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Oh, Ye Fickle English! / Lines to My Daughter

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Oh, Ye Fickle English!

By Maggie Culver Fry

Why do we say he knows, he knew, and always he has known
Yet never follow snows with snew and never it has sown?

Now of a dog we say, he bites, he bit, and he has bitten
Yet never follow fights with fit and never he has fitten.

I'm glad I learned these things in school
I'd sure be in a pickle to have to learn them by myself... for English is just too fickle.

Lines To My Daughter

By Ernestine Gravley

When you were small
You ran to me
For I was tall
And motherly

Your sea-blue eyes
With searching trust
Saw Mom as wise
As small girls must

The years have flown
As Time will do
Now you are grown
I turn to you

Beloved child
With sage advice.
Our "motherhood"
Has happened twice