

LYRICS OF HOME-LAND

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Lyrics of Home-Land by Eugene J. Hall

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EUGENE J. HALL

**LYRICS OF
HOME-LAND**

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"THERE'S A CHOIR OF HAPPY VOICES IN THE WOODLANDS SWEETLY SINGING;
OUT AMID THE APPLE BLOSSOMS WE CAN HEAR THEM ALL THE DAY
AND WITH GLAD AND JOYOUS MUSIC ALL THE LEAFY BOUGHS ARE RINGING.
GAYLY SING THE SUMMER SONG BIRDS. HOW WE WONDER WHAT THEY SAY."
(Page 99.)

LYRICS OF HOME-LAND.

BY

EUGENE J. HALL.



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TO

IRVING RETTER HALL,

MY MERRY LITTLE SON,

THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

IN YOUTH BE PURE, IN MANHOOD STRONG,
BE FOREMOST IN THE FIGHT,
A BITTER FOE TO EVERY WRONG,
A CONSTANT FRIEND TO RIGHT.

BE BRAVE, MY BOY. NOR YIELD, NOR FALL,
AND IT WILL BE MY PRAYER
THAT THE DEAR LORD, WHO LOVES US ALL,
MAY KEEP YOU IN HIS CARE.

PREFACE.

LEAVING the old New England farm-house where I was born, I commenced my career, beyond my native hills, by teaching a district school. During that interesting period of my existence it was my pleasure and privilege to sojourn with many families of whose simplicity and hospitality I still cherish kindly remembrances. I have heard the pattering raindrops and the rattling hail upon the shingles, and have listened to the howling of the winter wind about the great gables and massive chimneys of many old farm-houses. I have slept in the spare bed, behind whose snowy valance the winter's store of butternuts was spread to dry. I have chased the highway cow, have labored through long, sultry days in field and meadow, have hunted and fished amid the vernal mountains, have been one of the social group accustomed to congregate at the village store, and have often sat by the olden time fire-place and heard my share of that small gossip so common in country neighborhoods. I have traveled from town to town, always mingling closely with the people; and I can say, without exaggeration, that, with few exceptions, I have found kindness, benevolence, generosity and good-will wherever I have been; and therefore can affirm, with good reason, that these very excellent qualities are the most prominent characteristics of the average American. To those who have helped and befriended me I desire to publicly express my gratitude, particularly to John M. Retter of Oak Park, Franc B. Wilkie, Judge Mason B. Loomis and

William M. Hoyt, of Chicago, Illinois, who have been true friends to me when friendship was greatly needed.

Yankees, so called, have always been represented, in both literature and the drama, as sharp-featured, ungrammatical boors, talking nasal nonsense and making themselves and their country generally ridiculous. Doubtless they are eccentric and peculiar people, but in intelligence and education are second to few, if any, people on earth. The Yankee dialect is agreeable to the ear, and, in the expression of ideas, is compact and comprehensive. It is only in the most isolated places, if indeed anywhere, that anything approaching the "conventionalized" Yankee could be found.

It has been my purpose to picture with fidelity the better side of American life, manners and scenery. If I have failed in my undertaking, it is because my eyes have deceived me, or that my pen is powerless to portray the peculiarities of nature, the joys and sorrows of the human heart, the sweet faces and the lovely landscapes I have seen. The following poems may lack grace and beauty, but I have faithfully tried to put a truthful touch of honest nature in them all.

Caroline Hall

MILLARD AVENUE STATION, CHICAGO, ILL.,
August 10, 1881.

