

# Columbus

by Annette Wynne

An Italian boy that liked to play  
In Genoa about the ships all day,  
With curly head and dark, dark eyes,  
That gazed at earth in child surprise;  
And dreamed of distant stranger skies.



He watched the ships that came crowding in  
With cargo of riches; he loved the din  
Of the glad rush out and the spreading sails  
And the echo of far-off windy gales.

He studied the books of the olden day;  
He studied but knew far more than they;  
He talked to the learned men of the school --  
So wise he was they thought him a fool,  
A fool with the dark, dark dreamful eyes,  
A child he was -- grown wonder-wise.

Youth and dreams are over, past  
And out, far out he is sailing fast  
Toward the seas he dreamed;  
-- strange lands arise --  
The world is made rich by his great emprise --  
And the wisest know he was more than wise.