

II.

I remember the fire place, with mouth high and wide,
 The old-fashioned oven, that stood by its side.
 Out of which each thanksgiving came puddings and pies,
 That fairly bewildered and dazzled mine eyes,
 And then too, Saint Nicholas, slyly and still,
 Came down every Christmas, our stockings to fill,
 But the dearest of memories, I've laid up in store,
 Is the mother, who trod on the old kitchen floor. } Repeat
 for
 Chorus,

III.

Day in and day, out, from morning till night,
 Her footsteps were busy, her heart always light,
 For it seemed to me then, that she knew not a care,
 The smile was so gentle, her face used to wear,
 I remember with pleasure, what joy filled our eyes,
 When she told us the stories the children so prize,
 They were new every night though we'd heard them before, } Repeat
 for
 Chorus,
 From her lips at the wheel, on the old kitchen floor,

IV.

I remember the window, where mornings I'd run,
 As soon as the day-break, to watch for the sun,
 And I thought when my head scarcely reached to the sill,
 That it slept through the night, - in the trees on the hill,
 And that small tract of ground, that my eyes there could view,
 Was all of the world that my infancy knew.
 Indeed I cared not to know of it more,
 For a world of its self was the old-kitchen floor. } Repeat

V.

To night these old visions come back at their will,
 But the wheel and its music, fower are still,
 The band is moth-eaten, the wheel laid away,
 And the fingers, that turned it, lie mouldering in clay.
 The hearth-stone so sacred, is just as 'twas then,
 And the voices of children ring out there again,
 The sun through the window looks in as of yore,
 But it sees stranger feet on the old-kitchen floor. } Repeat

VI.

But it sees stranger feet on the old-kitchen floor. } Repeat

VI.

I ask not for honor, but this I would crave,
That when the lips speaking are closed in the grave,
My children would gather their own, at their side,
And tell of their mother, who long ago,
I would be more enduring, far dearer to me,
Than inscription on granite or marble could be.
To have them tell often as I did of yore,
Of the mother, - who trod on the old-kitchen floor. } Repeat.

Annie Weeks Moran.