

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

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

He came to spend a holiday
Whene'er he could. The golden moss
Lay in the hollow dell ; he'd cross
The field in shining morn to play

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