

# Louisburg Echoes.

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218  
155  
55  
36  
496

" A little while, and then the summer day,  
    When I go home.  
'Tis lonesome winter now, but 'twill be May  
    When I go home.  
Beyond the gloom of moor and fen I see  
The welcome warm of those who wait for me.  
Work ceases not in sunshine or in shower,  
    Till I go home;  
But in the stillness of the twilight hour  
    I dream of home.  
And when the night-wind moans across the wold,  
I feel nor dread of dark nor chill of cold.  
All will be well and all will be happiness  
    When I go home;  
The wanderings all o'er and loneliness,  
    When I go home.  
There will be light at eventide for me,  
The light that never was on land or sea."

777  
777  
834  
181

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