

# Gothica, Where the Lilies Fade

(Lines by Christina Georgina Rossetti 1830-1894)

Thou sleepest where the lilies fade,  
Thou dwellest where the lilies fade not:  
Sweet, when thine earthly part decayed  
Thy heavenly part decayed not.

Thou dwellest where the roses blow  
The crimson roses bud and blossom:  
While on thine eyes is heaped the snow -  
The snow upon thy bosom.