

*Florence*

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WHAT DO THE ANGELS CALL HER?

She left us one wintry day,  
    When the winds came out of the East.  
With sharpest reluctance we let her away,  
    Though we knew that a Royal feast  
Awaited her coming that day,  
And we mourned our Florence May.

The angels took her that day,  
    What name do they know her by  
In that land that has flowers away—  
    In the summer land of the sky—  
Where the month is always May  
    And the blossoms never die?  
Oh, we hope that the angels say  
When they call her "*Florence May!*"