

The seed that was planted in tears,
The ways where the deep shadows bend,
Spring green in the prosperous years,
And where are the hands that will tend?
In beauty this garden shall rise,
A sweet and desirable whole,
With blooms for the heart and the eyes,
With fruit for the hungering soul.
For a breeze of the morning that blows
Has scattered illusions and night,
The desert shall bloom as the rose,
When riseth the sun on our sight.