The Old Stone House
Built in the midst of Concord, N.H. in the year 1795 by Thomas Kennelly.

Back from the noise of busy street,
The haunts of traffic and passing feet.
With quaint gray windows, blackened roof.
It proudly stands, from the world aloof.
While the years with their changes have come and gone,
From gome to blossom, from night to dawn.
The shadows have fallen across the eave,
Of nearly a hundred summer leaves.

Then, the busy city spreads far and wide,
The fruits of her labors in braggish pride.
Unknown forests cherish'd dark and still,
The wild deer drank from the linseed will.
In the Fox and the Panther. The Wolf and the Bear-
The Waukon'souched and moaned there,
Save those two Indians with light bodi bent.
And through the eaves his arrows shoot.

But the settlers, as through the silence rang,
In the lonely Cabin his good Wife sung.
Through the mead arcade, shining from Children ran.
Bright and red, white headed and brown with face,
Thus, since its neighbors ever far and few.
By patient labor those strong Dalls grew.
Broader and higher, until at last
They challenged the might of the forest blast.
Mausoleums gathered around its breast.
Its huts have echoed with songs of wight,
The click of the loom, and the creaking reel,
The busy hum of the Spinning Wheel.

Words of sorrow, words of prayer,
And words of love have been uttered here.
It is deemed and furnished with garbs and scarfs.
And marks of battle in time of war.

There life first flowered in the baby's breast
Then the young grew aged and dreamed of rest.
The bride came in at this open door
Where the dead cut to return no more.
There is little of life, of its joys and griefs.
Its many trials, its pleasure brief.

Of birth, of marriage, of Shrine and Kind;
Of its ideals might be said that they could not tell.

It keeps its counsels dark and dumb
It waits for the day that will surely come
Where we shall be gathered with those that sleep.
And others will struggle and travail and toil
Untaught by honor or human to fame.

A broken stone with a name, groined name.
It's all of our story, the world will know.
While the years will come and the years will go,
Three strangers and aliens will tear it down
And give its place to the growing Tudor.