

A Birthday Greeting

To

Nettie

Twelve fleeting years their course have seen

And ushered in thy Natal Day.

Who can divine what may be done

Ere twelve more years shall pass away?

Heed, then, th' advice of one whose years

Have reached five more than six times twelve.

To guard thy steps from earthly snares,

And lead thee through the path of life.

Let thy young heart on God be placed:

Repel each sinful, haughty thought.

Be humble, generous, full of grace:

Let all thy deeds in God be wrought.

By living thus, thy path will tend

To happy seasons here below.

And, when life's fleeting race shall end,

Thy Savior will a Crown bestow.

A Crown beset with jewels bright,

Which never, never fade away.

Nor suffer tarnish, spot, nor blight,

But glisten through Eternal Day.

From your loving Grand Father

John P. Margort

Sep 15<sup>th</sup> 1893.