

Get among the acres,  
In a lonely distant land;  
Lived an old man in a house,  
Out in the country where he turned his hand.

It was a worthy property,  
From nation far and wide;  
Old Sidney Jones and company  
The old man's house and pride.

Each morning he would tend the cows,  
And feed the chicks and hens;  
The rooster would give their morning crow,  
And he'd check the sheep left in their pens.

And then this little smoky,  
The gray kitten he left behind;  
Old Sydney from Longley,  
Went on and left his soul and mind.

He turned his hand to farming,  
And build a shed or two;  
The property and his patience,  
Would earn a car or two.

The old man's house still standing,  
In this hearty mountain land;  
There's not much left to speak of,  
But Sidney's house with my pen in hand.

Signed,

Near the top of the hill