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## Forget not the loved ones at home.

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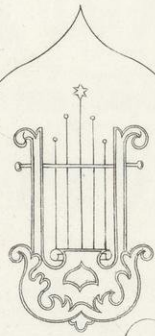
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**FORGET NOT THE  
LOVED ONES AT HOME**

*"How sad memory lingers fondly,  
How my heart yearns with delight,  
As on home's blest scenes I ponder,  
They're my guiding star, my light."*

WRITTEN, COMPOSED & FERVENTLY INSCRIBED TO THE

**DEAR ONES AT HOME**

BY

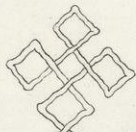
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FORGET NOT THE LOVED ONES AT HOME

WRITTEN & COMPOSED BY

T. B. WOODBURY.

ANDANTE  
ESPRESSIONE.

Can I e'er for-get my fa-ther,

Him whose hands so oft caress'd. Ah! how well I now re-member, That fond pressure

to his breast; Soothing there my wea-ry head, He a parent's blessing gave,



Pure to heav'n that blessing sped, 'Tis remember'd there; Pure to heav'n that

blessing sped, 'Tis remembered there.

Can I e'er for-get my mother, Her whose love has

round me twin'd, Though in distant climes I wander, Love like hers I ne'er can find.



Soft and gentle was the kiss, She bestowed u-pon her child, Sure on earth no  
 more such bliss, Can a-gain be mine; Sure on earth no more such bliss,  
 Can a-gain be mine.

3

Can I e'er forget that brother,  
 Though long years have parted us—  
 Where is his dear form I wonder—  
 Shall we ever meet in bliss?  
 And that gentle sister dear,  
 Meek, forbearing e'er to me,  
 Memory brings her dear form near,  
 I can ne'er forget;  
 Memory brings her dear form near,  
 I can ne'er forget.

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How sad memory lingers fondly,  
 How my heart yearns with delight,  
 As on home's blest scenes I ponder  
 They're my guiding star—my light;  
 When around that old hearth stone,  
 We all meet no more to part,  
 Then the bliss of earth is won  
 A foretaste of heaven;  
 Then the bliss of earth is won  
 A foretaste of heaven.

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Quidor Eng<sup>VT</sup>