

DEAR BROTHER, COME HOME
TO THE FARM.
YOU ARE IN M. DICKINSON'S

Your letter has reached me, dear Herbert,
And I have read it all through.
So now I am at liberty to answer,
And talk quite plainly to you.
"To me, my son, you are my dear brother,
A true son to his parents.
Letting reason guide us a little,
And stop living in sheer air.

I don't want to be hard, my dear brother,
but the truth must be told;
Since the death of our dear, darling mother,
Our father is very, very lonely.

I think it's time for you to come home.

And when he's strong, sturdy arm
Would willingly, cheerfully help him.

He is wealth from the soil of the farm.

There's no代替 in Herbert,

I thank you for that.

When you are here, we'll have a great time.

Is of any importance make."

I'm not sure if you can be.

And when he's strong, sturdy arm
Would willingly, cheerfully help him.

It's wealth from the soil of the farm.

What do you think about it?

And stop living in sheer air.

As it is, I am in a bind.

Remember our family names.

Remember your good name, and the name of your father's.

And when he's strong, sturdy arm
Would willingly, cheerfully help him.

That changes his opinion, changes.

Look out, son, yourself for one moment;

Then he'll come home to the farm.

What do you think about it?

Do you like it?

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