

THE HOME TRAIL

As you see the ivy clinging,
Hear the robin-redbreast singing,
And the land you left is still the same to-day;
Midst the scenes you've dreamed of often,
As the whisp'ring breezes soften,
For a moment desp'rate years are rolled away.
While the crimson sun is setting,
Trails and hardness you're forgetting.
For beside the rose-wreathed cottage on the hill,
'Neath the locks that years are whit'ning
Loving eyes are softly bright'ning,
In the home land there's a welcome for you still.

*P'r'aps you know that back you'll wander,
To the lone land over yonder,
In the birth of nations still a part you'll play.
And perhaps be glad to listen,
When the voice demands submission,
Turn again and wander exiled on your way.
But you catch a whispered murmur'ing,
"Dad, thank God our boy's returning,"
Closely clasp the feeble figures to your breast.
God, it's all that really matters,
And her voice the fancy shatters,
For the trail has led you home, a-while to rest.*