

The White Daisy

by Richard Coe

There is a little, dainty flower,
That lifts its golden eye,
Without a single tinge of shame,
Unshrinking to the sky;
But yet, so sweetly free from art,
It captivates the thoughtful heart!

It glads the merry month of May,
On August smiles a cheer;
It greets the pale October day,
"The saddest of the year"—
And still an open bosom shows
Amid the cold December snow.

It roams upon the mountain-top,
To catch the morning sun;
It plays about the meadows, where
The merry brooklets run;
Upon the forest solitudes
The pretty daisy's form intrudes.

And oft-times on the infant's grave,
This little flower is found;
Nor aught more fitting thus to bloom
On consecrated ground;
'Tis beautiful without pretence—
An emblem sweet of Innocence!