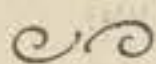


Give Them the Flowers Now



Closed eyes cannot see white roses,
Cold hands cannot hold them you know;
Breath that is stilled cannot gather
The odor that from them blow.

Death with a peace beyond dreaming,
Its children of earth doth endow;
Life is the time when we can help them,
So give them the flowers now.

Here are the struggles and striving,
Here are the cares and fears;
Now is the time to be smoothing
The frowns and the furrows and tears.

What to closed ears or kind sayings?
What to the hushed heart is deep vow?
Naught can avail after parting,
So give them the flowers now.

Just a kind word or a greeting;
Just a warm grasp or a smile—
These are the flowers that will lighten
The burden for many a mile.

After the journey is over;
After the tired hands drop the plow,
Then all appreciation is over;
So give them the flowers now.