To Miss E. Louisa Carr

BALLAD

My early Fireside

BY

ALICE HAWTHORNE

AUTHOR OF

What is home without a Mother.
I set my heart upon a Flower.
Mercy's Dream.
Chimes of the Monastery.
Song of the Farmer.
Rebecca at the Well.

Come, gather round the Hearth.
The love of one fond Heart.
How sweet are the Roses.
The Pet of the Cradle.
Listen to the Mocking Bird.
My Cottage Home.

F. M. Gaw. Eng.

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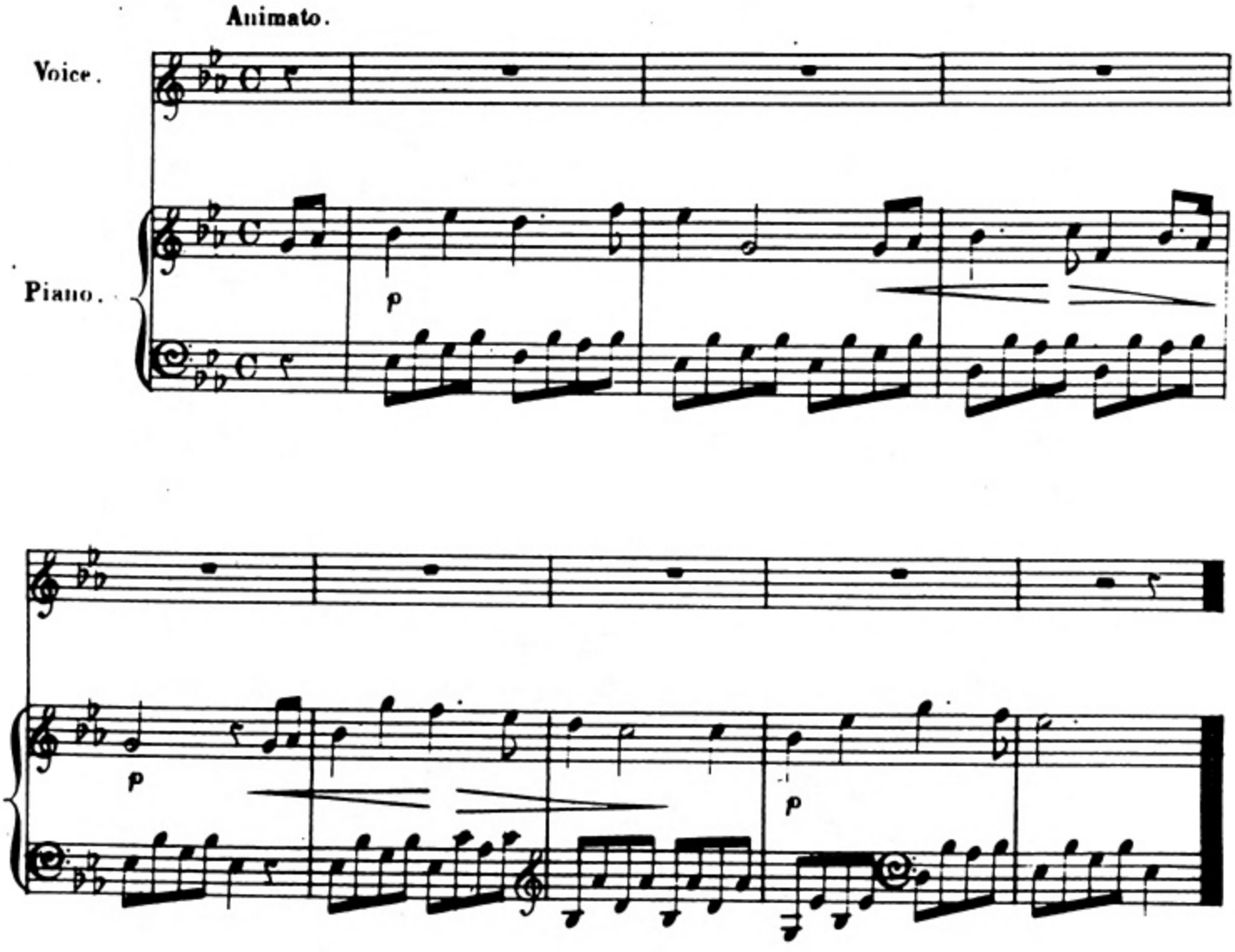
My early Fireside.

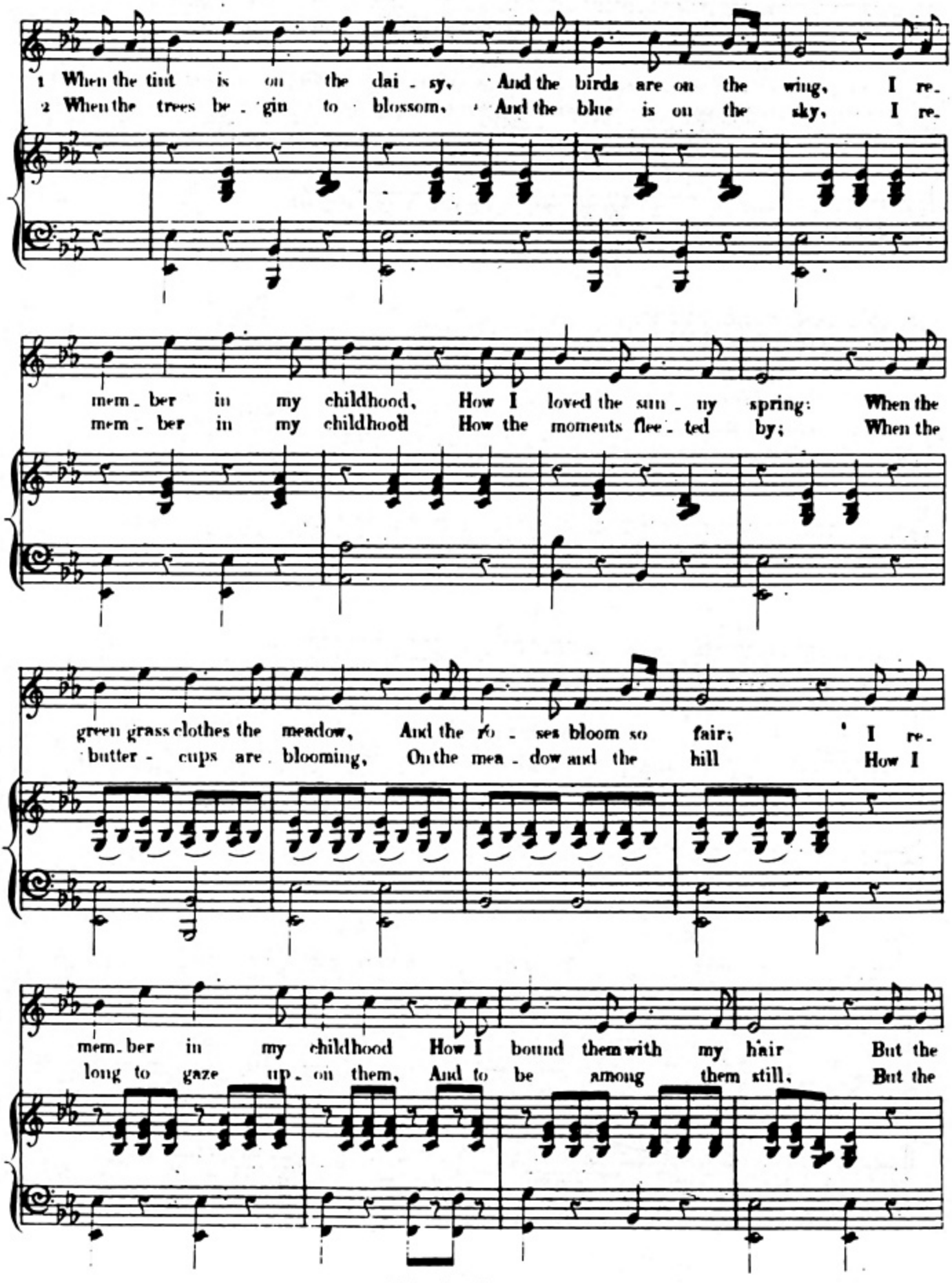
By

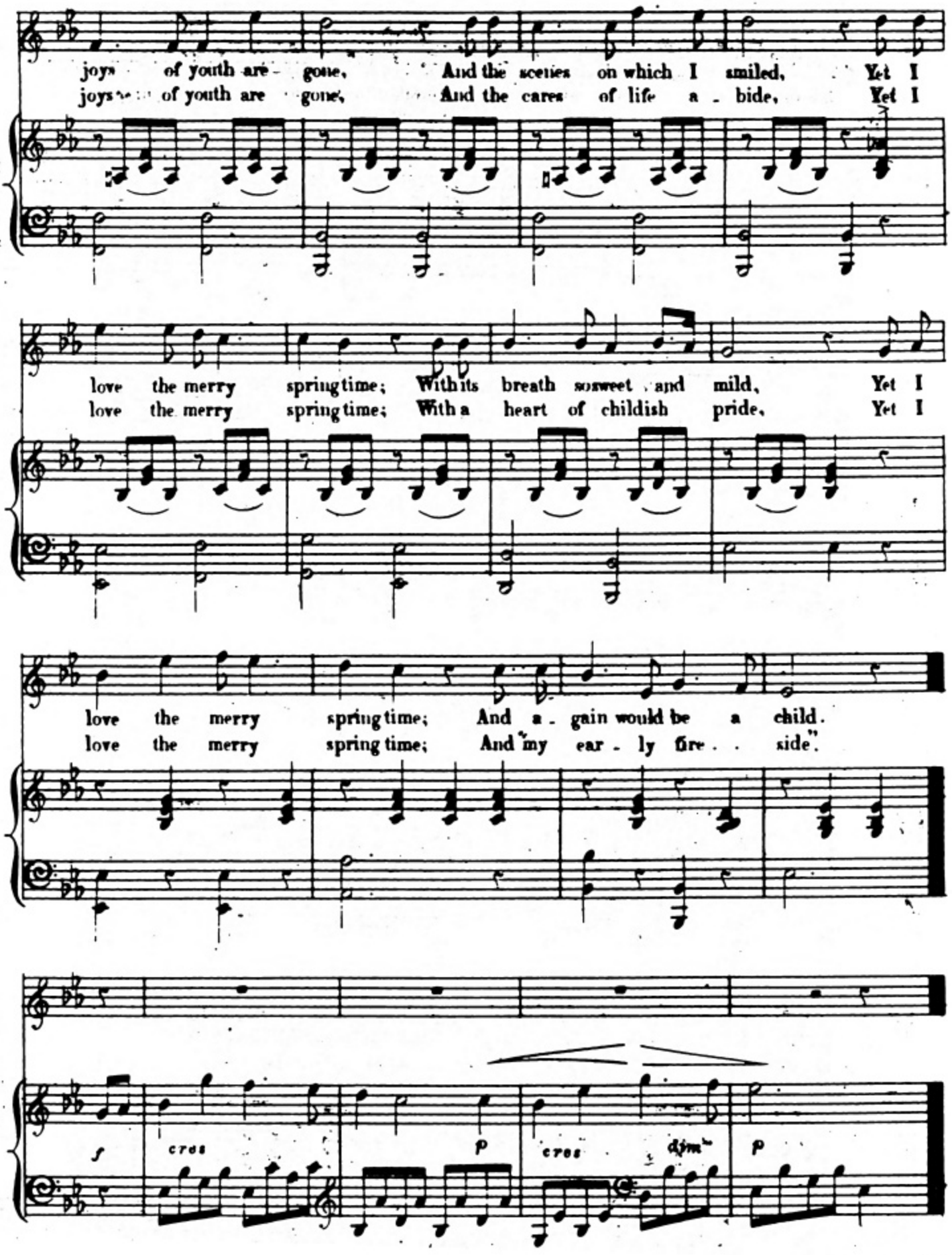
ALICE HAWTHORNE

AUTHOR OF

The Days gone by.
Cast thy Bread upon the Waters.
Dreams that charmed me when a Child.
The Harvest Moon.
Our good old Friends.
Let us Hope for the best.




1 When the tint is on the dai - sy, And the birds are on the wing, I re.
2 When the trees be - gin to blossom, And the blue is on the sky, I re.
mem - ber in my childhood, How I loved the sum - my spring: When the
mem - ber in my childhood How the moments flee - ted by; When the
green grass clothes the meadow, And the ro - ses bloom so fair; I re.
butter - cups are blooming, On the mea - dow and the hill How I
mem - ber in my childhood How I bound them with my hair But the
long to gaze up - on them, And to be among them still, But the


joys of youth are gone, And the scenes on which I smiled, Yet I
joys of youth are gone, And the cares of life a - bide, Yet I
love the merry springtime; With its breath so sweet and mild, Yet I
love the merry springtime; With a heart of childish pride, Yet I
love the merry springtime; And a - gain would be a child.
love the merry springtime; And my ear - ly fire - side".
f
cres
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P