

Sparkle, sparkle, crystal rill,
And let thy wavelets shine,
Not long 'twill be, I ween, until
They mix with ocean's brine.

Like thee, clear stream, are childhood's joys,
Flowing from out life's vein;
Pure and sweet, till sin decoys
Towards sorrow's troubled main.

Then bubble, bubble, Purity,
Within my heart and soul;
For without thee, no surety
Have I of Heaven's goal.