

Yes, the house on the homestead is gone, my dear
The place that to us was so grand,
There's naught - but - a pile of ashes
Where the dear old home used to stand.

We can enter its ~~rooms~~ⁱⁿ at the doorway
And pass through its rooms no more
Or hear the patter of foot-steps
As they pass o'er the oaken floor.

Where I-pa and I-ma were welcome
And loved by us one and all
Until they left us, so near together
To answer the Master's call.

Where good will and hospitality centered
And the stranger was welcomed and fed
And if need be was sheltered and cheered
And given a good comfortable bed.