

That Old Wooden Rocker

Doc Watson

There it stands by the fire with it's back to the wall
That old wooden rocker, so stately and tall
With naught to disturb it but dusting of broom
And no one to use it in that parlor room

As she sat by the fire, she would rock, rock, rock
And she heard but the tick of the old grand clock
Eighty years has she sat in that chair, prim and tall
That old wooden rocker that stands by the wall

How well I still remember in days that are gone by
How we stood by that rocker, my sister and I
And we listened to the stories that grandma would tell
As she sat in the rocker that we all loved so well

If the chair could but speak, oh the tales it would tell
How my poor aged grandpa, in his battle, fell
Beneath the stars and the stripes, he fought bravely and true
He cherished his freedom beneath the red white and blue

As she sat by the fire, she would rock, rock, rock
And she heard but the tick of the old grand clock
Eighty years has she sat in that chair, prim and tall
That old wooden rocker that stands by the wall

Now grandma is dead, all the stories are done
All the children have followed her, yes one by one
They have all gone to meet her in the sweet by and by
And all that is left is my sister and I

As she sat by the fire, she would rock, rock, rock
And she heard but the tick of the old grand clock
Eighty years has she sat in that chair, prim and tall
That old wooden rocker that stands by the wall