

A Dream.

One morn'g before the birds began,
To taste their notes so sweet,
I dream'd while o'er a hill I ran,
A something stop'd my feet.

And when I turn'd my head around,
Then what was my surpris,
To see a rock upon the ground,
That almost reach'd the skies.

And from that rock a river ran,
Where golden fishes play'd;
While all the ^{birds} melodious sang,
And their sweet notes display'd.

And I fear'd at what I'd seen,
And what I more should see,
A Fairy wand'ring o'er the green,
Thus kindly spake to me:

The rock, at which you're wonder'd long,
In faith, shall always be;
And the sweet stream that flows along,
Is lasting charity.

The golden tribes that in it live
And sport about so free,
Are those who ever ready give
Sweet fruits of charity.

And when she said thus kindly spake
The soon my sight did gleam,
And then I instantly on her,
Surprised at such a dream.

R. J. Church, opp. Cth
1834

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Home! Sweet Home! 7 7 7 7

And pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek through the world, is never met with else where.

Home, home, sweet-home! there's no place like home.

There's no place like home.

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An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh give me my lowly thatched cottage again,
The birds singing sweetly, that came at my call,
Give me them, with the peace of mind dearer than all.

Home sweet home! there's no place like home.

There's no place like home.

April 6th 1834

Rebecca J. Oliver

My Dear father and
Brother