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Picture Day

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Something to give

Picture Day

By Marsha J. Crouch



Ruby in the borrowed dress.

'Twas picture day for everyone;
They waited all in line.
They combed and primped to look just so
And then thought they were fine.

But then a friend of Ruby's said,
"I have one thing to say.
Could we exchange our dresses, please?
'Twould really make my day."

"You see, this plain old dress of mine
Was worn five times before
By every sister that I have;
It really does look poor!"

Oh, Ruby was the nicest girl;
Her friend would look so fine.
"Why sure I will; remember though
I need it back for mine."

Her friend then smiled and said "Of course,
You know I won't delay."
But I'm afraid that wasn't so;
For time just slipped away.

The time had come; it was her turn,
Now where was her new dress?
She had no choice, it's sad to say.
I'm sure you know the rest.

When Mother Hettie saw that pose
Of Ruby plain and black,
"Oh what a thing to do," she said
"You could have worn a sack!"

The years did pass, and Ruby had
Two daughters of her own.
'Twas picture day for my Aunt 'Bert,
And Mother Ruby said,

"Now listen close to what I say,
DO NOT EXCHANGE YOUR DRESS!
No matter what your friends may think,
You'll end up in MY mess!"