

Growing Old.

I'm growing old and childish now,
My work is well nigh o'er,
And many things I used to do,
I now can do no more.

The cows I've milked, the calves we fed
The chickens that we raised,
And then the garden, that we worked
With hoe and rake and spade.

My eyes, that were so clear and bright,
As clear as they could be,
Have failed and now there's many things
I can but dimly see.

Some tell me that if it was such
And such things I could see,
They little know how sharp the pain
They're bringing unto me.

They seem to think I do not feel
The sharp words said to me ;
They do not know, they cannot know
How I long to be free.

Sometimes I fain would rise above
My every care and fear,
And that is why they seem to think
That I have not a care.

