

The Fairest Young Rose of Them All

by George Albert Leddy

Down in my garden, close by the fence, where the Thistles and Cockleburs grow;
Where the ground is so rough, and the sod is so tough, it's defiant to shovel and hoe;
Yet the Hummingbirds hum, and the Honeybees come, and I know there must be sweetness there;
The foliage is wild, yet the fragrance is mild, there's a beauty about it that's rare.

There the Frog and the Toad make their secret abode, they sleep through the heat of the day;
But from early twilight, until late in the night, they come out in the garden to play.
I know they are happy, their tones are so snappy, though I can't understand what they say;
For they warble and croak, till it seems they would choke—bet it's love, in a sort of a way.

I found there one day, where the weeds dried away, a shrub that was trying to live;
I saw at a glance, that it hadn't a chance, not a penny for it would I give;
But by the sun's gentle light, and the dews of the night, it was nourished, and early that fall;
It filled in a bed, like an ocean of red—the most beautiful Rose of them all.

I walk down a street, that is not very neat, where the houses are faded and gray;
There are little bare-feet, that play in the street, there are little young hearts that are gay;
And the laughter and mirth, are the sweetest on earth, and my garden, I try to recall;
And I wonder tonight, if among them there might be—"The Fairest Young Rose of Them All."
