

TO MATILDA DALE MILLARD

M.L. McCarthy

new-born 9-10-2000

Jaunty little ship, may virtue
Pilot you to happiness.
No smirking, flattering follies hurt you,
Nor droning miseries distress.

No storms annoy you, save the sky's!
May wreaths of angels sing above you
"Merry, beautiful and wise,
Delight and hope of them that love you!"

No malice strike in you its root,
But goodness open wide its flowers,
And wit thrust up its pointed shoot,
And courage guard your happy hours.

Forgive, new little traveller,
Such a wild swerve of metaphor!
So, to speed you, bless and prosper,
May all good elements concur.

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