

P o e m s    b y

Because I love the heather well  
I had worked to earn my pence ;  
But of the work in poetry to tell,  
I had no gift of eloquence.

But as I gazed on the beauties about me,  
To my brain came the poet's inspiration ;  
And this song soon flowed from my pen  
About my dear little Missionary Hen.

"A Missionary Hen !" you say,  
"What sort of fowl is that ?"  
Just listen and you'll all agree  
She is a wonderful sight to see.

To get this Missionary dollar  
I could not devise a plan,