

**THE FIRE ON THE HEARTH  
IN SLEEPY HOLLOW: A  
CHRISTMAS POEM OF THE  
OLDEN TIME, PP. 1-103**

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The Fire on the Hearth in Sleepy Hollows: A Christmas Poem of the Olden Time, pp. 1-103 by Edward Hopper

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**EDWARD HOPPER**

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THE  
FIRE ON THE HEARTH  
IN  
SLEEPY HOLLOW

A Christmas Poem of the Olden Time.

By EDWARD HOPPER.



NEW YORK:  
PUBLISHED BY HURD AND HOUGHTON,  
491 BROADWAY, COR. WALKER ST.  
1865.

To  
JOHN TAYLOR JOHNSTON, Esq.,  
MY CLASSMATE AND LONG-TRIED, CONSTANT FRIEND,  
*This Poem*  
IS MOST RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY  
DEDICATED.





## THE FIRE ON THE HEARTH.



**H**, the old-timed crackling fire  
Upon the cheerful hearth !  
Oh, the longing and desire  
For the fire on the hearth !

In the blessed olden time  
The open fireplace  
Gave to our rugged clime  
A cheery, rugged race.

Then home was bright and clear  
When winter ruled the night ;  
Though storms blew loud and drear,  
The house was warm and bright.

Around the glowing hearth  
Gathered the old and young ;  
Brimful their hearts of mirth,  
And pure the songs they sung.



When Christmas, old and bright,  
Sent Santa Claus around  
From house to house at night,  
The stockings could be found.

He found the hearth full wide  
For sledge and tiny deer,  
And his good self beside,  
Though big with Christmas gear.

Now furnace-holes and paint,  
And hideous stove-pipes drear,  
Shut out the dear old Saint  
And half the Christmas cheer.

Our wise progressive race  
By modern homestead laws  
Have closed the fireplace  
And banished Santa Claus.

Oh, the old-timed crackling fire  
Upon the cheerful hearth!  
Oh, the longing and desire  
For the fire on the hearth!

## WINTER EVENING.

WHEN evening came of wintry day  
We turned from labor or from mirth,  
With feet half frozen on our way,  
Crunching the snow upon the earth,  
Bound homeward through the biting air ;  
When first in sight of home we came,  
Oh, how the brightening, crimson glare  
Of glowing coals and sparkling flame  
Came rushing with bright smiles to meet us,  
Came stretching forth warm hands to greet us,  
Far through the evening's dusky shadows,  
Now leaping over frozen meadows,  
Climbing the hills with ruddy faces,  
To give and to receive embraces, —  
To bid us welcome home again !  
So in Chaldea bright stars of even  
Came down of old from seats in heaven  
To whisper in the ears of men  
The secrets of the worlds of light,  
To cheer lone watchers of the night.

But we have quenched the cheery ray  
Which melts the heart of Winter cold,  
And comfort changed for fashion's sway,  
And exiled the sweet home of old.

For now we keep the fire in prisons,  
In iron dungeons low and dark ;  
The glare of gilt and paint bedizens,  
But not one glimmer, not a spark  
Of our old happy fire dare come  
To rollick in our polished home.

#### THE HEARTH-STONE BANISHED.

We 've exiled old, red-headed Nestor,  
The hearth-stone we 've turned out of door,  
Our fire 's a heated " Nor'wester,"  
Our hearth is a hole in the floor.

The youngsters, like prisoners breaking  
From dungeon-walls, leave the dull place,  
And the loves of the homestead forsaking,  
Run down to perdition apace.

Fond husbands, the wretches, are ready  
At evening to sup and be off,  
With billiards and clubs grow unsteady,  
And suitable subjects for Gough.

Some stick to the varnish and starching,  
The polish and tinsel and glass,  
But wearily sigh to be marching  
With Nebuchadnezzar to grass.