

## THE DESERTED HOUSE

With sagging door and staring window-place,  
And sunken roof, it stands among its trees,  
Befriended by the boughs that interlace  
Between it and the light ghost-footed breeze.

Poor human nest, how desolately torn!  
Yet in these ragged rooms young children slept,  
And on this floor, all broken and forlorn,  
The baby with the sunshine daily crept.

See where some older "Ruth" and "Archie" stood,  
And marked their names a yard space from the  
ground.

That little height where all of sweet and good  
Within the narrow plot of home is found.

Such tiny sleeping rooms, with space for naught  
Except a place to dress, a place to dream,  
A book, a little shelf, a good night thought,  
A childish treasure brought from field or stream.

Upon this curbstone, picking bit by bit  
The grass that grew before the cottage door,  
The blessed baby sat, examining it  
As one who ne'er had seen its like before.

Here by the window in her willow chair,  
The mother sewed and sang a low refrain.  
Are those the patches from her piece-bag there?  
Nay, they are leaves that blew in with the rain!