

He tried to nuzzle against my cheek,
He looked the grief he could not speak;
But no caress came back again,
For harder times make harder men.

My thoughts were set on stable rent,
On money saved and money spent,
On weekly bills for forage lost,
And all the old bay hunter cost.

For though a flier in the past,
His days of service long were past
His gait was stiff, his eyes were dim,
And I could find no use for him.

I turned away with heart of gloom,
And sent for Will, my father's groom,
The old, old groom, whose worn-out face
Was like the fortune of our race.