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My Island Home

O H sweet and clear through each troubled year,
Down the pathway of changing pain ;
With a soothing calm, like Gilead's balm,
Come thoughts of my home again.
I've wandered long and often wrong,
But a spot still soft and warm
In memory's hold, still keeps that old,
Prince Edward Island Farm.

The breeze that stirs in the mournful firs,
And whispers among the flowers,
Like a psalm of peace, will never cease
To haunt my holiest hours.
And with the dross of gain and loss
Like a fair and fadeless charm,
Come feelings of gold, born on that old
Prince Edward Island Farm

The moonlight floats o'er the rustling oats,
With a soft and shimmering sheen;
The ripples run over the rolling clover,
And mingle its pink and green