

THE OLD HOME

The old house stood deserted,
Dismantled and forlorn,
Of all its former glories
By time it had been shorn.

The green Virginia creeper
Clung to the mouldering eaves,
As if to hide time's wreckage
Behind its sheltering leaves.

The old gate creaked a protest
And moaning, seemed to say,
My younger days of labor
Have long since passed away.

No wild, exultant bow-wows
My longing ear did greet;
No Rover, from his stronghold,
Rushed out the boy to meet.

A robin to its fond mate
Was warbling in a tree,
The only thing to welcome,
Or greeting give to me.