

THE LILY.

[ORIGINAL.]

"Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these."

Grand and beauteous stands the lily,
Nodding gently to the wind;
With a robe of dazzling whiteness,
And a crown of royal brightness,
Deck'd and gemm'd by Nature's mind.

Glorious symbols meet our vision,
When we see thee, flower divine;
Proudly set amid the meadow,
Feeling naught of care or sorrow,
All unconscious in thy prime.

Toiling not for wealth or fashion,
Clothed art thou in tissues rare;
Woven in the looms of heaven,
Dropp'd by angel bands at even,
O'er the fields and valleys fair.

Fast by Eden's lovely bowers,
Near the sacred tree of life,
Bending stately thy corolla,
Fill'd the air with sweet aroma,
Paradise saw then no strife.

Gold of Ophir, dyes of Sidon,
Crown'd the ancient monarch's reign;
And his pearls and jewels costly,
Flash'd back light all bright and lofty,
O'er the Queen of Sheba's train.

Yet the king in all his glory
Rival'd not thy spotless dress;
Eastern climes, and wealth of ages
Vied to please earth's mighty sages;
Dim their lustre grew and less.

Love may woo thee, flower imperial,
Art may blend her tints so bright—
Amaranthine hues and changeless
From the regions true and peerless,
Meet not genius' lostest flight.