Thoughts of other days.

Contributors

Brady, Jno. W. Francis A. Countway Library of Medicine

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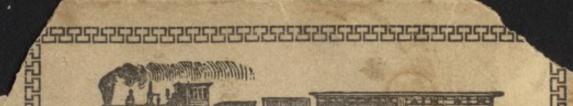
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THOUGHTS OF OTHER DAYS.

N sadness do I now look back
Upon the by-gone days,
When I was happy all day long,
In boyish sports and ways;
But now I'm forced to limp along
My way as you can see,
Those boyish sports and good old times
Will come no more to me.

I little thought as time flew by,
Misfortunes, thick and fast,
Would o'er me fall and make me go
A cripple to the last!
Such is my lot; wealth can't atone
For loss of limb to me.
Pushed from a train—the mischief's done,
News-boy no more I'll be.

And as my thoughts anon return
To boyhood's happy home,
And to the old familiar haunts,
In which I loved to roam,
I often wish I might return
To my old home once more,
But friends are gone!—I'll try and live
To meet them on yon shore.

And now, dear friends, I'm as you see,
Poor, helpless and alone;
No other way to earn my bread—
Will you please buy my song?
And may God bless you! ev'ry one,
This is my heartfelt pray'r,
And by and by may we all meet,
In realms just over there.
JNO. W. BRADY.

