

Grandmother's home

Pennsville Pennsville, yes I can see
The dear old place where I used to be
Can I forget it I say not, nay
Though thirty eight years since that day
To grandmother's home near the old town
In the autumn days when the leaves ^{are down}
Ruffled & played over the old hillsides
And the eastern porches high & wide

The old spring house with its vessels of cream
And below it there the little stream
That flowed to the trough where at noon ^{and} night
Old Dobbin quaffed with such delight
And near it the geese & ganders gray
Noisily chattered from dawn to day
And on the hill the huge old barn
With its horses & kine in their stalls ^{was}

The bleating sheep that roamed the hills
In the shed the carryall with its pole ^{upright}
Ready on first day there to go
To Hopewell Church, but 't for show
The neighbors there & that first day
With pleasant faces & dress of gray
Twas a gracious scene not to be forgot
From the dear old folks to the little tots

2 And grand mother home what a joy ^{and pride}
As they gathered around at evening
and chatted and talked of things both great
From early morning till evening late
Uncle Jessie, Aunt Hannah & Caroline
Abecher & Merrick, what a treat was mine
When I romped and played with Uncle great
In that dear old place in Ohio State

The passing of grand father I recall
And dear Aunt Hannah in early fall
In Hopewell Churchyard ^{at the} for
Waiting the summons from ^{the} high
Many years have passed since ^{those} days
I cherish them yet ⁱⁿ spirit, always
Tho their offspring scattered far ^{and} wide
And many loved on the other side
From ^{the} Philippine shores to Pacific strand
Prairie scattered all over this mighty land
A glad re-union sure will be
When we meet at last in the crystal ^{sea}

a. e. l.

Grandmother's house
written for Uncle
Wheeler ^{one} Sam ^{afternoon}