

### RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

How often I think of the scenes of my childhood,  
When fond recollections present them to view;  
The orchard, the pond, the glade and the wildwood,  
And every loved spot that my infancy knew.

I remember the road with its windings and turnings,  
The green-living hedge-row that skirted the way;  
The field it enclosed where the brick-kiln was burning,  
And the pits where they dug up the smooth yellow clay.

I have not forgotten when a storm was a coming,  
The hoarse, rumbling noise of the waves of the sea,  
The old hollow log where the partridge was drumming,  
And the wood-pecker, pecking the hollow-oak tree.

What was the cause of this tranquil enjoyment?  
 This peaceful delight in my sweet native air?  
 Not the meadows, the fields, nor the rural employment, --  
 But the dearly-loved friends of my bosom were there.

The day that we parted, what heart-rending anguish!  
 No pen can describe, neither pencil portray:  
 To me all those beauties around seemed to languish,  
 And all the loved scenes quickly faded away.

But the joys of the faithful are ever increasing,  
 Their hopes are celestial, their author divine.  
 In the truth they rejoice, their prospects are pleasing,  
 In glory and beauty forever to shine.

What was the cause of this tranquil enjoyment?  
 This peaceful delight in my sweet native air?