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The Old House

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THE OLD HOUSE

BY WENONA L. DUNN

WE ARE TEARING DOWN THE OLD, OLD HOUSE.
(NO ONE HAS LIVED HERE FOR MANY YEARS.)
HOW MANY MEMORIES DOES IT HOLD?
HOW MANY JOYS? AND HOW MANY TEARS?

THE NAILS ARE RUSTY, THE BOARDS ARE OLD —
THE WINDOWS AND DOORS ARE LONG SINCE GONE;
AS WE WORK I THINK OF TIMES GONE BY —
BACK IN THE DAYS WHEN THE HOUSE WAS YOUNG.

MOTHER HAS WORKED IN THE KITCHEN — THERE;
AND BAKED THE BREAD IN THE OLD WOOD STOVE.
FATHER HAS READ TO THE CHILDREN — HERE;
AS THE FAMILY MET IN A CIRCLE OF LOVE.

HERE THE CHILDREN HAVE PLAYED AND LAUGHED AND CRIED;
GROWN UP AND MARRIED AND GONE AWAY.
FROM TIME TO TIME THEY ALL CAME BACK
AT CHRISTMAS AND OTHER SPECIAL DAYS.

NOW THE PARENTS ARE GONE, AND THE CHILDREN, TOO;
(THE YEARS HAVE SPED SO QUICKLY BY!)
SOON THE OLD HOUSE, TOO, WILL BE NO MORE.
AS WE WORK I THINK I CAN HEAR IT SIGH.



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