

## The Old Homestead

On a lonely, country back road  
Not so very far from town  
Stands a silent little homestead  
With its buildings falling down

The family that had lived there  
Took care of it with pride  
Standing there after all these years  
Its spirit never died.

In its day it held a family  
And the barn was filled with hay  
In the manger fed the cattle  
Who had roamed the fields all day

Once dogs and cats and children  
Had played out in the yard  
The tree that held the playhouse  
Is now twisted up and gnarled.

They weathered snow, they stood through drought  
They lasted through the rain  
And now to some they're rubbish  
And they'll never be the same

To think their gaping windows  
Used to let bright sunshine glow  
And old fireplaces crumbling  
Kept the family warm, you know

If you close your eyes and listen  
You can hear it , oh so clear  
The sound of the children's laughter  
And soon images appear

But now they are forgotten  
No more families will they hold  
They can only hold their memories  
As they stand there dark and cold

Cora Mae Woodfield