

THE POOR LITTLE CAPTIVE FLOWER

I'M what the world loves—a beautiful thing,
The first little flower that blossoms in Spring,
And I meant no harm, when I lifted my head
From Winter's chilly, uncomfortable bed.
So why, *oh why* did you take me away
From life in the open so happy and gay ?

You've broken my neck and wounded my heart,
And my beautiful leaves, you've torn them apart,
And now I am dying, dying you see,
Dying because you did this to me.

A vase of cold water is not like the sun,
And I really can't see what good has been done
By your bringing me here to wither and die,
When I might still be happy 'neath God's open sky.