

The village appeared so pretty and neat,  
So pure and fresh was the air ;  
You scarce could believe that sorrow or strife  
Could ever find entrance there.

Though bright and fair looked those village homes  
With their maple trees sturdy and tall,  
John Lane's, with its pretty gabled roof,  
Looked neatest and best of all.

We'll just peep in, ere the blinds are drawn,  
And what is the picture there ?  
A young wife smiling, with glad blue eyes,  
With a face both winsome and fair.

Her husband comes in, and she welcomes him  
With the love of a fond young wife ;  
Oh, surely, a shadow can never fall  
To darken their home and their married life !