The Castle-Builder

A castle boy, with soft and silken locks, A dreamy boy, with brown and tanned skin. A castle builder, with his wooden blocks; And towers that touch imaginary skies.

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

There will be other towers for thee to build; There will be other steps for thee to ride; There will be other legends, and all tales With greater marvels and more glory than.

Build on, and make thy castles high and fair, Rising and reaching upward to the skies; Listen to voices in the upper air, Not lose thy simple faith in mystic tied.