

O, the good old times that are past and gone
 I never again shall see;
 When I played games with the little ones,
 And they climbed upon my knee.
 When I used to go away from home,
 They'd watch for me and wait,
 And when they'd see me coming, run
 To open wide the gate.

And Betsy Jane she had her wheel,
 But unlike the modern mode,
 She used to spin at home and reel,
 And not along the road.
 But the girls have hid the wheel away,
 For they say it isn't genteel,
 For Maw to be toiling and working all day
 On a tiresome spinning wheel.

Our daughters talk of going away
 Over the seas to roam,
 For they are lonesome here, they say,
 But ah, this is their home.
 Our good advice they will not take,
 One thing is very plain,
 That the girls nowadays won't make
 Wives like my Betsey Jane.

My thoughts go back to my boyhood days,
 When at eight by the chimney fire,
 Sat the family group near the cheerful blaze,
 As we piled on the wood still higher.
 And Grandmother sat in her old arm chair,
 With her knitting in her hand,
 And told us stories of England so fair,
 Her beloved native land.

But I am growing old and gray,
 And so is Betsey Jane,
 If the dear children go we may
 Ne'er meet on earth again.
 But O, wherever they may roam,
 I pray that, bye and bye,
 We shall meet again in our Father's home,
 Above the starry sky.