- "Nay, 'tis but the towering factory stack
  Thy fevered brain doth paint a budding tree;
  Its flame, from you high window'd walls shot back,
  Is the gleaming water that ye think ye see."
- "Oh, look! there's father and little Ned Standing on the green bank there Where the brook in a circling pool doth spread, O'erhung by dainty maiden-hair.
- "And see, they have my little boat,
  My pretty boat that father made;
  They've set it in the pool to float,
  And spread its sail beneath the shade.
- "Oh hasten, hurry, mother kind!
  We'll join and play with them awhile—
  Why do ye hang so slow behind?
  Why weep ye when they happy smile?
- "Come! we'll play all afternoon,
  And then we will together all
  Find out the moss-grown table-stone
  That rests beside the water-fall.
- "And there we will our supper lay,
  When the setting sun shall slant along,
  And father will tell a story gay,
  And you shall sing a pretty song;
  We'll have a long, glad holiday
  Till the stars begin to throng—

ght

rk,

is.