

We hear a rousing pillow-fray,
Dear prairie land, my heart for you
Oft yearns: though now 'tis strangers roam
The dear old trails we loved so well;
And Mother dear, gone to her Rest.
Oh! could I be, just once, again,
The tom-boy chum, of those dear ones,
Who, now, from me are gone so far.
Ah me, could but our youthful days
Come back again, or could we sense
Their value, e'er they're gone awhile.

WAITING.

The wind sighs through the leaves, my dear,
The mist falls o'er the Bay;
The bright fire hums its Even-song,
But ah, you are away!
For twilight, now, my heart ne'er longs,
The quiet is so lone.
I cannot bear to sit and think,
My dear, now you are gone.
But ah, my heart a truant is,
For oft she steals away
To find her mate, but all in vain,
For you are gone away.
And the wind sighs through the leaves, my dear,
And the mist falls o'er the Bay.
The wind is still a-sighing, dear,
The mist lies on the Bay;
The fire still hums its Even-song,
And still you are away.
But something tells my heart, her mate,
When quiet hours have come,
Is truant too, and steals away
To find it's Even-song.
So rest, for he will come, my heart,
Back to his waiting mate.
Keep warm the blaze upon his hearth,
And polished bright the grate,
Till the wind sings through the leaves for thee,
And the mist lifts o'er the Bay.