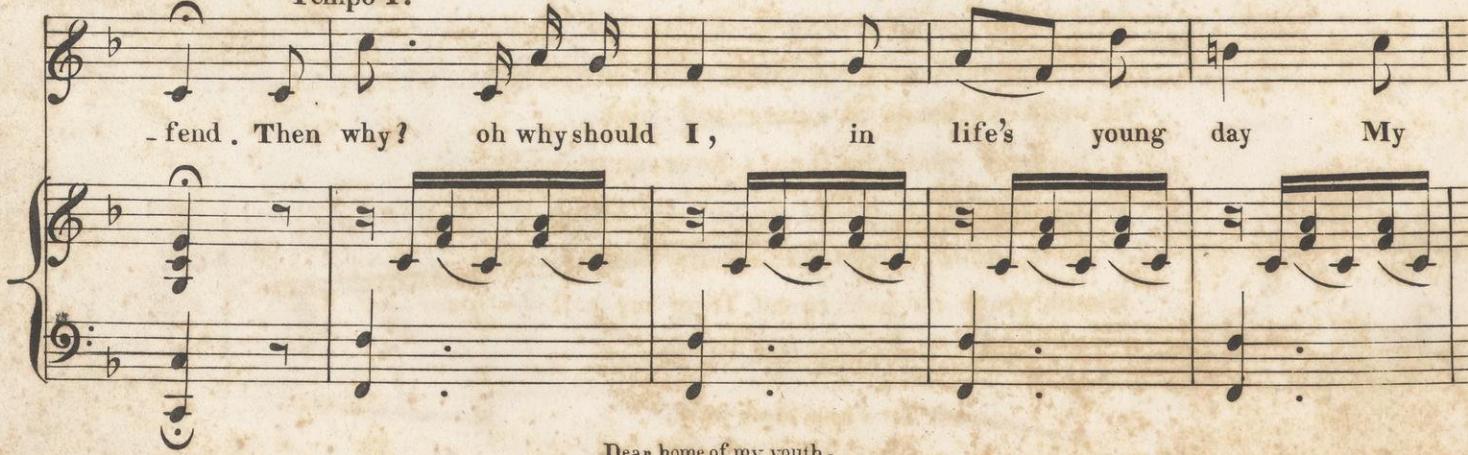
thee. For

Dear home of my youth.

whod have a lover for ev er a - bout one, To seek and dis -  

  
 - co - ver her faults "tho' with\_out one" Be jea\_lous if she should but  

  
 dance with a friend. Would I have such a lover? good for - tune fore -  

  
**Tempo 10.**  
 - fend. Then why? oh why should I, in life's young day My  


Dear home of my youth.

gay companions fly to own love's sway No! no! whate'er my  
fate, this heart yet free, Dear home of my home still  
clings, still clinging to thee.

2

Yes with friends so dear, my hours will flee,  
In joys that naught can fear, so tranquilly,  
That I would ne'er exchange a life like mine,  
In wedlock's bonds to grieve and pine.  
A husband would be, than a lover, more grave,  
Where the latter would mutter, the former might rave,  
A Saint while abroad "the reverse when at home"  
Would prove no inducement from my path to roam.

Then why? oh why &c.

Dear home of my youth.