

In a rural home I would admire
 New budding spring
 Through summer and autumn to retire
 On beauty's wing
 There I would escape this life of pain
 In quiet rest
 And still the throbbing of this brain
 And aching breast
 I often pause to look upon
 Contentment's home
 To wonder why I wander from
 The place alone
 How often I have tried to chase
 In different forms
 The mystic power in fancy's race
 Through adverse storms
 But when I reach the golden hour
 The dream has gone
 Possession flasks the blooming flower
 I sought so long
 Then let me chase no more as late
 Those fairy dreams
 But span this globe once leave alone fate
 To work her schemes
 In after years if you should turn
 Upon the scene

Recounting over some former scene
 Chance speak my name

Then may you glance down memory's path
 To days gone by

When Horace and Charles joined the laugh
 With you and I

Although those days are left behind
 Yet still their dates

On memory oft shall bring to mind
 One A W Bates