

**THE DESERTED  
FARM HOUSE, AND  
OTHER POEMS**

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The Deserted Farm House, and Other Poems by Varnum Lincoln

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**VARNUM LINCOLN**

**THE DESERTED  
FARM HOUSE, AND  
OTHER POEMS**



To Old Friends

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The Deserted Farm House



*"Its crumbling walls now desolate and bare"*



## The Deserted Farm House

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ON rambling road in quaint back country town,  
Remote from noise of travel and of trade,  
A weather-beaten farm-house grey and lone  
Deserted stands, beneath an elm tree's shade.

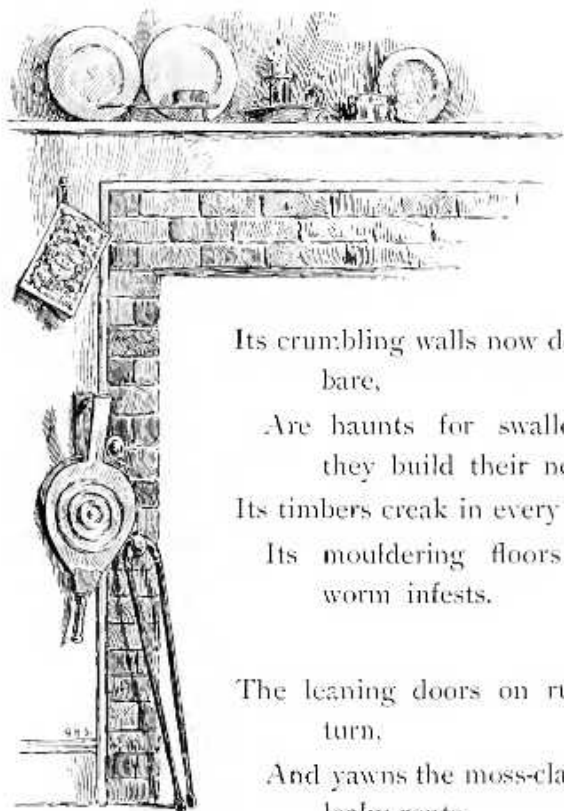
Long time ago in old Colonial days,

Where settler's axe had smoothed the forest ground,  
A mansion fair to tempt the passing gaze  
Arose, among the distant hamlets `round.

But Time soon wastes once dear and hallowed scenes,

And rural home with lapse of years decays,  
And long forsaken, grim, and tottering leans.  
A relic sad of old and bygone days.

The Deserted Farm House



Its crumbling walls now desolate and  
bare,

Are haunts for swallows where  
they build their nests,

Its timbers creak in every gust of air,

Its mouldering floors the busy  
worm infests.

The leaning doors on rusty hinges  
turn,

And yawns the moss-clad roof with  
leaky rents,

E'en hungry mice its dusty cupboards spurn ;

On broken stairways spiders pitch their tents.

The Deserted Farm House

At night the owl oft sits on hearthstone cold,  
And woos its distant mate with plaintive calls,  
While circling bats their secret revels hold,  
Where ghostly moonlight on the wainscot falls.

O'er rotting sill rank weeds their shadows spread,  
As if to hide it from the curious gaze,  
While the lone lilac by the ruined shed,  
Forsaken droops amid the tangled maze.

By ragged fence the untilled garden lies,  
On larkspur beds the deadly nightshade grows,  
Where blazed the cockscomb knotted brambles rise,  
The red sumac where bloomed the blushing rose.

And scattered trees where once had orchard been,  
The fitting types of frail and withered age,  
Whose work is done, yet linger on the scene,  
To pity move, or sober thought engage.