

HAPPY HOURS AT HOME

Stephen Foster (1826-1864)

1. I sit me down by my own fire-side When the win-ter nights come on, And I
 2. I sit me down by my own fire-side Where the chil-dren sport in glee, While the

calm - ly dream as the dim hours glide, Of ma-n-y plea-sant scenes now gone; Of our
 clear young voice of our house-hold pride Makes mel-o - dy that's dear to me. And by

healthful plays in my schoolboy days, That can nev-er come a-gain; Of our summer joys and our
 ev - 'ry art that can charm the heart, They al-lure my cares a-way, To pre-pare my soul as the

Christ-mas toys, And rambles o'er the stream-let and plain. Happy hours at home!
 swift hours roll, For the du-ties of the bright coming day. Happy hours at

Hap-py hours at home! How the moments glide by the bright fireside, In the happy hours at home.
 home!