

Bewitching with their luscious smiles ;
Sending love bits from their glances
Into my weather-beaten soul—
Forsaken by the coldly rude,
Proud and cruel giddy prude—
Softening down its lamentations,
Filling it with exclamations

Of joy, and which the soul entrances
With sweet moments, and there arises
From out the joy-mood of surprises
This song good Old Motherhood,
Nature sings in her pleasant mood.
Thus I on that summer morn
With Fancy Free am onward borne,
Through the Labyrinthic Isles,
And to be greeted with luscious smiles
Of a little Fairy Band
Linked together, hand in hand.

