

## MY OLD SWEETHEART

My old sweetheart is away to-day;  
I feel as I did of old,  
In my courting days, when far away  
I yearned for her more than gold.

I thought of her handsome, smiling face,  
Her noble and cultured brow,  
Of her gentle ways, and charming grace;  
I missed her less then than now.

Through the long years of our wedded life,  
Now nearly a full two score,  
She has proved herself a loving wife,  
And a sweetheart evermore.

Our love has grown with the flight of time,  
As the mountain stream may grow;  
Or as a tree in a genial clime  
When free from the frost and snow.