

The rippling stream, that wound its way
Through fen and wood, with songsters gay.

Then would I feel: whate'er may grieve,
Fond nature can my heart relieve,
And 'tis a lasting joy to be
With her in perfect harmony.

My friend, with home in country's heart,
In peace canst live, from noise apart;
Oh, thank thy God for boon so great,
Beyond all human estimate.

Amid the city's stifling air,
The grind, the daily round of care,
There is no place can equal this,
We seek in vain such unmarred bliss.

Now pick we up the thread that's dropped,
Our story shall not yet be stopped;
Life's springtime we would further view,
Review of mem'ry's store renew.

We note how people worked and prayed,
And firmly good foundation laid;
How oft from school return was made
In haste, that we might give our aid.

And sometimes, too, with healthful play,
Did children pass the time away;
Played hide-and-seek and other games,
Of which scarce need to tell their names.

But oft were we obliged to share
In toil's demands; compelled to bear
Our part, yet cheerfully gave thanks
For life we spiced with youthful pranks.

And though the years sped one by one,
Yet slow, to youth, seemed time's smooth run,
And ev'rything that dullness chased,
Was gladly hailed and soon embraced.