

Blowing Bubbles
William Allingham

See, the pretty Planet!

Floating sphere!

Faintest breeze will fan it

Far or near;

World as light as feather;

Moonshine rays,

Rainbow tints together,

As it plays;

Drooping, sinking, falling,

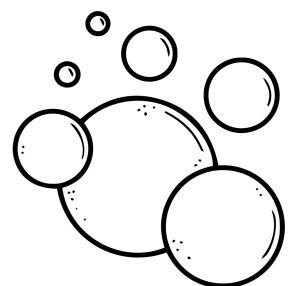
Nigh to earth,

Mounting, whirling, sailing,

Full of mirth;

Life there, welling, flowing,

Waving round;



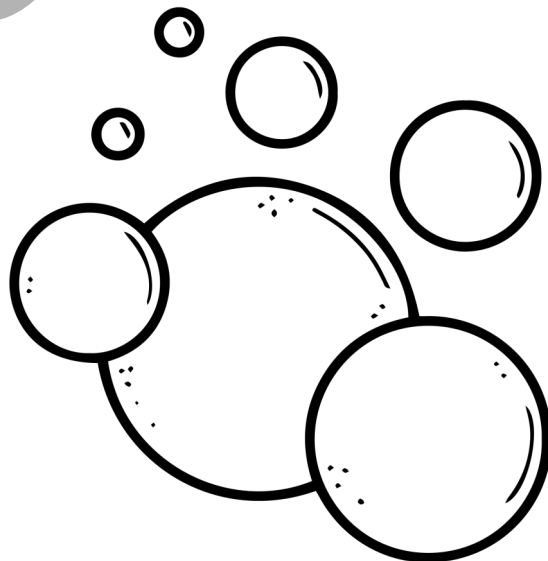
Pictures coming, going,
Without sound.

Quick now, be this airy
Globe repell'd!

Never can the fairy
Star be held.

Touch'd—it in a twinkle
Disappears!

Leaving but a sprinkle,
As of tears.



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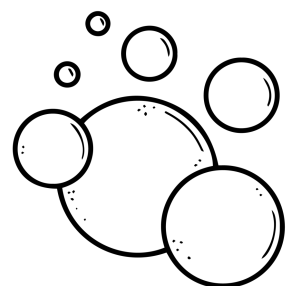
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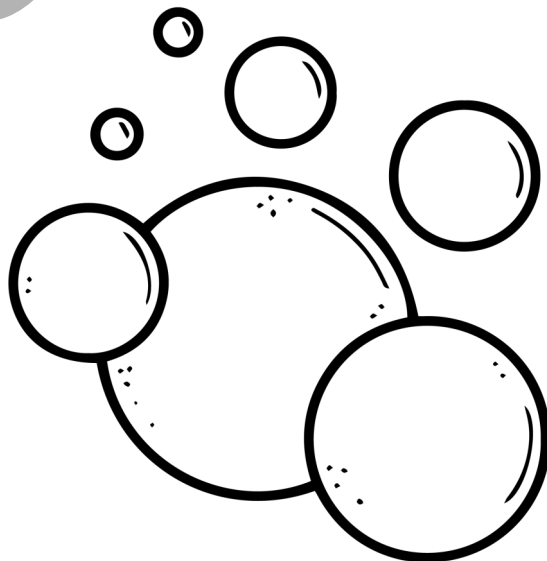
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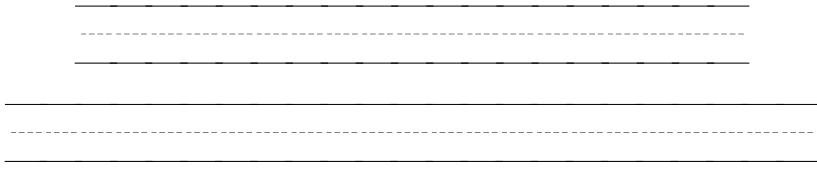
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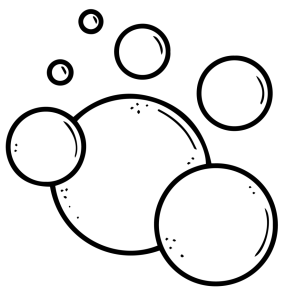
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