



BUBBLES.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

AH! fairy globes of fairy dyes,
Which rise and fall, above,
beneath,
And flutter between earth and skies,
Blown by a baby's laughing breath,
Greeted with rapturous cries!

How beautiful and all too frail
Your little treasure of delight;
How quickly laughter turns to wail
As vanishes from baby's sight
Your many-coloured sail.

The little hands are stretched in vain,
In vain the blue eyes questioning stare;
The pretty thing comes not again—