

Our Old Boys.

Have years made a change in the old home town, in woodlands, in meadows, or lane.

Will our long treasured love and memory unfold when we look on the old scenes again.

And sigh when we see where the axe played a part on the trees where the birds sang gay,

Where lovers oft strayed 'neath their green shady boughs, or in childhood had gathered in play.

Will the old mill bells ring us welcome, will they sound as of yore in our ears,

And bring to us fond recollections of love and of laughter and tears. —

True friends may embrace one another—to each other their secrets may tell,

That has slumbered untold for many a year safe down in the heart's deep well.

Where cold, cruel words may have drifted apart two hearts ever warm and true,

Will he look for a clasp of that once white hand or long their old love to renew.

And to linger a while on the old, old bridge above where the swift waters flow,

And tell her again the sweet fairy tales that he whispered to her long ago.

They are those who have gone from our old home town that dropped as the leaves might fall,

And rest undisturbed on the hillside now that have answered their last roll call,

While o'er where they slumber the stars look down and mourn with the dewy rose,

The shamrock, the thistle and maple leaf, all weep while our heroes repose.

Oh could we all gather once more in that home, our shelter from storms and rain,

Could we hear a dear mother's low sweet lullaby, could we rest in her arms again.