

The Castle-Builders

A gentle boy, with soft and silent voice,
A dreamy boy, with brown and tender eyes,
A castle-builder, with his wooden blocks,
And towers that touch imaginary skies.

A fearless rider on his father's knee,
An eager listener with stories told
At the Round Table of the nursery,
Of heroes and adventures manifold.

There will be other towers for them to build,
There will be other stories for them to read,
There will be other legends, and all this
With greater marvels and more grandeur.

Build on, and make thy castles high and low,
Rising and reaching upward to the skies;
Listen to voices in the upper air,
Nor lose thy simple faith in mysteries.

