







"Tis sad_'tis sad to number o'er, The faces glad and gay, Which we have lov'd! Some smile no more, Around us as they did of yore! And some have turn'd away! Could those days &c. 'Tis sad __'tis sad to come again,
With changed heart and brow,
To our youth's home where none remain,
Of those who made it blessed then __
Who leave it lonely now!
Could those days &c.

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Oh! little things bring back to me, The thoughts of by_gone hours. The breath of kine upon the lea_____ The murmur of the mountain bee_____ The scent of Hawthorn flowr's! Could those days &c.

By-gone hours.