

Mentor Text 2

On School Studies

Snow on the sill, snow on the sill,
Gray walls stand quiet, gray walls stand still.
Cold winds are blowing, cold winds may roam,
But love keeps us warm in our home.

Brewing the tea, heating the kettle,
Mother makes tea for me and for you.
Children play gently, never to roam,
But love keeps us warm in our home.