My childhood home I see again,
And gladden with the view;
And still as memories crowd my brain,
There's sadness in it too—

O memory! thou mid-way world
'Twixt Earth and Paradise,
Where things decayed, and loved ones lost
In dreamy shadows rise—

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

As distant mountains please the eye,
When twilight chases day—
As bugle-tones, that, passing by,
In distance die away—

As leaving some grand water-fall
We lingering list its roar,
So memory will hallow all
We've known, but know no more—

Now twenty years have passed away,
Since here I bid farewell
To woods, and fields, and scenes of play
And school-mates loved so well—

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

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