

## 8.

## THE BOY AND THE MAN

Once upon a time

A boy looked to the sky  
Where big white clouds lay furled,  
And he muttered with a sigh,  
“O,would I were a man!—  
How commonplace this world!  
Would I could roam and roam,  
Where all is strange and new,  
Where there are deeds to do,  
And find a grand,new home  
Where new folks came and went”—  
Thus did the boy lament,  
Ending as he began,—  
“O,would I were a man!”

Once upon a time

A man looked to the sky  
Where big,white clouds lay furled,  
And he cried with a sigh,  
“O,would I were a boy!—  
How dear was that old world,  
With the dear ones ever close,  
Afar from strange,new places  
Full of unknown,staring faces,  
Unfeeling,and morose.  
Give me my home,God-sent!”  
Thus did the man lament,  
Groaning,“Gone boyhood’s joy!  
O,would I were a boy!”