

## THE ROADS OF OLD

The roads of old, how fair they gleamed;  
How long each winding way was deemed.  
In days gone by, how wondrous high  
Their little hills and houses seemed.

The morning road, that led to school,  
Was framed in dew that clung as cool  
To childish feet as waves that beat  
About the sunbeams in a pool;

The river road, that crept beside  
The dreamy alder-bordered tide,  
Where fish at play on Saturday  
Left some young hopes ungratified;

The valley road, that wandered through  
Twin vales and heard no wind that blew;  
The cowbell's clank from either bank  
Was all the sound it ever knew;

The woodland road, whose windings dim  
Were known to watchers straight and slim;  
How slow it moved, as if it loved  
Each listening leaf and arching limb;

The market road, that felt the charm  
Of lights on many a sleepy farm,  
When whirring clocks and crowing cocks  
Gave forth the market man's alarm;

The village road, that used to drop  
Its daisies at the blacksmith shop,  
And leave some trace of rustic grace  
To tempt the busiest eye to stop;