

THE

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Since Nellie Went Away.

The homestead ain't ez bright an' cheerful ez it used to be,  
The leaves ain't growin' halt so green upon the maple tree—  
The brook don't seem ter ripple like it used ter down the hill—  
The bobolinks appear ter hev a some'at sadder thrill ;  
The wavin' corn hez lost its gold, the sunshine ain't so bright,  
The day is growin' shorter jest ter make a longer night ;  
There is somethin' gnawin' at my heart I gues, hez come ter stay ;  
The world ain't been the same to me since Nellie went away.

The old piano over there I gave her when a bride—  
It ain't been played upon but once since she took sick and died ;  
An' then a neighbor's girl come in an' struck up " Old Black Joe,"  
An' " When the Swallows Homeward Fly, ' an' somehow, don't you know,  
It almost made me crazy, wild with anguish an' despair—  
I saw her sittin' at the keys, but knew she wasn't there,  
An' that is why I never want to hear the old thing play—  
The music don't sound natural since Nellie went away.

The parson tells me every man hez got ter have his woe—  
His argument is good, perhaps, for he had orter know—  
But then it's hard for everyone ter allers see the right  
In turnin' pleasure into pain an' sunshine into night ;  
I guess it's all includ' d in the Maker's hidden plan—  
It takes a heap o' grief an' woe ter temper up a man.  
I sympathize with any fellow when I hear him say,  
The world don't seem the same to him since some one went away.

The Scripture says that, in His own sweet way, if we but wait,  
The Lord'll take our burdens an' set crooked matters straight ;  
An' there's a hope that all the grief an' aching heart can hold,  
Will be offset by nappiness a hundred million fold,  
When we hev reached the end o' life's eventful voy'ge at last,  
An' all our pain and misery is buried in the past,  
An' so I'm lookin' for'ard to the dawnin' of a day  
When mebbe it won't seem so long since Nellie went away.

—Harry S. Chester, in *Chicago Herald*