

Sting, Have You Seen But A Bright Lily Grow

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!