

And see the pretty churches—
 Crosses and graceful spires.
 To live my life in fair Lucerne
 Is what my heart desires.

MEMORY.

Come back again, bright happy days,
 And golden hours to me ;
 When life was like a joyous song,
 Full of sweet melody.

I would my parents now were here
 In life to take their part
 They chased away my foolish fear,
 And soothed my aching heart.

My brother and my sisters fair
 Played with me side by side.
 Now they are scattered far from me,
 Over the world so wide.

A few years later and I found
 One who was all to me ;