

## **Little Dandelion**

by Helen Louisa Bostwick

Little Bud Dandelion  
Hears from her nest:  
"Merry-heart, Starry-eye,  
Wake from your rest."  
Wide ope the tinted lids,  
Robin's above!  
Wise little Dandelion  
Smiles at his love.

Golden-haired Dandelion  
For her sweet face,  
Anywhere, everywhere,  
Findeth a place.  
High on the rocky ridge,  
Low by the run,  
Bright little Dandelion  
Winks at the sun.

Brave little Dandelion!  
Falls the late snow,  
Bending the daffodil's  
Haughty head low.  
Under that fleecy tent,  
Careless of cold,  
Blithe little Dandelion  
Counteth her gold.

Gay little Dandelion  
Groweth more fair,  
Till dries the morning dew  
Out of her hair.  
High rides the thirsty sun,  
Fiercely and high;  
Faint little Dandelion  
Closeth her eye.

Dead little Dandelion,  
In her white shroud,  
Heareth the angel-Breeze  
Call from the cloud.  
Tiny plumes fluttering,  
Make no delay;  
Little winged Dandelion