



# Thoughts of Home

R. S. Taylor  
(1838-1918)

S My wear - y heart is wan - d'ring home, Is wan - d'ring home to -  
A My wear - y heart is wan - d'ring home, Is wan - d'ring home to -  
T My wear - y heart is wan - d'ring home, Is wan - d'ring home to -  
B My wear - y heart is wan - d'ring home, Is wan - d'ring home to -

<sup>4</sup>  
S night; I join a - gain the mer - ry group, A -  
A night; I join a - gain the mer - ry group, A -  
T night; I join a - gain the mer - ry group, A -  
B night; I join a - gain the mer - ry group, A -

## Thoughts of Home

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S round the hearth - stone bright; The gen - tle light of

A round the hearth - stone bright; The gen - tle light of

T round the hearth - stone bright; The gen - tle light of

B round the hearth - stone bright; The gen - tle light of

10

S lov - ing eyes Il - lumes the place once more; A -

A lov - ing eyes Il - lumes the place once more; A -

T lov - ing eyes Il - lumes the place once more; A -

B lov - ing eyes Il - lumes the place once more; A -

13

S gain are sung the so - cial songs, Oft sung in days of yore.

A gain are sung the so - cial songs, Oft sung in days of yore.

T gain are sung the so - cial songs, Oft sung in days of yore.

B gain are sung the so - cial songs, Oft sung in days of yore.

# Thoughts of Home

S My soul has leaped the mist of years, As sun - beams leap the

A My soul has leaped the mist of years, As sun - beams leap the

T My soul has leaped the mist of years, As sun - beams leap the

B My soul has leaped the mist of years, As sun - beams leap the

20 S cloud; Of broth - ers, sis - ters, moth - er, home, Thick

A cloud; Of broth - ers, sis - ters, moth - er, home, Thick

T cloud; Of broth - ers, sis - ters, moth - er, home, Thick

B cloud; Of broth - ers, sis - ters, moth - er, home, Thick

23 S throng - ing mem - 'ries crowd; I hear their voi - ces

A throng - ing mem - 'ries crowd; I hear their voi - ces

T throng - ing mem - 'ries crowd; I hear their voi - ces

B throng - ing mem - 'ries crowd; I hear their voi - ces

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S soft and low, I see their fa - ces fair; I

A soft and low, I see their fa - ces fair; I

T soft and low, I see their fa - ces fair; I

B soft and low, I see their fa - ces fair; I

29

S bend a - gain the will - ing knee With them at eve - ning prayer.

A bend a - gain the will - ing knee With them at eve - ning prayer.

T bend a - gain the will - ing knee With them at eve - ning prayer.

B bend a - gain the will - ing knee With them at eve - ning prayer.

S I stray a - gain thro' old time haunts, I used so well to

A I stray a - gain thro' old time haunts, I used so well to

T I stray a - gain thro' old time haunts, I used so well to

B I stray a - gain thro' old time haunts, I used so well to

# Thoughts of Home

36

S know, The field, the grove, the cry - stal spring, Whence

A know, The field, the grove, the cry - stal spring, Whence

T know, The field, the grove, the cry - stal spring, Whence

B know, The field, the grove, the cry - stal spring, Whence

39

S health and sweet - ness flow; I seek the bank where

A health and sweet - ness flow; I seek the bank where

T health and sweet - ness flow; I seek the bank where

B health and sweet - ness flow; I seek the bank where

42

S oft I've sat, To watch the sun - set's blaze, And

A oft I've sat, To watch the sun - set's blaze, And

T oft I've sat, To watch the sun - set's blaze, And

B oft I've sat, To watch the sun - set's blaze, And

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45

S hear the bird choir sing to God Their hymn of grate - ful praise.

A hear the bird choir sing to God Their hymn of grate - ful praise.

T hear the bird choir sing to God Their hymn of grate - ful praise.

B hear the bird choir sing to God Their hymn of grate - ful praise.

S It is but rare such vi - sions come, Such ho - ly dreams of

A It is but rare such vi - sions come, Such ho - ly dreams of

T It is but rare such vi - sions come, Such ho - ly dreams of

B It is but rare such vi - sions come, Such ho - ly dreams of

52

S home; \_\_\_\_\_ As fast from boy - hood's well loved scenes My

A home; \_\_\_\_\_ As fast from boy - hood's well loved scenes My

T home; \_\_\_\_\_ As fast from boy - hood's well loved scenes My

B home; \_\_\_\_\_ As fast from boy - hood's well loved scenes My

# Thoughts of Home

55

S way - ward foot - steps roam. Then let me feel its

A way - ward foot - steps roam. Then let me feel its

T way - ward foot - steps roam. Then let me feel its

B way - ward foot - steps roam. Then let me feel its

58

S deep - est spell, And drink its sweet - est joy; For -

A deep - est spell, And drink its sweet - est joy; For -

T deep - est spell, And drink its sweet - est joy; For -

B deep - est spell, And drink its sweet - est joy; For -

61

S get a - while all else be - side, And be a - gain a boy.

A get a - while all else be - side, And be a - gain a boy.

T get a - while all else be - side, And be a - gain a boy.

B get a - while all else be - side, And be a - gain a boy.

**Robert Stewart Taylor** (1838-1918) was born near Frankfort, Ohio, the son of Presbyterian minister and missionary Isaac Newton Taylor. Isaac was an educator and founded of Liber College near Portland, Indiana. Robert was educated privately by his father and at Liber College. He studied law and moved to Fort Wayne, Indiana, as a law clerk. He was admitted to the bar and became a lawyer. In his successful career, he was appointed the first prosecuting attorney of Allen County, appointed a judge of the court of common pleas, and was elected to the Indiana legislature. He declined nomination to run for Congress, but succeeded Benjamin Harrison on the Mississippi Commission; also serving on the Monetary Commission. He ran for U. S. Senate and was a charter member of the American Bar Association. He was known as one of the most expert patent attorneys in the nation. His most significant case established the right of all companies to manufacture electric lamps. He took great interest in literature and music. He studied music at a musical convention at Geneseo, New York, and his song "O, Wrap the Flag Around Me, Boys" was played by a band at Lincoln's funeral. He claimed to have written more songs than any other man in the country other than Stephen Foster. He died in Fort Wayne.

My weary heart is wandering home,  
Is wandering home tonight;  
I join again the merry group,  
Around the hearthstone bright;  
The gentle light of loving eyes  
Illumes the place once more;  
Again are sung the social songs,  
Oft sung in days of yore.

My soul has leaped the mist of years,  
As sunbeams leap the cloud;  
Of brothers, sisters, mother, home,  
Thick thronging memories crowd;  
I hear their voices soft and low,  
I see their faces fair;  
I bend again the willing knee  
With them at evening prayer.

I stray again thro' old time haunts,  
I used so well to know,  
The field, the grove, the crystal spring,  
Whence health and sweetness flow;  
I seek the bank where oft I've sat,  
To watch the sunset's blaze,  
And hear the bird choir sing to God  
Their hymn of grateful praise.

It is but rare such visions come,  
Such holy dreams of home;  
As fast from boyhood's well loved scenes  
My wayward footsteps roam.  
Then let me feel its deepest spell,  
And drink its sweetest joy;  
Forget awhile all else beside,  
And be again a boy.

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