

"Ah, sir," said he, "I know not how this money came into my pocket. I did not take it."

"My lad," said the king, "God can send us good even in our sleep. You may give that money to your mother and tell her that I shall not forget either her or you."

ONE, TWO, THREE

It was an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy who was half-past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he,
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple tree;
And the game that they played, I'll tell you,
Just as it was told to me.