

Dearest, like the breeze of even  
comes the solace you impart  
drooping link the balm of heaven  
on the weary home and hart  
home with all its joys is present  
when those letters come from thee  
household faces bright and plesent  
look with sunny smiles on me

When the cannon thunders near me  
mid the clash of sounding arms  
comes the tho'ts of home to cheer me  
with its dear familier forms  
then I see with eyes enchanted  
all the love that closter there  
and I face with hart undonted  
all the fearful scenes of war

what tho dangers hover round me  
with their thousand fierce alarms  
homes endearing walls suround the  
thou art free from all these harms  
and Ill struggle on with pleasure  
while these links are given me  
to secure that precious tresure  
liberty for me and thee

From your brother hod