She sings by her wheel at that low cottage door, Which the long evening shadow is stretching before; With a music as sweet as the music which seems Breathed softly and faint in the ear of our
dreams! How brilliant and mirthful the light of her eye, Like a star glancing out from the blue of the sky! And lightly and freely her dark tresses play O'er a
brow and a bosom as lovely as they!