



Grateful to sight and sense their perfume sweet,  
Their tender beauty, and their words of love,  
Nor can I dream of any flower more meet  
On such an errand messenger to prove.

No flower so sweet—yet sweeter far to me  
Than e'en these lilies is the gentle thought  
That in the sender's breast rose lovingly,  
And in this graceful form expression sought.

O Love, thou "present for a mighty king!"  
Love, more precious than the finest gold!  
O Love, whom artists paint, and poets sing,  
And yet by neither is thy value told!

Be kind to the fair maid of whom I write,  
Dwell in her heart, and all her actions move,  
And draw her ever toward the Infinite,  
The only Source and End of all true love.

