

## HOME

My home, though but a humble thing,  
Is sweet as sweet can be.  
It shelters infancy and age,  
And youth and harmony.

The place is lighted with content,  
It's carpeted with peace;  
It's fenced about with sentiment  
That doth each day increase.

It's warmed by hearts as true as steel  
From sill to shingle dome,  
And underneath this weight of wealth  
I live—and call it home.

By Alice L. Whitson

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