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## Oh, Ye Fickle English! / Lines to My Daughter

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*A stumper for speakers and writers everywhere*

# *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 snown*?

Now of a dog we say, *he bites*, *he bit*,  
and *he has bitten*  
Yet never follow *fight*s  
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.

*A universal truth concerning continuum*

# *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.