

To My Darlings

I'm thinking of the loved ones,
That now are far away;
And sighing for their presence,
And longing every day.

It thinks I hear their voices,
As borne upon the air;
They bring a child boy's rattle,
And his mother's fervent prayer.

All nature smiles around me
The day is bright and clear;
But sadness fills my bosom,
As I long for those so dear,

To once more taste the kisses,
That I know are waiting there;
To hear the joyful greetings
Of those who for me care.

Oh! had I wings as eagles,
I'd fly o'er mountains grand;
And quickly reach my darling,
In fair Willamette's land,

'Tis hard to sit and ponder,
And wait a future hour,
That hope has bid us cherish,
With ever increasing power,

When we again united,
May journey on through life;
And hand in hand climb upward,
To seek a rest from strife.

Dear Saviour give us patience,
To watch and wait that time;
When we may find and enter,
A fairer, sunnier clime.

Lovingly
"Papa Walker"

Warm Springs Agency Or
Sunday afternoon Sept 7 1890