

A TRIBUTE

Blue were your eyes as a clear summer morning,
Red were your lips as a full-blown rose,
Soft was your voice as the winds in the willows
When daytime comes to a close.

Dark was your hair as the wing of a raven,
Dainty your throat as a swan snowy white,
Such are compliments, beautiful lady,
Your granddaughter pays you tonight.

By Hester Wren Slater

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