Sweet Sister Temperance

Rasputina

By some freak of fortune, she fainted while baking in the kitchen,
overturning all her airy schemes,
for great and small and akk 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...)

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