All In the Golden Afternoon

Kathryn Beaumont

All in the golden afternoon full leisurely we glide
For both our oars, with little skill, by little arms are plied
While little hands make vain pretence our wanderings to guide
Our wanderings to guide
Ah, cruel three! In such an hour, beneath such dreamy weather
To beg a tale of breath too weak to stir the tiniest feather
Yet what can one poor voice avail, against three tongues together
Against three tongues together
Anon, to sudden silence won, in fancy they pursue
The dream child moving through a land of wonders wild and new

In friendly chat with bird or beast--and half believe it true
And half believe it true
And ever, as the story drained the wells of fancy dry
And faintly strove that weary one to put the subject by
The next time--"It is next time" the happy voices cry!
The happy voices cry!
Thus grew the tale of wonderland, thus slowly one by one
Its quaint events were hammered out--and now the tale is done
And home we steer
A merry crew
Beneath the setting sun

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