

I'M BUSY, DON'T YOU SEE?

I just saw Gilbert in the yard
 And asked him why he worked so hard.
I wish you wouldn't bother me,
 Because I'm busy, don't you see?

I'm picking all these roses red
 For grandmamma, who is sick in bed.
And then there's aunty, 'cross the way;
 I take her flowers every day.

For dear mamma I pick the pink;
 She likes that color best, I think.
I wish you wouldn't bother me,
 Because I'm busy, don't you see?

By Beth Slater Whitson

From: North Carolina Christian Advocate
Vol. 61, No. ____, Pg. 13
August 31, 1916