

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**. 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**. 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." Come, hearken
then, ere voice of dread, Woth bitter tidings laden,
Shall summon to unwelcome bed A melancholy
maiden! We are but older children, dear, Who fret
to find our bedtime near. 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. 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 pleasure of our **fairy-tale**.

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

lewis carroll