

Wondering, hearing me exclaim,
Abraham Clewson (for 'twas he)
Came more close and gazed at me.
As he gazed, a merry grin
Brighten'd down from eyes to chin :
In a moment he, too, knew me.
Reaching out his hand unto me,
Crying " Track'd, by all that's blue !
Who'd have thought of seeing *you* ? "

Then, in double quicker time
Than it takes to make the rhyme,
Abe, with face of welcome bright,
Made me from my steed alight ;
Called a boy, and bade him lead
The beast away to bed and feed ;
And, with hand upon my arm,
Led me off into the Farm,
Where, amid a dwelling place
Fresh and bright as her own face,