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The Alabama cot
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THE ALABAMA COTTAGE.

A HOMELY SCENE.



The Alabamian sat by the chimney side—
His face was wrinkled and worn,
And he leaned both hands on his stout oak cane,
As if all his work was done.

His coat was of good old-fashioned gray,
The pockets were deep and wide,
Where his “spees” and his steel tobacco box,
Lay snugly by his side.

The old man liked to stir the fire,
So near him the tongs were kept;
Sometimes he mused as he gazed at the coals,
Sometimes he sat and slept.

What saw he in the embers there?
Ah pictures of other years,
And now and then they awakened smiles,
But oftener started tears.

He thought of his kindred now abroad,
Battling for home and right;
And the noble band of southern men
Defying the tyrants might.

His good old wife sat on the other side,
In a high-back, flag-seat chair,
I see 'neath the pile of her muslin cap,
The sheen of her silvery hair.

There's sorrow now on her aged face,
As she sits and knits for him,
And Nelly takes up the stitches dropped,
For grand-mother's eyes are dim.

She weeps for her grandson now in the fight,
Though perchance he may come again;
She mourns for her country by Northmen oppressed,
And thousands so wickedly slain.

Their children come and read the news,
To pass the time each day,
How it stirs the blood in the old man's heart,
To hear of the war away.

'Tis a homely scene, I told you so,
But sad it is to view;
At least, I thought it so myself,
And sketched it down for you.

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