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EVAN'S BOOK
of
Childhood Rhymes

*Being "Dear Old Daddy's"
Collection of the "Dear Old Days."*





*Printed for Private Circulation
by Charles Robert McCullough,
Hamilton, Ont., Canada, 1911.*

*To the Authors, named and unnamed
herein, are due and acknowledged
the thanks of the compiler. . .*



*To the Sweet Memory of the
"Dear, dear Laddie" who
in those latter days confessed
"I love Mother best and I
love Daddy best"—and to
You that bore him—this little
volume is dedicated. *



Now Mr. Gordon received
this book from Santa Claus for
Evan McCullough
Christmas Evening 1901

"Dear Bunter," as I often called him, once said
to me that he intended writing a book some time
and having Mr. Gordon illustrate it.

But the Laddie, who came to us on July 24th,
1897, and went from us on that April (28th)
evening in 1901, did not realize his intention.
In consequence I have assembled these rhymes that
used to entertain him and have used a little
sketch from a fly leaf in a volume (given him by
Mr. G. in 1901) by way of illustration.

John S. Gordon, D. S. A.

"Hillside"
July 24th. 1922
Evan's 25th birthday

A Baby



Only A baby small dropt from the skies,
Only a laughing face, two sunny eyes;
Only two cherry lips, one chubby nose,
Only two little hands, ten little toes,
Only a golden head, curly and soft,
Only a tongue that wags loudly and oft,
Only a little brain empty of thought,
Only a little heart troubled with naught;
Only a tender flower sent us to rear,
Only a life to love while we are here,
Only a baby small, never at rest;
Small, but how dear to us God knoweth
best.

The Five Little Chicks



AID the first little chick, with a
queer little squirm,
"I wish I could find a fat little
worm."

Said the next little chick, with an
odd little sigh,
"I wish I could catch a fat little fly."

Said the third little chick, with a sharp little squeal,
"I wish I could find some nice yellow meal."

Said the fourth little chick, with a small sigh of grief,
"I wish I could find a green little leaf."

Said the fifth little chick, with a faint little moan,
"I wish I could find a wee gravel stone."

"Now, see here," said the mother, from the old garden patch,
"If you want any breakfast, just come out here and
scratch."

Marjorie's Excuse



H, Marjorie, if you would be
good
For just one hour!" sighed
mother.
"You tire me with your naughti-
ness;
I wish you would not bother."

"Mamma, I cannot help it;
I'm really not to blame;
And if you'll hark a minute,
I'll tell you how it came.
"Ted had a chicken wishbone—
He got it in the dish—
I wished I could be good; it broke—
And Teddy got the wish."

—*Eva Eickemeyer Rowland.*

How To Be Happy



ARE you almost disgusted with life,
little man ?

I'll tell you a wonderful trick
That will bring you contentment, if
anything can—
Do something for somebody, quick !

Are you awfully tired with play, little girl ?
Weary, discouraged and sick ?
I'll tell you the loveliest game in the world—
Do something for somebody, quick !

Though it rains like the rain of the flood, little man,
And the clouds are forbidding and thick,
You can make the sun shine in your soul, little man—
Do something for somebody, quick !

Though the stars are like brass overhead, little girl,
And the walks like a well-heated brick,
And our earthly affairs in a terrible whirl—
Do something for somebody, quick !

On Guard



YOU have a little prisoner,
He's nimble, sharp and clever:
He's sure to get away from you,
Unless you watch him ever.

And when he once gets out, he
makes
More trouble in an hour,
Than you can make in many a day,
Working with all your power.

He sets your playmates by the ears,
He says what isn't so,
And uses many ugly words,
Not good for you to know.

Quick! fasten up the tiny gates,
And chain him while he's young!
For this same dangerous prisoner
Is just—your little tongue.

—Priscilla Leonard.

A Laughing Chorus



H, such a commotion under the ground
When March called, "Ho, there! ho!"
Such spreading of rootlets far and wide,
Such whispering to and fro.
And "Are you ready?" the Snow-drop
asked,
" 'Tis time to start, you know."
"Almost, my dear," the Scilla replied;
"I'll follow as soon as you go."
Then "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came
Of laughter soft and low
From the millions of flowers under the
ground—
Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

"I'll promise my blossoms," the Crocus said,
"When I hear the bluebirds sing."
And straight thereafter Narcissus cried,
"My sliver and gold I'll bring."
"And ere they are dulled," another spoke,
"The Hyacinth bells shall ring."
And the violets only murmured, "I'm here,"
And sweet grew the air of spring.
Then "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came
Of laughter soft and low
From the millions of flowers under the ground—
Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

Oh, the pretty brave things! through the coldest
days
Imprisoned in walls of brown,
They never lost heart though the blast shrieked
loud,
And the sheet and the hail came down;
But patiently each wrought her beautiful dress,
Or fashioned her beautiful crown;
And now they are coming to brighten the world,
Still shadowed by winter's frown;
And well may they cheerily laugh "Ha! ha!"
In chorus soft and low,
The millions of flowers hid under the ground—
Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

—Emerson.

Two Evening Trains



HE first train leaves at 6 p. m.
For the land where the sleep flower
blows,
And mother, dear, is the engineer,
And the passenger laughs and crows.

The palace car is the mother's arms;
The whistle a low, sweet strain;
The passenger winks and nods and blinks,
And goes to sleep on the train.

At 8 p. m. the next train starts
For the pleasant land afar;
The summons clear falls on the ear,
"All aboard for the sleeping car."

But what is the fare to this pleasant land?
I hope it is not too dear;
The fare is this—a loving kiss—
And it is paid to the engineer.

So I ask of Him Who the children took
On His knee in kindness great,
"Take charge, I pray, of the trains each day
That leave at six and eight."

"Keep watch o'er the passengers," thus I pray,
"For they are very dear;
And have special ward, O gracious Lord,
O'er the gentle engineer."

—*Harriette R. Marvel.*

"The Moon-Man."



HE Moon-man keeps a great big
book,
Where it says what the children do,
If you're *very* good, he'll give you a
peep,
But he lets *me* look right through.

The moon is the house were the Moon-man
lives,

And he sits and writes all day.
When he wants to visit another land,
He just lets the moon sail away.

He sits at his window all day long,
And hears what the children say;
He sees them eat, he sees them sleep,
And he watches them at their play.

If the babies cry and the children quarrel,
And the boys and girls are bad,
He hides his face in a big black cloud,
And he cries 'cause he feels so sad.

But when the children are very good,
And never begin to cry,
He feels so glad he takes a ride
Right over the bright blue sky.

Then, when the children are all asleep,
And he doesn't know what to do,
He lays his head on a soft, white cloud,
For he gets sleepy, too.

But once—when a dear little baby died—
And went where the angels sing,
The Moon-man saw when it flew to heaven,
And he put on a golden ring.

The ring round the moon is the Moon-man's
crown;

And when there are stars in the crown,
It shows when the dear little baby went up,
One of God's angel babies came down.

—*Elma Bingeman.*

The Sand-man



HE Sand-man carries lint,
Made of ravelled thistle-down,
All powdered o'er with pollen
From drowsy poppies blown.
And it cures all baby's hurts—
With his sleepy, soothing hand,
As he rubs on his salve fresh from
Dreamland.

Come, Whack-on-the-Forehead
And Bump-on-the-Nose,
And Cut-on-the-Finger,
And Tiny-Stumped-Toes,
And Poor-Little-Bee-Sting,
And Stumble-and-Fall,
And Slap-Bang-and-Bruisy,
Come one, and come all,
And use the salve of the Sand-
man.

Just lay your little head
In your own dear mamma's lap
And close the tear-glued lashes
As if to take a nap;
Then listen for the Sand-man,
Crooning low a slumber song,
While he rubs on the salve fresh
from Dreamland.

Come, Whack-on-the-Forehead
And Bump-on-the-Nose,
And Cut-on-the-Finger,
And Tiny-Stumped-Toes,
And Poor-Little-Bee-Sting,
And Stumble-and-Fall,
And Slap-Bang-and-Bruisy,
Come one, and come all
And use the salve of the Sand-
man.

—*Mary H. Flanner.*

Her Second Thought

“You pretty apple-blossoms,
Why do you fly away
Just when the spring is sweetest ?
We want you all to stay.
There’s not a single flower
More beautiful than you.
Oh stay, because we love you,
The whole long summer through.”



The apple-blossoms whispered,
Still sending down a shower:
“You darling little maiden,
We’ve bloomed our springtime hour.
If we too long should linger,
Our boughs would never hold
For all the little children
Big apples, red and gold.”

The little maiden pondered
As, pink and pearly white,
Came showering the petals
Upon her ringlets bright.
She laughed and shook them lightly,
And then looked up to say:
“You sweetest apple-blossoms,
Be quick and fly away.”

—*Sydney Dayre.*

Suppose !



UPPOSE, my little lady,
Your doll should break her
head,
Could you make it whole by
crying
Till your eyes and nose are
red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad 'twas
Dolly's,
And not your head, was broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine indoors
When there is none without?

Your task, my little schoolboy,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be nicer
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
And learn the thing at once?

—*Phæbe Cary.*

The Lament of a Forsaken Cat



HE family went out of town,
Refreshing themselves by the
sea;
I thought they'd have taken me
down,
But no one had pity on me.
What of that?
After all, it is "only a cat!"

The children got in one by one,
When the carriage drove up to the door,
How breathlessly then did I run!
Little Molly cried, "Room for one more!"
What of that?
After all, it is "only a cat!"

"No place with the children for me?
With the luggage then porter," I said.
"Get out, little demon!" cried he,
And gave me a blow on the head.
What of that?
After all, it is "only a cat!"

There is no one without or within;
Not a drop, nor a crumb in the house.
My bones breaking through my poor skin;
No strength to say Boo! to a mouse!
What of that?
After all, it is "only a cat!"

I was petted and loved by the fair;
Do they think of me now by the sea?
The pavement is burning and bare,
I am dying by inches, poor me!
What of that?
After all, it is "only a cat!"

You have left me to die, but I say
That when you have once made a friend,
And loved him a little each day,
You should love him on straight to the end!
Think of that!
Even should he be "only a cat!"

—*Elizabeth Harcourt Mitchell.*

Belinda



ELINDA was the smallest cat
That ever you did see.
One day Belinda met a rat
Quite twice as big as she.
Now, what are you to do
When a rat's as big as you?

Belinda said: "I'm not afraid
Of any rat alive.
I'd swallow any rat that's made,
Or two, or four, or five."
Now, how could she do
that—
Such a very little cat?

The rat replied: "I never knew
A cat as brave as I.
But as for such a cat as you—
I'll make you into pie."
Did you ever see a rat
Dine on a pussy cat?

Belinda said: "Superior cats
Think fighting only fun.
Just call a lot of other rats;
I'll eat them every one."
Now don't you think that that
Was a most courageous cat?

Then other rats joined in the fight—
Big, little, short and tall,
Gray, brown and brindled, black and white
Belinda ate them all!
Do you wonder how I know?
Belinda told me so!

The Disobedient Doll



HERE was a doll who would not do
The least thing she was told,
And yet the naughty little puss
Was only two years old.
You might have thought so young a
child
Would smilingly obey,
But not so Miss Matilda Jane;
She wanted her *own* way.

When put to bed, she would not close
Her eyes so blue and bright;
She always turned her toes well in,
Though warned she looked a fright;
She would not learn to read or write,
Or even try to spell;
The things that doll refused to do
Would take a week to tell.

One day Matilda went, but where,
Alas! I do not know;
Perhaps there is a far-off place
Where bad dolls have to go,
And good dolls teach them to be good.
If so, Matilda Jane,
Do learn your lessons quickly, dear,
And come back home again.

—E. B.

The Snow-Bird



IN the rosy light trills the gay
swallow,
The thrush in the roses below,
The meadow lark sings in the
meadow,
And the snow-bird sings in the
snow.

Ah me!

Chickadee!

The snow bird sings in the snow!

The blue marten trills in the gable
The wren on the ground below,
In the elm flutes the golden robin,
But the snow-bird sings in the snow.

Ah me!

Chickadee!

The snow-bird sings in the snow!

I love the high heart of the osprey,
The meek heart of the thrush below,
The heart of the lark in the meadow,
And the snow-bird's heart in the snow;

But dearest to me

Chickadee! chickadee!

Is that *true little heart* in the snow.

The Gingerbread Man



UMPTY, dumpty, dickery dan,
Sing hey, sing ho, for the gingerbread
man!

With his smile so sweet, and his form
so neat,

And his gingerbread shoes on his
gingerbread feet.

His eyes are two currants so round and black;
He's baked in a pan lying flat on his back;
He comes from the oven so glossy and brown,
The loveliest gingerbread man in town!

And why is his gingerbread smile so sweet?
And why is his gingerbread form so neat?
And why has he shoes on his gingerbread feet?
Because—he is made for my Teddy to eat.

—*Eva E. Rowland.*

Cronies



HERE can we find Red Riding
Hood?

A shy little creature, indeed,
is she;

Hiding away at the edge of the
wood,

For it's not every caller she wishes to see;
But when Bo-Peep strays down her way,
She smiles at her and says "Good-day."

Little Bo-Peep is a gay young sprite,
Always ready to aid and bless;
She lends Red Riding Hood her light,
And helps her weave her pretty dress,
For Red Riding hood is a strawberry sweet,
And little Bo-Peep is a sunbeam fleet.

—*Martha Burr Banks.*

The Cake That Was Burnt



HERE was a little cook and she made a
little cake,
She put it in the oven just to bake, bake,
bake;
It was full of plums and spice,
And of everything that's nice,
And she said, "An hour, I reckon, it will
take, take, take!"

And then that little cook went to have a little play,
With a very charming cat across the way, way, way;
She forgot the cake, alack!
It was burnt, well, almost black,
And I wondered what the cook's mamma would say,
say, say!

The little cook ran off, and confessed her tale of woe,
For to find her cake a cinder was a blow, blow, blow;
"Cheer up," her mother said,
As she stroked the golden head,
"For accidents will happen, we all know, know,
know!"

A Little Boy's Walk in Winter



LITTLE boy went walking
One frosty Winter's day.
He saw some little snow birds
That quickly hopped away;
He saw the ice-bound river
With snow all glistening white;
Jack Frost had worked so quickly!
Oh! 'twas a wondrous sight!

He watched the merry skaters
All passing to and fro;
And other children coasting
Upon the crusty snow.
He saw the trees now sparkling
With many diamonds bright;
And icicles were hanging
From every roof in sight.

He saw the silv'ry pictures
Jack Frost puts everywhere;
And heard the merry sleigh bells
That jingled through the air.
He saw the gray clouds gath'ring;
And, as the snowflakes fell,
He said: "I must find mother,—
I have so much to tell!"

—*L. Katharine Woods.*

Toy-Land



ND how do you get to Toy-land?
To all little people the joy-land?
Just follow your nose
And go on tiptoes,
It's only a minute to Toy-land.

And ho! but it's gay in Toy-land,
This bright, merry girl-and-boy-land,
And woolly dogs white
That never will bite
You'll meet on the highways in Toy-land.

Society's fine in Toy-land,
The dollies all think it a joy-land,
And folks in the ark
Stay out after dark,
And tin soldiers regulate Toy-land.

There's fun all the year in Toy-land,
To sorrow 'twas always a coy-land;
And steamers are run,
And steam cars for fun,
They're wound up with keys down in Toy-land.

Bold jumping-jacks thrive in Toy-land,
Fine castles adorn this joy-land;
And bright are the dreams
And sunny the beams
That gladden the faces in Toy-land.

How long do you live in Toy-land?
This bright, merry girl-and-boy land?
A few days, at best,
We stay as a guest,
Then good-bye, forever, to Toy-land!

—*Eugene Field.*

Where Kitty Cats Hang in a Row



HERE are trees where the kitty
cats grow,
They hang by their tails in a row,
If they happen to fall
They don't mind it at all,
For they land on their feet, as
you know.

The fish swim around in the sky
With pollywogs woggling by,
While frogs hop around
On the clouds to the sound
Of the lobsters devouring mince pie.

The birdies all swim in the sea
And the wasp and the bungleing bee,
If you dangle a worm
With a wiggly squirm
You might catch a chicadee-dee.

It's strange, but the apples and pears
Live in houses with carpets and chairs,
They go rolling around
With a rollicking sound
And come bumping and thumping downstairs.

—*Albert W. Smith.*

A Wish for Every Day



MONDAY, I wish for eager feet,
On errands of love to go;
Tuesday, I wish for a gentle voice,
With tones both soft and low;
Wednesday, I wish for willing hands,
Love's duties all to do;
Thursday, I wish for open ears,
Wise words to listen to;
Friday, I wish for quickened eyes,
God's beauty all to see;
Sunday, I wish for a tranquil heart,
That may to others joy impart.

Twinkletown



TN the blue November night, in the
dusk and dreamy eve,
On the sleeping car of love bound for
Twinkletown we leave;
Twinkletown, sweet Twinkletown—
over the hills afar,
Each little window lighted with a
golden, gleaming star!
In the blue November night, o'er the cloudless sea of
blue,
All aboard for Twinkletown—kiss good-night for fare
will do!

In the quiet hour of rest by the window or the hearth,
Lo, the eyes of little child see far up above the earth;
Twinkletown, sweet Twinkletown—shining in the
night,
All the little houses lit with a starry light!
In the arms of slumber, dear Winken, Blinken, here
we go,
Up the little lanes of Dream, tippy-tippy-tippytoe!

Twinkletown is far away, gleaming sweetly in the sky,
When in arms of rest and love, little dreamy children
lie;
Twinkletown, sweet Twinkletown—every pathway lit
With the little stars that wend in and out of it!
In the sleeping car at eight—ring the bell and start the
train,
Up the sky to Twinkletown till the morning comes
again!

To My Own



HE squirrel lies hid in his hollow tree,
All wrapped in his soft, long tail;
The rabbit is snuggled as snug can be
In his home 'neath the old fence rail;
The partridge is only a bunch of down
Where thickest the arching brush—
They in the forest and we in the town,
Hush, my honey-boy, hush.

The field-mouse curls in a velvet ball
Far under the dead swamp grass;
In his hole by the frozen waterfall
The mink dreams oft of the bass;
And every chick of the ground and air
Is cuddled in haven deep—
So here, in the glow of the firelight fair,
Sleep, my honey-boy, sleep.

The North Wind romps with the whirling snow ;
Sly Jack Frost noses about;
But wood and field are abed—for no,
Not even the owl is out.
And here where the motherkin's breast is warm
And motherkin's arms are tight,
Safe from the snow and the frost and storm,
Good-night, honey-boy, good-night.

—E. L. Sabin.

Magical Neatness



OMMY Tinker's little feet
Had been trained to be so neat
(Strange the story is to tell)
That they wiped themselves off
well
When they came in from the
street!

Tommy Tinker's big straw hat,
With its brim so broad and flat,
Quickly jumped upon the shelf,
Yes, it put away itself!
Now, what do you think of that ?

Next his overcoat so spry
Off this little boy did fly;
And a glance around it took
Till it found a handy hook,
Then it hung itself up high!

Could you teach your coat and hat
To be orderly, like that?
Could you train your little feet,
Like this Tommy's, to be neat—
Never to forget the mat?

—Alva Deane.

Grandma's Valentine



HE sent a valentine to "Grandma dearest;"

She lived off in the country far away,

And grandpa brought it home within his ulster

One snowy, blowy February day.

You see he was a very little laddie,

And found it harder far than any play;

Then said, "My Grandma's sure to understand it
Some awful chilly February day."

He wanted, ah! so much—to write, "I love you,"

And tried, and cried a little, so they say,

Yet stamped it quick while Jane, the nurse, directed
All on a certain February day.

But all that Grandma saw within the letter

Was C-A-T D-O-G just that way,

And she said it made her happy as a princess
That snowy, blowy February day.

—*Alix Thorn.*

A Little Mathematician



IGHT long furlongs I've gone
to-day!"

With evident pride, said Ethel
May.

"Three hundred and twenty rods,
you know,

Is what I've been"—'twas Brother Joe.

"One thousand seven hundred and sixty—true,
So many yards I've walked," said Prue.

"Five thousand two hundred and eighty feet
I've gone," said Ben, "and it can't be beat!"

"Pooh!" laughed Ted, with a knowing smile,
"You've only gone, each one a ——!"

—A. F. C.

Memories



ONCE I loved a beautiful dolly;
She had hair of golden hue,
Her cheeks were like the red,
red rose,
And her eyes were a heaven-
ly blue,
Her arms they were long and
slender,
Her neck it was plump and
fair,
And I lost my heart to her
sweet eyes,
And the curls of her golden
hair.

She was dressed in a gown of satin,
All trimmed with the richest lace;
She had stockings of silk and sweet bronze boots,
And a smile on her lovely face.
But, alas! one day a bad big boy,
Came to our house to tea;
And that was the end of my dolly's life,
And of happiness for me.

For he pulled all the hair from her pretty head,
And he put out both her eyes,
And he hung her up to the chandelier,
In spite of my tears and cries;
And her satin gown on the fire he threw,
With hullabaloo and noise!
And never, oh never, again will I play
With such cruel and bad big boys.

And now as I sit in the firelight glow
And think of the days gone by,
My dolly comes in with a silent tread,
And looks at me tenderly;
And she says, "Little maid, I love you still
For the faithful heart and true
That has kept a thought for your poor old doll,
Who has never forgotten you."

My Little Cat



EY'S frowed you out an left you alone,
Little Cat.

I's a stroken your fur,
But you don't never pur
Or hump up anywher,

Little Cat—
Wy is dat?

Is your purin an humpin up done?

An wy is your little foot tied,
Little Cat?

Did dey pison your tumnick inside,
Little Cat?

Did dey pound you wif bricks
Or wif big, nasty sticks,
Or abuse you wif kicks,

Little Cat—tell me dat?
Did dey holler wenever you cried?

Did it hurt werry much wen you died,
Little Cat?

Oh, why diden you wun of an hide,
Little Cat?

I's wet in my eys, cos I always cwies
Wen a pusy cat dies, little Cat,
Tink of dat.

And is afully solly besides.

Des lay still down on de sof gwoun,
Little Cat.

Wile I tuck de gween gwass all awoun,
Little Cat.

Dey can't hurt you no more wen yous
tired an sore,

So dest keep twiet, you poor little cat, wif
a pat,

An forget all de kicks of de town.

—*Marjori Burns.*

The Song Sparrow



Y the road in early spring,
Always hopefully you sing,
It may rain or it may snow,
Sun may shine or wind may blow,
Still your dainty strain we hear—
“Cheer—Cheer—
Never, never fear,
May will soon be here.”
Darling little prophet that you are!

When at last the leaves are out,
And wild flowers all about,
Song of other birds are fraught,
With the spirit that you taught,
Still you sing on sweet and clear—
“Hear—Hear—
Happy, happy cheer,
Singing all the year.”
Proud little brother of the air.

—*Lynn Tew Sprague.*

The Song Of The Wind



WISH, swish!" cried the wind,
"Swish, swish!" he sighed,
As he swept through the forests
dark;
"Hush, hush!" he sang o'er the
prairies wide,
Where the snow lay stiff and
stark.

"The wind of the north, a king am I";
Like a bugle came the tone,
"With icy breath o'er the land I fly,
And I rule from zone to zone."

"Hurrah!" cried he "for the prairies
broad,
Where I swirl the drifting snow;
I follow far on my icy road,
Where the Great Lakes gleam below."

He blew o'er the land his trumpet shrill,
And its echoes answered clear,
And cried as he swept o'er dale and hill:
"Hurrah for our Canada fair!"

—*Janet Murray.*

"Old Daddy Do-Funny"



LD Daddy Do-Funny,
How you come on?"
"Po'ly, thank God, honey,
Po'ly dis morn.

My ole spine it's sort o' stiff,
An' my arms dey 'fuse to lif',
An' de miz'ry's in my breas',

An' I got de heart-distress,
An' de growin'-pains dey lingers
In my knee-j'ints an' my fingers,
But I'm well, praise God, dis mornin'."

"Old Daddy Do-Funny,
What cuyus talk!

How is you well, when you
Can't even walk?"

"Hush, you foolish chillen, hush!

What's dat singin' in de brush?

Ain't dat yonder blue de sky?

Feel de cool breeze passin' by!

Dis ole painful back an' knee,

Laws-a-mussy, dey ain't me,

An' I'm well, praise God, dis mornin'."

—*Ruth McEnery Stuart.*

Conceit



LITTLE dog barked at the big round
moon
That smiled in the evening sky;
And the neighbors smote him with
rocks and shoon—
But still he continued his rageful tune,
And he barked till his throat was dry.

The little dog bounced like a rubber ball,
For his anger quite drove him wild;
And he said: "I'm a terror although I'm small,
And I dare you, you impudent fellow, to fall."
But the moon only smiled and smiled.

Then the little dog barked at a terrible rate,
But he challenged the moon in vain,
For as calmly and slow as the working of fate,
The moon moved along in a manner sedate,
And smiled at the dog in disdain.

But soon, 'neath a hill that obstructed the west,
The moon sank down out of sight,
And he smiled as it slowly dropped under the
crest;
But the little dog said, as he laid down to rest,
"Well! I scared it away, all right!"

A Garden Cinderella



THE pear-tree and the cherry-tree
were dressed in snowy white,
But the tardy little apple-tree was in
a sorry plight,
For it couldn't boast a blossom, and
it wasn't fine at all,

And the doleful little apple-tree felt very, very small.

But Spring, the fairy of the world, still lingered on her
way,
And she waved her magic wand around, and magic
words did say,
And with an answering blush and smile, the happy
apple-tree
Came blooming out in pink and white, the prettiest of
the three.

—*Martha Burr Banks.*

I Like Little Pussy



LIKE little pussy,
Her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her,
She'll do me no harm;
So I'll not pull her tail,
Nor drive her away,
But pussy and I
Very gently will play.

A Lullaby

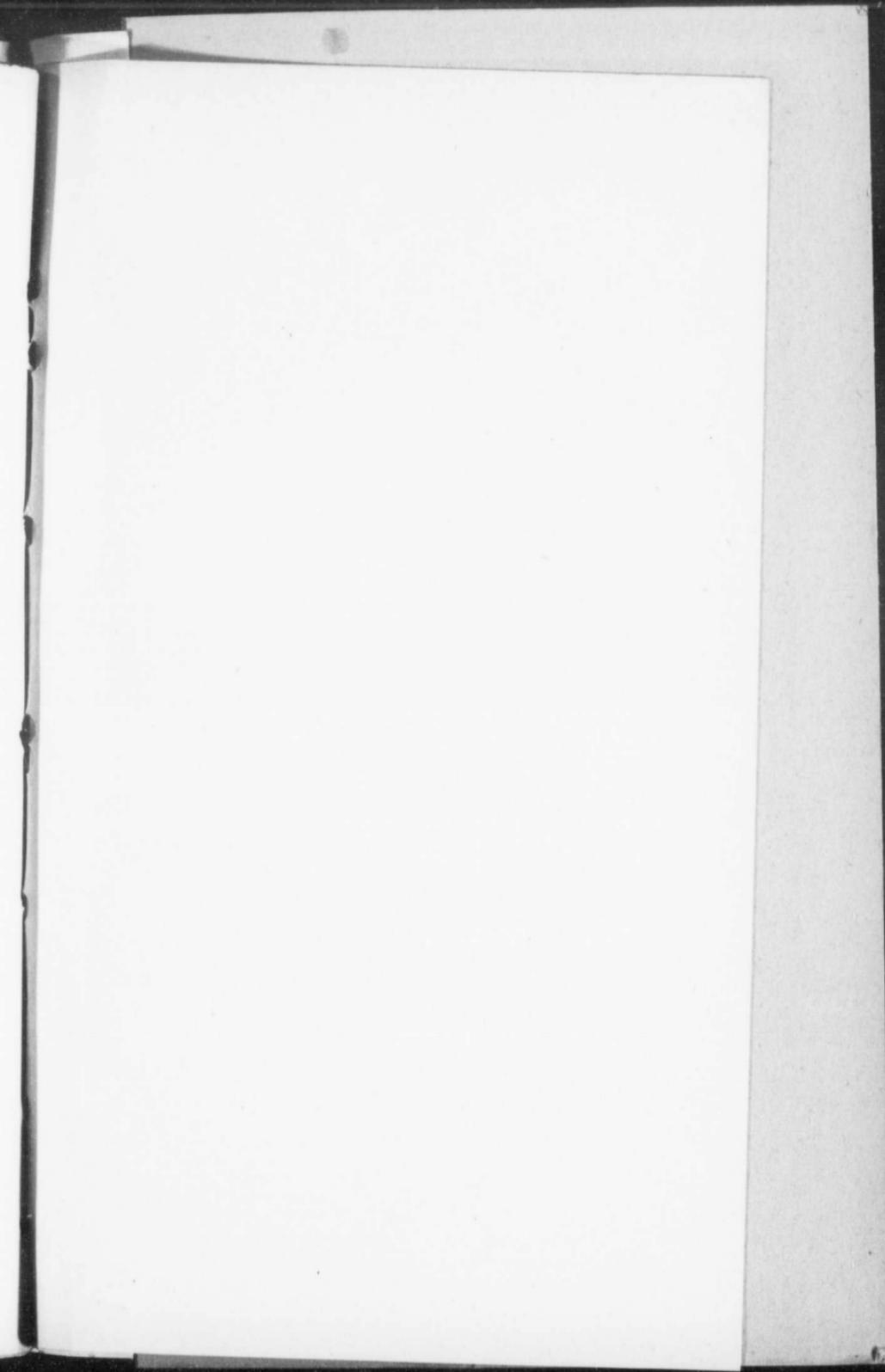


ROCKABY, baby the sun has set,
The world has gone to rest;
The robin has ended his sunset hymn
And lies asleep in his nest.
The heavens are dark, but the golden
stars
Shine forth to brighten the sky.
So rockaby, baby, and lullaby, love;
My dear one, rockaby.

The leaves are asleep on the forest trees,
The bees have gone to rest:
The sun is asleep behind the clouds,
And you on your mother's breast.
Hark, how clearly the night wind sings
As he goes rushing by;
Rockaby, baby, and lullaby, love;
Dear lambkin, rockaby.

The owls are awake and clearly hoot
From their perches on the trees,
Singing their night song shrill and loud
To the fickle evening breeze.
But the breeze speeds by and listens ne'er,
So they sing to the stars in the sky,
While mother holds her babe to her breast
And sings a lullaby.

The stars, they list to the owls' shrill hoots,
Caressing them with their beams,
While troops of fays steal down to earth
And weave 'round you their dreams.
But the moon shines on serene and fair
On her starry throne on high,
While mother sings to her sleeping babe
Her evening lullaby.



LITTLE BOY BLUE

By Eugene Field (1887)

The little toy dog is covered with
dust

But sturdy and staunch he
stands;

And the little toy soldier is covered
with rust,

And his musket moulds in his
hands.

Time was when the little toy dog
was new,

And the soldier was passing
fair;

And that was the time when our
Little Boy Blue

Kissed them and put them there.

"Now don't you go till I come," he
said,

"And don't you make any
noise."

So toddling off to his trundle bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys;

And, as he was dreaming, an Angel
Song

Awakened our Little Boy Blue.

Oh! the years are many, the years
are long,

But the little toy friends are
true!

Aye faithful to Little Boy Blue
they stand,

Each in the same old place—

Awaiting the touch of a little
hand,

The smile of a little face;

And they wonder, as waiting the
long years through

In the dust of that little chair.

What has become of our Little
Boy Blue

Since he kissed them and put
them there.

