

Day rings each sound from dell to hill  
 Our memory long shall echo still  
 The pines their clustering branches spread  
 O'er where our homeward pathway led  
 And farmer's fields are to the way  
 Clothed in their summer robes of gay  
 And here runs a sparkling rill  
 Murmuring as it leaves the hill  
 Whilst o'er its banks in clusters lean  
 The hazel lush and alder green.  
 Whilst near beyond steep meadows lay  
 Here let us make a short delay  
 And linger near this lovely scene  
 And frolic o'er the narrow stream  
 Whilst the golden moments float  
 On the stream of childish sport

Yes here herein's this rural scene  
 One little hour one transient dream  
 A spark on memories gathering years  
 Do glimmer sometime through our tears

But onward rolls the joyous tide  
 On which our happy moments ride  
 Some have steered the famous stream  
 Whose waters spread upon the green  
 Some have smoothed the velvet sod  
 Whose little feet in pools had trod  
 And some have raised a leafy bow  
 Which ends the sweet enchanted hour

And Oh that hour yet I would give  
 Ten thousand worlds again to live  
 And be the calm contented soul  
 Whose joys cannot half be told

But hush thou thought who waltz again  
 To bring that half forgotten pain  
 Long I have lulled thee, but too soon  
 Thy willing hand removes the wound

Those fields of green, those hillside bowers  
 Where I spent youth's golden hours  
 In streams of joy, although the real  
 Shall live but only in ideal

And though ideal, they are to me  
 All all that I could wish to be  
 To dwell beneath young beauty's beam  
 Is sweet to me although a dream

But one step from the winding track  
 And another we pass the marshy neck  
 When winding round a towering peak  
 The village and our missions meet  
 Here we scatter each on his way  
 Homewards from the happy day

### Youth

Behold throughout the armor and  
 go forth to battle For there is one against  
 many and many against one  
 I watch them as the right contested ag-  
 -inst might And long long they struggled  
 on And when the one was about to fall  
 Behold there came another which was as stout  
 -iful as the rambo, and cheered him on to battle  
 - and victory

And still I'm in a darkening world  
 But not in child hood as before  
 New hopes new joys are here unfurled  
 Which seem must last forever more

'Tis Sabbath morn with guarded care  
 I brush my boots, my only pair.  
 Perchance a speck of lint will here  
 Unto my coat must disappear.  
 Here's my cravat so smoothly laid  
 And necktie wrought at satin trade  
 All spread before me, though I choose  
 I change my voice and thereby lose  
 A half-hour over my collar's trim.  
 Behold I then must wear a pin!  
 Which I must work some frons to place  
 Within my ruffled shirt of lace  
 Still thinking, blushing, half ashamed,  
 About some damsel, here not named,  
 Lest that friend in part might guess  
 Whilst my fringes told the rest.

But now my hat is on at last  
 Another peep into the glass  
 I dally with but feel the while  
 But half a man and half a child