

The mixed flowers are fading, they'll
soon go to seed

The Verbenas are lovely, there's one a
bright red.

More beautiful Morning glories, would
be hard to find.

There were forty this morning, and six
different kinds.

The Mignonette holds up its head
high as ever.

And the Pansys stand modestly by
in their corner.

The "dear little Trilby" has learned
something sweet.

For when she wants milk, I have taught
her to speak.

Pluck, Patience, and Push, get along
quite the same.