



MAY

Fourteen Mays have crossed our path;  
Fourteen years have brought them to us;  
All those months have come our way  
Since our maiden came one day --  
Came within the month of May.



Fourteen Mays are over, done,  
Since our own May came to see us;  
Months of sunshine, months of flowers,  
Months of warmth, months of showers,  
The companionship of hours.



Fourteen Mays have come and gone  
Since that springtime brought her to us.  
But the sun and flowers gay,  
All the beauties of their day,  
Still are with us in our May.

Grandpa Davis

