

MY MOUNTAIN HOME.

Here was my father's fav'rite seat  
And there was oft my mother's place:  
The path is worn by many feet,  
But she will nevermore retrace  
Her way to this retreat.

Time rolls along its ceaseless wave,  
And years on weary years have past,  
Since through those trees, so tall and brave,  
The red October's blighting blast  
Strewed leaves upon her grave.

Now others share her lowly sleep  
Who then were dear—the old, the young—  
Still I must toil along the deep,  
With heart by many sorrows wrung,  
And watch, and wait, and weep.