

THE OLD HOME

I listened while it trilled me
A song so clear and sure,
I thought it must from seraph
Have learnt its note so pure.

All round the perfumed blossoms
Were clinging to the boughs,
While apple blooms were blushing
Like maidens pledging vows.

Before me rolled the meadows,
Where so free I used to roam,
For never care had troubled
In this, my childhood's home.

'Way yonder rose the hilltop
Where childish fancy taught
By mounting to its summit
Near Heaven to be brought.

Beside it grew the chestnut
Whose burrs I oft had stoned,
When in revenge they pricked me
With pain I wailed and groaned.