

Have You Seen the Bright Lily Grow

Sting

Have you seen but a bright lily grow Before rude hands have touched it?

Have you marked but the fall of snow
Before the soil hath smutched it?

Have you felt the wool of beaver,
Or swan's down ever?

Or have smelt o' the bud o' the brier,
Or the nard in the fire?

Or have tasted the bag of the bee?

O so white, O so soft, O so sweet is she!