

# Poetry

## RED HEADED BOY

By W.R.

There's a red-headed boy across our  
street,

And in spite of his freckles, he's aw-  
fully sweet,

And I'd give a whole lot, if we only  
might meet;

But whenever he sees me, he takes  
to his feet.

For that freckled faced boy with hair  
so red,

Fears if I caught him, I'd put him  
to bed;

I'd tuck him in warmly and smooth  
his red head,

And because he's a man he'd sooner  
be dead!

I once had a red headed boy of my  
own.

A broth of a lad—but now he is grown  
And the freckles have vanished; the  
carrots have flown.

He's a grave, sober man, with a kid  
of his own!