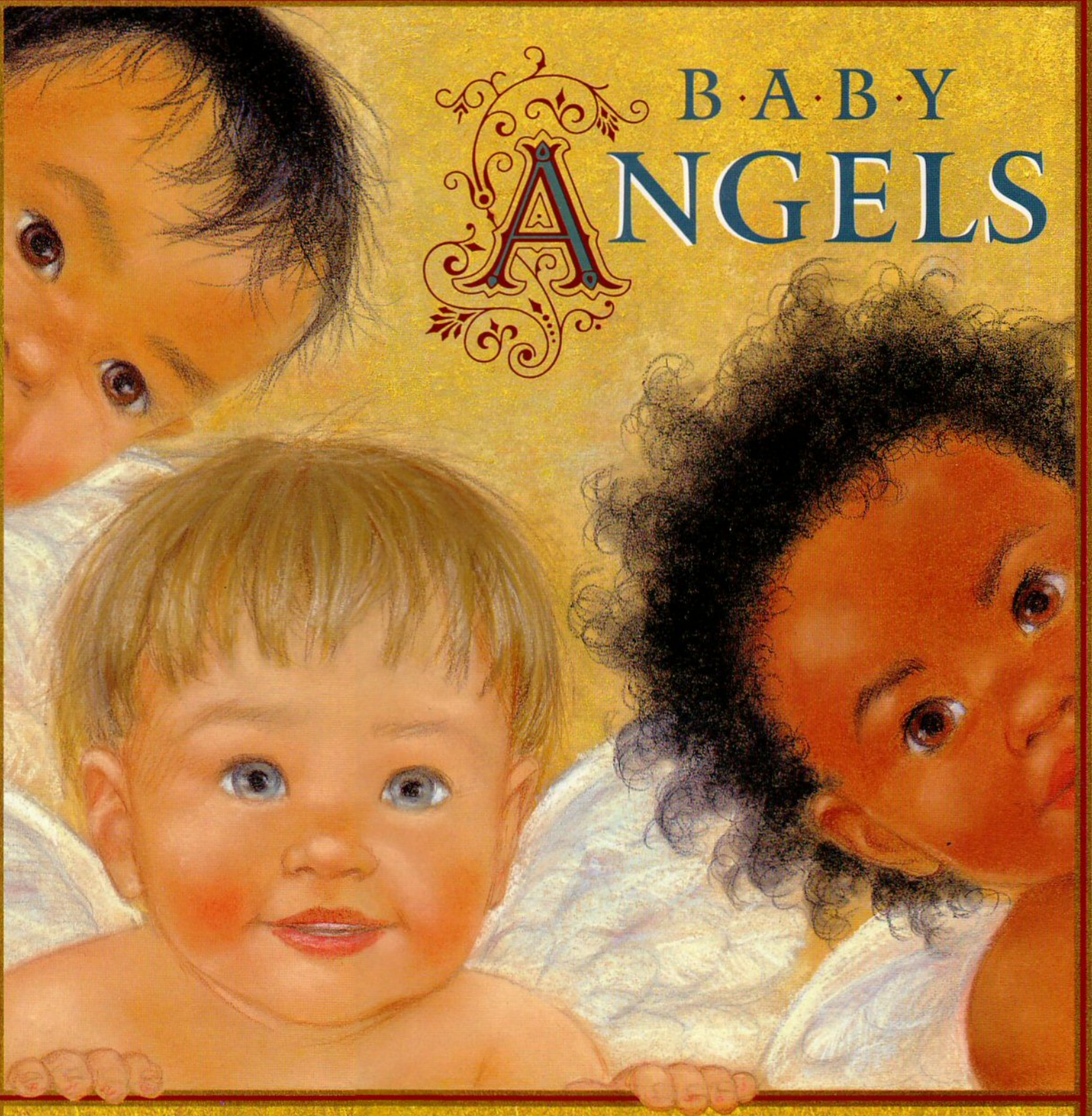


B · A · B · Y
ANGELS



JANE COWEN-FLETCHER

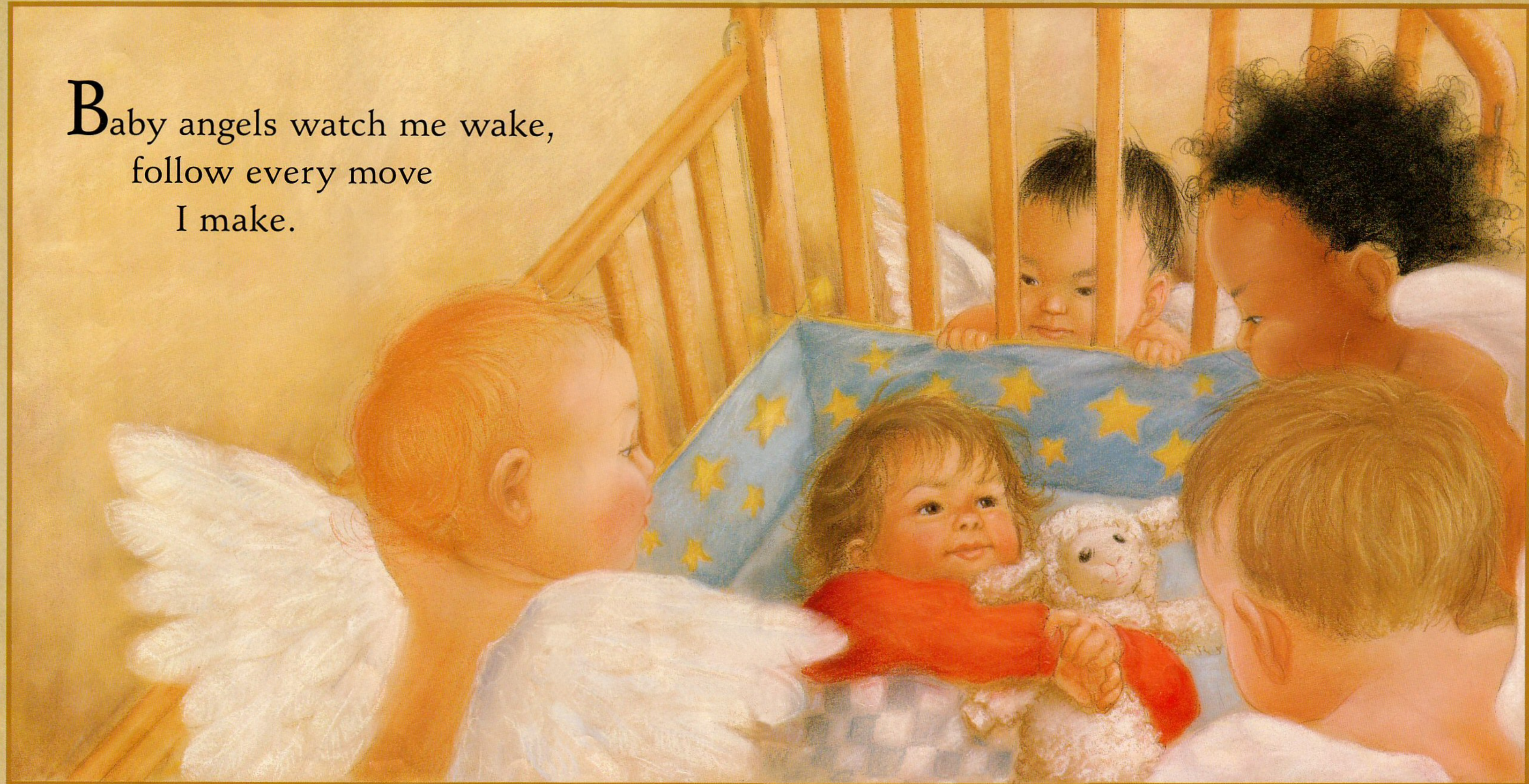


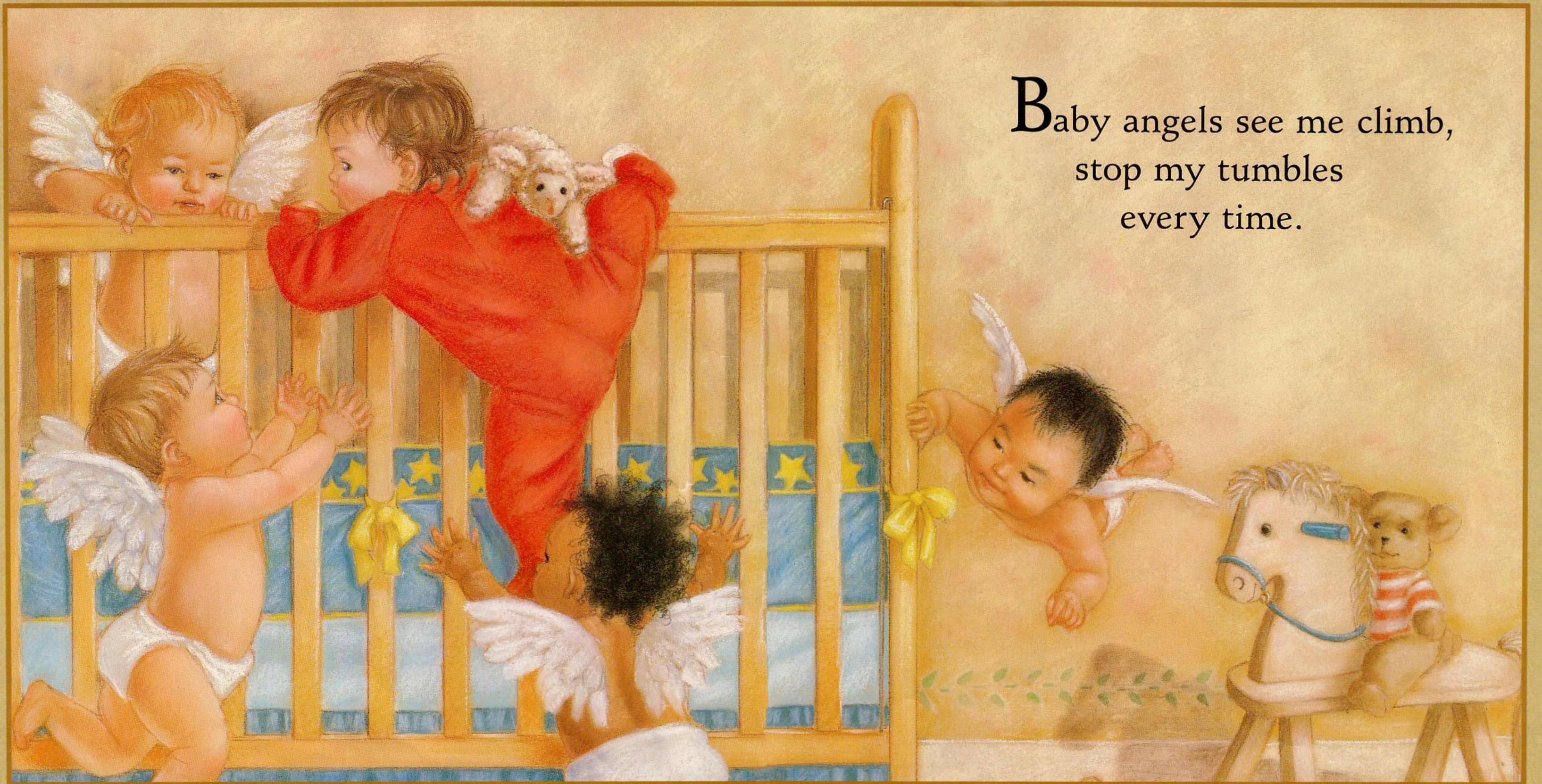
B·A·B·Y
ANGELS



Jane Cowen-Fletcher

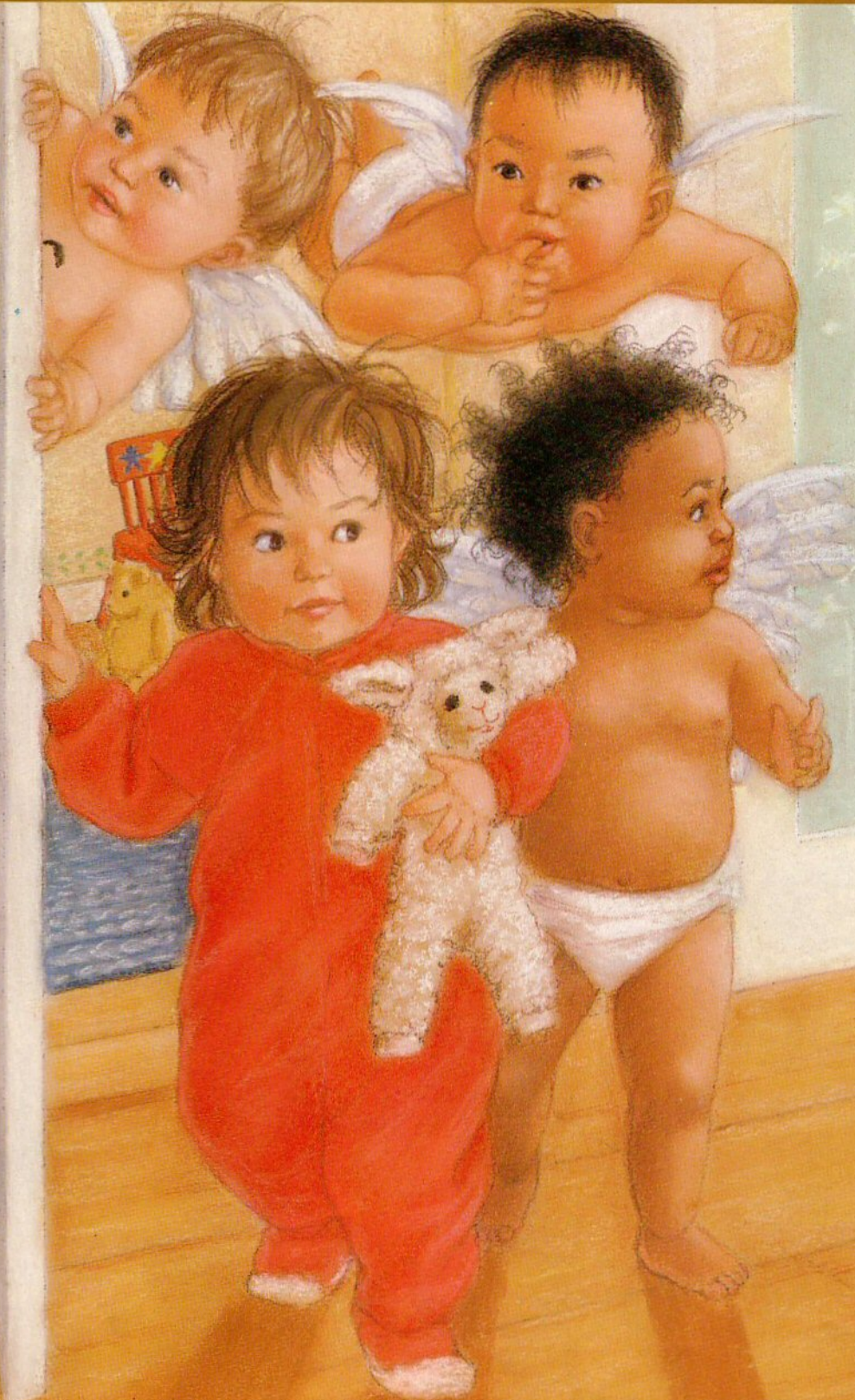
Baby angels watch me wake,
follow every move
I make.

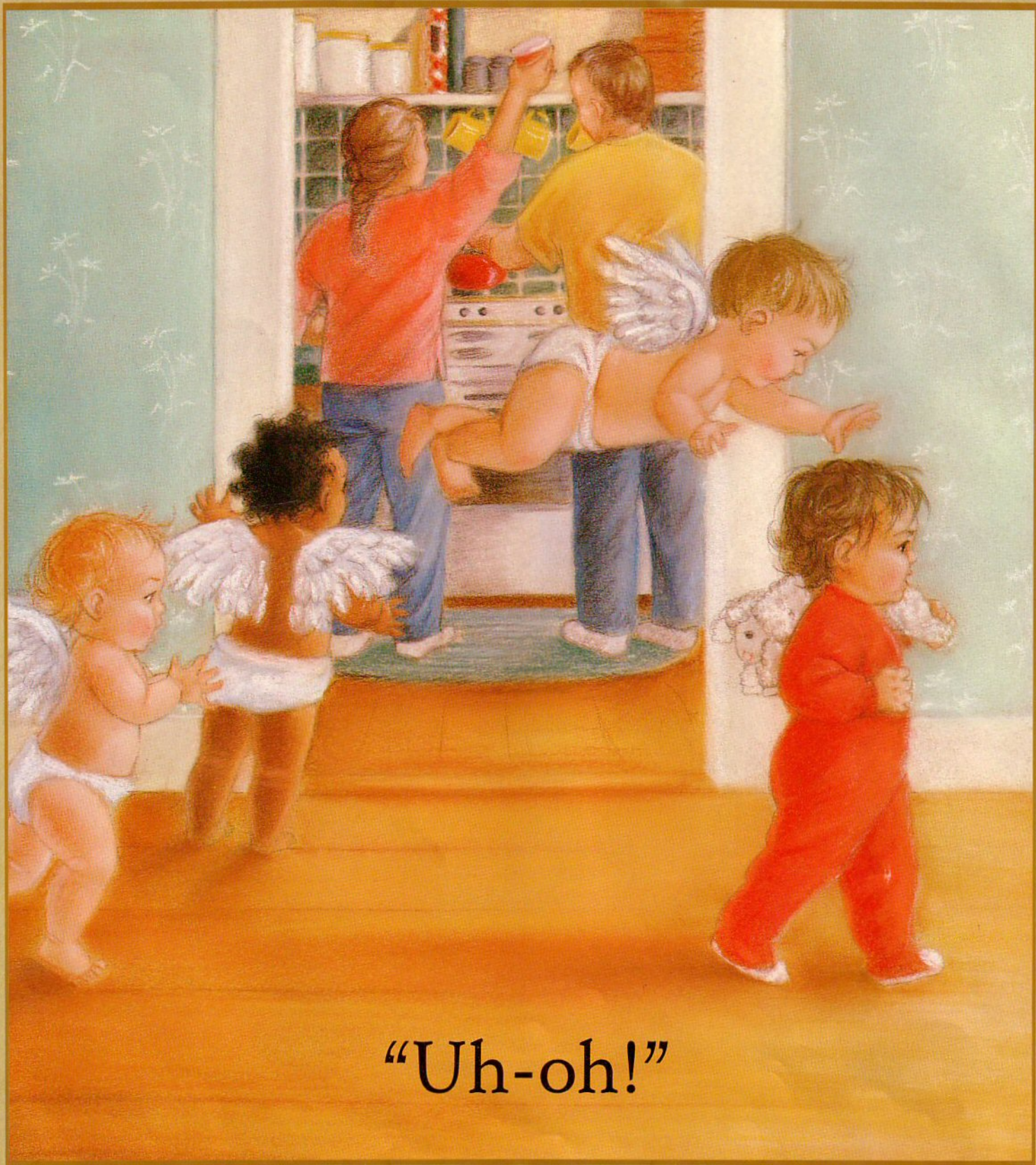




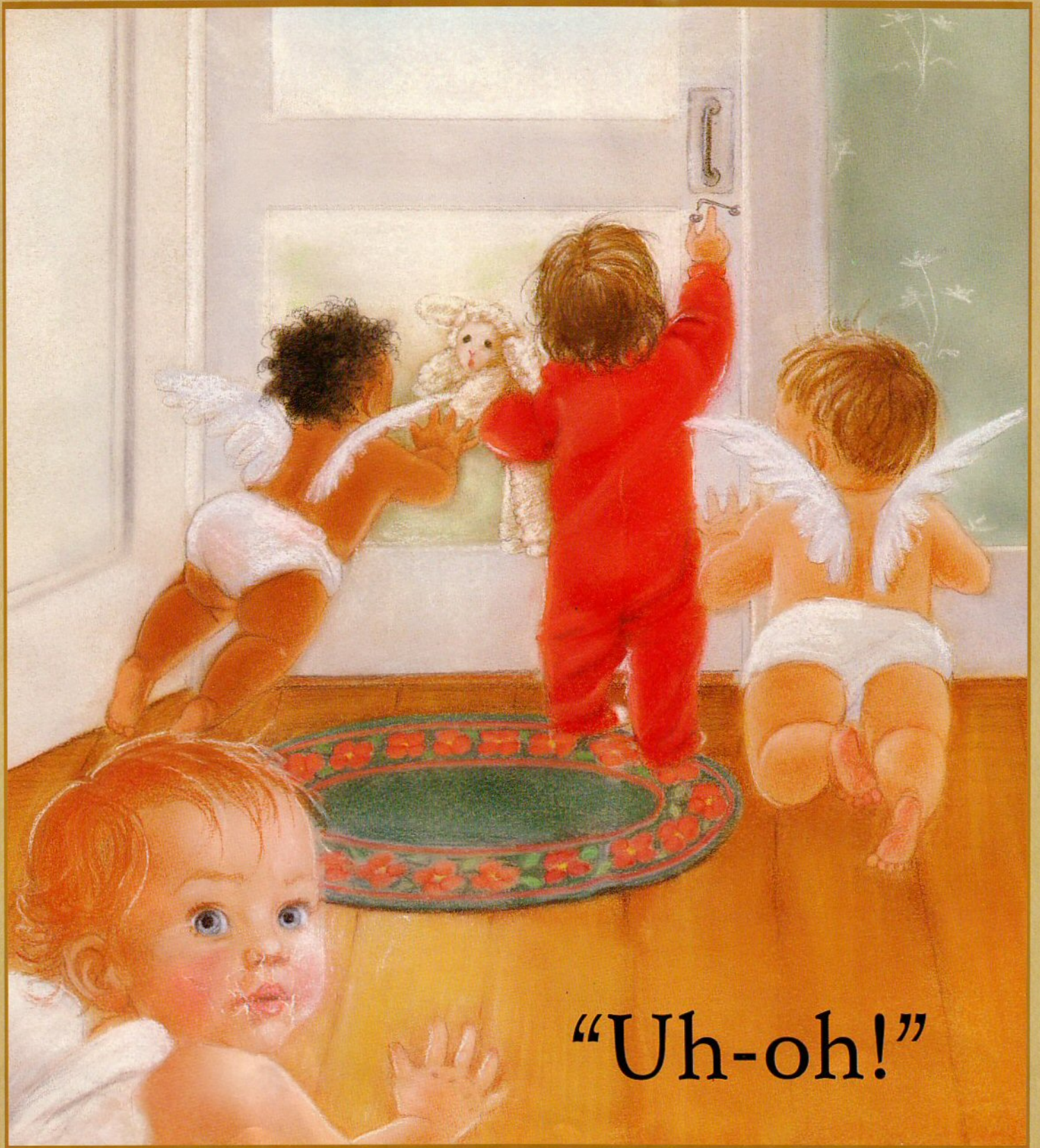
Baby angels see me climb,
stop my tumbles
every time.

Baby angels say, "Uh-oh,"
when I decide it's
time to go.

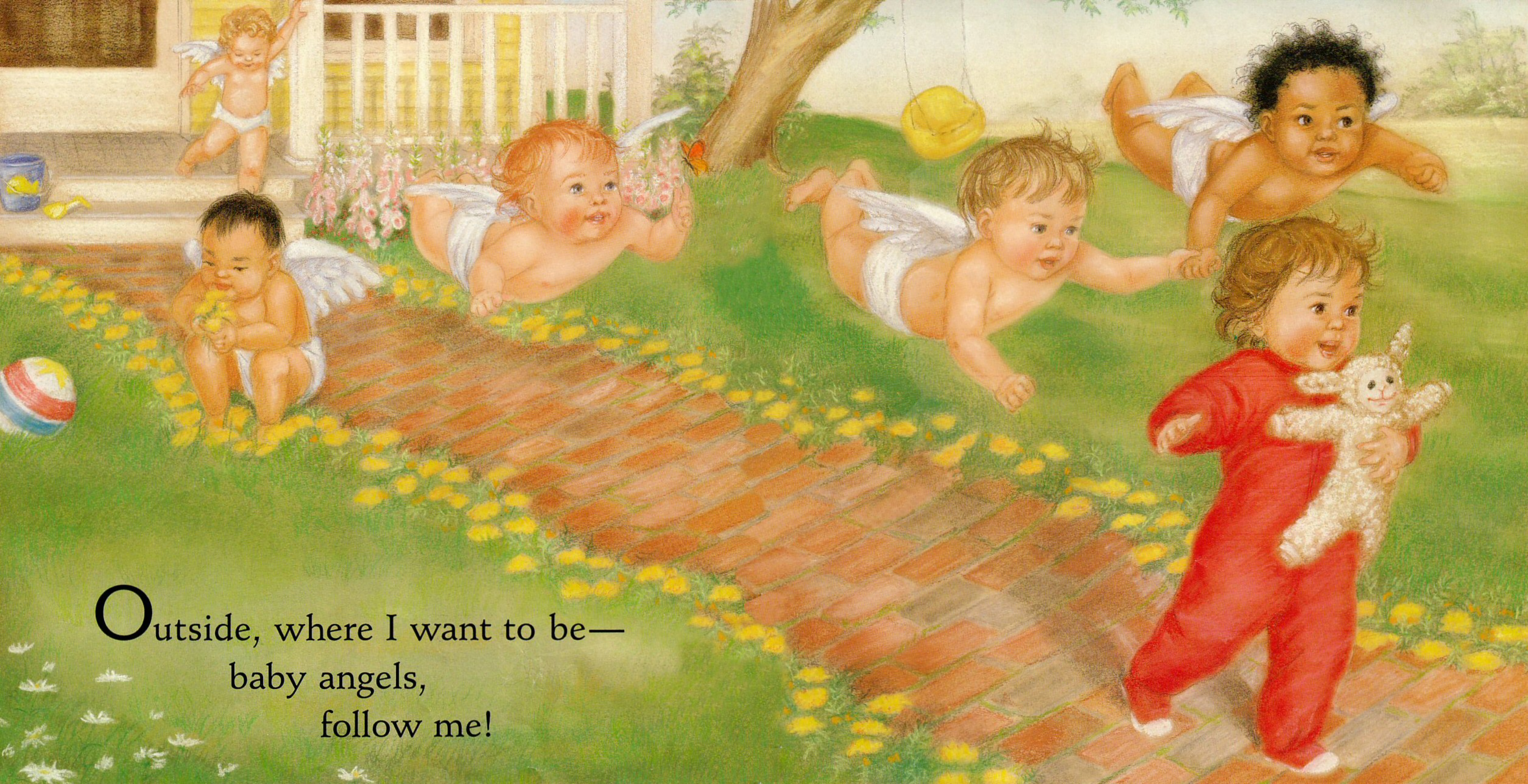




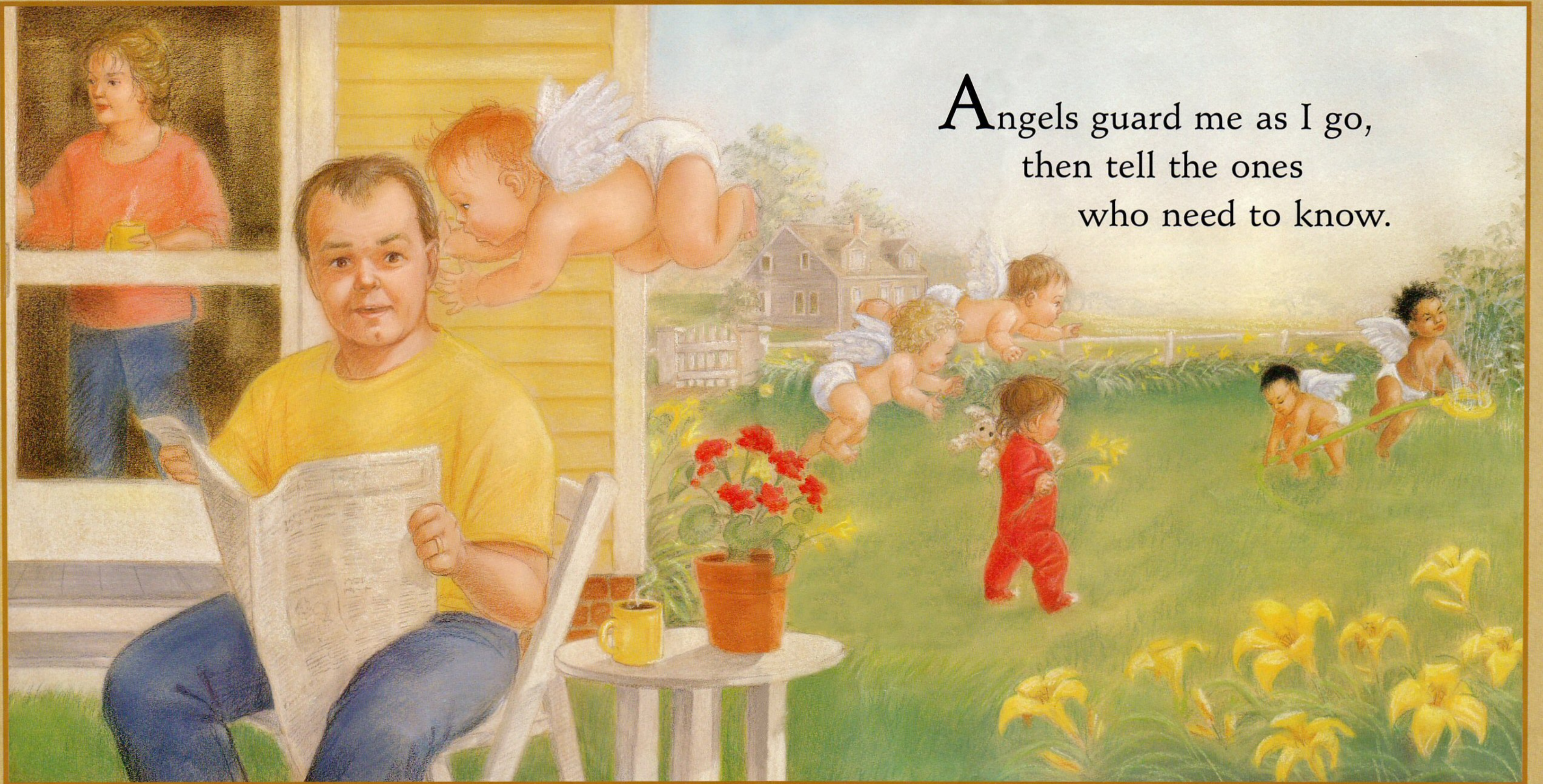
“Uh-oh!”



“Uh-oh!”

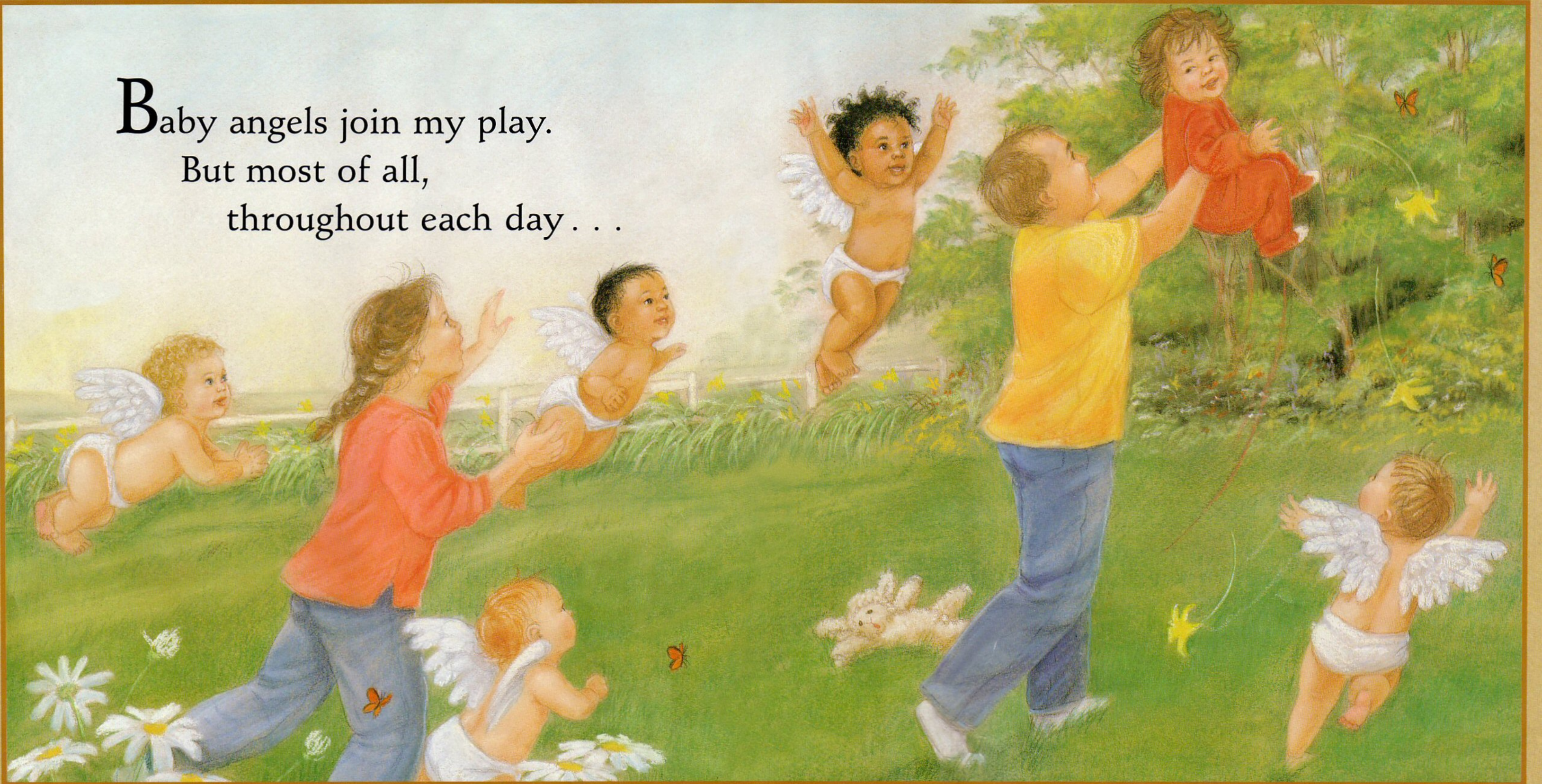


Outside, where I want to be—
baby angels,
follow me!

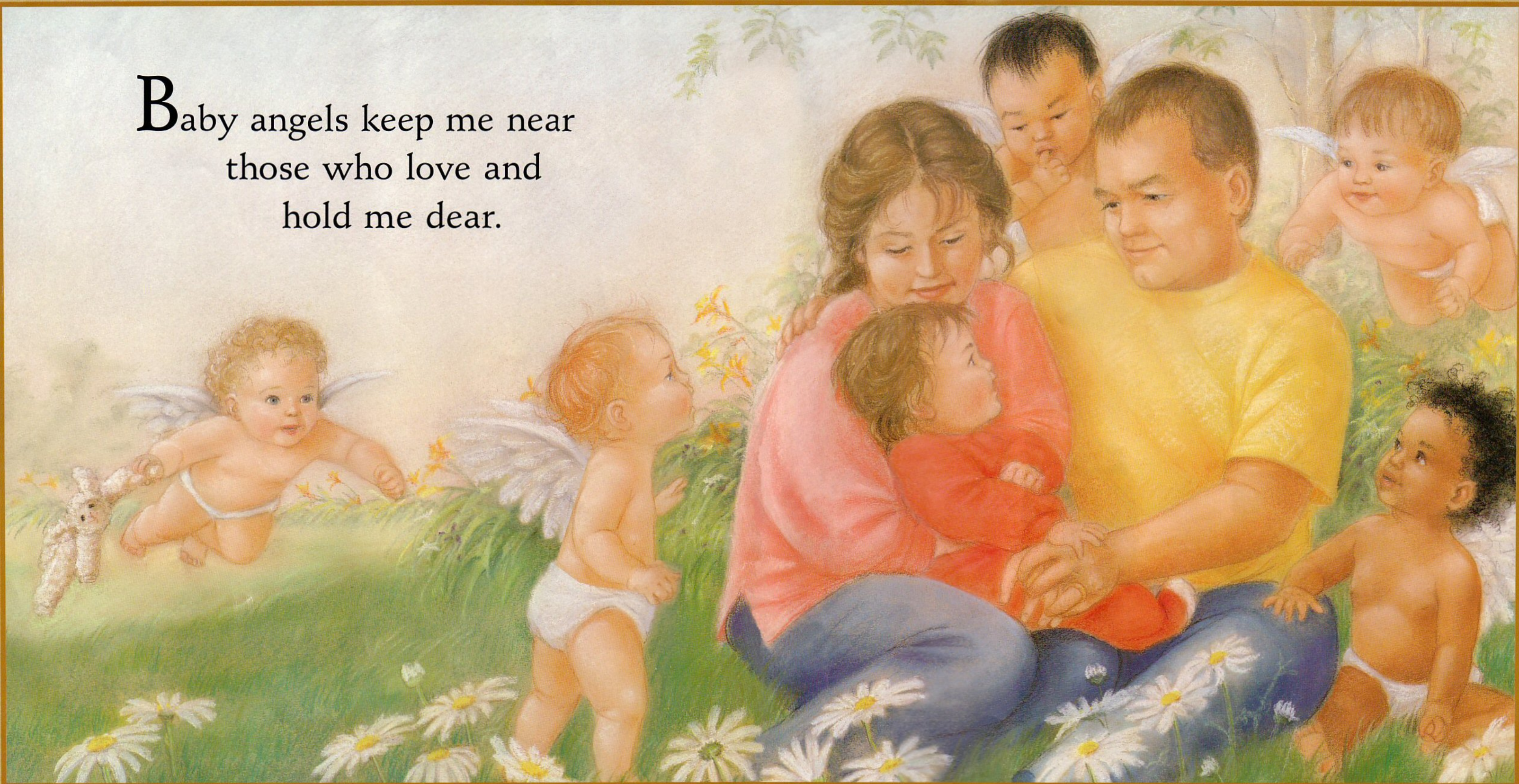


Angels guard me as I go,
then tell the ones
who need to know.

Baby angels join my play.
But most of all,
throughout each day . . .



Baby angels keep me near
those who love and
hold me dear.



Baby angels
keep me near
those who love and
hold me dear.

