

### NO ONE TOLD HER

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She was just in the bloom of life's morning;  
She was happy and free and fair;  
And a glance in her bright eyes would tell you  
Of nothing but innocence there.

She was waiting for some one to tell her,  
As she stood with reluctant feet,  
On the banks of the wonderful river  
Where childhood and womanhood meet.

She waited but still no one told her  
The secret of life so sublime;  
And she held not the safeguard of knowledge  
In life's beautiful morning time.

The flower, so sweetly unfolding,  
Was crushed by a rough hand one day,  
And the jewel, so sacred, so precious,  
Was stolen and cast away.

—Selected.

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