

Vas "The Reaper And The Flowers"

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There is a reaper, whose name is Death
And, with his sickle keen
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath
And the flowers that grow between

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Shall I have naught that is fair?, saith he
Have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me
I will give them all back again.

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes
He kissed their drooping leaves
It was for the lord of paradise
He bound them in his sheaves

My Lord has need of these flowerets gay
The Reaper said and smiled;
'Dear tokens of the earth are they
Where he was once a child

They shall all bloom in fields of light
Transplanted by my care
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love
She knew she would find them all again
In the fields of light above

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath
The Reaper came that day
'Twas an angel visited the green earth
And took the flowers away

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And took the flowers away

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