

Ode to the Daisy

by Peter Burn

Lovely, unassuming thing,
Unto thee I praises sing;
Regal greatness do I see
In thy sweet humility.

When the chilling breezes blow,
Laying prouder beauties low,
Then I find thee peacefully
Blooming in adversity.

When within the fertile bed
Others boldly lift the head,
Lovely daisy, thee I see,
Humble in prosperity.