



AT THE FIRESIDE.

At nightfall by the firelight's cheer,
My little Margaret sits me near,
And begs me tell of things that were
When I was little just like her.

Ah, little lips you touch the spring
Of sweetest sad remembering,
And hearth and heart flash all aglow
With ruddy tints of long ago.

at my father's fireside sit
Youngest of all who circle it,
And beg him tell me what did he
When he was little just like me.

JOHN D. LONG

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