

## THE OLD HOME

**An old lane, an old gate, an old house by a tree,  
A wild wood, a wild brook,—they will not let me be;  
In boyhood I knew them, and still they call to me.**

Down deep in my heart's core I hear them, and my eyes  
Through tear-mists behold them beneath the old time skies;  
Mid Lee-bloom and rose-bloom and orchandlands rise.

I hear them; and heartsick and longing is my soul,  
To walk there, to dream there, beneath the sky's blue bowl;  
Around me, within me, and weary world made whole.

To talk with the wild brook of all the long ago;  
To whisper the wood-wind of things we used to know  
When we were old companions, before my heart knew woe.

To walk with the morning and watch its rose unfold;  
To drowse with the noon-tide lulled in its heart of gold,  
To lie with the night-time and dream the dreams of old.

To tell to the old trees, and to each listening leaf,  
The longing, the yearning, as in my boyhood brief,  
The old hope, the old love, would ease me of my grief.

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We have written it in blood.  
That for justice we will die.  
We have braved the ocean's flood  
Making truth our battle cry

We have pledged ourselves to seek  
Only joys which we may give;  
**NOW FOR JUSTICE LET US SPEAK  
AND FOR JUSTICE LET US LIVE.**

Righteousness is NEEDED MORE than prosperity.