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

[this is the last page]

[first page]

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 waxen robes of snow,

But the little maid knelt beside them

To ask how the sweet flowers grow.

“O beautiful waxen lily

With petals so pure and fair,

Who gave you your snowy beauty,

And your perfume sweet and rare’?

Then the sun would smile upon me,

I should hear the song bird’s glee,

I’d be ever so glad and happy

Back 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

Is God’s own garden of bliss

Would you change that glorious dwelling

For and earth 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 gay-bright eyes I gladly raised

My soul to God in prayer

“O God, make bright my darlings life,

Make smooth her path and fair!”

Then speeding swift with outspread wings

God sent and 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

In anguish dumb at last I ceased

My unavailing prayer, -

God would not give to me the crown

My darlings head must reveal.

[see top of transcription]