

To my blithesome sister.

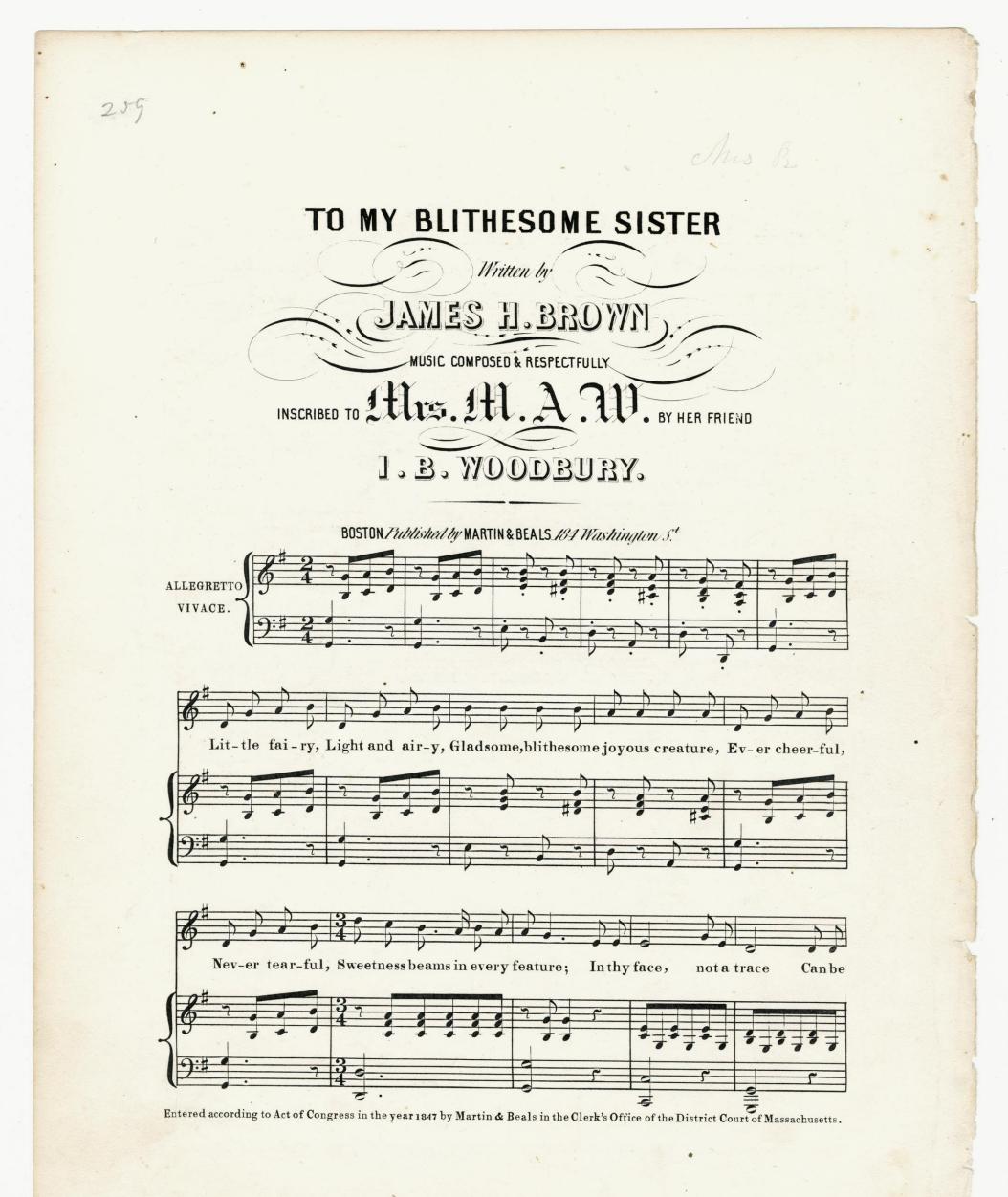
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Golden tresses Wind caresses, As thou comest lightly bounding, Zephyrs bringing, The sweet ringing Echo of thy life resounding; And that smile, all the while On thy dimpled cheeks is playing, Tells thou art glad at heart, Which with joy thou art obeying. Little fairy, &c. Happy ever Sorrow never Come to thee, thou flower rarest, If but lightly, Then less brightly Would the smile be which thou wearest; Thus to thee, may life be, May kind fortune e'er caress thee, Peace be thine, sister mine, God above, I pray will bless thee! Little fairy, &c.

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