

Ah me ! Ah me ! what sights to see !
What pleasant sounds to hear !
We've turned with disgust from the city's dust,
In the summer of the year.
What friendships made 'neath the forest shade
Or out on the rippling tide,
In hearts live on though friends be gone,
Or a thousand miles divide.

Some are deep in the battle of life,
And have no time for play ;
And some are sick, and some are sad,
And many are turning gray ;
And some have got incumbrances
Who will not let them stray ;
So in numbers few is the festive crew
That celebrates the day.

But our hearts are young and our voices strong,
And our love knows no decay,
For scenes of yore on Joseph's shore,
And the friends of a bygone day.
O may our powers to enjoy these hours,
The older though we grow,
Be all alive as they were five-
And-twenty years ago.