

Miss Ursula Singleton

LOUISBURG, N.C. 27544

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## The Voice of the Flowers

If to our dull prosaic souls  
No sweet mysterious hope unrolls.  
When the soft petals of the rose  
Their carmine tinted lips disclose:  
If from the violet's pleading eyes  
No hints prophetic of the skies  
To our insensate hearts arise:  
Nor break upon our dumb despair  
In odorous pulses of the air  
The rhythmic measure of a prayer:  
If flowers may bloom and wax and wane,  
Nor cheat our human hearts of pain,  
The world is beautiful in vain.

—Selected.

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