

Memories

Hail, Mt. Lebanon, beautiful spot,
 My childhood home, that is ne'er forgot,
 Fond memories cling round the hallowed past,
 That through long years doth ever last.
 Of woods and hills, and singing brooks,
 My recollections could fill books,
 Of roads and paths, familiar ways,
 Blessings on those golden days.
 The road to school, well trodden way,
 I glimpse as though but yesterday,
 I marched it o'er through shady lane,
 Through noontide heat, and summer's rain,
 Companions with me, blithe and gay,
 Some friends, some memories, are today.
 Dear ones, with whom my youth was spent,
 Eager we, on pleasures bent,
 And precious were the hours shared,
 When life was young, its troubles spared,
 In work, the dull routine of days,
 We trod the old familiar ways,
 And roamed the field and mountains o'er,
 In search of Autumn's varied store.
 The orchards were but gardens fair,
 And wealth of harvests garnered there,
 Hillsides rich with growing grain,
 The rushing brook in warm spring rain.
 Stored is my mind with pictures good,
 Of blossomtime in field and wood.
 How near each well remembered room,
 Within thy dwellings brightly loom,
 With scenes domestic, joyful, sad,
 Oft welcome guests, that made us glad,
 Where worship rose in hymns divine,
 Sweet memories that are ever mine.
 When night brought rest to day's designs,
 And the moon rose o'er the solemn pines,
 Shedding rays of silver light,
 O'er lawn and garden, vale and height,
 The brooklets song, to me so dear,
 Arose in distance, faint, yet clear.
 Many the friends I've lived with there,
 And some passed on, from earthly care,
 But all are often in my thought,
 Many the changes time hath wrought.
 A vast unfolding of the years,
 That lie far past; but yet endears
 Me, all the more to this loved place,
 I, with fond thought each memory trace,
 Fair Lebanon; 'Tis of thee I dream,
 Of greening willows by the stream,
 Of silver birches on the hill,
 The reedy pond beside the mill,
 The robins that awoke the dawn,
 Dew wet lilacs in early morn,
 The golden sunset's changing hues,
 And well remembered mountain views,
 The march of progress, sure and swift,
 Will from this soil, its wonders lift,
 But graven on each loyal heart,
 Are records from which one cannot part.

Sarah Collins,