

WHAT DO THE ANGELS CALL
HER ?

SHE came to us in May
When the gardens were all abloom,
When lilac and peach, the long Spring day,
Were prodigal of perfume;
When the birds sang their rarest roundelay,
So we called our baby Florence May.

She stayed with us some while,
And the months grew into years.
The dearest thing in life was her smile,
The saddest thing her tears.
Beauty and pain and patience blent
As the seasons came and went.