



Music by EUGENE BARNETT.

VOICE.



PIANO.



Words by EDWARD OXENFORD.

1. From a - far a -
 2. Where the wave - lets,

cross the o - cean, Home - ward speeds my sai - lor dear,—
white and curl - ing, Round the old - en jet - ty play,—

con passione.
Not in vain my long de - vo - tion, For at last he's
'Neath the sea - birds' air - y whirl - ing,— I have watch'd from

sail - ing near! Years have van - ish'd since he left me,
day to day! Thoughts have ris - en whilst I lone - ly

Gaz - ing sad - ly o'er the sea; Oh, his
Pac'd a - long the beat - en shore, Thoughts that

rall.
bark of all be - reft me,— Now he's com - ing
he, whom I love on - ly, Home was com - ing
rall.

tempo primo.

home to me! } Fare - well sor - row! sighs are dy - ing;
ne - ver more! }

Tears are stran - gers now to me! For my faith ful

love is hie - ing Home - ward o'er the smi - ling sea!

ad lib. *D.C.*

colla voce.

THE OLD MANOR HOUSE.

TWO years ago, I was a lonely old maid, living by myself in my tiny village cottage, without kith or kin, almost the last survivor of the large family of Warburton, who had lived and flourished for generations in Blankshire. True, I had my dog, and my kind neighbours, to cheer me; still, in the long winter evenings when I sat alone with my thoughts and memories, with no sound to break the stillness save the ticking of the clock, and the shuffling and snuffling of my poor old Nell, I felt that I did need human companionship. Therefore, when my poor brother and his wife died, in their (to me) far-off French home, in the same week, from the same fearful epidemic, leaving their one child, Sybil, to my care, there was some alloy to the bitter grief of losing the last near relative I possessed.

I had not seen Sybil since she was a tiny child, with a white grave face, and big brown eyes, who had cried because I had jestingly offered to take her back to England with me. Now, she was not only grown up, but past twenty; and I was sadly afraid that, when she had recovered a little the terrible shock she had lately sustained, she would find my little cottage home very dull. For my village, as I called it, was the most rustic of villages, in which society was represented by the clergyman and his family and myself. It had not always been so. Once the old Manor House had been inhabited, which added much to the life of the whole place; but just at the time I am speaking of, its drawn-down blinds, its untrodden walks were worse than no house at all. I often wished that its master, in his restless wanderings about the world, would remember the stay-at-homes, and let it to some bright, cheery family, who would dispel the gloom that hung about its walls.

I could not expect that Sybil should learn to love