

Koyalty

Then, later in that day, we walked—
My daughter sweet and I—
In love with all the flowers and trees,
And with the great blue sky.

Among those soothing scenes I knew—
Men are not all the same—
That many felt like Him who loved
The poor and blind and lame.

“ Look, papa, look, a carriage comes ! ”
I looked—my heart beat wild—
The carriage came—I raised my hat—
The King turned round and smiled

My darling, in my arm, held out
A violet undefiled—
The carriage stopped—the Queen bent o’er,
And kissed a workman’s child.