

For when 'twas talked about in heaven,
 To whom the sweet soul should be given,
 If thou had raised thy pretty voice,
 God sure had given to thee a choice,
 My dear one, my queer one!

"Babe in the wood" thou surely art,
 My lone one!
 But thou shalt never play the part,
 My own one!

Thou ne'er shalt wander up and down,
 With none to claim thee as their own;
 Nor shall the redbreast, as she grieves,
 Make up for thee a bed of leaves,
 My own one, my lone one!

Although thou be not riches' flower,
 Thou neat one!
 Thy every smile's as warm and bright
 As if a diamond mocked its light;
 Thy every tear's as pure as pearl
 As if thy father was an earl,
 Thou neat one, thou sweet one

And thou shalt have a queenly name,
 Thou grand one!
 A lassie's christening's half her fame,
 Thou bland one!
 And may thou live so good and true,
 The honour will but be thy due;
 And friends shall never be ashamed,
 Or when or where they hear thee named,
 Thou bland one, thou grand one!

E'en like the air—our rule and sport—
 Thou meek one!
 Thou art my burden and support,
 Thou weak one!
 Like manna in the wilderness,
 A joy hath come to soothe and bless;
 But 'tis a sorrow unto me,
 To love as I am loving thee,
 Thou weak one, thou meek one

The scarlet-coated child-thief waits,
 Thou bright one,
 To bear thee through the sky-blue gates,
 Thou light one!