

Dedicated to Katharine and Jesse on their  
34<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary.

I  
It's thirty-four years since they started together  
By an old winding creek that ran pitiful and  
thither,  
Then a year it slipped by, then opened the  
sky,

And sweet marguerite bid the angels good-by.  
She had dark curly hair, and her eyes  
fairly shone, and her cheeks were as fair  
as the sweetest tone.

II  
Three summers skipped past.  
And in May so tis said,  
There girlic Geraldine poked in her dark head.  
Now she was only a girl, and not a curl  
yet her parents they took her without a cross  
word.

III  
Three times the leaves turned  
and most had been burned,  
off with Marie flew home to her tree.  
She also was back, and oh! how she did cry,  
you'd think they were having a storm in  
the sky.

IV  
And three winters they flew,  
The snow it sure blew.  
Then Eleanor the blonde, came home to the nest  
Her blue eyes they did snap, and her hair was  
all curls, The sure was our idea of a sweet  
baby girl.