If I knew the box where smiles were kept,
   No matter how large the key
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard,
   'Twould open, I know, for me.
Then over the land and the sea, broadcast,
   I'd scatter the smiles to play.
That the children's faces might hold them fast
   For many and many a day.

"If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would like to gather them, every one,
   From nursery, school and street,
Then folding and holding I'd pack them in.
   And turning the monster key,
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
   To the depth of the deep, deep sea.

—Maud Wyman
If I Knew

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