

My childhood home I see again,  
And glancing with the veiled, green hills  
And still as -   
There's sadness in it too -

O memory! thou mirage of things,  
Thou art Earth and Paradise,  
When things decay, and love has left  
In dreamy shadows lies -

And faces from all that's gross or vile,  
Seem hallowed, pure, and bright,  
Like scenes in some enchanted vale,  
All bathed in liquid light -

As distant mountains please the eye,  
When twilight chases day -  
As bright tones, that, passing by,  
In distance are away -

As leaving some grand water-fall,  
We linger, but its roar,  
No memory will hallow all,  
We've known, but know no more -

Now twenty years have passed away,  
Since here I was a child,  
Its woods, and fields, and scenes of play,  
And school-mates loved so well -

Where many were, how few remain  
Of old familiar things! and now and then  
But seeing these to miss, again and  
The lost and absent things—

The friends I left that parting day—  
How changed as time has sped!  
Young children grown, strong men and boys,  
And half of all are dead.

I hear the lone survivors tell  
How nought from death could save,  
Till every sound appears a knell  
And every spot a grave—

I range the fields with pensive tread,  
I pace the hollow rooms,  
And feel (companion of the dead)  
I'm living in the tomb.

A here's an object more of dread,  
Than ought the grave contains—  
A human form, with reason fled,  
While wretched life remains.

Poor Matthew! once of genius bright,  
A fortune-favored child,  
Now looked for eyes, in mental night,  
A hapless madman's child.

Dear Matthew! I have never forgot  
When first with madmen's rage, I look'd  
Yourself you mained, you fetter'd, you  
And mother stuns to kill, Day and

And terror spread, and neighbors ran,  
Your dangerous strength to bound, not  
And soon a heaving cry, mass, not  
Your limbs were fast, confusion all

How then you writhe and shriek alone,  
Your bones and sinews broken, not  
And frenzied in the gaping cracks, not  
With burning eyes, all glare and not

And begged, and swore, and wept, and pray'd,  
With maniac laughter, you'd not will  
How fearful are the signs displayed,  
By prodges that tell the miracle all

And when at length, the dear and long  
Time settles your fierce aspect, not  
How plaintively your mournful song,  
Upon the still night, you'd not will

I've heard it oft, as if I dream'd,  
Far distant, sweet, and lone, not will  
The funeral dirge it ever seem'd, not  
Of heaven's domain, you'd not will

to drink its streams, but stone bars, and will  
All along, and a piece, and a piece  
One yet the rising ground of day, and  
Head stretches the Eastern hills -

Air held his breath, the trees all still  
Greened, soon, and a piece, and a piece  
Their swelling trees, in a piece, and a piece  
Upon the list, and a piece, and a piece

But this is past, and a piece, and a piece  
That rises you, and a piece, and a piece  
You mad, and a piece, and a piece  
Are like, from, and a piece, and a piece

Now far, and a piece, and a piece  
That rises you, and a piece, and a piece  
All mental, and a piece, and a piece  
Went, and a piece, and a piece  
And now, and a piece, and a piece  
Less, and a piece, and a piece  
With, and a piece, and a piece  
The, and a piece, and a piece

The, and a piece, and a piece  
That, and a piece, and a piece  
How, and a piece, and a piece  
And, and a piece, and a piece



<http://memory.loc.gov/cgi-bin/ampage?collId=mal&fileName=mal3/433/4334400/malpage.db&recNum=0>