

Omnia, Fairy Tale

Child of the pure unclouded brow
And dreaming eyes of wonder!
Though time be fleet, and I and thou
Are half a life asunder,

Thy loving smile will surely hail
The love-gift of a fairy-tale. (x2)

I have not seen thy sunny face,
Nor heard thy silver laughter:
No thought of me shall find a place
In thy young life's hereafter

Enough that now thou wilt not fail
To listen to my fairy-tale. (x2)

A tale begun in other days,
When summer suns were glowing-
A simple chime, that served to time
The rhythm of our rowing-

Whose echoes live in memory yet,
Though envious years would say 'forget.' (x2)

Come, hearken then, ere voice of dread,
With bitter tidings laden,
Shall summon to unwelcome bed
A melancholy maiden!

We are but older children, dear,
Who fret to find our bedtime near. (x2)

Without, the frost, the blinding snow,
The storm-wind's moody madness-
Within, the firelight's ruddy glow,
And childhood's nest of gladness.

The magic words shall hold thee fast:
Thou shalt not heed the raving blast. (x2)

And, though the shadow of a sigh
May tremble through the story,
For 'happy summer days' gone by,
And vanish'd summer glory-

It shall not touch, with breath of bale,
The pleasance, of our fairy-tale. (x2)

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