

Give me back the little cottage
With its old and rough-cast wall,
And the creeper climbing o'er it,
And the maple green and tall.

Yes, I think I see in fancy,
Mother in her old arm-chair,
And below the window blooming,
Little flowers fresh and fair,

Sweet forget-me-nots and pansies,
Marigolds so smiling gay,
Candy tuft and budding roses,
Opening wider every day.

And beside the tall green maple,
Just one aged apple-tree,
Thick with blossoms or with apples,
Ripe and juicy as can be.

Mother's arms seem stealing round me,
And I see her gentle face,
Softly smiling, bent above me,
Full of tenderness and grace.