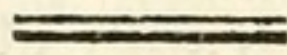


WRITTEN FOR HER NIECE S. K.



SWEETEST! if thy fairy hand
Culls for me the latest flowers,
Smiling hear me thus demand
Blessings for thy early hours :

Be thy promised spring as bright
As its opening charms foretel ;
Graced with Beauty's lovely light,
Modest Virtue's dearer spell.

Be thy summer's matron bloom
Blest with blossoms sweet like thee ;
May no tempest's sudden doom
Blast thy hope's fair nursery !

May thine autumn calm, serene,
Never want some lingering flower,
Which affection's hand may glean,
Though the darkling mists may lower !

Sunshine cheer thy wintry day,
Tranquil conscience, peace, and love ;
And thy wintry nights display
Streams of glorious light above.