Old Familiar Faces, The.

By Lamb, Charles .

I have had playmates, I have had companions,

In my days of childhood, in my joyful schooldays;

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,

Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a Love once, fairest among women:

Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her -

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man:

Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;

Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,

Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,

Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,

Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?

So might we talk of the old familiar faces -

How some they have died, and some they have left me,

And some are taken from me; all are departed;

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.