Miss Two Years

Think of the sweetest things you will

Miss Two Years old is sweeter still

A little darling dimpled thing

That sure should wear a cherub’s wing

A tiny angel sent to bless

The world with love and happiness,

A fairy flower that somehow grew

A little lovely dream come true.

Old earth to greet her nursling brings

A myriad tender blooming things;

She gives her meadows grasses sweet

O kiss the little wandering feet

She calls her bluest brightest skies

To smile into the childish eyes

And teaches little winds a song

To sing to Baby all day long

Roses

Roses blooming in dark December

Right in the heart of London Town –

Never before do I remember

Such a stealing of summer’s crown.

Do you wonder I found them fair,

Meeting such roses then and there?

Roses rich with the summer’s sweetness

Must expect to be cuddled an kissed,

Must be gathered in all completeness

Else the sweet o’ the year is missed,

So I gathered them then and there

Blooming on Peggy’s cloak so fair.