

TO VERO

By Mary E. Springer

Born in Indiana and died in Broward County. Published in the St. Lucie County Tribune, April 22, 1919

In a little town I halted
 In the land of fruit and flowers,
Nestling by the Indian River,
 There I spent some happy hours.

For the people made me welcome,
 Gave the glad and cordial hand;
Bade me be at home among them
 In their fair and sunny land.

Days sped by, and yet I lingered,
 Saw the little hamlet grow.
Passed one winter, then another,
 Far away from ice and snow.

Saw the people from the northlands
 Stop to look, as I had done---
Saw them spend their money gladly
 For some holding near the town.

Saw the country bud and blossom
 As did Eden long ago,
And the produce sown and garnered
 Made the banks to overflow.

Orchards bending with their burden
 Of the great round globes of gold,
Citrus fruit from the Indian River,
 Finest in the markets sold.

And my life was calm and restful,
 Gone was worry, fret and strife,
Nervous fears allayed forever,
 In this sweetly simple life.

Yet this is no place for laggards,
 One and all must do their best.
If we use our brain and brawn,
 Nature here will do the rest.

Want to know where it was I lingered,
 Found the rest my being south,
Learned again the joy of living,
 And that worry brings you
naught?

Little Vero---child of effort,
 Vigorous, strong and growing
great,
All the people one big household,
 They who run may read its fate.

Could not help but be a city;
 Could do naught but strength
attain,
While they make each stranger welcome,
 Bid one and all come back again.