

### THE OLD ROCKING HORSE

Battered and bruised and worn and old,  
Bereft of his mane and tail,  
A veteran charger staunch and bold,  
He has weathered life's fiercest gale.

The hero of many a gallant raid,  
In many a bloodless war,  
A soldier of fortune, undismayed  
By battle and wound and scar!

'Neath the guiding touch of a little hand  
He has traveled many a mile  
Through the wonderful realms of "Play-  
like" Land,  
Where the spirits of Fancy smile.

And many a tale his lips could tell  
Of journeys to lands afar,  
Where beautiful maids enchanted dwell  
And giants keep lock and bar!

But, strange to say, in his boldest fight,  
Though he halted or rested not—  
Through all his travels by day and night—  
He has stood in the self-same spot!

He was ridden far, he was ridden hard;  
He has borne fierce taunts and blows,  
And oft has felt, as sweet reward,  
A kiss on his worn out nose.

And though he is rather the worse for  
wear,  
And is crippled and scarred and old,  
In the eyes of his master he still is fair  
And worth all his weight in gold.

IDA GOLDSMITH MORRIS.