

## YOUTHFUL RECOLLECTIONS.

The place of our birth! O, it brings to the mind  
 Those fond recollections no other can bring;  
 To that place, ever hallowed, are fondly inclined,  
 Our thoughts, which around it forever must cling.

The sounds which first greeted in childhood our ears,  
 The objects first painted on juvenile eyes,  
 With all their fond freshness, in life's riper years,  
 Distinctly, in visions of memory, rise.

Of scenes most familiar in life's early years,  
 Which, in beauty, remembrance so kindly doth bring,  
 And time, by its rapid advances, endears,  
 Let the muse now in order most joyfully sing.

The tall shady trees, with their broad, leafy boughs,  
 Where the birds of the summer once nestled and sung;  
 Where in springtime the robin, her mate did espouse,  
 And with birdlike affection protected her young.

The fields, where in gambols of childhood, we passed  
 The bright summer mornings of juvenile days;  
 And e'en when the shadows of evening were cast,  
 Our sports oft went on by the moon's feeble rays.

The mountainous ramparts surrounding the vale,  
 Whose rocks had the storms of the ages defied;  
 The oaks and the pines, which had weathered the gale,  
 And had lifted their heads to the clouds, in their pride.

The brook, on whose banks in the bright summer days,  
 We joyfully gazed on the fishes within,  
 As they, in affright, darted numerous ways,  
 Till, beneath the loose pebbles, themselves they did screen.

The school-house, where I the first rudiments learned,  
 Of the language I speak, of my own native tongue,  
 With its seats and its aisles, to my vision returned,  
 While its scenes of delight, to my memory clung.

My schoolmates, who wandered with me in the grove,  
 To pluck the wild blossoms that grew in the shade,  
 Or, pleasantly sauntering, homeward did rove,  
 As evening came on, and the daylight did fade.