PRESENTING JEWEL TO RETIRING WORTHY MATRON WITH FLOWERS

There's a beautiful story, a legend of old,  
Of an angel who waits at the portals of gold,  
The outermost gates of The City;  
And list'ning to prayers of mortals below  
Petitions of sorrow and anguish and woe,  
His heart swells with infinite pity.

So, taking these prayers as they rise, in his hands,  
Love's subtle alchemy, which he commands  
Transmutes them to beautiful flowers.

Transforms them to beauty and fragrance and bloom  
Relieving earth's sorrow and darkness and gloom  
In beautiful rose tinted bower's.

And taking our cue from this angel of prayer  
We too have assembled a symphony fair  
Of flowers of eloquent meaning.

And bound with the petals of flower and vine  
Soft tendrils of love and allegiance entwine;  
These also are flowers of our gleaning.

Fidelity speaks in the flowers of blue,  
In the gold of the harvest shine's Constancy true  
The green speaks of Faith strong, confiding.

Blossoms of white gleam with Purity's light,  
The red tells of love all abiding.

Our Sister:

— all these we have given to you  
In the year of our service together,  
And you in your turn have been faithful and true  
In all kinds of fortune and weather.

The flowers will fade and their fragrance depart,  
And time all things finite will sever,  
But the light of the love 'twix your heart and our heart  
Shall be dimmed or extinguished, no, never.

So we proffer this emblem, and set in its fold  
You will find if its center you scan.  
Yours forever and ever to have and to hold  
The badge of your office emblazoned in gold.

N. B. A ring may be presented instead of pin,  
in which case omit last verse and substitute one below.

So we proffer this emblem, and set in its fold  
Where its colors fraternally blend,  
Whose impress on each of our hearts is enscrolled  
You will find if you seek it a circlet of gold;  
Symbol of love without end.