

The Family Rose - Berta Lored Taylor

Oh Rose, so sweet, of yesteryear
It was my mother that made
me care -

She taught me how you liked
a treat

of mucky soil filled in with
peat

No after-noon sun but morn instead
Put gracious blossoms on your
head.

Her gentle fingers twined you
round,

A sheltered spot, from off the
ground -

Take care, she warned, of this old
plant

And treat it well as you
may know

It will delight bring to your
heart

and make for you her own
little show -

The Violets

By Geo. B. Taylor

I wandered ^{aimlessly} ~~lost~~ the cloud
That ~~floats~~ ^{drifts} across the summer sky
When all at once beneath a tree
Some gay little violets looked up
at me - -

Their happy faces spoke not of toil,
It took no struggles through
Those dull brown leaves that covered
the earth
Like a ragged ^{old} carpet might be - -

Dear little flowers so pure, so blue
No wonder the mocking bird sings
While the sunset sends its sparkling
rays

To enhance the courage, you bring -

One day, at a time, you whisper
to me

Do your best with the hour you have
Be cheerful and live and love and toil
For the morrow has its glances for thee.

When the busy day is o'er,
and the shadows of evening fall
Tis of memories I sit and pour
Of my babies now so tall!
N'er could ~~little children~~ ^{and} ~~see~~ ^{give} more

joy
To the heart of their old mother
Than my precious girl and boy
Dear little Kitten and her brother.

Years roll on and age overtakes
me,
on the rocky road of toil
yet I dare not nag and fuss
all my happiness to spoil
Did not God give me my share
with that darling little pair?
~~Here my boy, there my girl~~
But from the nest they now
have flown -

All the memories are my own -

Berta Taylor - Frederica 1942