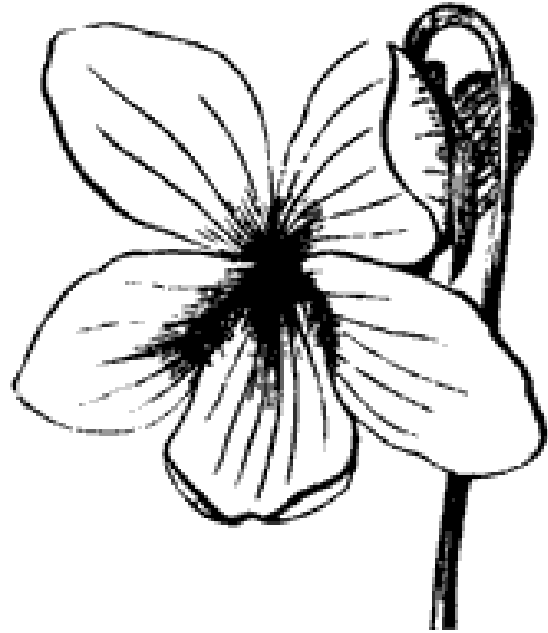


# THE VIOLET

BY ANN AND JANE TAYLOR



Down in a green and shady bed  
A modest violet grew,  
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,  
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,  
Its color bright and fair;  
It might have graced a rosy bower  
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,  
In modest tints arrayed;  
And there diffused a sweet perfume  
Within the silent shade.—

Then let me to the valley go  
This pretty flower to see,  
That I may also learn to grow  
In sweet humility.