BACK TO THE OLD SUGAR CAMP

Valse tempo

As I walked thro' the old sugar camp to-day, And breathed in that perfume so sweet Of the twigs, and the thaw, and the smoke, and the slipping away, When you left me alone in the old sugar stew, Each breath brot a picture replete, And I pondered a camp, On the eve of your schools last day, Come, come, back once

ANNA M. WILSON
Gain on the times that are gone, And the pictures to memory true,
more to the old sugar camp. As of old I am stirring the stew.

And knew as I dream'd of the days that are dead, That the
And hauling the water and mending the fire, But dream-

soul of each picture was you,

Long long years have fled since I

stray'd there with you At morn as you walk'd to your school,

As we

Old sugar Camp 3
gain ev'-ry eve thru' the dusk and the dew, When you'd lain a-side les son and use to in days that are pass'd pass'd and gone, I am bonnd but my love you are

rule _____ How my glad pulse would quick-en to see you a-lone. Come free _____ I am bound by the cords of a mem-o-ry dear, A

in at the old blue gate, ______ Where at haul-ing the water and mem-o-ry full of you, ______ And it spurns to be crushed by the

stir-ring the stew, We were work-ing there ear-ly and late. ______ weight of the years, And I'm long-ing my lost one for you.