

5
To Esther

Bring flowers to deck her hair
And weave bright garlands for her snowy brow
'T were fit that she should wear
Such emblems now.

For they are not more bright
Than the opure spot of that bewitching one
Whose day fast sets in night
Whose race is run.

Nor are they yet more sweet
Than the soft hazel of her large bright eyes
Where love and beauty meet

To claim the prize
Hast thou and bring the flowers
And place them gently in her dark brown hair
For few will be the hours
They'll flourish there

Kiste with your choicest waste
Alas too late the lovely one hath died
Your garland is but waste
Cast it aside

