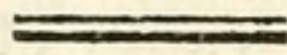


## WRITTEN FOR HER NIECE S. K.



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.