

THE ANCIENT OF DAYS

A child sits in a sunny place, Too happy for a smile, And plays through one long holiday With balls to roll and pile; A painted wind-mill by his side Runs like a merry tune, But the sails are the four great winds of heaven, And the balls are the sun and moon.

A staring doll's-house shows to him Green floors and starry rafter, And many-coloured graven dolls Live for his lonely laughter. The dolls have crowns and aureoles, Helmets and horns and wings. For they are the saints and seraphim, The prophets and the kings.