

POSIES FOR
POLLY



PS 8475
C38
P67
1909
Juv

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*Case McCausland
Margaret*

**POSIES FOR
POLLY**

CHILD VERSE

By **MARGARET McCAUSLAND**

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"To My Little Cousin Polly"

WHEN YOU WERE LITTLE,
JUST LIKE ME

Did you ever, just like me,
Have jam sandwiches for your tea?
Did you ever pick the plums
Out of buns we called jumjums?



Did you ever make mud pies,
Two pins for the largest size?
Sister's scared to dig for earth,
'Cause worms wriggle through the turf.

And did you ever go to town
To see the circus and the clown?
The elephants and the giraffe?
Don't their antics make you laugh?



Lemonade all pink, you know,
Prue and I both love it so;
Peanuts, too, we've always got
In paper bags, and piping hot.



And say! When you were small,
like me,
Did you ever wish to be
On the sea, a sailor brave,
In his ship upon the wave?



'Wish that I could sail away
To the lands so bright and gay;
See the palms and parrots bright;
Hunt for treasures every night.



Be a pirate fierce and bold,
Have a chest cram full of gold;
In my teeth a dagger light,
Always spoiling for a fight.



Say! I feel just awful blue
When I think I'll grow like you,
Have to sit up stiff and prim,
Wear a collar to my chin.



NIGHT TIME

Little owlets in the tree,
Will you come and play with me?
Tell me all the secrets deep
That you learn when I'm asleep?

How the moon man shines all night,
Making all the world so bright?
Sometimes he looks in at me,
But then he's very pale, you see.

And do the fairies really dance
In the glen behind the mill?
And do they ever wander here
And come to me quite near?

And really do you owls at night
Talk quite like Prue and me?
And do you answer questions right,
Whatever they may be?

I wish I were a little bird
And could fly, fly away
Into the nice moonlight
And with the fairies play.

I really think when I'm a man
I shall sleep, sleep all day,
And only come out when its night
And everything's so gay.

THE GARDEN FLOWERS

The red rose nods on the garden wall,
And has no other care at all
But to smile and nod at the flowers below,
Each in its stately garden row.
Hollyhocks she sees in their pride and grace,
And the purple lilacs, soft of face;
The pale, sweet foxgloves hang their heads
And drop their tears in their soft brown beds.
The lily pure its fragrance blows,
That is the way its sweetness shows;
And the wee small daisies in the grass
Join hands and play on the soft green mass,
Blushing sometimes as they near the walk,
Where the wondrous mortals sometimes stalk.
The night dews fall on the garden sweet,
Making all faces clean and neat
To meet the sun when he comes o'er the hill
And greets every flower with its loving good
will.

MY AFFLICTION

Once when I was very small,
As small as small could be,
I didn't walk upon my legs
The same as you now see.

I couldn't run, or race, or hide,
Or play at hide and seek,
But always lay as still as still,
Like when I'm now asleep.

I often sit and think and think
How very glad I am
That my two legs got rght for me
And now that walk I can.

It must have been a dreadful trial
To my own dear, dear mother,
To have my legs all wrong, you know,
And in long dresses cover.

OLD PIERRE

Old Pierre was bent and gray
And feeble was his step,
Yet still he worked and every day
Up the old walk he crept.

We children, when we saw him come,
Would run with eager eyes,
To see if in his pockets deep
He had a new surprise.

Perhaps he had a new bird's egg,
As blue as yonder sky;
We all would then the story beg
Of its pretty nest on high.

Perhaps it was a little bug
With shiny, bead-like eye,
Which once had been a fairy prince
And ruled with a hand too high.

We listened till our eyes grew wide
With mystery and lore,
Pierre's hand was the gentle guide
Which opened fairyland's door.

We brought our secrets all to him
Of how, when the moon shone bright,
We heard the fairies in the glen
Dancing in mad delight.

One day we missed our dear Pierre,
And we whispered, childishly blind,
How the fairies had carried him off in
the night
And changed him into a hind.

And now he roves the woods he loves
And lies among the flowers,
And listens to the song of birds,
Passing bright golden hours.

MY DREAM

Once I met a crocodile
Snoring in his sleep;
He was lying on the sand
By the briny deep.

O Crocy dear, I said to him,
I long have wished to see
Your humpy back and scaly tail,
You're queer as queer can be.

O frightful stories have I heard
Of how you dote on boys,
Especially small ones preferred,
And eat with horrid noise.

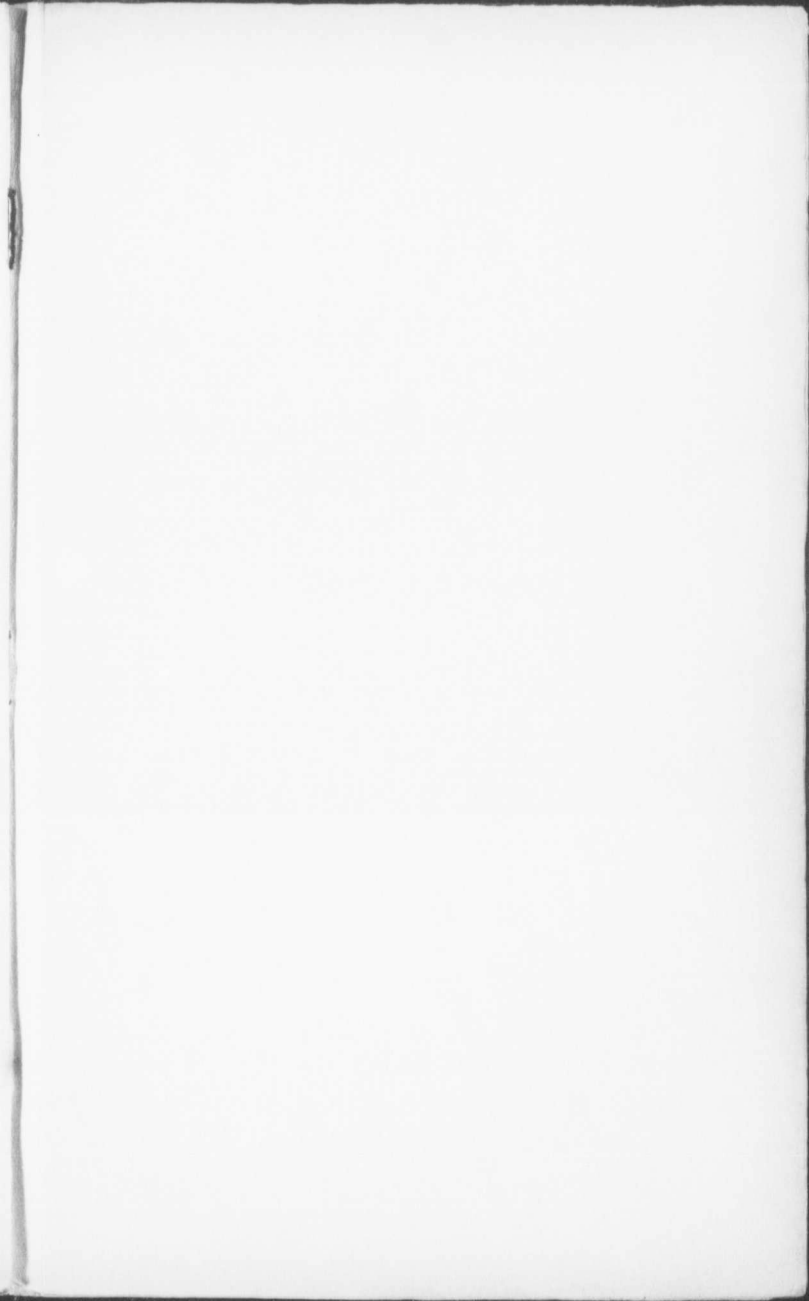
But I am sure they are not true,
For I can plainly see
You are as kind as kind can be,
And kindly feel towards me.

Then Crocy winked one sleepy eye
And took a look at me;
A boy of wiser mind, he said,
I very seldom see.

But O, those chubby cheeks of red,
Those legs so round and white—
They make my jaws go click-a-clack
To have just one wee bite.

I saw him move along towards me,
I heard his jaws go clack;
He took and he ate me up,
And finished with a smack.

O, all small boys who read my tale,
Take warning now from me,
And never eat plum cake at night
If happy you would be.



N.L.C. - B.N.C.



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