

MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

---

The children who lived with me,  
 At the foot of an ancient hill,  
 Who roamed the pastures so free,  
 And the mountains climbed at will,  
 Who plucked the flowers of spring, so sweet,  
 And the tempting fruits of autumn did eat,  
 Are my own dear brothers and sisters still.  
 Their youthful songs were merry and free,  
 And their hearts were full of childish glee,  
 For the bustling world, with its anxious care,  
 Scarcely had made its advent there.  
 In memory's palace proudly stand,  
 With sparkling eyes and with voices bland  
 This joyful, happy and social band.

But O, the vision has fled; the old hill stands there yet;  
 Upward it lifts its head, and with rains and dews is wet,  
 But the hill, and the children too, their brother will never forget.  
 But the hill, O it stands there still, and will as the ages roll,  
 (The same old rocky hill) till the heavens are wrapped as a scroll,  
 And the doleful funeral knell of the world begins to toll.  
 But the children have passed away, some to the land of rest,  
 Others as pilgrims stay, away in the mighty West,  
 Waiting, the voice to obey, of Jehovah's great behest,  
 When he from its earthly clay, shall the living soul divest.  
 But when the summons shall come, and the world's strong pillars  
 bend,  
 And the nations shall hear the doom, that proclaims their final  
 end,  
 And the slumbering dead shall rise, and from grassy graves ascend,  
 May these children, good and wise, reound the throne their voices  
 blend.

