

# Alice

Know you winds that blow your course

Down the verdant valleys,

That somewhere you must, perforce,

Kiss the brow of Alice?

When her gentle face you find,

Kiss it softly, naughty wind.

Roses waving fair and sweet

Thro' the garden alleys,

Grow into a glory meet

For the eye of Alice;

Let the wind your offering bear

Of sweet perfume, faint and rare.

Lily holding crystal dew

In your pure white chalice,

Nature kind hath fashioned you

Like the soul of Alice;

It of purest white is wrought,

Filled with gems of crystal thought.