

## Our Pioneer Home

*Every season brought us joy,  
Happiness and laughter.  
The memory of those hallowed days  
Are mine forever after.*

*I see the waving golden fields,  
The cool and shady lane.  
I walk beneath the sunny skies  
Of childhood once again.*

*Here, my pioneer father built  
A humble house of sod.  
Taught us faith and trust and love,  
Then left the rest to God.*



From "After This Harvest", Copyright 1964 Elvina Granlie McNamara,  
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