

# Cabin Porch

Hubert C. Crowell



When swing - ing on the porch with a nice cool spring breeze,  
Just sitt - ing on the porch watch - ing the river flow by,  
Coffee and sitting on the porch with Rusty laying in my lap,  
Even - ing has com - e with a few clouds in the sky.



wind chimes start sing - ing and green bud - s ap - pear on the trees.  
With my wife in the cabin read - ing or bak - ing a pie.  
morn - ing sounds and the aroma of bis - cuits has dis - turbed his nap.  
Tall pines grow on the ridge where I love to watch the hawks fly.



Birds join in the chorus as wasps look for a new nest.  
Ducks swim up river in the morning, float - ing back at night.  
Mak - ing plans for the day, for the work that needs done.  
On a log a - cross the river The Great Blue Heron stalks.



Pro - jects come to mind, but dreams of ad - ding on is best.  
look - ing for food along the shore while the - re is still light.  
Cut the grass and weed be - fore the heat and the noon sun.  
He crus - es the river low and slow, not fast like the hawks.



There is al - ways plen - ty to do like whit - tle with my knife,  
Even - ing fad - es as tree frogs be - gan to sing their song.  
The river flo - ws bro - wn from a distant sto - rm during the night.  
As the fad - ing sun lights the other shore, re - flect - ions I see,



make a walk - ing cane or sit on the porch with my wife.  
Find a book , read some and off to bed be - fore long.  
And a hot cup of coff - ee ma - kes the morning just right.  
in the ca - lm water al - ong the bank of the Coosa - watee.