



### MY LITTLE GIRLIE.

LITTLE girlie tell to me  
What your wistful blue eyes see?  
Why you like to stand so high,  
Looking at the far off sky.

Does a tiny Fairy fit  
In the pretty blue of it?  
Or is it that you hope so soon  
To see the rising yellow Moon?

Or is it—as I think I've heard—  
You're looking for a little Bird  
To come and sit upon a spray,  
And sing the summer night away?