CANDLES THAT BURN, PP. 13-66

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Candles that Burn, pp. 13-66 by Aline Kilmer

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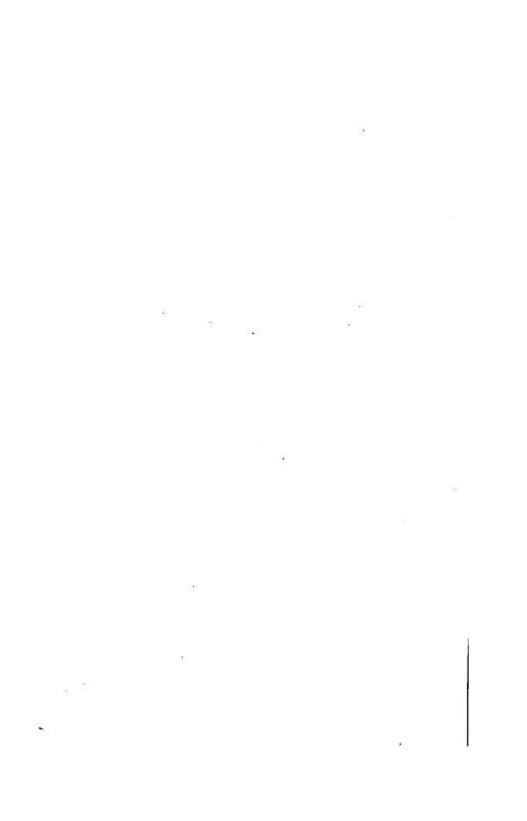
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CANDLES THAT BURN

AMBITION

Kenton and Deborah, Michael and Rose, These are fine children as all the world knows; But into my arms in my dreams every night Come Peter and Christopher, Faith and Delight.

Kenton is tropical, Rose is pure white, Deborah shines like a star in the night; Michael's round eyes are as blue as the sea, And nothing on earth could be dearer to me.

But where is the baby with Faith can compare? What is the colour of Peterkin's hair? Who can make Christopher clear to my sight, Or show me the eyes of my daughter Delight?

When people inquire I always just state:
"I have four nice children and hope to have eight.
Though the first four are pretty and certain to please,
Who knows but the rest may be nicer than these?"

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