

# Weird Tales

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# WHITE LILIES

By JOSIE McNAMARA LYDON

White lilies grow above your bed;  
 A gleaming marble marks its head.  
     The swaying lilies, bending low,  
     Drip crystal tears; they seem to know  
 I grieve for your dear spirit fled.

The world tramps by with hurried tread;  
 It has no time to mourn the dead,  
     Nor has it solace to bestow  
                     Where lilies grow.

Alone my hopeless tears are shed;  
 Alone my futile prayers are said.  
     Dear eyes, that one short year ago  
     Were lit with love's celestial glow—  
 Forever closed; above your bed  
                     White lilies grow.