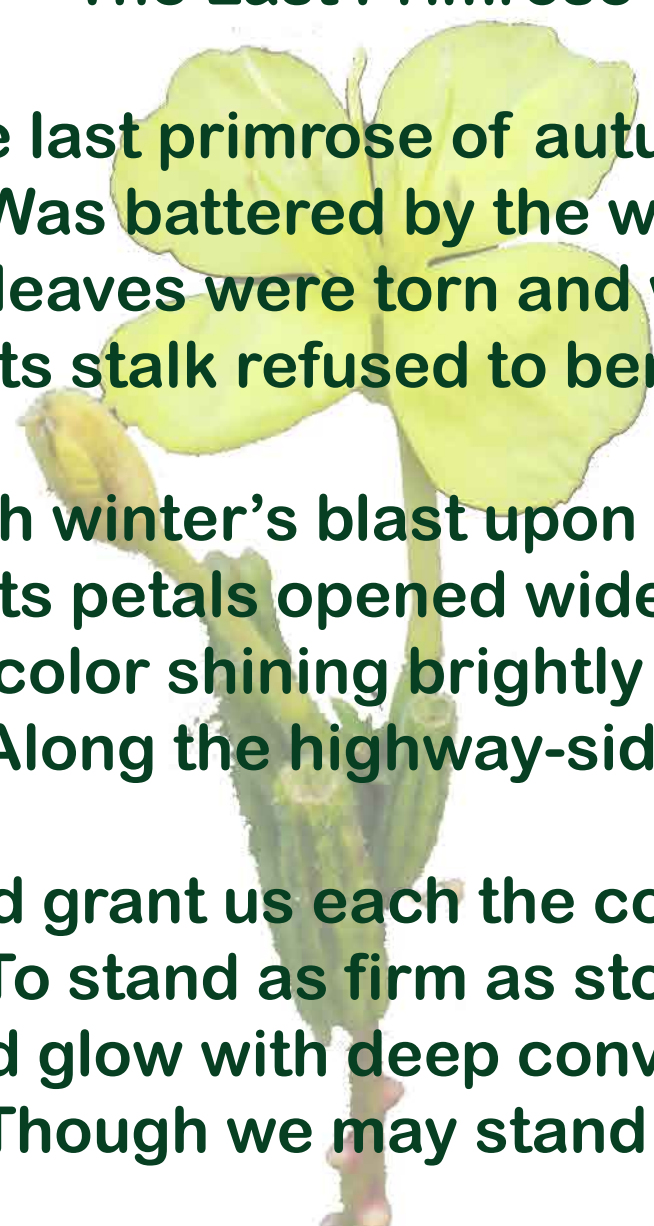


The Last Primrose



The last primrose of autumn
Was battered by the wind.
Its leaves were torn and withered;
Its stalk refused to bend.

With winter's blast upon it,
Its petals opened wide;
Its color shining brightly
Along the highway-side.

God grant us each the courage
To stand as firm as stone,
And glow with deep conviction,
Though we may stand alone.