

The shepherd dog's loud baying voice ;
The gentle herd's deep low
Were to us wafted on the breeze
There, fifty years ago.

Softly the evening shades, Nelly,
Dropped o'er the fair earth, low ;
As homeward slow we strolled, Nelly,
Just fifty years ago.

And years have come and gone, Nelly,
So quickly, scarce we know
Where they have gone ; what we have done
Since fifty years ago.

Our love has deeper grown, Nelly,
'Mid all life's tempest's blow ;
And children's children press our knees,
Since fifty years ago.

And, as we look back o'er those years,
With all their joy and woe,
How much more thankful we should be
Than fifty years ago.

And now time's frost has changed, Nelly,
Those golden locks to snow ;
And lined is that fair face, Nelly,
Since fifty years ago.