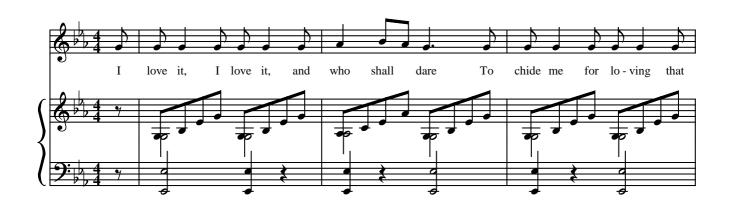
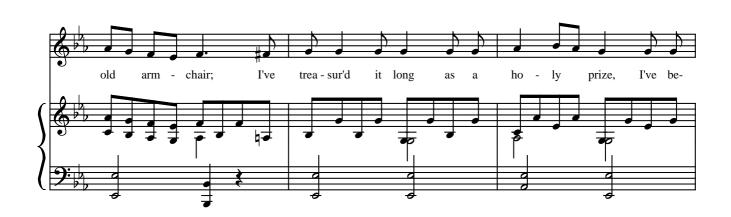
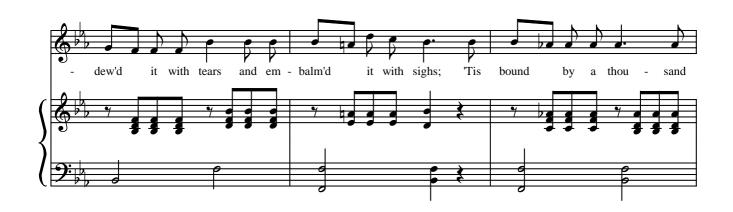
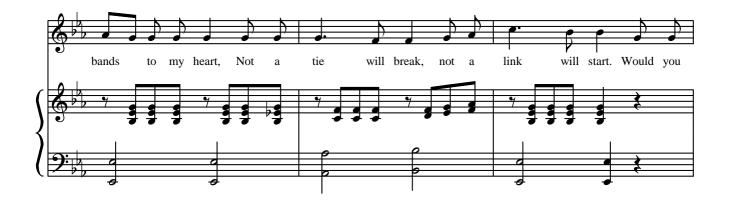
The Old Arm-chair

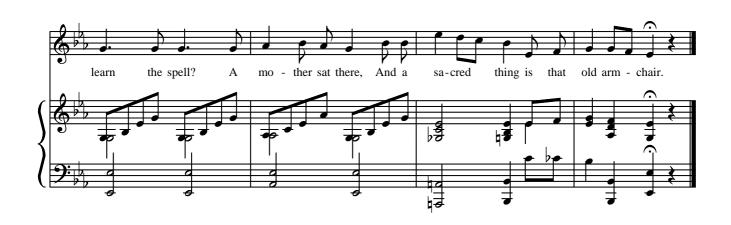
Henry Russell











I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eye grew dim and her locks were grey;
And I almost worshipp'd her when she smil'd,
And turn'd from her Bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on, but the last one sped,
My idol was shatter'd, my earth-star fled;
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm chair.

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow;
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died,
And mem'ry flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly and deem me weak,
While the scalding tears start down my cheek;
But I love it! I love it! and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair!