

## Thoughts of other days.

### Contributors

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

### Publication/Creation

[Place of publication not identified] : [publisher not identified], [1885?]

### Persistent URL

<https://wellcomecollection.org/works/rtpbgrc7>

### License and attribution

This material has been provided by This material has been provided by the Francis A. Countway Library of Medicine, through the Medical Heritage Library. The original may be consulted at the Francis A. Countway Library of Medicine, Harvard Medical School. where the originals may be consulted. This work has been identified as being free of known restrictions under copyright law, including all related and neighbouring rights and is being made available under the Creative Commons, Public Domain Mark.

You can copy, modify, distribute and perform the work, even for commercial purposes, without asking permission.



Wellcome Collection  
183 Euston Road  
London NW1 2BE UK  
T +44 (0)20 7611 8722  
E [library@wellcomecollection.org](mailto:library@wellcomecollection.org)  
<https://wellcomecollection.org>



## THOUGHTS OF OTHER DAYS.

—●—

**I**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.

HE  
1780  
B81