

I lost my way when but a child
 And wandered through green fields
 O'er meadows green and pastures wild
 I come upon some graves
 I wondered who had left their names
 Upon those barren birch-hill plains
 Where loneliness portrays
 On desert field my bramble brier
 In summer heat and scorching fire

I wondered how they used to look
 Believing they were dead
 I wondered if such pains they took
 Why not their names encolled
 In some great book where people read
 Where their names had lived indeed
 And too they might have told
 Of things which they remember still
 Of the great sea, or rippling rill

For near these graves a little rill
 By which I used to play
 Believing children were children still
 And grandfathers' speech must stay
 Nor dreamers that youth as jocular them
 With our grandfathers once had been
 As quills and as gay
 Now denses we once their tattered forms
 Like us had gaily stances along

When the stars homes which guides this pen
 Shall crumble into dust
 And when the selfish hearts of men
 For riches cease to lust

When mortals tongue shall cease to wobble
 And with supreme
 Punch goodly flying to the devil
 Beyond dark Lethes Stream

When unto dust I shall return
 If that shall be my lot
 All truthfulness I then may burn
 As all things is forgot.

But until then, nor until these
 Shall mem-ry cease to roam
 Or seek in other forms to ease
 The heart which throbs for home

Whose beauty once to me had charms
 I now but wish to turn
 The sparkling eye and lovely forms
 I only see in one

Whose beauty reigned with greatest charm
 At last I learn to turn
 The sparkling eye. The lovely form
 Is only seen in one