

TO MY DAUGHTER

ELIZABETH DUNCAN SCOTT

ROBINS and bobolinks bubbling and tinkling,
Shore-larks alive there high in the blue,
Level in the sunlight the rye-field twinkling,
The wind parts the cloud and a star leaps through,
Ferns at the spring-head curling cool and tender,
Bloodroot in the tangle, violets by the larch,
In the dusky evening the young moon slender,
Glowing like a crocus in the dells of March;
All a world of music, of laughter, and of lightness,
Crushed to a diamond, rounded to a pearl,
Moulded to a flower bell, — cannot match the bright-
ness
In the darling beauty of one sweet girl.