

- " Yet there were hours I'll ne'er forget,
 Ere sorrow and thy soul had met,—
 Ere thy young cheeks with tears were wet,
 Or grief's pale seal was on them set,—
 Ere hope declined,
 And cares unkind
 Threw sadness o'er thy sunny mind.
- " In glorious visions still I see
 The village green,—the old oak tree,—
 The sun-bathed banks, where oft with thee
 I've hunted for the blaeberry,—
 Where oft we crept,
 And sighed and wept,
 Where our dead linnet soundly slept.
- " Again I see the rustic chair
 In which you swung me through sweet air,
 Or twined fair lilies with my hair,
 Or dressed my little doll with care ;
 In fancy's sight
 Still rise its bright
 Blue beads, red shoes, and boddice white.
- " And at the sunsets in the west,
 And at my joy when gently prest
 To the soft pillow of thy breast,
 Lull'd by thy mellow voice to rest,
 Sung into dreams
 Of woods and streams,
 Of lovely buds, and birds, and beams.
- " When wintry tempests swept the vale,
 When thunder, and the heavy hail,
 And lightning, turned each young cheek pale,
 Thine ever was the Bible tale
 Or Psalmist's song,
 The wild night long,
 Flow from the heart when faith is strong.
- " Now summer clouds, like golden towers,
 Fall shattered into diamond showers :
 Come, let us seek our wild wood bowers,
 And lay our heads among the flowers ;
 Come, sister dear,
 That we may hear
 Our mother's spirit whispering near."