

The Old, Old House

By : Taylur

This is a classic form of poetry about an old house. It is also an autobiographical piece of poetry.

Published on
Booksie

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There was once a poor old house That once was full of folk, But now was sad and empty It said, 'They all have fled, My rooms are cold and bare, The front door's locked and bolted, And all the windows stare. No smoke comes from my chimneys, No rose grows up my wall, But only ivy shrouds me, In green and shining shawl! No postman brings me letters, No name is on my gate, I once was called The Ivies, But now I'm out of date. The garden's poor and weedy. The trees won't leaf again, But though i fall to ruin, The ivy - will - remain!' Author's note : I hope you enjoyed :) Happy reading.

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