

THE GARDEN OF THE WEST

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The Garden of the West by Louise Driscoll

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LOUISE DRISCOLL

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OF THE WEST**

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THE
GARDEN OF THE WEST

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LOUISE DRISCOLL

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A GIFT TO A CHILD

(K. L. H.)

Mary's little son

Was small like you.

When they brought Him gifts

What could He do?

He did not care

For red gold and myrrh—

He turned to Mary's breast

And clung to her!

You do not care

For any gift we bring—

Silver cup or dress

Or little ring.

You are too small

To love a shining tree.

The wise men were old—

Old—all three!

Gold and scented wood,
Songs and a star—
And a little boy
As you are.

We, who are old,
Still bring and give,
For so love speaks
While men live.

Little boy, take
What we bring.
Let the giver love
The offering!

Acknowledgment is made by the Author to the Editors of *Poetry*, *The New York Times*, *The Smart Set*, *The Pictorial Review*, *Contemporary Verse*, *The Pagan*, *Scribner's Magazine*, *The North American Review*, *The Outlook*, *The Delineator*, *Youth*, *The Poetry Journal*, *Harper's Monthly* and *The Sonnet*, in reprinting poems which first appeared in their magazines.