

D6833/3/1

BRITISH MANUFACTURE



REST

+ + +

In health and strength he left his home,
Not thinking death so near ;
It pleased the Lord to bid him come
And in His sight appear.

+ + +

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Bernard.

The Beloved Husband of May Hooley.

*Who was wounded in action May 26th, and
died from wounds July 26th, 1917,*

Aged 24 Years.

Interred at Chesterfield Cemetery July 30th.



Forget-
Me-
Not.

D6833/3/2



That blue and bright-
eyed floweret of the brook
Hope's gentle gem,
the sweet Forget-me-not.
Coleridge.

Where falls the tears of
love the rose appears,
And where the ground is
bright with friendship's tears
Forget-me-nots, and
violets heavenly blue,
Spring glittering with the
cheerful drops like dew.
Bryant.





There purple pansies, quaint and low,
Forget-me-nots and violets grow,
And stately lilies shine.

Goodale.



Gentle cousin of the
forest green,
Married to green in all
the sweetest flowers
Forget-me-not, --- the
blue bell, --- and, that queen
Of secrecy, the violet.

Keats.

Thick in many a sunny spot
There blooms the
pale forget-
me-not.

Dora Reed Goodale.





The sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.
Tennyson.

And rose with aspect almost calm,
And filled her hand
With cherry bloom, and moved away
To gather wild forget-me-not.
Jean Ingelow.



When to the flowers so beautiful
The Father gave a name,
Back came a little blue-eyed one
(All timidly it came;)
And standing at its Father's feet
And gazing in His face



It said, in low and trembling tones:
"Dear God, the name thou gavest me,



Alas! I have forgot,"
Kindly the Father looked him down
And said: "Forget - me - not."