

HOMESICK

I want to go back
To a day long dead;
To my mother's knee,
And the simple prayer
"Now I lay me down"
To the jeweled hours
That were free from care

I want to go back
To the gray roofed cot,
To the wild bird's song,
And the joyous play;
To the voice that called
From the vine-covered door
At the close of day.

I want to go back –
My soul is sick
Of the daily grind
Of the strain and strife
And the ceaseless roar
Of crowded streets
That men call "life".

I want to go back
To the whispering nights,
The rain on the roof,
The drifting leaves,
For the wood-fire's gleam
On the time-stained walls
My spirit grieves.

I want to go back
The peace I crave
And the lamp of Joy
That I sought with tears –
Though I knew it not –
And there, back there,
With the vanished years.

By Beth Slater Whitson

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