

The Old House

There is, in my memories, a house on a hill
In the midst of a Kentucky farm;
Where I played as a child, and I think of it still.
I would sleep there, safe from all harm.

In an old feather bed by a swinging screen door --
I can still hear it slam in my mind;
By light from the oil lamp nearby on the floor,
Oh, my thoughts take me backward in time!

I still hear the rain on its old roof of tin.
I still smell the down in the pillows.
I can see the old trees bow their heads once again,
From the rush of the wind in the willows.

Oh take me, take me back once again;
Let me spend one more night in that place!
But too late, I'm afraid, for the old house is gone,
And another stands long in its space.

Oh, to share just one night with you in that place,
To play in the old feather bed!
We'd sleep beneath quilts that my grandmother made,
When all of our prayers had been said.

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