

The house is settling with its walls,
And rent with heaving of the mould ;
It has stood many years blind-fold,
With darkness brooding in its halls.

The edges of the garden pots
Are sadly draped with wilted vine ;
While lingering blue of columbine
Is waving in the corner lots.

The barn sinks deep in bed of mire,
And cripples o'er its rotted sill ;
The rains have fill'd the blacken'd still
Round broken sled and rusted tire.

The cross-stak'd fences tumble down,
And cattle crop the orchard trees,
While hollows of the famished leas
Fall in with wavy lick of brown.

The happy dwellers left in haste
By some delusive prospect drawn,
But they had sad regret anon,
And now lament the years of waste.