

AN OLD TORONTO BOY.

But Oh, how changed: I look along

The old familiar street.

The bellman, yes, I hear his song,

And the tramp of vanished feet.

Toronto! I could fall and kiss

The very ground I tread.

O, Mother! Father! Sisters! this

Is speaking with the dead.

'Twas here that I first learned to be,

To read, to write, to row,

'Twas here I learned my A B C.

Some sixty years ago.

'Twas here that I became a man—

First knew of love the joy.

'Twas here the strange, wild race began

Of an Old Toronto Boy.