

III.

Child of the Wonder-Eyes.

CHILD of the wonder-eyes,  
Is the world strange and new?  
Why does that sweet surprise  
Lurk in their winsome blue?  
Blue of the pansy skies,  
Bathed in a twilight dew.

Have you just wandered, sweet,  
Straight out of fairyland?  
Do these big folk you meet  
Seem hard to understand?  
Yours are such rosebud feet,  
Yours such a baby hand.