

THE OLD HOME

To me a spirit whispered,
Nor silenced would it be—
Rest, weary one, from labor,
Go where the winds blow free.

I yielded to its tempting
And followed where it led,
Away from sounds discordant,
With wilful steps I fled.

Far from a city's turmoil
It seemed to wave a hand,
To a spot clad o'er with verdure,
My childhood's old home land.

The scenes became familiar—
So long ago it seems—
Here memory oft had brought me,
Had brought me in my dreams.