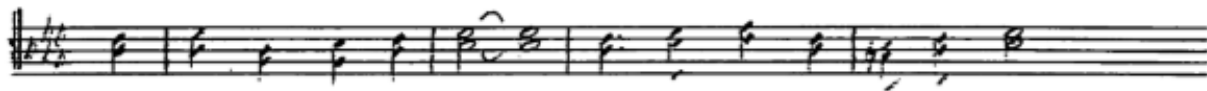
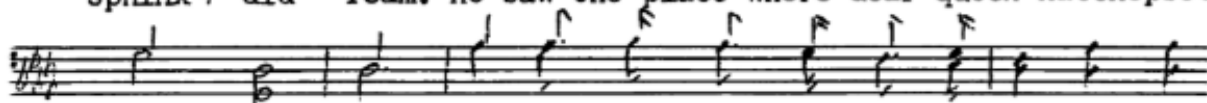


Our chief has come home to say the world is round, So  
He climbed up a pyr-a-mid Sailed down the Nile, to:the



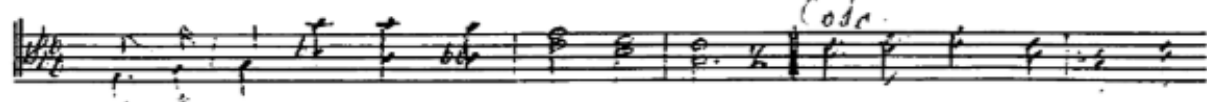
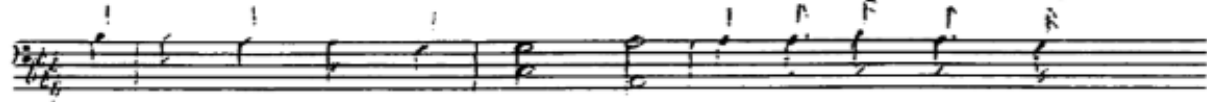
smile, smile, smile. He bro't some film to show what he had seen,  
sphinx did roam. He saw the place where dear queen Hatchepset



And stor-ies by the mile. He has been to Pak-i-stan,  
And Tu-tank-a-mon's tomb. Took a pill called dra-ma-mine,



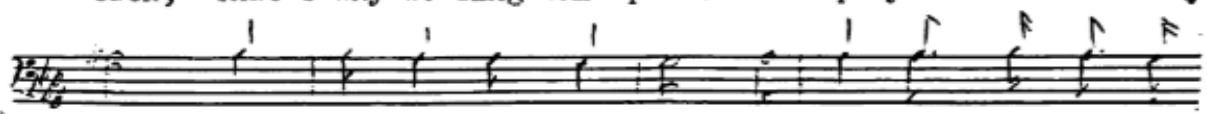
By air-line quite the style. Oh! How we have missed him  
To cross the o-cean's foam. Ch! There was-n't an - y



and we hope he will stay home a-while. We are glad to have you  
oth-er place to go, so he came home.



back; That's why we sing this pome. We hope you've de-cid-ed



# COME HOME

For H.M.S. RICHARDS



that there is no place Like home sweet home.



Written & Composed by King's Harmonists  
after H.M.S. Richards' "The Home"  
Grove & Co. 1880  
London, England  
The Op. 1000

Sing to: Pack up your troubles,  
And smile, smile, smile