

Clad in robes of spotless beauty,
Lilies of the field,
Burdened by no stress of duty,
Fragrant odour yield.
Maiden, clothed in humble raiment,
Lily of earth's soil!
Thou hast earned a heavenly payment
By thy saintly toil.

Cheeks made pale by ceaseless labour
Wear a sacred hue;
Angels claim thee for a neighbour,
Virgin, pure and true!
Forms, made thin by cold and hunger,
Grow more glorified,
Age-bowed frames seem fairer, younger,
When by suffering tried.

Starving paupers, as they languish,
Are not all alone:
Hearts deep-stung by piercing anguish
Still a guardian own.
Holy poor ones are not friendless—
He who dwells above
Calls them home to glory endless,
Children of His love.

Sleep, then, maiden! God will hear thee
When thou pourest prayer:
Angels now are watching near thee,
Warding off despair."