



THE CHRISTENING

Name _____

at _____ of _____

By _____

Sponsors _____

WELCOME

THE GUEST

The stars in God's sky are true,
The diamonds on her hair,
Her ripples white as snow,
Her curls like flowers new.

The simple dress of gentled gold,
Her cheeks, dimpled still,
Her pinkish lips and sunny smile,
Of all are our most treasure.

Her eyes are like her mother's eyes,
Two green, liquid things,
Her hair is like an angel's hair—
It's so good she has no wings.

—Dinah Widdowson