

The Dear Old Farm.

Though cherished memories of youth
No pencil can portray,
The nooks and corners of the farm
Are with me all the way ;
Those sunny spots where breath divine
Revives all latent powers,
And balmy breezes every spring
Call forth the early flowers.

The birds postpone their honeymoon
To gather moss and hair,
The cheerful chatter of the mates
Is heard from everywhere ;
The lambkins on the hillside sport—
No thought nor care have they ;
The trees and shrubs on every side
Are decked for holiday.

The hedgerow where the hawthorn blooms
Gives perfume rarely sweet,
And there the bursting primrose beds
Make carpets for your feet ;
The meadows where we picked May flowers
Are stretching far and wide ;
The brooklets babbling through the dells
Are lost in ocean tide.

In sheltered corners of the fields
We romped the while the posies grew ;
I long to be a boy again—
Drink in the fragrance all anew.