

Goin' home that evenin' I tell you I was blue,
Thinkin' of all my troubles, and what I was goin' to do ;
And if my hosses hadn't been the steadiest team alive,
They'd 've tipped me over, certain, for I couldn't see where
to drive.

No—for I was laborin' under a heavy load ;
No—for I was travelin' an entirely different road ;
For I was a-tracin' over the path of our lives ag'in,
And seein' where we missed the way, and where we might
have been.

And many a corner we'd turned that just to a quarrel led,
When I ought to 've held my temper, and driven straight
ahead ;
And the more I thought it over the more these memories
came,
And the more I struck the opinion that I was the most to
blame.

And things I had long forgotten kept risin' in my mind,
Of little matters betwixt us, where Betsey was good and
kind ;
And these things flashed all through me, as you know
things sometimes will
When a feller's alone in the darkness, and every thing is
still.

" But," says I, " we're too far along to take another track,
And when I put my hand to the plow I do not oft turn
back ;