

**MY THREE JEWELS:
AND OTHER POEMS**

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My Three Jewels: And Other Poems by Lilien Wise

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LILIEN WISE

**MY THREE JEWELS:
AND OTHER POEMS**



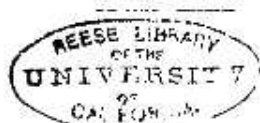
"How fair the simple flowers appear,
If hands below'd the garland braid,
And friendship's flowers collected here—
Tho' Springs must die—*will never fade!*"

MY THREE JEWELS

AND

OTHER POEMS.

LILIEN WISE.

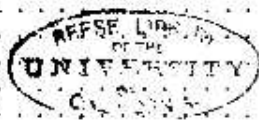


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My Three Jewels.

Three Jewels of immortal birth,
Three Jewels bright, of priceless worth,
Three Jewels I can call my own,
As bright as ever decked a crown.
Each Jewel in a casket lies,
And each and all I highly prize.

The first, a "Diamond," sparkling bright,
Of the first water in my sight;
And though six years I've called it mine,
I scarce begin to note the time,
It seems so short, since first I pressed
The darling treasure to my breast;
And ever since, with tender care,
I've fondly smiled to see it there.

The second is a lovely "Pearl,"
So sweet you'd think it was a girl;
The world could not produce another,
And yet it is the Diamond's brother.
Oh, such a Jewel! All that see
Think 'tis the finest of the three.

MY THREE JEWELS.

Then who can chide a mother's love,
If she a little partial prove?
And though all three dwell in my heart,
The "Pearl" can claim the largest part.

The third, a "Ruby" and a brother,
The very image of its mother,
And all who see it think me cruel,
Because 'tis not my fav'rite Jewel;
For ev'ry feature of the elf
Reflects the image of myself:
Its eyes, its mouth, and nose, and chin,
And e'en the color of its skin;
Its ways and manners, all so mild,
Proclaim the mother in the child;
But for my "Pearl" I feel more care,
Because I see its father there.

Whatever ills of life betide,
These Jewels rare shall be my pride;
To guard them and to keep them bright,
Each day shall be my chief delight,
And ev'ry prayer I send to Heav'n
Shall for their welfare here be giv'n,
That when time's furrows mark my brow,
They then may shine more bright than now,
And in my last declining day,
My *Jewels* light me on my way,
And 'round me shed their hallowed light,
'Till I shall bid the world "Good night."

* * * * *