

And then, we filed out of the doorway,
With laughter, and banter, and jest ;
Or arguing fiercely and sternly,
About who, that day, had been best.

And, as we wend our way homeward,
Some going this way, and some that,
Discussing some plan of amusement,
Or other such innocent chat.

My friend and I, always together,
Would be planning some new escapade,
For which we were specially noted,
Among the old, and the staid.

We were nearly always together
In those happy days, long ago ;
With nothing to worry, or fret us ;
Yet at that time, we did not know

How happy and joyous our life was ;
And 'twas not, till in after years,
When we could remember with sadness,
And perhaps, through thick-falling tears

But past are those golden moments,
And all that we have with us now,
Is the memories of fond reminiscences,
That are with us wherever we go —