

# The Sculptors

I dreamt I stood in a studio,  
And watched two sculptors there.  
The clay they used was a young child's mind,  
And they fashioned it with care.  
One was a teacher, the tools he used  
Were books, music, and art.  
One a parent with a guiding hand  
And a gentle loving heart.  
Day after day, the teacher toiled,  
With a touch that was deft and sure.  
While the parent laboured by his side,  
And polished and smoothed it o'er.  
And when at last, their work was done,  
They were proud of what they had wrought.  
For the things they had moulded into the child,  
Could neither be sold or bought.  
And each agreed they would have failed  
If each had worked alone,  
For behind the parent stood the school  
And behind the teacher the home.