

A WISH.

Build me a house on the tree tops,
Far from man's abode,
Down by the churning mill-stream,
Away from the great high-road.

And there let me live and ponder,
On the ways of kith and kin,
And there let me rest and wonder,
At the power and mercy of Him.

Build me a house in the tree top
Near where the children pass,
Let me tell them of angels and fairies,
And pray for each lad and lass.

And tell them of Brownies and Goblins
Whispering in their behalf,
When they're fast asleep in their cradles,
Dancing to make them laugh.

Build me a house in the tree-top,
And just at the close of day,
Let me hear the song and laughter,
And watch the children play.

Let me mend their broken dollies,
Dispel their darkest fear,
And crone them into dreamland,
With happy, healthy cheer.