

"Hear'st thou the wail of the winter wake?
 "Hear'st thou the roar of the angry sea?
 "Ask not, for Heaven's own thunders break
 "On the linden fair and the fleur-de-lis!"

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The storm-clouds fade from the murky air,
 Again the freshening breezes blow,
 The sunbeams rest on the garden rare
 But the lily lies buried beneath the snow!

From the ice-locked Rhine to the Western sea,
 Mournfully spreads the wintry pall,
 Cold and still is the fleur-de-lis,
 But the linden threatens to shadow all!

Frowning down on the forest wide,
 Darkly loometh his giant form.
 Alone he stands in his kingly pride,
 And mocks at whirlwind and laughs at storm!

"Speak, oh! Sage of the mystic air!
 "Answer, Seer of the mighty mien!
 "Must all thy trees of the forest fair
 "Fall at the feet of the linden green?"

"Would'st thou the scroll of the future see?
 "Thus I divine the fates of all!
 "A worm is sapping the linden tree,
 "The pride that goeth before a fall.

"For shame may come to the haughty crest,
 "A storm may sweep from the Northern sea,
 "And winds from the East and winds from the West
 "May blow in wrath on the linden tree!

"Here where the voice of the winter grieves
 "The lily hath lain its regal head,
 "Bright was the gleam of the golden leaves,
 "*But the lily was flecked with spots of red!*

"Behind the clouds of the battle strife
 "The glow of resurrection see!
 "Lo! I proclaim a newer life,
 "The truer birth of the fleur-de-lis!"

' Thus saith the Seer of the mighty mien,
 Thus saith the Sage of the mystic air,
 And the sunshine fell from the linden green,
 And gilded the grave of the lily fair.