

COMING HOME AT LAST.

By WILL CARLETON.

[On the proposed removal of the remains of JOHN HOWARD PAYNE to this country.]

I.

THE banishment was overlong,
 But it will soon be past:
 The man who wrote Home's sweetest song
 Is coming home at last!
 For years his poor abode was seen
 In foreign lands alone,
 And waves have thundered loud between
 This singer and his own.
 But he will soon be journeying
 To friends across the sea;
 And grander than of any king
 His welcome here shall be!

II.

He can not come with cheerful brow,
 And step of conscious pride;
 He will not hear the tributes now

III.

He wandered o'er the dreary earth,
 Forgotten and alone:
 He who could teach Home's matchless worth
 Ne'er had one of his own.
 'Neath winter's cloud and summer's sun,
 Along the hilly road,
 He bore his great heart, and had none
 To help him with the load;
 And wheresoever in his round
 He went with weary tread,
 His sweet pathetic song he found
 Had floated on ahead!

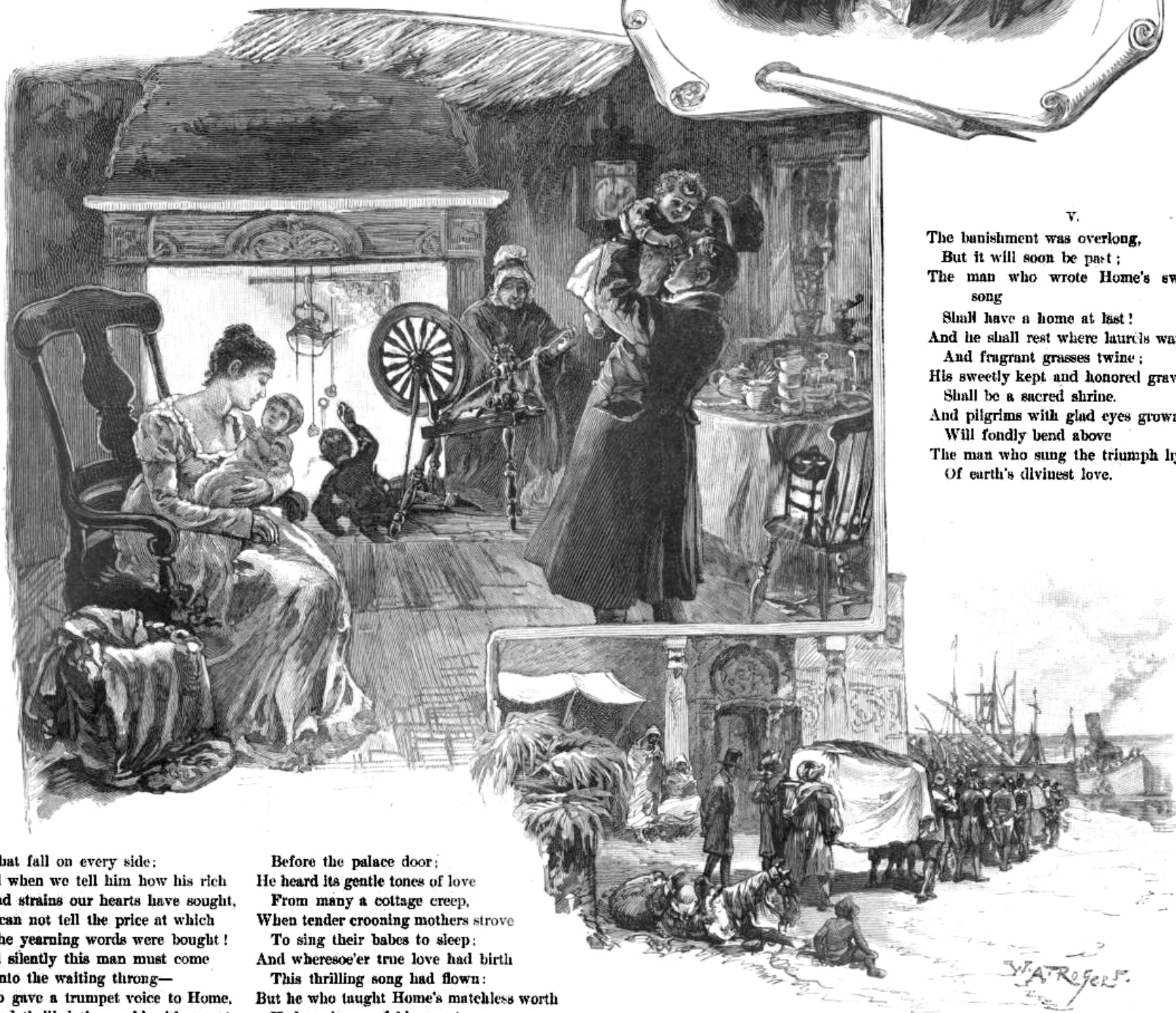
IV.

He heard the melodies it made
 Come pealing o'er and o'er,
 From royal music bands that played



V.

The banishment was overlong,
 But it will soon be past;
 The man who wrote Home's sweetest
 song
 Shall have a home at last!
 And he shall rest where laurels wave
 And fragrant grasses twine;
 His sweetly kept and honored grave
 Shall be a sacred shrine.
 And pilgrims with glad eyes grown dim
 Will fondly bend above
 The man who sung the triumph hymn
 Of earth's divinest love.



That fall on every side;
 And when we tell him how his rich
 Sad strains our hearts have sought,
 He can not tell the price at which
 The yearning words were bought!
 And silently this man must come
 Unto the waiting throng—
 Who gave a trumpet voice to Home,
 And thrilled the world with song!

Before the palace door;
 He heard its gentle tones of love
 From many a cottage creep,
 When tender crooning mothers strove
 To sing their babes to sleep;
 And wheresoe'er true love had birth
 This thrilling song he found:
 But he who taught Home's matchless worth
 Had no home of his own!

V. A. REGER.