

Violet, The

Down in a green and shady bed,
A modest violet grew;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head
As if to hide from view.
And yet it was a lovely flow'r,
Its colors bright and fair,
It might have graced a rosy bow'r
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed;
And there it spread its sweet perfume
Within the silent shade,
Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flow'r to see,
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

This song has been downloaded from BusSongs.com.