

Once more to country life give laud,
And ev'rything on farm applaud,—
The horses proud, the cows, the sheep,
All things that run, or fly, or creep.

Again let us this truth assert,
From which there's naught can us divert:
From fullest, sanest life men part
When they lose touch with nature's heart.

Long have the days of childhood passed,
Fond ties that were, been broken fast;
And grave reflections now recall
The sorrows that mankind befall.

Grim reaper Death, no hand can stay,
And one by one, they've passed away,—
A father dear, two sisters, brother,
And kindest, truest, noblest mother.

Oh! I can ne'er in words express
That mother's love and tenderness:
Nor can I give the reverence due
To her—best parent child e'er knew.

Remembrance keen, remains to-day,
How she did teach me to obey:
And how she counselled, how she prayed,
Her wish for me before God laid.

Now let come sunshine or come rain,
I firmly trust 'twas not in vain,
To tell these recollections o'er,
In simple tale of days of yore:
So straightway I now end this lay
And bid you all a kind good-day.