

Sweet loving sister !
Thou art to me
Dearer than others
Ever can be.

Clear rosy cheeks,
Brown eyes so bright ;
Making our homestead,
A place of delight.
Constantly cheering,
My lone dreary way,
Rendering it brighter
Day after day.

Soon will another,
I fear, claim thy heart ;
How shall I suffer it,
How with thee part ?
Yet then my dearest
If so it must be,
I wish thee all happiness
When leaving me.