



Children

Come to me, O ye children,
For I treat you all your ally,
And the questions that perplexed you
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are winging eagles
And the brooks of flowing run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow,
And in mine is the wind of Autumn
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been dashed hardened into wood,--

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.