

Go my sister

Sister a song for thee
Come listen while I sing
O'er scenes that past and present be
My soul may wander full and free
And gathering up life's poetry
My tune my harp's weak string

Away with ~~we~~ ^{wo} or ~~see~~ ^{core}
The past how bright it shines
Our childhoods page is it not fair
No gloomy phantoms of despair
No deed of shame is written there
No mar its spotless lines

How sweet our childhoods home
I see it oft in dreams
I roam through each familiar room
And to my ear the gentle hum
Of dear remembered voices come
Like the murmuring of bee strings

The church tower on the hill
My heart can never forget
I see the high old pulpit still
The place our sire was wont to fill
And where our mother is voice of will
Long sweet I see it yet,

Sister the present hours
Go present view are bright
We roam as yet through fairest bowers
We gayly pluck life's sweetest flowers
Upon our path no storm king lowers
Go turn our day to night.