

Little Angels

When God calls little children
to well with Him above.
We mortals sometime question
the wisdom of His love.
For no heartache compares with
the death of one small child
Who does so much to make our world
seem wonderful and mild.
Perhaps God tires of calling
the aged to His fold,
So He picks a rosebud
before it can grow old.
God knows how much we need them,
and so He takes but few
To make the land of Heaven
more beautiful to view.
Believing this is difficult
still somehow we must try,
The saddest word mankind knows will
always be "Goodbye."
So when a little child departs,
we who are left behind
Must realize God loves children,
angels are hard to find.