

# “THE LILY OF THE VALLEY”

BY

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Sweetest of the flowers a-blooming  
In the fragrant vernal days  
Is the Lily of the Valley  
With its soft, retiring ways.

Well, you chose this humble blossom  
As the nurse's emblem flower,  
Who grows more like her ideal  
Every day and every hour.

Like the Lily of the Valley  
In her honesty and worth,  
Ah, she blooms in truth and virtue  
In the quiet nooks of earth.

Tho' she stands erect in honor  
When the heart of mankind bleeds,  
Still she hides her own deserving  
In the beauty of her deeds.

In the silence of the darkness  
Where no eye may see and know,  
There her footsteps shod with mercy,  
And fleet kindness come and go.

Not amid the sounds of plaudits,  
Nor before the garish day,  
Does she shed her soul's sweet perfume,  
Does she take her gentle way.

But alike her ideal flower,  
With its honey-laden breath,  
Still her heart blooms forth its beauty  
In the valley shades of death.