

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 grows
A little lovely dream come true.

Old earth to greet her nesting things
A myriad tender blossoming things,
She gives her meadows grasses sweet
To 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,
So you wonder I found them fair,
Meeting such roses then and there?

Rich with the summer's sweetness
Must be gathered in all completeness,
Close the spirit of the year is mixed;
So I gathered them then and there.
Blooming on Peggy's cheek so fair.