

**Flowers.**

BUDS and bells ! Sweet April pleasures,  
Springing all around,  
White and gold and crimson treasures,  
From the cold unlovely ground !  
He who gave them grace and hue  
Made the little children too !

When the weary little flowers  
Close their starry eyes,  
By the dark and dewy hours  
Strength and freshness God supplies.  
He who sends the gentle dew  
Cares for little children too.

Then He gives the pleasant weather,  
Sunshine warm and free,  
Making all things glad together,  
Kind to them and kind to me.  
Lovely flowers ! He loveth you,  
And the little children too !

Though we cannot hear you singing  
Softly chiming lays,  
Surely God can see you bringing  
Silent songs of wordless praise !  
Hears your anthem, sweet and true,  
Hears the little children too.