

THE WORK SHOPS

Clang! clang! clang!
How the great hammers rang,
With never a moment of quiet between!
From morning to night
They were swung by the might
Of the strong arms, all brawny and blackened,
I ween.

For the clang! clang! clang!
As it noisily rang,
Seemed ever its deafening din to increase
Till a fair lady cried,
As she plaintively sighed,
"How I wish that its horrible clamor might
cease!"

But soon came a day
When the great workshops lay
All silent and dim, like a giant asleep;
And the strong arms that swung
The great hammers now hung
Like the sails of a vessel becalmed on the deep.
For the clang! clang! clang!
No longer it rang,
And the stout heart grew faint, and the calm
eye turned wild;
For what can be worse,
Or more bitter a curse,
Than no work, to win bread for the mother and
child?