

66 OUR GABRIELLE

When the summer, crowned with blossoms,
Robes with beauty all the trees,
And, with perfumed breath and fragrant,
Loads the idly-floating breeze,
Then, with cheerful steps and airy,
O'er the fields with flowers upspringing,
Comes our pleasant household fairy,
Fragrant blossoms round her flinging,
While the birds that haunt the tree-tops
Pause to listen to her singing.
Ever cheerful, ever smiling,
Is the gay, warm-hearted maiden;
And her sunny presence gladdens
Hearts with deepest sorrow laden.
Very few there are, I ween,
Quite as Fair as Geraldine.

When the autumn, -- not-brown autumn, --
With its wealth of golden sheaves,
Lends a new flush to the apples
Peeping from the orchard leaves,
Forth unto the sunny harvest
Rides she in the farmer's wain,
Who, with busy hand and tireless,
Gathers in the golden grain;
And she cheers his pleasant labor
With a gay, unstudied strain.
Ever cheerful, ever smiling,
Is the gay, warm-hearted maiden;
And her sunny presence gladdens
Hearts with deepest sorrow laden.
Ah! there can be none, I ween,
Quite so fair as Geraldine.

Sources:

Christian Register, March 26, 1853.

True Flag, June 11, 1853.

Bertha's Christmas Vision, 1856.

Alger Street, 1964.