

My Father's Violin

by Mary Amelia Ingalls

Long years have passed since childhood's happy day.
Sorrow and joy have fallen in my way.
Sunshine and shadow along my pathway lay.
Happiness and misery have come and passed away.
And rosy morn and twilight cold and gray,
Never to fade and never to decay.
Until this paper's page I print
With stylus of steel on slate of flint,
The words which shall forever be
A record of the melody
That lifts my soul, Oh, God, to thee.
Those sweet old strains shall ever rise
And be with me beyond the skies,
Shall be with me and never die,
Sweet strains of the "Sweet By and By."
And oft the merry footsteps flew
And happy heart beats faster grew
As o'er the strings the bow he drew.
And "Swanee River," "Home Sweet Home"
Shall be with me where e'er I roam
Through desert wild, o'er ocean foam,
And make the glittering teardrop start
And faster beat the throbbing heart.
But like some brilliant beacon star
As o'er the world I wander far

I seem to see my home again,
My father and his violin.
Sweeter by far to my loving heart
Than minstrels of cultured art
Was music from those mystic strings,
My father's hand to give it wings.
Oh, how I wish for an hour once more
In that dear old home on Vermillion's shore.
How I long to enter that vine-wreathed door
And stand on that old familiar floor,
Once more the dear ones there to greet
To think of the years that have passed so fleet
Since with childish romping feet
We roamed through the gardens and meadows sweet;
And to look with many blinding tears
Into the vista of the coming years.
What the future may bring we cannot know.
Joy's wings are fleet, sorrow's are slow.
Sorrow from joys of the present may glow
Or joy may come of our grief and woe.
But ever and always the song in my heart
Shall be of the time when never to part,
In the Heavenly home we'll meet again,
Sanctified, glorified, cleansed from all sin.



Learn more about Laura Ingalls Wilder, the places she lived, and the people she loved.

NOTGRASS.COM/WILDER

Pa's Fiddle