

gave him cakes with caraway,
set him down to early tea ;
ate and watched the ships at sea
on his plate, and on the tray

jockey horses prancing round,
dreamed of clear and cooling lakes,
creeping vines on crossing stakes,
castles old, and knight, and hound.

ame to spend a holiday
ne'er he could. The golden moss
in the hollow dell ; he'd cross
field in shining morn to play

a pieces trailing from his hold,
build and cover in with fir
spruce. He borrow'd tools from her
hand-made hammer from the old

Chest. It had two letters stamp'd
Between the iron straps that bound
The handle on two sides. He found
Some rusted nails bent and cramp'd,

With which he pinn'd the bows upon
The frame. He'd watched the village smith,
And loved to imitate him with
Anvil-ring and red-hot iron drawn

From little smoky forge rough-made
Of bricks. "So like a little man
He is," the good dame mused, and ran
Her fingers round the line of braid

About her apron. He would tread
His grandpa's footsteps, with a hand
For cunning work, and command
His wages away, and his bread.