

her pure heart's rejoice, if youst speed  
 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 e'er she were dead;