

## GRAND-PÈRE

*And so when he reached my bed  
The General made a stand:  
"My brave young fellow," he said,  
    "I would shake your hand."*

*So I lifted my arm, the right,  
With never a hand at all;  
Only a stump, a sight  
    Fit to appal.*

*"Well, well. Now that's too bad!  
That's sorrowful luck," he said;  
"But there! You give me, my lad,  
    The left instead."*

*So from under the blanket's rim  
I raised and showed him the other,  
A snag as ugly and grim  
    As its ugly brother.*