

OLD.

By the way-side, on a mossy stone
Sat a hoary pilgrim sadly musing ;
Oft I marked him sitting there alone,
All the landscape like a page perusing ;
Poor, unknown,
By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimmed hat,
Coat as ancient as the form 'twas folding,
Silver buttons, queue, and crimped cravat,
Oaken staff, his feeble hand upholding,
There he sat !
Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimmed hat.

Seemed it pitiful he should sit there,
No one sympathizing, no one heeding,
None to love him for his thin grey hair,
And the furrows all so mutely pleading,
Age, and care :
Seemed it pitiful he should sit there.

It was summer, and we went to school,
Dapper country lads, and little maidens,
Taught the motto of the "Dunce's Stool,"
Its grave import still my fancy ladens,
"HERE'S A FOOL!"
It was summer, and we went to school.

When the stranger seemed to mark our play,
 (Some of us were joyous, some sad-hearted,
 I remember well,—too well,—that day!)
 Oftentimes the tears unbidden started,—
 Would not stay!
 When the stranger seemed to mark our play.

One sweet spirit broke the silent spell—
 Ah! to me her name was always heaven!
 She besought him all his grief to tell,—
 (I was then thirteen, and she eleven.)
 ISABEL!
 One sweet spirit broke the silent spell.

Angel, said he sadly, I am old;
 Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow,
 Yet, why I sit here thou shalt be told,
 Then his eye betrayed a pearl of sorrow,—
 Down it rolled!
 Angel, said he sadly, I am old!

I have tottered here to look once more
 On the pleasant scene where I delighted
 In the careless, happy days of yore,
 Ere the garden of my heart was blighted—
 To the core!
 I have tottered here to look once more!

All the picture now to me how dear !
E'en this grey old rock where I am seated,
Is a jewel worth my journey here ;
Ah, that such a scene must be completed
With a tear !
All the picture now to me how dear !

Old stone School-House!—it is still the same !
There's the very step so oft I mounted ;
There's the window creaking in its frame,
And the notches that I cut and counted
For the game ;
Old stone School-House !—it is still the same !

In the cottage, yonder, I was born ;—
Long my happy home—that humble dwelling ;
There the fields of clover, wheat, and corn,
There the spring, with limpid nectar swelling ;
Ah, Forlorn !—
In the cottage, yonder, I was born.

Those two gate-way sycamores you see,
Then were planted, just so far asunder
That long well-pole from the path to free,
And the wagon to pass safely under ;
Ninety-three !
Those two gate-way sycamores you see !

There's the orchard where we used to climb
 When my mates and I were boys together,
 Thinking nothing of the flight of time,
 Fearing nought but work and rainy weather ;
 Past its prime !
 There's the orchard where we used to climb !

There, the rude, three-cornered chesnut rails,
 Round the pasture where the flocks were grazing,
 Where, so sly, I used to watch for quails
 In the crops of buckwheat we were raising,—
 Traps and trails,—
 There, the rude, three-cornered chesnut rails.

There's the mill that ground our yellow grain ;
 Pond, and river still serenely flowing ;
 Cot, there nestling in the shaded lane,
 Where the lily of my heart was blowing,—
 MARY JANE !
 There's the mill that ground our yellow grain !

There's the gate on which I used to swing,
 Brook, and bridge, and barn, and old red stable ;
 But alas ! no more the morn shall bring
 That dear group around my father's table ;
 Taken wing !
 There's the gate on which I used to swing !

I am fleeing!—all I loved are fled ;
Yon green meadow was our place for playing ;
That old tree can tell of sweet things said,
When around it Jane and I were straying ;—
She is dead !
I am fleeing!—all I loved are fled !

Yon white spire—a pencil on the sky,
Tracing silently life's changeful story,
So familiar to my dim old eye,
Points me to seven that are now in glory
There on high !
Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky !

Oft the aisle of that old church we trod,
Guided thither by an angel mother ;
Now she sleeps beneath its sacred sod,—
Sire and sisters, and my little brother—
Gone to God !
Oft the aisle of that old church we trod !

There I heard of Wisdom's pleasant ways,
Bless the holy lesson!—but, ah, never
Shall I hear again those songs of praise,
Those sweet voices,—silent now forever!
Peaceful days !
There I heard of Wisdom's pleasant ways.

There my Mary blest me with her hand,
When our souls drank in the nuptial blessing,
Ere she hastened to the spirit-land ;
Yonder turf her gentle bosom pressing :
Broken band !
There my Mary blest me with her hand.

I have come to see that grave once more,
And the sacred place where we delighted,
Where we worshipped in the days of yore,
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
To the core !
I have come to see that grave once more.

Angel, said he, sadly, I am old !
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow ;
Now, why I sit here thou hast been told :
In his eye another pearl of sorrow,—
Down it rolled !
Angel, said he, sadly, I am old !

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Sat the hoary pilgrim, sadly musing ;
Still I marked him, sitting there alone,
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