

THE
WATER LILY.

A POEM.

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By "ALBYN." pseud

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Shiels, Andrew

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like Orient pearls at random strung :
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say ;
But oh ! far sweeter, if they please
The one for whom these notes are sung.—HAFIZ.

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HALIFAX :  
PRINTED BY JAMES BOWES & SON.  
1852.