

ISHED MAN.

on the wind,  
behind.

re shall I stray,

reckless way?

e melies,

spirit dies.

oy for me,

ed from thee.

en doth shine

s but thine;

odness sounds

ul bounds.

wild winds blow

ese waves below!

ative land:

n her strand,

the dead,

d on my head,

me rest,

child, stilled on his mother's

TO A CHILD.

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WHOSE imp art thou, with dimpled cheek,

And curly pate, and merry eye,

And arm and shoulder round and sleek,

And soft and fair?—thou urchin sly!

What boots it who with sweet caresses

First called thee his,—or squire or hind?

Since thou in every wight that passes,

Dost now a friendly play-mate find.

Thy downcast glances, grave, but cunning,

As fringed eye-lids rise and fall;

Thy shyness, swiftly from me running,

Is infantine coquetry all.

But far a-field thou hast not flown ;

With mocks and threats, half lisped, half spoken,

I feel thee pulling at my gown,

Of right good will thy simple token.

And thou must laugh and wrestle too,

A mimick warfare with me waging ;

To make, as wily lovers do,

Thy after kindness more engaging.

The wilding rose, sweet as thyself,

And new-cropt daisies are thy treasure :

I'd gladly part with worldly pelf

To taste again thy youthful pleasure.

But yet, for all thy merry look,

Thy frisks and wiles, the time is coming

When thou shalt sit in cheerless nook,

The weary spell or horn-book thumbing.

Well; let i

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Life is a m

And thou

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half lisp'd, half spoken,

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thyself,

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time is coming

erless nook,

-book thumbing.

TO A CHILD.

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Well; let it be!—through weal and woe,

Thou knowest not now thy future range;

Life is a motley, shifting show,

And thou a thing of hope and change.