

The Strawberry

Its perfume is as fresh and sweet,
Its leaves as graceful growing,
As any flower you can meet,
When buds are softly blowing.

It, thus, alike delights the eye,
The taste as well as smelling;
And, 'neath the pure, bright Alpine sky
'Tis all the year fond dwelling.

It is the one, sweet, perfect thing,
In sympathy still given,
Which some good angel here did bring
To 'mind us still of heaven.

Oh! then, the lesson let us learn,
To add to use still sweetness!
This gives the mind that may be stern
The Strawberry's completeness!