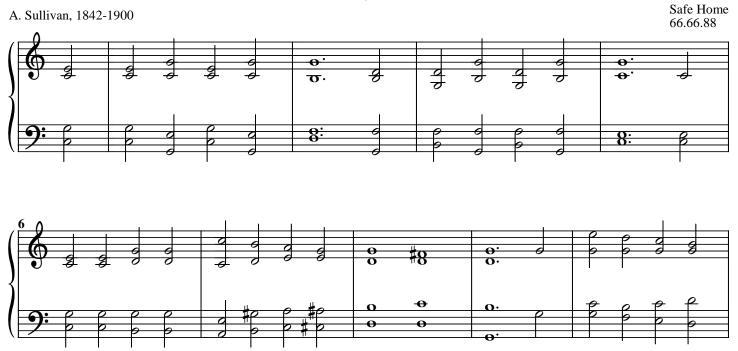
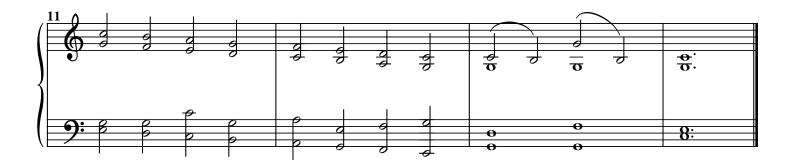
## Safe home, safe home





Safe home, safe home in port! Rent cordage, shattered deck, Torn sails, provisions short, And only not a wreck; But oh! the joy upon the shore To tell our voyage—perils o'er!

The prize, the prize secure! The athlete nearly fell; Bare all he could endure, And bare not always well; But he may smile at troubles gone Who sets the victor-garland on. No more the foe can harm; No more of leaguered camp, And cry of night alarm, And need of ready lamp; And yet how nearly he had failed— How nearly had that foe prevailed!

The exile is at home! O nights and days of tears, O longings not to roam, O sins and doubts and fears; What matters now grief's darkest day? The King has wiped those tears away

John M. Neale

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