

let your heart rejoice, if youst spend
 It's days with the soft drone of the bees.
 Take unto yourself all the beauty
 And cast aside worry and care.
 Live, for this is your last summer,
 And let me live in the light of your hair.

IX

"Ha ha - I am all-glories", she cries,
 "My eyes are shining
 And my hair, my beautiful hair
 Is brushed and glowing.
 My skin is perfect
 And my lips are red!"

Yes - all true;
 But what knows not
 That her face lacks expression
 That her heart lacks love.

X

You would recognize her shodas
 For the times there is has,
 You would know, at once, her grace,
 Long eften she were dead;