

Rasputina

"Sweet Sister Temperance"

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By some freak of fortune, she fainted while baking in
the kitchen,
overturning all her airy schemes,
for great and small and all things in-between;
for future happiness in a knot of blue field violets,
for her glory and her power, which she found in her
final hour,
Great and small and all in-between.

Sweet sister temperance, she of the Marble-hearted
innocence,
So eloquent in her mute despair- with two smooth
bands of reddish hair.
One can see the Consequence of her endless, virtuous
penitence
In a scarlet letter or her tender tear, In two smooth
bands of reddish hair.

"Poor, defeated I." she cried. "Keep green my
memory."

"Poor, defeated I." she cried. "Keep green my
memory."

We had just laid out the garden, handsome more so
now than ever.
An exquisite cleanness showing in the diamond
squares.
She kept us enraptured, gently captured by a tender
emotion.
Wild flowers growing. We strode a moonlit path
In silent pairs. (Chorus...)

Home is so far from Home.

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