

# Long Ago

I once knew all the birds that came  
And nested in our orchard trees,  
For every flower I had a name--  
My friends were woodchucks, toads, and bees;  
I knew where thrived in yonder glen  
What plants would soothe a stone-bruised toe--  
Oh, I was very learned then,  
But that was very long ago.

I knew the spot upon the hill  
Where checkerberries could be found,  
I knew the rushes near the mill  
Where pickerel lay that weighed a pound!  
I knew the wood--the very tree  
Where lived the poaching, saucy crow,  
And all the woods and crows knew me--  
But that was very long ago.

And pining for the joys of youth,  
I tread the old familiar spot  
Only to learn this solemn truth:  
I have forgotten, am forgot.  
Yet here's this youngster at my knee  
Knows all the things I used to know;  
To think I once was wise as he!--  
But that was very long ago.

I know it's folly to complain  
Of whatsoe'er the fates decree,  
Yet, were not wishes all in vain,  
I tell you what my wish should be:  
I'd wish to be a boy again,  
Back with the friends I used to know.  
For I was, oh, so happy then--  
But that was very long ago!

This song has been downloaded from [BusSongs.com](http://BusSongs.com).