

TO "BAY MI."

Lacking a good three years of seven,
Sunny haired boy with eyes of heaven,
With everlasting ripple of laughter;
As yet no touch of worldly leaven
In thy frank soul. Oh! how you capture
All hearts, and drown in present joy
The cares which come from before and after,
Sunny haired, blue-eyed, happy boy!

Running, jumping, never at rest,
Now using one toy, now abusing another,
Caning your dearest friends in jest,
Ruling father and sister and mother,
And bowing all wills to your high behest—
I could watch your movements all day long;
Whether you laugh or whether you cry,
Like a bird or a rill you enchain the eye,
And you fill the heart like a burst of song.

As pageants held in ruined towers
Will make the sad place glad once more,
As laughing waves on wreck-strewn shore,
As summer sunshine after showers,
You brighten up the weary heart,