

Childhood And The Lilies

1. O lil - y fair, O lil - y fair, How sweet thy beau - ty's sto - ry!
 2. O lil - y frail, O lil - y frail, How soon thy glo - ry wan - eth!
 3. O child - hood bright, O child - hood bright, How sweet the joy thou bring - est,
 4. O child - hood brief, O child - hood brief, Tho' swift thy days pass by us.

Thou toil - est not, thou spinn - est not, And earth - ly hon - ors winn - est not;
 Up - spring - ing with the morn - ing glow, At eve - ning's breath thou li - est low;
 When, trust - ful as the bird in air, And sim - ple as the lil - y fair.
 May thy firm trust, thy sim - ple grace, Be aye our strength in man - hood's race;

Yet lil - y fair, O lil - y fair, Thou art ar - rayed in glo - ry.
 Yet lil - y fair, O lil - y fair, Thy fra - grance still re - main - eth.
 O child - hood bright, O child - hood bright, Thy hap - py song thou sing - est.
 Then child - hood brief, O child - hood brief, Thy joy shall still be nigh us.