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Leaving the Old Home,

Spring has come, that joyous  
time

When everything looks gay,  
The birds are bustling on the trees  
Oh, yes, 'tis the first of May.

Then why do I feel unhappy,  
When everything looks gay?  
'Tis because I leave my old home  
Where I spent my childhood  
days.

'Tis sad to leave the old home,  
I sigh and the tears will  
start.

To think of the friends I am  
leaving

Oh, 'tis so hard to part.

So hard to leave the old home,  
Where my sisters and I  
have strayed.

'Neath the shade of the wide-  
spread willows,  
And there with our dolls  
played.

As I am on my way to the  
station,  
I turn and look back  
my home,