

Naidine Fifteen

Indian Summer delight,
Eyes with refulgent light,
Naidine, sweet Naidine, fifteen.
Hair of golden brown,
Skin like silky down,
And lips that seem to say:
“Love has come, has come to say.”
Naidine, sweet Naidine, fifteen.

Heart that does not ask,
Finding joy in every task,
Naidine, sweet Naidine, fifteen.
Fingers that always impart
Secrets from the heart,
And a restful atmosphere
For those you hold dear.
Naidine, sweet Naidine, fifteen.

Fragrance of joy's garden,
May honeyed happiness
Mark your every pathway.
These words require no pardon,
I willingly confess
My feelings as I say,
“Naidine, sweet Naidine, fifteen.”

Breath of beauty's bower,
Like a heavenly flower,
Naidine, sweet Naidine, fifteen.
And as the years go onward,
Never, dear, look downward,
But hold your grace and duty,
As if a solemn duty.
Naidine, sweet Naidine, fifteen.