

THE LILY.

May, 1809.

How withered, perished seems the form

Of yon obscure unsightly root!

Yet from the blight of wintry storm,

It hides secure the precious fruit.

The careless eye can find no grace,

No beauty in the scaly folds,

Nor see within the dark embrace

What latent loveliness it holds.

Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,

The lily wraps her silver vest,

'Till vernal suns and vernal gales

Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.

Yes, hide beneath the mouldering heap
The undelighting slighted thing ;
There in the cold earth buried deep,
In silence let it wait the spring.

Oh ! many a stormy night shall close
In gloom upon the barren earth,
While still, in undisturbed repose,
Uninjured lies the future birth ;

And Ignorance, with sceptic eye,
Hope's patient smile shall wondering view ;
Or mock her fond credulity,
As her soft tears the spot bedew.

Sweet smile of hope, delicious tear !
The sun, the shower indeed shall come ;
The promised verdant shoot appear,
And nature bid her blossoms bloom.

And thou, O virgin Queen of Spring!
Shalt, from thy dark and lowly bed,
Bursting thy green sheath's silken string,
Unveil thy charms, and perfume shed;

Unfold thy robes of purest white,
Unsullied from their darksome grave,
And thy soft petals silvery light
In the mild breeze unfettered wave.

So Faith shall seek the lowly dust
Where humble Sorrow loves to lie,
And bid her thus her hopes entrust,
And watch with patient, cheerful eye;

And bear the long, cold, wintry night,
And bear her own degraded doom,
And wait till Heaven's reviving light,
Eternal Spring! shall burst the gloom.