

I am a Boy

I am a boy though twenty years
To me bright alternate smiles & tears
Have filled my heart with sweet ^{peace} & fears

Or rather, ^{Or rather,}
On Grandmother's threshold it appears
I'm still a boy.

By a diminutive corpse;
It brings no sorrow to my breast
To know that life doth not arrest
My joyful spirit. 'Tis it is blessed
To be a boy

The sweetest love I have obtained
The merry laugh has ne'er restrained
But my Boy Spirit oft has gained
A sweet employ
In tracing ^{my} ^{own} ^{remains}
In heart a boy

