OVERS OF POEMS OF DAYS AGONE SEND IN THEIR

two-year trip."

ROLLING HOME TO BONNIE SCOT-

LAND.

Up aloft amid the rigging.
Sings the sweet exulting gale.
Strong as springtime in the blossom,
Filling out each flowing sail;
And the wild winds cleft behind us
Seem to murmur as they flow
There are kindly hearts that wait you
In the land to which you go.

Rolling home, rolling home, Rolling home, dear land, to thee; olling home to Bonnie Scotland, Rolling home across the sea.

Twice a thousand miles behind us And a thousand miles before Ancient oceans heave to bear us To that well-remembered shore. New-born breezes swell to waft ua-To our childhood's baimy skies, To the glow of friendly faces, To the light of loving eyes.

Chorus.

Eastward, ever eastward.

Till the rising of the sun;
Hemeward, ever homeward.

To the land where we were born.
And we'll join in joyous chorus
In the watches of the night.
For we'll see the shores of Scotland
By the dawning of the light. By the dawning of the light.

Chorus.

ites" page. "So I am going to give you "The New Church Organ," which was very popular 40 years ago," the letter concludes.

And on the preachers' right
They've hoisted up their new machine
In everybody's sight. They've got a chorister and choir,
Again my voice and vote;
For it was never my desire
To praise the Lord by note.

I've been a sister good and true For five-an'-thirty year; I've done what seemed my part to do, And prayed my duty clear. I've sung the hymns both slow and quick.

Just as the preacher read, And twice when Deacon Tubbs was sick.
I took the fork and led.
And now their bold new-fangled ways Is comin' all about; nd I, right in my latter days, Am fairly crowded out.

Teday-the preacher, good old dear, With tears all in his eyes, Read, "I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies." I always liked that blessed hymn-

I s'pose I always will;
It somehow gratifies my whim
In good old Ortonville;
But when that choir got up to sing, I couldn't catch a word;
They sung the most dog-gondest thing
A body ever heard.

Some worldly chaps was standin' near; And when I see them grin, I bid farewell to every fear,

I bid farewell to every fear,
And boldly waded in.
I thought I'd chase their tune along
An' tried with all my might;
But though my voice is good and strong,
I couldn't steer it right;
When they was high, then I was low,
An' also contrawise;
An' I too fast, or they too slow
To "Mansions in the Skies."

An' after every verse you know, They'd play a little tune; I didn't understand, an' so I started in too soon.

I pitched it pretty middlin' high I fetched a lusty tone But oh alas! I found that I Was singin' there alone. They laughed a little I am told; But I had done my best; nd not a wave of trouble rolled Across my peaceful breast.

An' sister Brown-I could but look-She sits right front of me; She never was no singin' book, An' never meant to be; But then she always tried to do

But then she always tried to do

The best she could, she said:

She understood the time right through,
An' kep' it in her head:

I had no friends behind me—no
influence to ald:

I worked and fought for every little
inch of ground I made,

Was music to my ear,

Was music to my ear,

I had no friends behind me—no
influence to ald:

I worked and fought for every little
inch of ground I made,

Was music to my ear,

I me fully sympathetic soul acquires

The fully sympathetic soul acquires kep' her head a bobbin' so,

An' Deacon Tubbs-he all broke down,

And then a pensive sigh he drew, And looked completely beat. An' when they took another bout He didn't even rise But drawed his red bandanner out An' wiped his weepin' eyes.

Twe been a sister good an' true, For five-an'-thirty year; I've done what seemed my part to do, An' prayed my duty clear, it death will stop my voice I know

For he is on my track. And some day I to church will go And never more come back.

An' when the folks get up to sing—

Whene'er that time shall be— I do not want no patent thing

THE FAREWELL.

There's something in the parting hour Will chill the warmest heart-Yet kindred, comrades, lovers, friends, Are fated all to part;
But this I've seen—and many a pang
Has pressed it to my mind ne one who goes is happier Than those he leaves behind.

No matter what the journey be, Adventurous, dangerous, far,
To the wild deep, or bleak frontier,
To solitude or war—
Still something cheers the heart that
dares

In all of human kind, And they who go are happier Than those they leave behind.

The bride goes to the bridegroom's With doubtings and with tears, But does not Hope her minhow spread Across her cloudy fears?

Alas! the mother who remains—
What comfort can she find
But this?—the gone is happier
Than lone she leaves behind.

God wills it so, and so it is; The pilgrims on the way. Though weak and worn, more cheerful

Than all the rest who stay. And when at last poor man, subdued,
Lies down to death resigned,
May he not still be happier far
Than those he leayes behind?
—Mrs. Cora Rogers, Chico, Wise

County, Tex. R. Locke, whose pseudonym as author of much political satire during the war and reconstruction period was "Petroleum V. Nasby." It was very popu-

AM enclosing you 'Rolling Home to Bonnie Scotiand,'" writes Peter McKellar, of Seaside, Or. "How I used to join heartly in this old-timer when homeward-bound in a windjammer from the Antipodes on a discount of the East a generation ago. Mr. Locke was editor of the Toledo Blade for a long period, was a warm personal friend of Lincoln, Seward and Stanton, and was said to have had a wider acquaintance with public men in their home lives than almost any other

HANNAH JANE. She isn't half so handsome as when, twenty years agone.

At her old home in Pikiton, Parson
Avery made us one;
The great house crowded full of guests
of every degree,
The girls all envying Hannah Jane, the
boys all envying me.

Her fingers then were taper and her skin as white as milk.

Her brown hair, what a mass, it was, and soft and fine as silk;

No wind-moved willow by a brook had ever such a grace.

Her form of Aphrodite, with a pure Madonna face.

She had but meager schooling, her little motes to me
Were full of little pot-hooks and the
worst orthography;
Her "dear" she spelled with double "e"
and kies with but one "s";
But when one is crazed with passion
what's a letter more or less?

She blundered in her writing, and she blundered when she spoke,
And every rule of syntax, that old
Murray made, she broke;
But she was beautiful and fresh, and I-well I was young; Her form and face o'er balanced all the blunders of her tongue.

I was but little better; true, I'd longer "An Interested Reader" deplores the fact that Will Carleton's poems have not been contributed to the "old favorites" page. "So I am going to give who both of us well knew. believed-she was the

All's changed, the light of seventeen's They've got a bran-new organ, Suc,
For all their fuss and search;
They've done just what they sald they'd do,
And fetched it into church.
They're bound the critter shall be seen,
And on the preachers' right

She knows but very little, and in little are we one;
The beauty rare, that more than hid that defect, is gone.
My parvenu relations now deride my homely wife, And pity me that I am tied to such a clod for life.

I know there is a difference; at reception and leves The brightest, wittlest and most famed of women smile on me;
And everywhere I hold my place among
the greatest mon,
And sometimes sigh, with Whittier's
judge, "Alas it might have been."

When they all crowd around me, stately dames and brilliant stately a And yield to me the homage that all great success compels.

Discussing art and statecraft, and literature as well

From Homer down to Thackeray, and Swedenborg on "hell."

I can't forget that from these streams my wife has never quaffed. Has never with Ophelia wept, nor with Jack Falstaff laughed; Of authors, actors, artists—why, she hardly knows the names;
She slept while I was speaking on the Alabama claims.

I can't forget-just at this point another form appears—
The wife I wedded as she was before my prosperous years;
I travel o'er the dreary road we traveled side by side
And wonder what my share would be
if Justice should divide.

She had four hundred dollars left her from the old estate; On that we married, and, thus poorly armored, faced our fate, I wrastled with my books, her task was harder for than mine "Twas how to make two hundred dollars do the work of nine.

At last I was admitted; then I had my legal lore, An office with a stove and desk of books perhaps a score; She had her beauty and her youth, and some housewifely skill; And love for me and faith in me, and back of that a will.

In two long years she never spent a single cent for dress.

And how she cried for joy when my

I well remember when my coat (the only one I had). Was seedy grown and threadbare, and in fact most "shocking had The tailor's stern remark when I a modest order made: is the basis, sir, on which we tallors do our trade!"

Her Winter cloak was in his shop by noon that very day; She wrought on hickory shirts at night that tailor's skill to pay; I got a coat and wore it, but alas, poor Hannah Jane Ne'er went to church or lecture till

warm weather came again. Our second season she refused a cloak That I might have a decent suit in which t'appear in court; She made her last year's bonnet do. that I might have a hat: Talk of the old-time flame-enveloped martyrs after that!

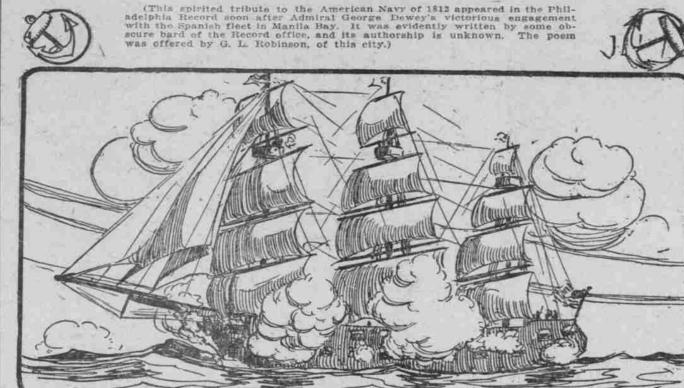
No negro ever worked, so hard, a She made herself most willingly a bousehold drudge and slave. What wonder that she never road a magazine or book. Combining as she did in one, nurse,

housemaid, seamstress, cook! What wonder that the beauty fled that I once so adored!

Her beautiful complexion my fierce And shall I? No! The contract 'twixt kitchen fire devoured:

sinewy strength congealed. I was her altar, and her love the sacrificial flame.
Oh! with what pure devotion she to that altar came And tearful flung theron—alas! I did not know it then— All that she was, and more than that all that she might have been.

At last I won success! Ah, then our lives were wider parted;
I was far up the rising road; she poor girl where we started.
I had tried my speed and mettle and gained strength in every race,



And she didn't need a million repairing fund each year. She had no rackin' engines to ramp an' stamp and strain. To work her steel-clad turrets and break her hull in twain; She did not have electric lights—the battle-lantern's glare Was all the light the 'tween decks had-an' God's own, good, fresh air. She had no gaping air-flumes to throw us down our breath, An' we didn't batten hatches to smother men to death; She didn't have five hundred smiths-two hundred men would do-In the old-time Yankee frigate for an old-time Yankee crew, An' a fightin' Yankee captain, with his old-time Yankee clothes A cursin' Yankee sailors with his old-time Yankee oaths. She was built of Yankee timber and manned by Yankee men,

She was no armored cruiser of twice six thousand tons. With the thirty foot of metal that make your modern guns;

An' fought by Yankee sailors-Lord send their like again!

As she trailed her lee guns under a blindin' whirl o' smoke.

With the wind abaft the quarter and the sea-foam flyin' free,

An' every tack and sheet housed taut an' braces eased to lee.

She didn't have a freeboard of thirty foot in clear,

She didn't run at twenty knots-she wasn't built to run-An' we didn't need a half a watch to handle every gun. Our captain didn't fight his ship from a little pen o' steel; He fought her from the quarter deck, with two hands at the wheel, An' we fought in Yankee fashion, half-naked-stripped to board-An' when they hauled their red rag down we praised the Yankee Lord; We fought like Yankee sailors, an' we'll do it, too, again,

You could hear the deep sea thunder from the knight heads where it broke,



For me she lived, and gladly, in

unnatural widowhood As one might well suppose;
He took one look at sister Brown,
And meekly scratched his nose.
He looked his hymn book through and
through
And laid it on the seat,

And laid it on the seat,

First captive, lean and scraggy, of my

The fee was fifty dollars—'twas the work of half a year—

which I had never felt,
She sent them to me in a note with half the words misspelt. half the words misspelt.

I to the Legislature went and said that she should go To see the world with me, and what the world was doing know With tearful smile she answered, "No! four dollars is the pay.

The Bates' House rates for board for one is just that sum per day,

At twenty-eight the State House on the bench at thirty-three, At forty every gate in life was opened wide to me: I nursed my powers and grew, and made my point in life, but she-Bearing such pack horse weary loads,

what could a woman be What could she bo? O shame! I blush to think what she has been-The most unselfish of all wives to the selfishest of men. Yes, plain and homely now she is, she is ignorant 'tis true; For me she rubbed herself quite out, I

represent the two. Well, I suppose that I might do as other men have done-

other men have done—
First break her heart with cold neglect,
then shove her out alone,
The world would say 'twas well and
more would give great praise to me For having horne with "such a wife" so uncomplainingly.

Hannah, God and me. Her plump, fair, soft rounded arm was once too fair to be conscaled;
Hard work for me that softness into No matter what the world may think; I know down in my heart, That if either I'm dellinquent, she han bravely done her part.

There is another world beyond this, and on the final day,
Will intellect and learning 'gainst such
devotion weigh? When the great One, made of us, two is torn apart again,
I'll fare the worst, for God is just, and
he knows Hannah Jane.

The prelude to this poem is a little Mrs. Cora Rogers, Chico, Wise girl where we started.

I had tried my speed and mettle and gained strength in every race, "Hannah Jane" was written by David I was far up the heights of life—she remains a sermon on sympathy that slips natural sponse to the request published a ly into the metrical lesson of the following verse. It is contributed by Mrs. Siven herewith. One contributor cred-life the poem to "H. Antoine D'Arey." You cannot really sympathise with several claimants to it. The copy here

ly, impolitely or ignorantly.

The fully sympathetic sout acquires the knowledge necessary to exemplify the remaining virtues. Love much and largely. Do not pride yourself on "loving very few." Cultivate love for humanity at large, and look for the

the papers all agreed

Twas the best one of the session, those comments whe could read,
And with a gush of price thereat,
which I had never felt,
She rest them to make the session with Love much. Earth has enough of bit-

ter in it; Cast sweets into its cup whene'er you can, No heart so hard but love at last may

Love is the grand primeval cause of All hate is foreign to the first great

Love much. Your heart will be led to slaughter On alters built of envy and deceit, ove on, five on! 'tis bread upon the water: It shall be cast in loaves yet at your

Unleavened manna, most divinely

Love much. Your faith will be de-throned and shaken; Your trust betrayed by many a fair, faise lure. Remount your faith, and let new trusts

awaken. Though clouds obscure them, yet the stars are pure. Love is a vital force and must en-Love much. Men's souls contract with

cold suspicion; Shine on them with warm love, and they expand. Tis love, not creeds, that from a low condition

Leads mankind up to heights su- I'll tell you a funny story, and a fact Flashed never brilliant shining gem.

love much. There is no waste in freely More blessed is it, even, than to re-ceive.

He who loves much, alone finds life

Such little drinks to a bum like me worth living:

Love on, through doubt and darkness; and believe There is no thing which Love may not Floor" have been submitted in re-

She made me take each Fall the stump:

she said 'twas my career,

is missing from the yellowed clipping, but considerable doubt clusters about to the pen of Elia Wheeler Wflcox.

You cannot really sympathic.

FLOOR.

STEP

Twas a balmy Summer evening, and a goodly crowd was there, goodly crowd was there.

That well-nigh filled Joe's barroom on the corner of the square.

And as songs and witty stories came through the open door:

A vagabond crept slowly in and posed upon the floor.

Where did it come from?" some one said; "the wind has blown it in."
"What does it want?" another cried, "some whisky, beer, or gin?" Here, Toby, seek him if your stom-ach's equal to the work,
"I wouldn't touch him with a fork, he's filthy as a Turk."

This badinage the poor wretch took with stoical good grace, In fact, he smiled as if he thought he'd struck the proper place, "Come boys, I know there's kindly hearts among so good a crowd;
To be in such good company would
make a deacon proud."

Give me a drink! That's what I want, I'm out of funds you know. When I had cash to treat the gang, this hand was never slow:

There, thanks, that braced me nicely, God bless you one and all,
Next time I pass this good saloon I'll
make another call:
Give you a song? No. I can't do that,
my singing days are past, My voice is cracked, my throat's worn out and my lungs are going fast."

Oh, that the world could see and understand!

I promise too.

That I was ever a decent man, not one of you would then. But I

> are miserably tame;
> Five fingers—there that's the scheme
> —and corking whisky, too, You've treated me pretty kindly and

I'd like to tell you how came to be the dirty sot you see before you now; before you now:
I told you, once I was a man, with muscle, frame and health,

Aye, ugly, coarse, unlovely quite,
They look to our defective sight,
But, to their mission dutiful. And, but for a blunder, ought to have made considerable wealth."

I was a painter-not one that daubed

SULTER WELLS

rated pretty good;
worked hard at my canvas, and was years ago:
bidding fair to rise.

PASS

For gradually I saw the star of fame before my eyes.

"I made a picture, perhaps you've seen. 'tis called the 'Chase of Fame'; It brought me fifteen hundred pounds and added to my name; And then I met a woman—now comes the funny part—

With eyes that petrified my brain and the see that petrified my brain and pride, and pride, and pride, here there are the second pride, and pride, and pride, and pride, here there are the second pride in her snown array. And the second pride in her snown array.

with eyes that petrified my brain and sank into my heart.

"Why don't you laugh?" Tis funny that the varabond you see the vagabond you see

"I was working on a portrait one afternoon in May
Of a fair-haired boy, a friend of mine who lived across the way.
And Madeline admired it, and, much to my surprise.

Said that she'd like to know the man Oh, sweet as a rosebud encircled with that had such dreamy eyes.

"That's why I took to drink, boys!

...Why-I never saw you smile!
I thought you'd be amused and laughing all the while.

Why, what's the matter, friend? There's

But the Healer was there who had stricken her heart.

And taken her treasure away.

To allure her to heaven he had placed it on high
And the mourner will sweetly obey. a tear drop in your eye!

Come, laugh like me; 'tis only babes and women that should-cry.

Another drink, and, with the chalk in hand, the vagabond began To sketch a face that well might buy the soul of any man Then, as he placed another lock upon the shapely head.
With a fearful shrick he leaped and fell across the picture—dead.

hickory: THE HUNTERS OF KENTUCKY.

By Samuel Woodworth, Ye gentlemen and ladies fair, Who grace this famous city, Just listen, if you've time to spare, While I rehearse a ditty; And for the opportunity, Conceive yourselves quite lucky, For 'tis not often that ye see A hunter from Kentucky.

or refrain.) We are a hardy, freeborn race,
Each man to fear a stranger,
Whate'er the game, we join in chase,
Despising toll and danger.
And if a daring foe annoys,
Whate'er his strength and forces,
We'll show him that Kentucky boys

Are alligator-horses. s'pose you've read it in the prints How Packenham attempted To make Old Hickory Jackson wince, But soon his scheme repented. For we, with rifles ready cock'd,

You've heard, I s'pose, how New Orleans Is famed for wealth and beauty: There's girls of every hue, it seems, From Snowy white to sooty. So Packenham, he made his brags, If he in fight was lucky. He'd have their girls and cotton bags,

THE FACE ON THE BARROOM So he led us down to Cpyress swamp-The ground was low and mucky— here stood John Bull in martial pomp, And here was old Kentucky.

> A bank was raised to hide our breast, Not that we thought of dying,
> But then we always like to rest,
> Unless the game is flying.
> Behind it stood our little force,
> None wish'd it to be greater. For every man was half a horse

> They did not let our patience tire Before they show'd their faces; We did not choose to waste our fire, So snugly kept our places. But when so near we saw them wink And 'twould have done you good, I think

They found, at last, 'twas vain to fight, Where lead was all their booty, And so they wisely took to flight And left us all the beauty. And now if danger e'er annoys, Remember what our trade is Just send for us Kentucky boys

this hand was never slow.

What? you laugh as if you thought
this pocket never held a sou:
once was fixed as well, my boys as any one of you."

The following tender verses to the memory of a mother have been in the collection of Mrs. S. Frost, 936 East Ninth street, for more than 20 years.

Many of her friends requested that she forward the poem for publication: UGLY HANDS.

Come back to me, mother; why linger Are folded now in peace and rest Upon the wayworn, weary breast. Say, give me another whisky and I'll Embroidery, lace, they never made—tell you what I'll do—Poor tired hands! On one of them

They gladly toiled from morn till night That they might other hands keep white

Adown the path for loved ones' tread. and prayer And burdens bore more than their

answers the request of Mrs. Vada Scott,

But an artist, and, for my age, was of Albany, Or,, with a complete version of the ensuing poem—a favorite of

Could ever love a woman and expect But I saw when those heart-strings Could ever love a woman and expect her love for me;
But 'twas so, and for a month or two her smile was freely given.
And when her loving lips touched mine it carried me to heaven.

"Boys, did you ever see a girl for whom your soul you'd give, with form like the Milo Venus, too beautiful to live,

But I saw when those heart-strings were bleeding and torn.
And the chain had been severed in two, and the white robes were changed for the sables of grief and her joy for the paleness of wee; But the Healer was there pouring balm in her heart And wiping the tears from her eyes. He had strengthened the chain he had broken in twain

With form like the allo venus, too beautiful to live,
With eyes that would beat the Kohinoor and a wealth of chestnut hair?

He had strengthened the chain he had broken in twain
And fastened it firm to the skies.
There had whispered a voice, t'was the voice of her God,

"It didn't take long to know him, and before the month had flown My friend had stole my darling and I was left alone.

And ere a Year of misery had passed above my head The jewel I had treasured so had tarnished and was dead.

"That's why I took to drink, boys!

...Why—I never saw you smile!

dew.

As its tragrance it flung on the air. So fresh and so bright to the mother he seemed

As he lay in his innocence there. But I saw when she gazed on that same lovely form

Pale as marble and silent and cold. And paler and colder her beautiful boy And the tale of her sorrow was told. But the Healer was there who had stricken her heart

And taken her treasure away.

There had whispered a voice, t'was the voice of her God,
"I love thee! I love thee! Pass under the rod." "Say, boys," if you'll give me another whisky, I'll be glad.

And I'll draw right here the picture of the face that drove me mad.

Give me that piece of chalk with which

Give me that piece of chalk with which

(Repeat last two lines of each stanza

Months pass'd that bud of promise was

To see Kentuckians drop 'em.

And we'll protect ye, ladies.

The roughened hands that never shirked.

The plain brown hands that planned and worked,

And tried so hard to roses spread Well boys, here's luck, and landlord, my best regards to you."

They were so tender, quiet, we Ne'er noticed how unselfishly They clasped each across with trust

In God's eyes they are beautiful,

—New Orleans Picayune. Mrs. G. Buckley, of 537 Leo avenu

If so, 'twas she, for there never was "I love thee! I love thee! Pass under the rod."

You mark the baseball score,
And you shall see the lovely Madeline
upon the barroom floor."

to their gaze
As they saw the proud place he had
won. And the fast coming evening of life promised fair And its pathway grew smooth to their And the starlight of love glimmered bright in the end
And the whisperings of fancy were sweet.
But I saw them again bending low This venerable song celebrates the Kentucky riflemen, of whom it was said that each felt shame if he missed the darkness of night he eye of a squirrel in the tallest and the joy from their bosoms had fled

THE HUNTERS OF KENTUCKY.

But the Healer was there and his arms But the Healer was there and his arms were around
And he led them with tenderest care
And he showed them a star in that bright upper world
'Twas their star shining brilliantly fair.
Then they each heard a voice, t'was the voice of their God
"I love thee! I love thee!
Pass under the rod."

A request from E. F. Sias, of Hills-boro, for the words of the song, "He Doeth All Things Well," has been answered in the following contribution sent in by Mrs. J. B. Eletose, of Aberdeen, Washington. The song was com-posed by "F. M. E.," and the music was composed by I. B. Woodbury:

HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL. I remember how I lov'd her, when a little guiltless child, I saw her in the cradle and she look'd the and smil'd: My cup of happiness was full, my joy words cannot tell; And I bless'd the glorious Giver, "Who doeth all things well.

unfolding ev'ry hour,

I thought that earth had never smil'd
upon a fairer flower,
So beautiful it well might grace the bow'rs where angels dwell,
And waft its fragrance to His throne,
"Who doeth all things well," Years fled, that little sister then was dear as life to me.

And woke, in my unconscious heart, a

wild idoiatry,

I worshiped at an earthly shrine,
lured by some magic spell,
Forgetful of the praise of Him, "Who
doeth all things well." She was the lovely star whose light around my pathway shone,
Amid this darksome vale of tears,
through which I journey on,
Its radiance had obscured the light.

which round his throne doth dwell.

And I wandered far away from Him, "Who doeth all things well." That star went down in beauty, yet it shineth sweetly now, In the bright and dazzling coronet, that decks the Savior's brow.
She bowed to the Destroyer, whose shafts none may repel.
But we know, for God hath told us,

"He doeth all things well." I remember well my sorrow, as I stood beside her bed.

And my deep and heartfelt angulsh,
when they told me she was dead;
And oh! that cup of bitterness, let not my heart rebel, God gave, He took, He will restore, "He doeth all things well."

"I have copied this song from memory, not having seen it in print since 1842," reads the letter that J. L. Jackson, veteran of the siege of Vicksburg, sent with the verses that stirred the North in the days "before the war." The missive concludes, "Excuse trembling hand and pencil." Gladly granted: "I have copied this song from mem-THE POOR LITTLE BLIND SLAVE BOY.

From thy poor little blind boy the long weary day? I mark every footstep, I list to each tone, And wonder why mother should leave Il you a funny story, and a fact
I promise too.
I was ever a decent man, not one of you would think.
I was, some four or five years back. Say, give us another drink!

They cooked and washed, they scrubbed and mended, they scrubbed and mended;

They cooked and washed, they scrubbed and mended;

Unto the children fondly tended;

There are voices of sorrow and voices of sorrow with me;

They cooked and washed, they scrubbed and mended;

Unto the children fondly tended;

There are voices of sorrow and voices of sorrow with me;

For each hath of trouble and sorrow his share,

And gently bathed the fevered feet.

And gently bathed from morn till night

My mother, come back; and close to thy breast Let the heart of thy poor little blind boy be pressed.
Once more let me feel thy warm breath on my cheek,
And hear thee in accents of tenderness

Poor Blind boy-no mother thy wall-ings can hear; No mother thy sorrow and sufferings

For the slave owner drives her o'er mountain and wild, And for one pairry dollar, bath sold thee, poor child!