

Among the lilies.

Through the wonderful world of Silence,
Where the beautiful blossoms grow,
There wandered a dear little maiden
At the time when the roses blow
Her cheeks were like roses and lilies,
Her eyes like the violets blue,
And her smile was as glad as the Sunshine
That gleams on the morning dew.

She looked at the flowers with longing,
She gathered a white rose fair,
And set it aloft like a jewel
In the golden crown of her hair.

The lilies were all a-dreaming
In their waxy robes of snow,
But the little maid knelt beside them
To ask how the sweet flowers grow.

"O beautiful waxy lily
With petals so pure and fair,
Who gave you your snowy beauty
And your perfume sweet and rare?"
I am only a little maiden,
But I long to be a flower
And blossom like you in gladness,
In a sunny garden bower.

Then the sun would smile upon me
I should hear the song-birds' glee,
I'd be ever so glad and happy
but here in the garden free.

I should like to be a lily
As stately and sweet as you —
Shall I ever grow into a blossom?
or must I be made anew?

The lily so white and tender?
Bent down her beautiful head,
And the little maid smiled in wonder
To hear what the lily said?

"O dear little flower of Heaven —
The lily said, with a sigh —
How foolish to envy blossoms
That only open to die!

God made you a flower immortal,
To bloom in the starry sky
When the blossoms of earth have perished
And deep in the dark earth lie.

Far up in the cloudless Heaven
In God's own garden of bliss —
Would you change that glorious dwelling
For an earthly home like this?

The lily returned to Silence,
To dream her sweet life away,
But the little child thought of Heaven,
And gladly looked up to pray.

World's Pain.

With my bright eyes I gladly raised
my soul to God in prayer —
"O God, make bright my darling's life,
make smooth her path and fair!"

Then speeding swift with outspread wings
God sent an angel down,
who on my dear love's forehead pressed
A cruel, thorny crown.

"O God! my God!" I wildly cried,
"Give me that sorrow's crown!"

But the circlet pierced my darling's head,
Her life-blood trickled down.

I in anguish dumb at last I ceased
God my unavailing prayer,
God would not give to me the crown
my darling's head must wear.

I could only rest the tortured head
So gently on my breast,
While I tried to crush rebellious grief
In faith that God knows best.

I could only cling in powerless woe
Close, close to my darling's side,
Till shadow and pain & fear were past—
Till my martyred love had died.
