

DEAR OLD FOREST DALE .

Fond memory drew aside, last night,
From o'er the past its veil,
And brought in dreams a vision bright
Of dear old Forest Dale.
Again it lay in beauty wild
As oft it met my gaze,
When happy childhood on me smiled
In the far gone by day.

Again we climbed the steep hill side
And roamed the valley green,
Or strayed where sparkling waters glide
Their shady banks between.
We dared the somber forest's gloom,
The lonely mountain glen,
In search for flowers of rarest bloom
And the wild fruits again.

I heard the cow bell's tinkling note,
The mellow, distant low;
The wandering herds again I sought
The rich, green pastures through.
The silvery echoes answered back,
The merry shouts I'd raise;
And every thing the form did take
Of those dear childhood days.

Those happy days, that happy dream,
Alike too swiftly fled;
And drifting on time's rapid stream
Long years since then have sped.
And though so many by have gone
Their flight still knows no fail
But faster farther bears me on
From Dear old Forest Dale.

But ever in my mind and heart
It shall be fresh and near
Though far and long from it I part
And all who made it dear.
The old log cabin rude and bare,
That humble, happy spot,
The loving hearts that nestled there
Shall never be forgot.