

What age old wisdom will she learn .

When days are gray and cold,
How low life's ember-fires must burn
Across the somber ~~world?~~ *wald?*

What soul shall fly before the wind

To keep small Betti warm?
To sooth, all suffering to end,
And shield her from the storm?

What shall the future have to give

The children of ^{today} ~~tomorrow~~

That they initiate may live

Like Betti through ^{each day,} ~~all sorrow.~~

Oh Maker of the Christmas lanes

The One who understands,
And knows, the sufferings, and pains,
And needs, of little hands.

Please keep these jewels that will shine

In crowns Tomorrows wear
Upon their brows, with them entwined,
The hours, beyond compare!