

## To Miss Beryl Hoyt

Upon Her First Birthday—February 21, 1927

What dreams, sprung fresh from dawning skies,  
Shine sweet behind those wond'ring eyes?

What tales untold?

For still about thee wistful clings

Some echo of celestial things—

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Just one year old!

And as thy radiant days progress,

May all those dreams of loveliness

Leave gifts of grace

To mould thy deeds in later time,

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While glints of happiness sublime

Light up thy face!