

far from tow'r and steeple, Far from fields, and far from
vow, by yon church steeple, I was once a child like
child-hood with the ro-ses, Age up-on the flin-ty

Poco piu lento.

cities; Ay, so ve-ry far that never, Tho' your
you; Just as fris-ky in the wild wood, Just as
ground. Nay, my chil-dren not in sadness, Nor re-

Poco piu lento.

feet were like the wind, Could you reach the place for
nim-ble in the race; But I lost my hap-py
-proach, these words I say God is good and gives new

ev-er Out of sight and out of mind.....
child-hood; Do you ask in what strange place.....
glad-ness, When the old he takes a-way.....

f *PC*