

Once more I trod my native shore  
 Where oft in youth I strayed  
 When childhood's glowing dreams were true  
 Your fancy was betrayed

I was a stranger, though at home  
 Saw no familiar face  
 All all seemed clear, or like me seemed  
 And left another race

The bleak old school house by the wood  
 No more was standing there  
 The pine trees proudly wave above  
 The green now just as fair

As when I roamed the green hill side  
 In happy days of yore  
 The great oak tree as proudly waves  
 High over the playhouse store

In silence lone I paused above  
 The same old shelving stone  
 Where mem'ry oft had wandered back  
 To cheer me when alone

And oft when wandering o'er the woods  
 A voice from early time  
 Came whispering from those better days  
 Of joy which was mine

The springing grass has platted now  
 Each trail I used to know  
 Where oft I traced my moonlit path  
 Once in the long ago

Where since in fancy I have strayed  
 To cheer some lonely thought  
 And of how often through those streams  
 New hopes to life were brought

I then returns unto the home  
 Where I loved before  
 And there I found though now unknown  
 A welcome at their door

The Lady kindly welcomed me  
 With that familiar voice  
 Which memory long had kept in store  
 With other things as dear

I found there within that cot  
 Where I had learned to raise  
 Those airy castles. And forget  
 My simple early days

But unremembered now I sat  
 Among my friends unknown  
 And every place I saw was filled  
 But just the one alone

Where I had dreamed through weary years  
 Some day I should behold  
 The green of all my fairy dreams  
 As joyous as of old

Believing still she would appear  
 I listened to each sound  
 Which might foretell some fate near  
 But weary hours went round

And no one called that pretty name  
 I loved so well to hear  
 But sadness shadowed on each face  
 Which left me but to fear

I sought my pillow but no rest  
 Was waiting for me there  
 I fled my couch at midnight hour  
 In vain to fly despair

And now I sought the churchyard where  
 I once had felt a dread  
 Now in despair I strove to call  
 The lost one from the dead

The moon-beams danced along the walls  
 Beneath the willow shade  
 The white stone marked where some friend  
 In death's dark chamber laid