

ADDRESS

Emma J. Neale  
MOUNT LEBANON, COLUMBIA CO., N. Y.

Medical Department  
ESTABLISHED 1800

NORWOOD'S TINCTURE VERATRUM VIRIDE

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood  
When fond recollections present them to view  
The orchard the meadow the deep tangled wildwood  
And every loved spot which my infancy knew.

The dearest old sheep barn that stood on the hillside  
Where lambs frisked about in the early spring days  
The dwelling below a storhouse of beasides  
The products of skill in the earlier ways.

The vegetable garden with berry patch near it  
The pride of the town pruned with greatest of care  
The broad field beyond with brook flowing thro' it  
The water so pure could one like it be found anywhere

The Car house beyond where sweet corn in storage  
Awaited the orders from city and town  
A <sup>small</sup> ~~glance~~ <sup>visit</sup> ~~at~~ the workshops would quickly convince you  
Why orders were many from firms of renown

Our own pleasant dwelling with dairy close by it  
Where purest of milk sold to neighbors around  
Not forgetting the Duck pond where children were merry  
But ducks quacked disgust when their eggs had been found

The last but not least was our charming old saw mill  
That stood by the brookside a little way down  
Our dearest old saw mill kept busy with homework orders  
That stood by the brookside a little way down

O carry me back to my home on the hillside so pleasant & free  
Where the birds sang in concert uncaged in the forest  
Their own native land you'll agree

Where the fathers & mothers the sisters & brothers  
Made a solemn resolve over home  
A heaven on earth it shall be

Be'n a glance at the work shops would quickly  
convince you  
Why orders were many from firms of renown  
Dunn



A storehouse of treasures the product  
of skill in the earlier ways  
The dwelling below then used  
as a storehouse of skill  
Of Products the skill of ~~day~~ <sup>earlier</sup>  
still earlier ways

The vegetable garden with  
berry patch near it

The pride of the town  
pruned with greatest of care

The broad field beyond  
with brook running thro it

The water so pure could  
one like it be found anywhere

The Car barn beyond where  
sweet corn in storage  
awaited the orders from city  
and town

And in a short distance the  
 Duck pond we visit -  
 Where ducks quacked eloquent  
 when their eggs we had found  
 A glance at the work would  
 to quickly convince you  
 That orders were plenty and  
 others in view,  
 Our own pleasant dwelling with  
 dairy close to it  
 Where finest of milk sold to  
 neighbors around  
 And last but not least was our  
 charming old saw mill  
 That stood by the brookside  
 a little way down.

That stood by the brookside a little way down

Our dearest old saw mill kept busy with home work and orders

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,  
When fond recollections present them to view.  
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,  
And every loved spot which my infancy knew."

The dearest old sheep barn that stood on the hillside,  
Where lambs frisked about in the early spring days,  
The dwelling below, a store house of treasures,  
The product of skill in the earlier ways.

The vegetable garden with berry patch near it,  
The pride of the town, pruned with greatest of care,  
The broad field beyond with brook flowing through it,  
The water so pure ~~could one like it be found any where?~~  
*- none like it found anywhere.*

The Car house beyond where sweet corn in storage  
Awaited the orders from city and town,  
A stroll through the workshops would quickly convince you  
Why orders were many from firms of renown.

Our own pleasant dwelling with dairy close by it,  
Where purest of milk sold to neighbors around.  
Not forgetting the duck pond where children were merry  
But ducks quacked disgust when their eggs we had found.

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Our dearest old saw mill kept busy with home work and orders  
That stood by the brookside a little way down.

O carry me back to my home on the hillside,  
My home on the hillside so pleasant and free,  
Where the birds sang in concert, uncaged in the forest,  
Their own native land you'll agree.

Where the fathers and mothers, the Sisters and Brothers,  
Made a solemn resolve - our home a heaven on earth  
~~it shall be.~~ *should be*  
O carry me back to my home on the hillside,  
And there let me stay while time stays with me.



Emma Poen

Emma

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,  
When fond recollection presents them to view,  
The orchard, the meadow, the deep, tangled wildwood  
And every loved spot which my infancy knew,--"

The dearest old sheepbarn that stood on the hillside,  
Where lambs frisked about in the early spring days,  
The Dwelling below, a storehouse of treasures,  
The product of skill in the earlier days;

The vegetable garden, with berry patch near it,  
The pride of the town, pruned with the greatest of care;  
The broad field beyond, with brook flowing through it,  
The water so pure, could one like it be found anywhere?

The carbarn nearby, where sweet corn in storage  
Awaited the orders from city and town,  
While a stroll through the workshop would quickly convince you  
Why orders were many from firms of renown.

Our own pleasant Dwelling, with dairy close by it,  
Where purest of milk sold to neighbors around;  
Not forgetting the duck pond, where children were merry,  
But ducks quacked disgust, when their eggs we had found.

Last, but not least, was our charming new sawmill,  
That stood by the brookside, a little way down,  
Our sawmill so busy with homework and orders,  
The whine of the saw made none of us frown.

Oh! carry me back to the home of my childhood,  
My home on the hillside, so pleasant and free,  
Where the birds sang in concert, uncaged in the forest,  
Their own native land you'll agree.

Where the fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers  
Made a solemn resolve our home a Heaven on earth it should be,  
Oh! carry me back to my home on the hillside,  
And there let me stay while time stays with me.

Poem composed by Sister Emma Neal,  
of the Church Family Shakers,  
Mount Lebanon, N.Y.

September , 1939.



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