

THE OLD MOUNTAIN HOME

In the old mountain home,
For six months more,
Where then shall I go,
Down in the valley,
To perish and to die.

To leave my mountain home,
Is such a loss and grief,
Words can hardly express
The sadness of the thought.

It must be awful, you know,
Some who left, wept and mourned,
And said in words so sad,
I would rather go to my grave,
Than to leave my mountain home.

Sad the thought, I must depart
From the old mountain home,
Where life has been so sweet.
Sad will be the rest of my life,
If from my home I have to de-
part.

No longer here to stay,
To drink at the springs,
Where the water is so cold,
Both in summer and in winter,
Flowing so full and free
Out of the old mountain coves.

Sad will be my thoughts,
When I am in the valley,
To think of days gone by,
In the old mountain home,
Where life has been so sweet.

Sad and lonely is the thought,
To plant a tree in the valley,
At the age of seventy-three,
Just to hasten on death
Of the tree in the valley.

Now I see I have been deceived,
That the old in the park
Would be let to remain,
As the last of life ebbs away.

Just a few weeks ago,
To my surprise came the order,
Sign the use permit, or
Move out at once.
How would the appraisers feel,
If they had but a heart,
And only knew the sadness
They have added to the hearts
Of the old living in the park?

Sad thought, November first,
A new situation I must face,
At the age of seventy-three,
Moved down in the valley
Just to wither and pine away.

Of the old living in the park:

Sad thought, November first,
A new situation I must face,
At the age of seventy-three,
Moved down in the valley
Just to wither and pine away.

Sweet was once the thought,
In the mountain home to stay
Until the death angel should
come
To take my soul to its home
In the heavenly rest above.

While my body is laid away
Beside my darling wife,
In the graveyard on the hill
To wait the trumpet sound,
At the first resurrection
When I shall arise
And meet the Lord in the air.

The rest of my stay on earth,
I am hoping to spend it,
In the mountain home,
Where life is sweet to me,
Where one never suffers
With the heat of summer,
As down in the valley.

To leave my mountain home,
At the age of seventy-three,
And go down in the valley,
Where the heat is depressing,
Is such a loss and grief,
Words fail to tell.

In the old mountain home,
Where the summer breezes
Blow so refreshing,
And the birds sweetly sing
In the trees at the home.

Sad the thought to leave
A garden spot of paradise,
When one is old and feeble,
And cannot work any more,
Life will not be worth living,
When planted in the valley,
Where everything is different,
To the seeing and the hearing.

At the age of seventy-three,
In my old mountain home,
Like a prisoner in his cell,
Thinking of the execution day,
For November will soon appear,
To move down in the valley,
But I am hoping and praying
For the best until the last.

Once my hope brightly beamed
With the thought that my home
Would be leased for my life—
At least that was the promise.
But now it seems I must go

Thinking of the execution day,
For November will soon appear,
To move down in the valley,
But I am hoping and praying
For the best until the last.

Once my hope brightly beamed
With the thought that my home
Would be leased for my life—
At least that was the promise.
But now it seems I must go
From the old mountain home
To be planted in the valley,
There to grieve and pine away.

My hope is dark and gloomy,
In view of November the first,
When I must depart in sadness
From the old mountain home,
For the order had this to say,
Move out before, or on November
first.

Officials of the park,
If by chance this you read,
Be assured I oppose not the park,
Though sad is the thought,
At the age of seventy-three
Having to depart from the park.

For in the appraisers promise,
I had hope of living in the park
The balance of my life,
But now I see I have been de-
ceived,
According to the order signed,
Move out before, or on November
first.

Such a promise was the scheme
To take my home for the park.
Give an acre for the park,
Said the boosters of the park,
If you want to live in the park.
At least this was the thought,
That impressed the old in the
park.

Five instead of one,
I gave for the park,
In hope of favors granted,
To be living in the park.
Sad no favors to be shown,
Instead of stay I must go,
Just the same as those,
Who gave nothing for the park.

Officials of the park,
Who I honor in the right,
I am not finding fault,
This I hope you understand,
As I am only quoting facts.

For my Bible says, murmur not,
This I do as heretofore,
Filled with sadness to leave
My old mountain home,
At the age of seventy-three.
In the Swanson park bill,
I still have glimpse of hope
To see my dreams come true,
Living in the park all my life.

Officials of the park,
Can you this to me deny?
To grant my life in the park,
For at the age of seventy-three
It won't be long, you know.
Few more years at the most,
I will reach my heavenly park.

Now when the angels come
To take my soul to rest,
Hope they will find it in the park.
Then the old will be out of the
way,
While the park is progressing,
When the people out of the cities
Come to see the beauties of the
park.

Dear officials of the park,
In conclusion this I say,
Written for my aged father,
Pained at heart to leave the park
At the age of seventy-three.
If you want to know his name,
This is what you read in print,
John Russ Nicholson,
Patriarch living in the park.
—John T. Nicholson.
Nethers. Va.