

Ah me, old memories rise up quickly,
 Of days when we were in our prime,
 Though age's shadows gather thickly,
 How fresh comes back the dear old time
 When we were stalwart men together,
 And each one wooed his early love,
 Who crowned our noontide life with beauty,
 And now,—watch o'er us from above.

To part from them, 'twas bitter sorrow,
 All joy seemed with them to depart,
 And for a while each added morrow
 Brought darker shadows to each heart.
 But still we knew life had its duties,
 And Hope, with accents calm and sweet,
 Bids us look ever onward, upward,
 To that blest home where all shall meet.

And pledges fond they have left behind them,
 My stalwart John, your bonny Kate,
 And round our hearts Love has entwined them,
 Nor left us bare and desolate.
 Talking of them, my boy's a liking
 For Kate, and she, he says, loves him,
 And when I look at them, old memories
 Rise up so thick my eyes grow dim

I suppose you've no objection, neighbour?
 Well, well, then let us drink their health,
 My John has been brought up to labour,
 And a good wife is more than wealth.
 So let them blend their lives together,
 And hand in hand float down Time's stream,
 And come what may, 'twill not be gloomy,
 If o'er it Love's sweet starlight beam.