

Dandelion

By W. B. Allen

A dandelion in a meadow grew,
Among the waving grass and cowslips yellow;
Dining on sunshine, breakfasting on dew,
He was a right contented little fellow.
Each morn his golden head he lifted straight,
To catch the first sweet breath of coming day;
Each evening closed his sleepy eyes, to wait
Until the long, cool night had passed away.

One afternoon, in sad, unquiet mood,
I paused beside this tiny, bright-faced flower,
And begged that he would tell me, if he could,
The secret of his joy through sun and shower.
It seemed, he looked up brightly as he said:
"I know the sun is somewhere, shining clear.
And when I cannot see him overhead,
I try to be a little sun, right here!"