

Fairy Tale

Omnia

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. (2x)

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. (2x)

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.' (2x)

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. (2x)

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. (2x)

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. (2x)

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