

# THAT OLD KITCHEN STOVE

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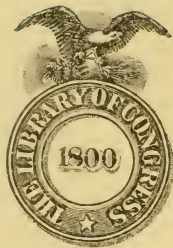
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"O THAT OLD  
KITCHEN STOVE  
HOW MY  
MEMORY CLINGS"

DAVID HAROLD JUDD



Class PS 3519

Book .U3T4

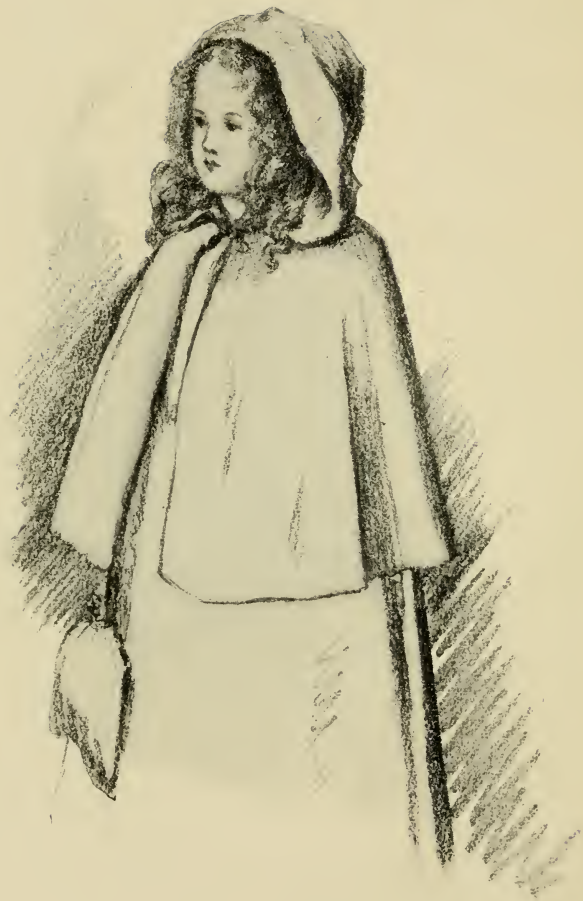
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THAT OLD  
**KITCHEN STOVE**



BY  
DAVID HAROLD JUDD

*Fully Illustrated*

*By*  
ELIZABETH CRAIG

*and*  
MAUD JAMES

THE  
**Abbey Press**

PUBLISHERS

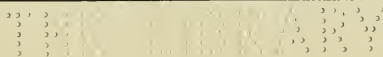
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1901

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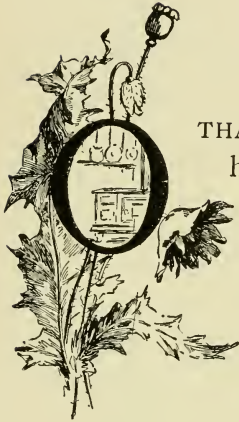
DEDICATED  
IN ITS SIMPLICITY  
FOR ITS HEART TO HEART DEVOTION  
TO THAT MOST SACRED CIRCLE,  
HOME,  
AND FOR ITS CHRISTMAS CHEER  
TO MY BELOVED WIFE

**Antoinette.**

*1874. 4. 10. 1874. 1874. 1874.*



## That Old Kitchen Stove.



I.

THAT old kitchen stove,  
how my memory clings,  
As my thoughts turn  
back to the savory  
things  
That emerged from its  
oven, its pots and  
kettles  
When my mother  
was matron of those relishing victuals.



## II.



With what a rattle  
and clatter and  
din,

The table was  
loaded with the  
brightest of tin.

The fire was given a punch  
and a poke  
And the quaint stone chim-  
ney, how it would smoke !  
The embers on the hearth  
would sparkle and glow  
As if for the occasion they  
were anxious to go ;  
Enthused, as it were, by  
my mother's desire,  
For she trusted com-  
pletely on that old stove  
fire.



## III.

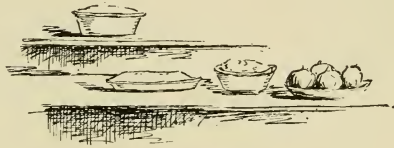


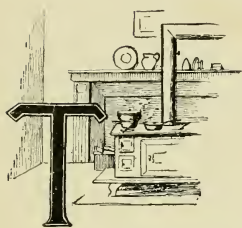
THOUGH years have gone by  
it seems but a span  
Since I tip-toed around, my  
“mamma’s little man,”  
And watched her prepare,  
as deftly she fingered  
The dough into shape, the  
while I lingered  
Till she turned her head and gave me a  
chance  
To rub off my hands on my little pants.  
For sly little fingers will unconsciously  
steal  
Into batter and butter, just to see how  
they feel.  
Ah, the dainties she cooked were tempt-  
ing and sweet;  
It would be hard I am thinking for them  
to be beat.  
Such doughnuts, cookies, tarts and mince  
pies,  
Were rapturous feasts for our little eyes.

8            That Old Kitchen Stove.

Then don't you know, no one else ever  
could

Do everything just as my mother would?





IV.

HEN that old home kitchen was a model to behold,

It was just as neat as if garnished with gold.

The floor was as spotless as the sands on the beach ;

The ceilings were clean, not a speck was in reach ;

The windows were crystal, so clear and bright

That the beauties of heaven were reflected at night.

Behind the stove was a great wood box  
As regularly filled as the crowing of the cocks.



v.

IN the brightest corner stood the old time clock ;  
It was six-foot-six

in its solid oak stock,  
Its pointers were chiseled from plates of  
brass,  
And its dear old face was hid  
under a glass;  
As its pendulum swung a tale  
it told  
Of the coming and going of our  
little fold  
Its vibrations echoed with a  
resounding tick  
And warned me to hasten, as youth passes  
quick.  
There the sweet smile of welcome to all  
was given





For the beauty of home is to  
emulate heaven,  
And many a traveler, tired  
and sore,  
Was clothed and fed from that  
old kitchen door.





## VI.

ONE night I remember,  
 O, starlit night !  
 When love was borne  
 and all was bright ;  
 Lucinda came in, one of  
 the neighbor's girls,  
 As sweet as a rose, with  
 the loveliest curls.

Her eyes were akin to that heavenly hue,  
 Her breath as sweet as the  
 jasmine dew.

With the form of an angel, no  
 painter's brush  
 Could portray nature with a  
 purer blush.



Her smile, never mind her smile, don't  
 you see ?

For when she smiled, she smiled at me.



## VII.

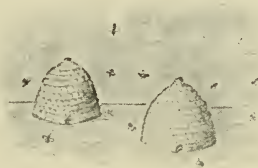
O, the time we did have, the games we  
played;  
The night being dark, Lucinda stayed.  
Now the apples we pared and skins threw  
about



With songs of laughter and a merry shout;  
The candy we pulled and chilled on the  
snow

14      That Old Kitchen Stove.

Gave to our cheeks a ruddy glow.  
It was the innocence of childhood as gathered you see,  
That made us as happy as happy could be.  
And the brightest moment of our young lives,  
As we huddled together like bees in a hive



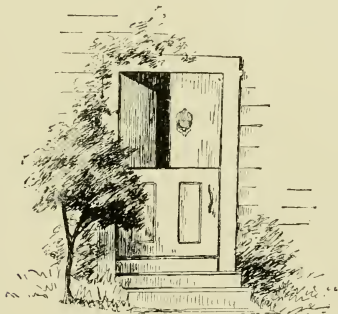
Was when we played we were in a grove  
And picnicked around that old kitchen  
stove.



VIII.



HERE are the friends of  
my youth, all parted  
and gone,  
My brothers and sisters  
have left every one ;  
Their different vocations have called them  
forth,



And the mark they make will tell of their  
worth.  
But my mother has passed from the cares  
of earth,

16      That Old Kitchen Stove.

To the God she had worshiped since the  
days of her birth;



And in my dreams I  
see her vigil keep-  
ing

Watch o'er her scat-  
tered children, sleeping.



IX.



DEAR friends, I am no longer  
a youth ;  
Let us skip a decade inevi-  
table truth.

I am quietly sitting  
one cold Christ-  
mas night,  
By that old kitchen  
stove, but with  
no delight.



For down at the corners where the two  
roads meet,  
Stands an old stone Church a little back  
from the street,



18          That Old Kitchen Stove.

'Tis a pilot to the young, a harbor for the  
old,  
And to-night that sweet old story will be  
told  
How the Christ-child came, and the bonds  
were burst  
That the first might be last, and the last  
might be first.  
And the angel of my dreams in former  
days  
Is the angel to-night of those festival  
plays;  
Her hand will unclasp from that ladened  
tree  
Presents for all, for all but me.



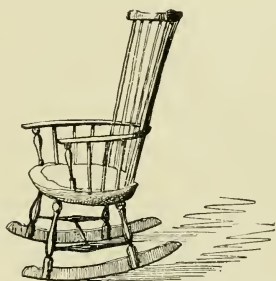




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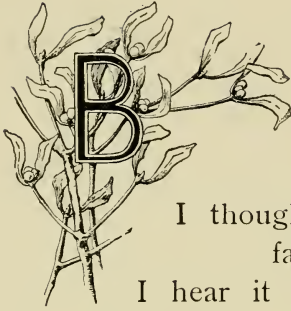
As I sit and ponder  
my heart grows  
glad

That her sweet min-  
istering should make me sad ;  
In this old wooden rocker by this stove  
so dear



Am I waking, or dreaming? Somehow it  
isn't clear,  
For looking in the mists of the future I see  
A Christmas present in keeping for me.

## XI.



UT hark ! What is  
this I hear ? Ah,  
the wind out-  
side !

I thought it a footstep, my  
fancy betide ;

I hear it again. I challenge  
them come,

And Lucinda is before me, speechless,  
dumb.

“ Lucinda,” I cry as I fold her to my  
heart,

“ Speak, mine angel, must we ever more  
part ?

For years I’ve wandered and couldn’t  
longer stay,



When I knew that you too had planned  
to go away.

I need you, Lucinda, to make sacred this  
spot,

Where grow the ivy-twine and the sweet  
forget-me-not.

The love of my childhood is stronger still  
As I read in your eyes the sweet 'I will.'  
And her answer was whispered: "Tho'  
long you've roved

We will pledge our troth by this old  
kitchen stove."









Feb. 20, 1902.

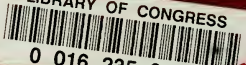
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