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No. 127.

'TIS PAST THE HOUR

OR

Why dont he come.

SONG

COMPOSED AND DEDICATED TO

MISS ABBY HUTCHINSON

by

B. COVERT.

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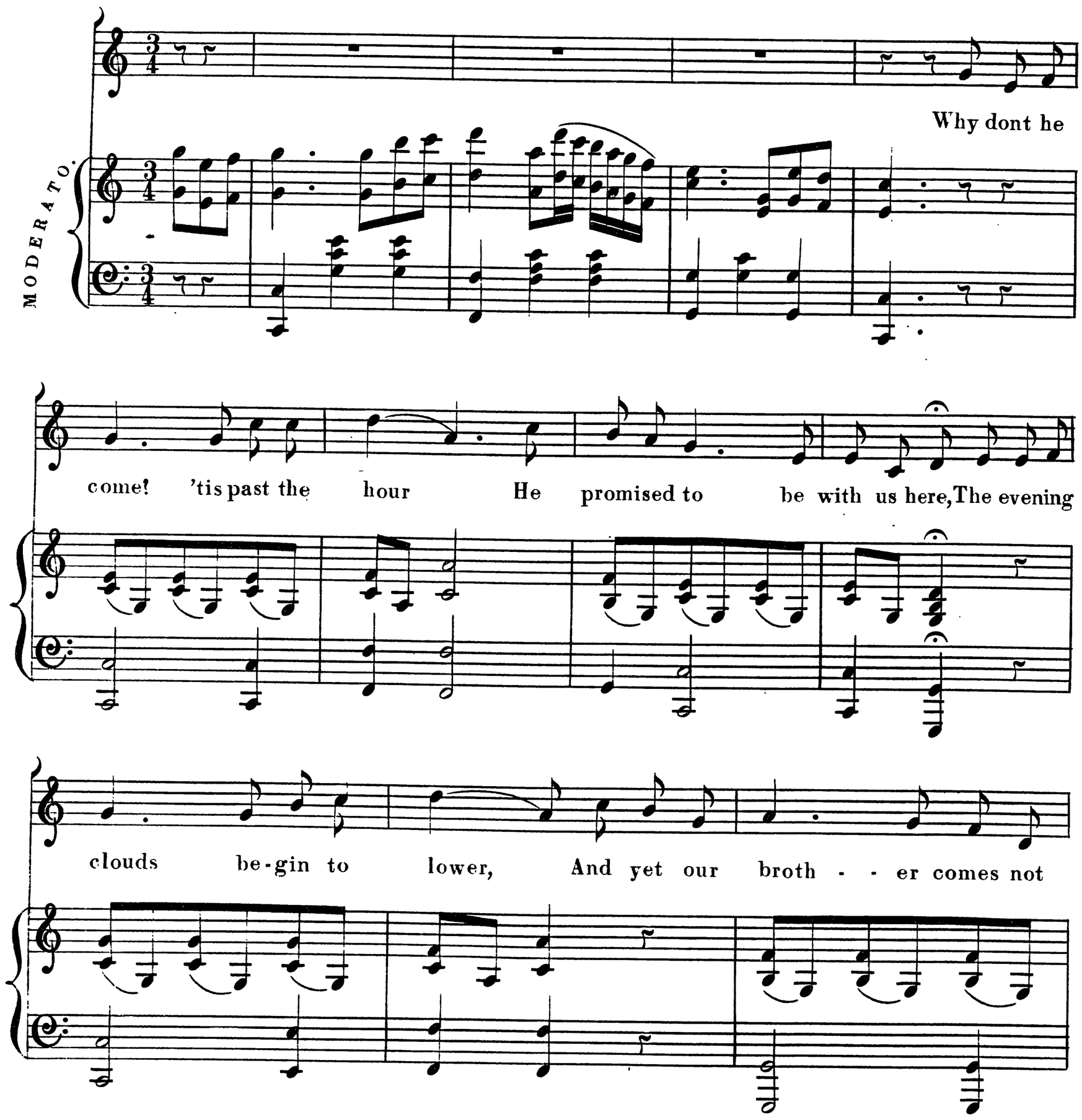

near. How cheerless is our hap-py home With-out his

smile; why don't he come. Without his smile! why don't he come.

2d Verse.

Why don't he

rit:

come! the stars are bright, They smile to cheer his lonely way, The moon looks

from her azure height Without an in - - tercepted ray, To guide him

safe - ly to his home, Yet,where is he! why dont he come, Yet where is

he! why dont he come.

3d Verse.

It cannot be he has for - - got 'Mid

rit.

friendly forms — that greet him there, His own sweet home, the humble

spot Where dwell the lov'd ones of his care; Oh! no, his heart is with his

home, My Brother dear! He's come, he's come. My Brother dear! He's come, he's

come.