TO MY NAME-CHILD

While you thought of nothing, and were still too
young to play,
Foreign people thought of you in places far away.
Ay, and while you slept, a baby, over all the
English lands
Other little children took the volume in their
hands;
Other children questioned, in their homes across
the seas:
Who was little Louis, won't you tell us, mother,
please?

2

Now that you have spelt your lesson, lay it down
and go and play,
Seeking shells and seaweed on the sands of
Monterey,

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