

• OLD WOODEN ROCKER

There it stands in the corner, with its back to the wall
The old wooden rocker so stately and tall
With naught to disturb it but the duster or broom,
For no one now uses the back parlor room.
Oh, how well I remember, in days long gone by,
When we stood by that rocker, my sister and I,
And we listen'd to the stories that our grandma would tell,
By that old wooden rocker we all lov'd so well.

CHORUS.

As she sat by the fire, she would rock, rock, rock,
As if we heard but the tick of the old brass clock;
Eighty years she had sat in that chair, grim and tall—
In that old wooden rocker that stood by the wall.

If this chair could but speak, oh, the tales it could tell,
How poor aged grandpa, in fierce battle fell;
Neath the stars and the stripes he fought bravely and true,
He exchanged his freedom—the red, white and blue.
It could tell of bright days, and of dark ones, besides,
Of the day when dear grandma stood forth as a bride;
This is a hy we all love it, this old chair grim and tall—
The old wooden rocker that stands by the wall.—Chorus

But poor grandma is gone, and her stories are done;
Her children have followed her, yes, one by one;
They have all gone to meet her "in the sweet bye-and-by,"
And all that is left is dear sister and I.
Never more will we hide her gold specs or her cap;
Never more will we tease her while taking her nap;
Never more will she slumber in that chair, grim and tall—
The old wooden rocker that stood by the wall.—Chorus.