

Mary will though hear a remembrance
 All about our courtship time
 When the world lay in the sun
 And the goat we thought was man
 When the clouds of clouds the were
 Lost themselves in upper air
 When the flush and bloom of youth
 Threw a radiance even on truth
 And lit up with its rich ray
 Shadows that have flown away
 Ah this may with leaves and flowers
 Bringeth back our courtship hours.

Hearken then unto my rhyme
 Friend and partner of all time
 Lost though not remember though
 On whose graver matron broods
 Gentle time hath gently set
 A poetic coronet
 Lost though not remember when
 All the races of all men

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 Don't stop a moment to think of
 Our country calls then go
 Don't fear for me or the babes gone
 I'll care for them you know;
 Leave the corn upon the stalk gone;
 Potatoes in the hill
 And the pumpkin on the vine gone;
 I'll gather them with a will,
 Then take your gun and go
 Yes take your gun and go
 For Ruth can save the open gone
 And I can handle the hoe,
 &c.