

CALLED BACK

You stayed away all winter,
And I missed you every day;
The range seemed cold and dreary
While you were away.
The wind swept over the hill-tops,
And the swish of the drifting snow,
Down in the valley yonder,
Made me think of long ago.

But the first warm wind of the spring time,
And the soft, sweet, drifting rain,
And the song of the birds by the river
Will call you back again.
Back to the one that loves you;
Back from the mist and snow;
Back to the sweet old summer day;
Back to the long ago.