

Enid.

LITTLE child, you are fair,
From your sun-beloved hair
To those twin rosy blossoms, your feet,
Gladder far beamed the light,
When you danced on my sight,
With those sky-blue eyes laughing, O sweet.

Budding mouth with its pearls,
Corn-gold hair hung in curls,
Glowing cheeks like the pink dawning day,
Little dimples that chase
From your dear laughing face
To your knees and round arms as you play.

Like first buds of Spring's crowd,
Like sun-shafts from a cloud,
Your bright sudden loveliness shone,
And the memory yet,
Like a pressed violet,
I carry to glory upon.

Little child, little flower,
You have this for your dower,
A beauty delightful to see,
And may love ever strew
Down Life's pathway for you,
Such blooms as your youth brings to me.