

Delicate embroidered tresses ;
Others sweet as Blooming Twenty,
Winning in their summer dresses,
And wafting with delight intense
The delicious summer incense ;
Wafting zepherous thoughts bewitching
 With a beautiful—serene ;
Wedded Thought to Thought, enriching
 The Summer Morning's festal scene ;
 Some are looking grandly gay
In their summer majesty,
Festooned all o'er with plant and tree ;
 It is there festal holiday ;
It seems so like a summer dream,
A thousand beauties flit and gleam,
 A thousand little eddies are
Playing through Greena's tangled hair,
 Shimmering out a silver star,
In the Dewy Morning's care,
Making music for the Queen,
Reigning on her Throne serene
In her Island palace Home ;
Above the breakers and the foam
 Of the sunglint Triplet Isles
Linked together, hand in hand,
Like a little fairy band,
Wierdly strange, yet beautiful,