

ENTIRETY

The rose that stands by the garden gate,
And spills its sweetness on the air,
Can be replaced when it is gone
By another just as fair.

The leaves of brown and red and gold,
That in the autumn flutter down,
Are soon forgotten by the snows
That wrap the earth in ermine gown.

But mothers aren't like that at all;
Into the world they singly come
And naught can ever take their place
In heart and home when they are gone.

By Alice Whitson Norton

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