

Oh ! my Sister, choose not lightly ;
All that glitters is not gold :
May'st thou walk the pathway leading
Up to blessedness untold.

May the teachings of thy childhood
Hallow all thy future lot ;
And through all life's varied wanderings,
Never, never be forgot.

Murmur not, though in the desert,
Wide and waste, thou lose thy way ;
Many a bright and green oasis
Shall refresh the weary day.

Then the lamp of heavenly wisdom,
If thou keep it in thine hand ;
Shall direct and guide thy footsteps,
To the happy, promised land.