

## Tired.

I do not care to look upon the snow,  
Too white it glitters in the sun = I know  
Such thoughts are wrong, and yet they seem to stay,  
I know the world is beautiful today,  
    But I am tired.

I wonder if 't were easier in the rain  
And storm to still this restless, weary pain,  
Since all the cold white glory makes me sad=  
And yet the wind's fierce shriek would drive me mad,  
    I am so tired.

Oh there, you little child! if I were you  
I'd lay my troubles down, as children do  
On mother-shoulders, dear. How best of all  
I think, if one were only young and small  
    When one is tired.