And, thy darkness to illume,
Winter's bee-thronged ivy-bloom.
Seek and serve them where they bide
From Candlemas to Christmas-tide.
For these simples used aright
Shall restore a failing sight.

These shall cleanse and purify Webbed and inward-surning eye; These shall show thee treasure hid, Thy familiar fields amid, At thy threshold, on thy hearth, Or about thy daily path; And reveal (which is thy need) Every man a King indeed!