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THE OLD ART CHAIR

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I LOVE IT, I LOVE IT.

# THE OLD ARM-CHAIR

BY  
ELIZA COOK



ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
MISS L. B. HUMPHREY AND OTHERS

BOSTON  
D. LOTHROP & COMPANY  
FRANKLIN AND HAWLEY STREETS





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## THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I love it, I love it; and who shall dare  
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?  
I've cherished it long as a sainted prize;  
I've bedewed it with tears and embalmed it with sighs.  
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;  
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.  
Would ye learn the spell? — a mother sat there;  
And a sacred thing 'is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near  
The hallowed seat with listening ear;  
And gentle words that mother would give,  
To fit me to die and teach me to live.  
She told me that shame would never betide,  
With truth for my creed and God for my guide;  
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,  
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I sat and watched her many a day,  
When her eye grew dim and her locks were gray ;  
And I almost worshipped her when she smiled,  
And turned from her Bible to bless her child,  
Years rolled on, but the last one sped —  
My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled ;  
I learned how much the heart could 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 memory flows with lava tide.  
Say it is folly, and deem me weak  
While the scalding tears drop down my cheek :  
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear  
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

## THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

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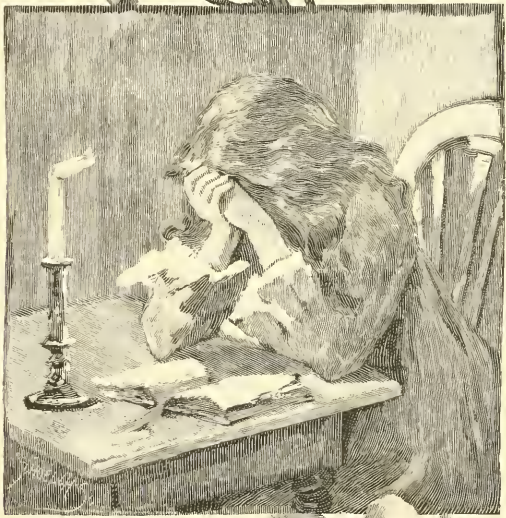
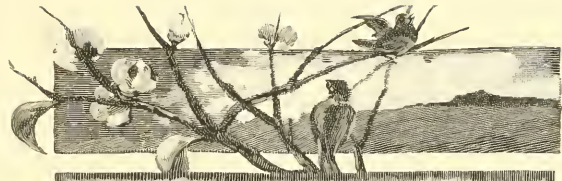


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