

We grow so old and dull,  
Roaming afar to find  
Marvels more wonderful,  
Nor see before, behind,  
All things a miracle,  
Earth with strange wonders lined.

You, with those parted lips,  
Soft skin, and wondering stare,  
Flower-petal finger-tips,  
Sweet from your toes to hair,  
Wonder beyond eclipse,  
You in your childhood there.

Up in God's nurseries,  
For you did angels choose  
That gift of wide blue eyes  
Bathed in soft twilight dews,  
To bring when childhood flies,  
Dreams for the ones we lose?