

A LITTLE lass with
golden hair,
A little lass with brown,
A little lass with raven locks,
Went tripping into
town.

"I like the golden hair the
best!"

"And I prefer the brown!"

"And I the black!"

Three sparrows said—
Three sparrows
Of the town.



Tu-whit! Tu-whoo! an old owl cried,
From the belfry in the town;
"Glad-hearted lassies need not mind
If locks be gold, black, brown.
Tu-whit! Tu-whoo! So fast so fast
The sands of life run down,
And soon, so soon, three white-haired dames
Will totter thro' the town.
Gone then for aye the raven locks,
The golden hair, the brown;
And she will fairest be whose face
Has never worn a frown!"

A.H.