Twenty years ago "Dirtin' Leg"

James Campbell

I have wandered to the village from this
set beneath the tree where the school
house of playing ground which sheltered
gold and one bell none are left to play on
the days and jinn are left to play on
plowed with an before the year that meant
just ago

The sweet grass is still as green as ever now it is
spotted days at play are sporting bill as we were
then with Epril's bill as gay that made us
sleep I upon the bill all over the white
snow that afforded us a sliding place if you don't
the old school house is altered some the benches
are replaced by new ones and we like the same
our principal had despised but the same old
beats in the mall the bell rings to end
for the music Tigers the same dear Tom tried

Twenty years ago

The boys are playing some old games beneath that
same old tree I do forget the name that name we
have played the same with some on the same spot that
was played with friends here in town up and to the leader
had a talk to do these twenty years ago.
The river is running still, as still the millions on its side are larger than they wereorer town, the stream appears to divide the grazing valley. In every section where once I played the boys and dancing our treat, hearts, pretty girls. But twenty years ago a spring that bubbled near the hill close by the spreading banks is very high and once so low that one could almost walk but the blackdown to get a thing my town, I started to see how many I am changed since thirty years ago.

Down by the spring upon a mile you know I cut your name your sweet heart's list I wrote it down and your old mine the same tome. Heartless watch. I quit the carp and a few brief but clear list at the end whose name you cut out did twenty years ago.

My kids have long been by dear Tom but heart come in me. As I thought of him I loved do well those early horses. This I visited the old churchyard and took home flowers to throw upon the graves of those we loved home twenty years ago.
Some are in the churchyard laid some
help, beneath the sea at leaf. You are
left of our old class meeting kepting you
and me but where our time shall come
dear tom and me are called to get hope
they may us our here some friend hush

Many years ago

I have not got a letter from you
since May no he last this but I
will keep writing to go soon I
will get to New York and it will

I will get to New York and it will

give one all the news at one
time next I would rather get
them after and I would rather
letter satisfied to hear from you

Sunday day then to hear from you

Once I wrote a few lines about
my love to another a mother and
family and all my friends in that
country and pay apart for your half

So won't see from you to

Please find this as

and if it was not
for the cost of a staple rope is more help two