

Easter Lilies

THE soul of each lily was stainless and pure
As the stem upward grew with confidence sure;
True vigour and health marked the leaves' verdant sheen,
And the buds were the fairest earth ever had seen.

Their promise of beauty was wafted afar
Unto Realms that are ruled by the bright Morning Star,
Who whispered their secret to Mary alone
As she wept in the Garden with agonized moan.

The heart of the Mother was sore with her loss,
For the Son of her love had been nailed to the Cross ;
Now the lilies' pure grace touched the fount of her woe,
And her tears only ceased the greater to flow.