

### Farewell to Childhood

I close my eyes and behold again  
The happy scenes of my childhood days;  
I see the world as I knew it then,  
And live once more in my childish ways.

And all day long, like the wind so free,  
I romp at will o'er the grassy plain;  
There's no one else in the world but me  
And I am lord of my own domain.

The little birds are my minstrels true,  
My courtly dames are the gentle flowers,  
The fleecy clouds in the boundless blue  
A canopy for my royal bowers.

And I am king of a mighty band,  
My board is heaped with the choicest fare,  
I rule supreme in a happy land,  
I live in peace and I have no care.

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But kingdoms pass with the fleeting years,  
Their banners fall to the dust for aye,  
And monarchs see, through their helpless tears,  
Their visions vanish and fade away.

So now farewell to the joys untold  
Of childhood's hour, it is quickly sped,  
And all too soon must I leave its fold  
And learn to live in the world instead.

—D.S.M., '34