



RILEY   
CHILD-RHYMES  
 WITH   
HOOSIER PICTURES



Xmas 1910

To Lucile  
from Mamma











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RILEY CHILD-RHYMES

WITH HOOSIER PICTURES

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A-list'nin' to the witch-tales 'at Annie tells about



RILEY

CHILD-RHYMES

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

WITH

HOOSIER PICTURES

BY

WILL VAWTER

INDIANAPOLIS  
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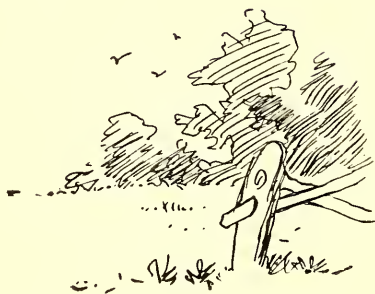
WITH HEART AFFECTION AND ABIDING FAITH  
THESE RHYMES AND PICTURES  
ARE INSCRIBED  
TO THE CHILDREN EVERYWHERE



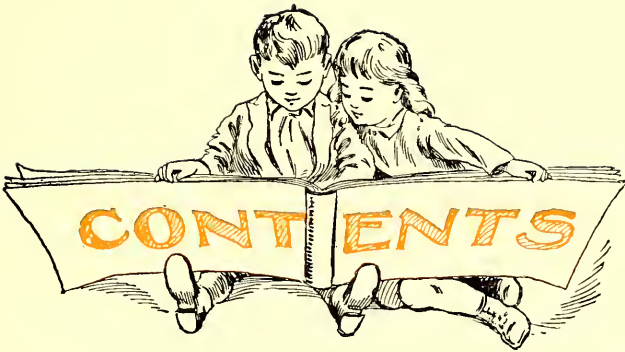




*He owns the bird-songs of the hills—  
The laughter of the April rills;  
And his are all the diamonds set  
In Morning's dewy coronet,—  
And his the Dusk's first minted stars  
That twinkle through the pasture-bars  
And litter all the skies at night  
With glittering scraps of silver light;—  
The rainbow's bar, from rim to rim,  
In beaten gold, belongs to him.*







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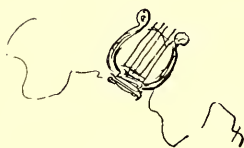
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RILEY CHILD-RHYMES







### LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE

**L**ITTLE Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,  
An' wash the cups an' saucers up, an' brush the  
                  crumbs away,  
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth,  
                  an' sweep,  
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board-  
                  an'-keep ;  
An' all us other childern, when the supper things is done,  
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun  
A-list'nin' to the witch-tales 'at Annie tells about,  
An' the Gobble-uns 'at gits you

Ef you  
      Don't  
          Watch  
              Out!



LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE

Onc't they was a little boy wouldn't say his prayers,—  
So when he went to bed at night, away up stairs,  
His Mammy heerd him holler, an' his Daddy heerd him  
bawl,

An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he wasn't there  
at all!

An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole,  
an' press,

An' seeked him up the chimby-flue, an' ever'wheres, I  
guess;

But all they ever found was thist his pants an' rounda-  
bout:—

An' the Gobble-uns'll git you

Ef you

Don't

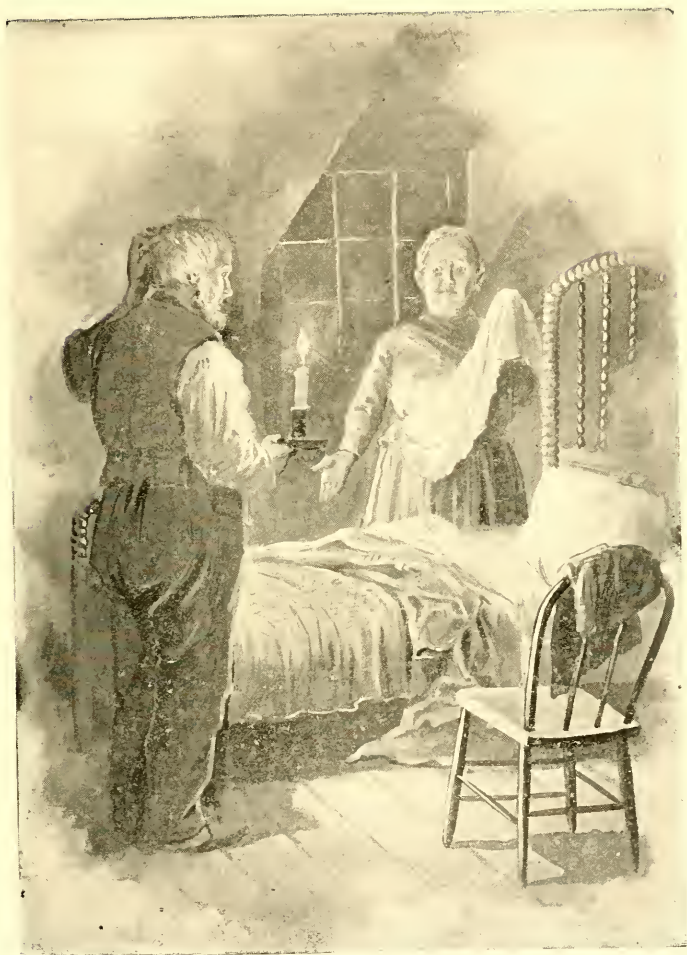
Watch

Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,  
An' make fun of ever'one, an' all her blood an' kin,  
An' onc't, when they was "company," an' ole folks was  
there,

She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't care!  
An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an' hide,  
They was two great big Black Things a-standin' by her side,







LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE

An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she knowed  
what she's about!

An' the Gobble-uns'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

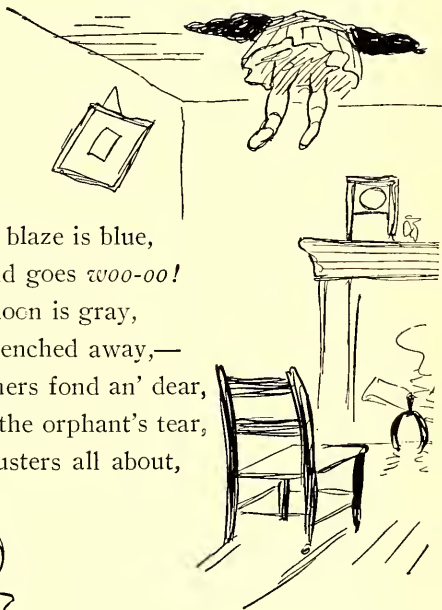
An' little Orphant Annie says when the blaze is blue,  
An' the lamp-wick sputters, an' the wind goes *woo-oo!*  
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,  
An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away,—  
You better mind yer parents, an' yer teachers fond an' dear,  
An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's tear,  
An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,  
Er the Gobble-uns'll git you

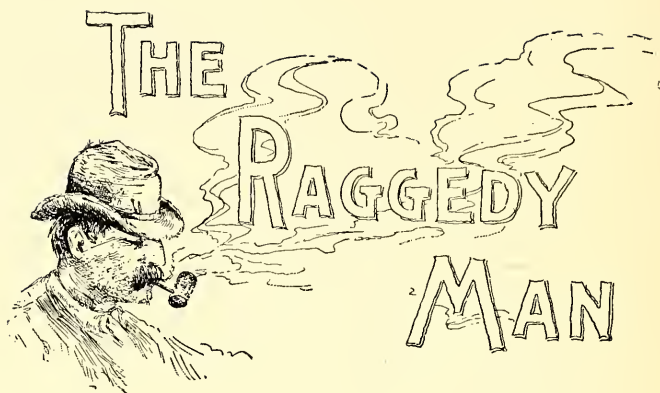
Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!





O THE RAGGEDY MAN! He works fer Pa;  
An' he's the goodest man ever you saw!  
He comes to our house every day,  
An' waters the horses, an' feeds 'em hay;  
An' he opens the shed—an' we all ist laugh  
When he drives out our little old wobble-ly calf;  
An' nen—ef our hired girl says he can—  
He milks the cow fer 'Lizabuth Ann.—  
Aint he a' awful good Raggedy Man?  
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

W'y, The Raggedy Man—he's ist so good  
He splits the kindlin' an' chops the wood;  
An' nen he spades in our garden, too,  
An' does most things 'at *boys* can't do!—



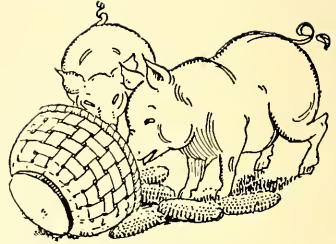


## THE RAGGEDY MAN

He clumbed clean up in our big tree  
An' shooked a' apple down fer me—  
An' nother'n', too, fer 'Lizabuth Ann—  
An' nother'n', too, fer The Raggedy Man.—  
Aint he a' awful kind Raggedy Man?  
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

An' The Raggedy Man, he knows most rhymes  
An' tells 'em, ef I be good, sometimes:  
Knows 'bout Giunts, an' Griffuns, an' Elves,  
An' the Squidgicum-Squees 'at swallers therselves!  
An', wite by the pump in our pasture-lot,  
He showed me the hole 'at the Wunks is got,  
'At lives 'way deep in the ground, an' can  
Turn into me, er 'Lizabuth Ann!  
Aint he a funny old Raggedy Man?  
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

The Raggedy Man—one time when he  
Wuz makin' a little bow-'n'-orry fer me,  
Says "When *you're* big like your Pa is,  
Air you go' to keep a fine store like his—  
An' be a rich merchunt—an' wear fine clothes?—  
Er what *air* you go' to be, goodness knows!"  
An' nen he laughed at 'Lizabuth Ann,  
An' I says "'M go' to be a Raggedy Man!—  
I'm ist go' to be a nice Raggedy Man!"  
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

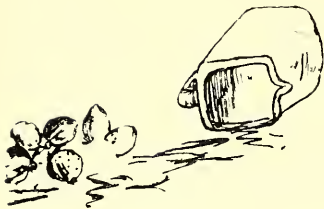


## CURLY LOCKS

**C**URLY Locks! Curly Locks! wilt thou be mine?  
Thou shalt not wash the dishes, nor yet feed the  
swine,—

*But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,  
And feast upon strawberries, sugar and cream.*

Curly Locks! Curly Locks! wilt thou be mine?  
The throb of my heart is in every line,  
And the pulse of a passion as airy and glad  
In its musical beat as the little Prince had!







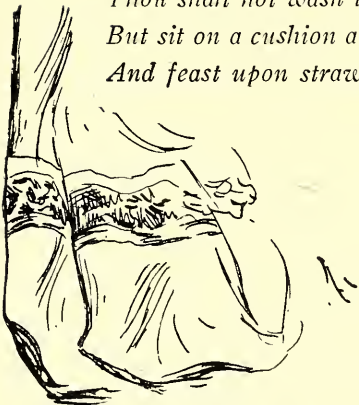
CURLY LOCKS

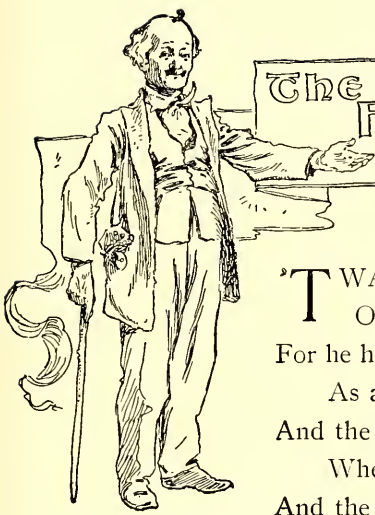
Thou shalt not wash the dishes, nor yet feed the swine!—  
O I'll dapple thy hands with these kisses of mine  
Till the pink of the nail of each finger shall be  
As a little pet blush in full blossom for me.

But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,  
And thou shalt have fabric as fair as a dream,—  
The red of my veins, and the white of my love,  
And the gold of my joy for the braiding thereof.

And feast upon strawberries, sugar and cream  
From a service of silver, with jewels a gleam,—  
At thy feet will I bide, at thy beck will I rise,  
And twinkle my soul in the night of thine eyes!

*Curly Locks! Curly Locks! wilt thou be mine?  
Thou shalt not wash the dishes, nor yet feed the swine,—  
But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,  
And feast upon strawberries, sugar and cream.*





The  
Funny Little  
Fellow.

'T WAS a Funny Little Fellow  
Of the very purest type,  
For he had a heart as mellow  
As an apple over-ripe ;  
And the brightest little twinkle  
When a funny thing occurred,  
And the lightest little tinkle  
Of a laugh you ever heard !

His smile was like the glitter  
Of the sun in tropic lands,  
And his talk a sweeter twitter  
Than the swallow understands ;



THE FUNNY LITTLE FELLOW

Hear him sing—and tell a story—  
Snap a joke—ignite a pun,—  
'Twas a capture—rapture—glory,  
And explosion—all in one!

Though he hadn't any money—  
That condiment which tends  
To make a fellow "honey "  
For the palate of his friends;—  
Sweet simples he compounded—  
Sovereign antidotes for sin  
Or taint,—a faith unbounded  
That his friends were genuine.



He wasn't honored, may be—  
For his songs of praise were slim,—  
Yet I never knew a baby  
That wouldn't crow for him;  
I never knew a mother  
But urged a kindly claim  
Upon him as a brother,  
At the mention of his name.

The sick have ceased their sighing  
And have even found the grace





THE FUNNY LITTLE FELLOW

Of a smile when they were dying  
    As they looked upon his face ;  
And I've seen his eyes of laughter  
    Melt in tears that only ran  
As though, swift dancing after,  
    Came the Funny Little Man.

He laughed away the sorrow,  
    And he laughed away the gloom  
We are all so prone to borrow  
    From the darkness of the tomb ;  
And he laughed across the ocean  
    Of a happy life, and passed,  
With a laugh of glad emotion,  
    Into Paradise at last.

And I think the Angels knew him,  
    And had gathered to await  
His coming, and run to him  
    Through the widely-opened Gate—  
With their faces gleaming sunny  
    For his laughter-loving sake,  
And thinking, "What a funny  
    Little Angel he will make!"

# THE HAPPY LITTLE CRIPPLE

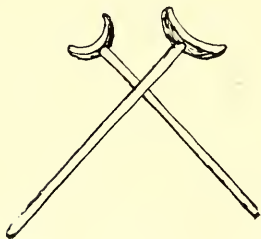
I 'M thist a little cripple boy, an' never goin' to grow  
An' get a great big man at all!—'cause Auntie told  
me so.

When I was thist a baby onc't, I falled out of the bed  
An' got "The Curv'ture of the Spine"—'at's what the  
Doctor said.

I never had no Mother nen—fer my Pa runned away  
An' dassn't come back here no more—'cause he was  
drunk one day

An' stobbed a man in thish-ere town, an' couldn't pay  
his fine!

An' nen my Ma she died—an' I got "Curv'ture of the  
Spine!"









THE HAPPY LITTLE CRIPPLE

I'm nine years old! An' you can't guess how much I weigh, I bet!—

Last birthday I weighed thirty-three!—An' I weigh thirty yet!

I'm awful little fer my size—I'm purt' nigh littler 'nan Some babies is!—an' neighbors all calls me “The Little Man!”

An' Doc one time he laughed an' said: “I 'spect, first thing you know,

You 'll have a little spike-tail coat an' travel with a show!”

An' nen I laughed—till I looked round an' Aunty was a-cryin'—

Sometimes she acts like that, 'cause I got “Curv'ture of the Spine.”

I set—while Aunty's washin'—on my little long-leg stool, An' watch the little boys an' girls a-skipin' by to school; An' I peck on the winder, an' holler out an' say:

“Who wants to fight The Little Man 'at dares you all to-day?”

An', nen the boys climbs on the fence, an' little girls peeks through,

An' they all says: “Cause you're so big, you think we're 'feared o' you!”

## THE HAPPY LITTLE CRIPPLE

An' nen they yell, an' shake their fist at me, like I shake  
mine—

They're thist in fun, you know, 'cause I got "Curv'ture  
of the Spine!"

At evening, when the ironin's done, an' Aunty's fixed the  
fire,

An' filled an' lit the lamp, an' trimmed the wick an'  
turned it higher,

An' fetched the wood all in fer night, an' locked the  
kitchen door,

An' stuffed the ole crack where the wind blows in up  
through the floor—

She sets the kittle on the coals, an' biles an' makes the tea,

An' fries the liver an' the mush, an' cooks a egg fer me;

An' sometimes—when I cough so hard—her elderberry  
wine

Don't go so bad fer little boys with "Curv'ture of the  
Spine!"

But Aunty's all so childish-like on my account, you see,  
I'm 'most afeard she'll be took down—an' 'at's what  
bothers me!—





THE HAPPY LITTLE CRIPPLE

'Cause ef my good ole aunty ever would git sick an' die,  
I don't know what she'd do in heaven—till *I* come, by  
an' by:—

Fer she's so ust to all my ways, an' ever'thing, you know,  
An' no one there like me, to nuss an' worry over so!—

'Cause all the little childerns there's so straight an' strong  
an' fine,

They's nary angel 'bout the place with "Curv'ture of the  
spine!"



## THE RIDER OF THE KNEE

**K** NIGHTLY Rider of the Knee  
Of Proud-prancing Unclery!  
Gaily mount, and wave the sign  
Of that mastery of thine.

Pat thy steed and turn him free,  
Knightly Rider of the Knee!  
Sit thy charger as a throne—  
Lash him with thy laugh alone:

Sting him only with the spur  
Of such wit as may occur,  
Knightly Rider of the Knee,  
In thy shriek of ecstasy.

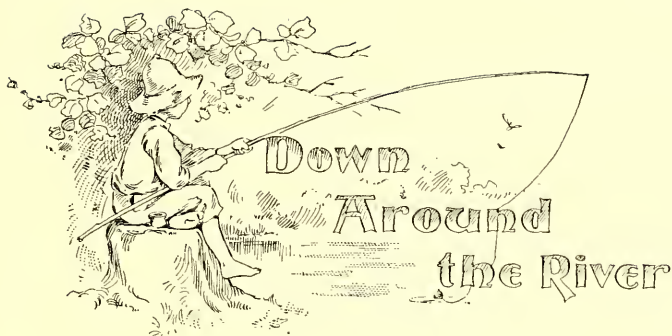
Would, as now, we might endure.  
Twain as one—thou miniature  
Ruler, at the rein of me—  
Knightly Rider of the Knee!











**N**ON-TIME an' June-time, down around the river!  
 Have to furse with 'Lizey Ann—but lawzy! I fer-  
 give her!

Drives me off the place, an' says 'at all 'at she's a-wishin',  
 Land o' gracious! time'll come I'll git enough o' fishin'!  
 Little Dave, a-choppin' wood, never 'pears to notice;  
 Don't know where she's hid his hat, er keerin' where his  
 coat is,—

Specalatin', more'n like, he haint a-goin' to mind me,  
 An' guessin' where, say twelve o'clock, a feller'd likely  
 find me!



DOWN AROUND THE RIVER

Noon-time an' June-time, down around the river!  
Clean out o' sight o' home, an' skulkin' under kivver  
Of the sycamores, jack-oaks, an' swamp-ash an' ellum-  
Idies all so jumbled up, you kin hardly tell 'em!—  
*Tired*, you know, but *lovin'* it, an' smilin' jes' to think 'at  
Any *sweeter* tiredness you'd fairly want to *drink* it!  
Tired o' fishin'—tired o' fun—line out slack an' slacker—  
All you want in all the world's a little more tobacker!

Hungry, but *a-hidin'* it, er jes' a-not a-keerin':—  
Kingfisher gittin' up an' skootin' out o' hearin';  
Snipes on the t'other side, where the County Ditch is,  
Wadin' up an' down the aidge like they'd rolled their  
britches!

Old turkle on the root kindo-sorto drappin'  
Intoo th' worter like he don't know how it happen!  
Worter, shade an' all so mixed, don't know which you'd  
orter

Say; th' *worter* in the shadder—*shadder* in the *worter*!

Somebody hollerin'—'way around the bend in  
Upper Fork—where yer eye kin jes' ketch the endin'



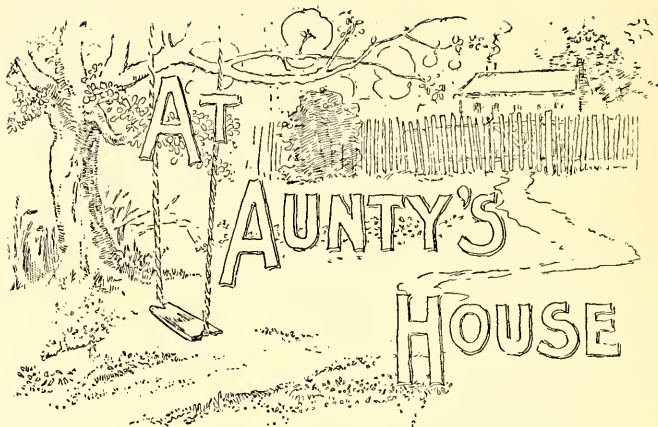




DOWN AROUND THE RIVER

Of the shiney wedge o' wake some muss-rat's a-makin'  
With that pesky nose o' his! Then a sniff o' bacon,  
Corn-bred an' 'dock-greens—an' little Dave a-shinin'  
'Crost the rocks an' mussel-shells, a-limpin' an' a-grinnin',  
With yer dinner fer ye, an' a blessin' from the giver,  
Noon-time an' June-time down around the river!

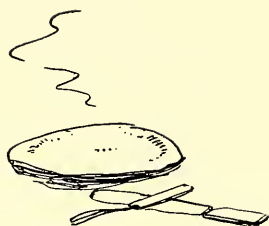




ONE time, when we'z at Aunty's house—  
    'Way in the country!—where  
They's ist but woods—an' pigs, an' cows—  
    An' all's out-doors an' air!—  
An' orchurd-swing; an' churry-trees—  
An' *churries* in 'em!—Yes, an' these—  
Here red-head birds steals all they plcase,  
    An' tetch 'em ef you dare!—  
W'y, wunst, one time, when we wuz there,  
    *We et out on the porch!*



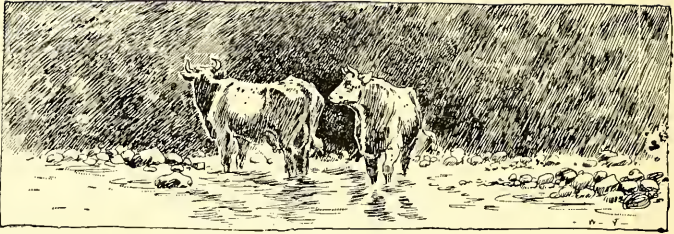




AT AUNTY'S HOUSE

Wite where the cellar-door wuz shut  
The table wuz ; an' I  
Let Aunty set by me an' cut  
My vittuls up—an' pie.  
'Tuz awful funny!—I could see  
The red-heads in the churry-tree ;  
An' bee-hives, where you got to be  
So keerful, goin' by ;—  
An' "Comp'ny" there an' all!—an' we—  
*We et out on the porch!*

An' I ist et *p'surves* an' things  
'At Ma don't 'low me to—  
An' *chickun-gizzurds*—(don't like *wings*  
Like *Parunts* does! do *you?*)  
An' all the time, the wind blowed there,  
An' I could feel it in my hair,  
An' ist smell clover *ever*'where!—  
An' a' old red-head flew  
Purt' nigh wite over my high-chair,  
*When we et on the porch!*



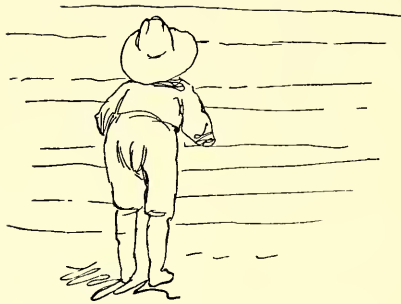
## THE DAYS GONE BY

O THE days gone by! O the days gone by!  
The apples in the orchard, and the pathway through  
the rye;  
The chirrup of the robin, and the whistle of the quail  
As he piped across the meadows sweet as any nightingale;  
When the bloom was on the clover, and the blue was in  
the sky,  
And my happy heart brimmed over, in the days gone by.





WATER  
MELON  
PATCH

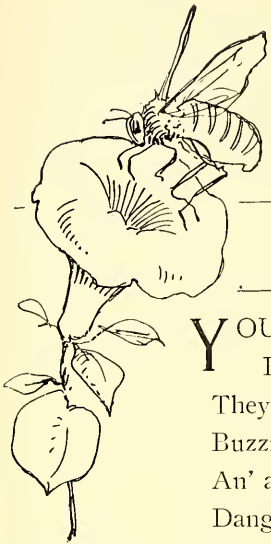


## THE DAYS GONE BY

In the days gone by, when my naked feet were tripped  
By the honeysuckle tangles where the water-lilies dipped,  
And the ripples of the river lipped the moss along the  
    brink,  
Where the placid-eyed and lazy-footed cattle came to  
    drink,  
And the tilting snipe stood fearless of the truant's way-  
    ward cry  
And the splashing of the swimmer, in the days gone by.

O the days gone by! O the days gone by!  
The music of the laughing lip, the lustre of the eye;  
The childish faith in fairies, and Aladdin's magic ring—  
The simple, soul-reposing, glad belief in everything,—  
When life was like a story, holding neither sob nor sigh,  
In the golden olden glory of the days gone by.





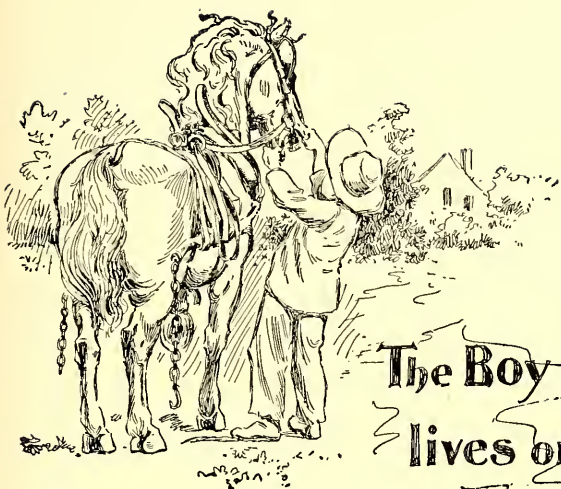
## THE BUMBLEBEE

**Y**OU better not fool with a Bumblebee!—  
Ef you don't think they can sting—you'll see!  
They're lazy to look at, an' kindo' go  
Buzzin' an' bummin' aroun' so slow,  
An' ac' so slouchy an' all fagged out,  
Danglin' their legs as they drone about  
The hollyhaws 'at they can't climb in  
'Ithout ist a-tumble-un out agin!  
Wunst I watched one climb clean 'way  
In a jim'son-blossom, I did, one day,—  
An' I ist grabbed it—an' nen let go—  
An' "*Ooh-oo! Honey! I told ye so!*"  
Says The Raggedy Man; an' he ist run  
An' pullt out the stinger, an' don't laugh none,  
An' says: "They *has* ben folks, I guess,  
'At thought I wuz predjudust, more er less,—  
Yit I still muntain 'at a Bumblebee  
Wears out his welcome too quick fer me!"









The Boy  
lives on our  
Farm.

THE BOY lives on our Farm, he's not  
Afeard o' horses none!  
An' he can make 'em lope, er trot,  
Er rack, er pace, er run.  
Sometimes he drives two horses, when  
He comes to town an' brings  
A wagon-full o' 'taters nen,  
An' roastin'-ears an' things.



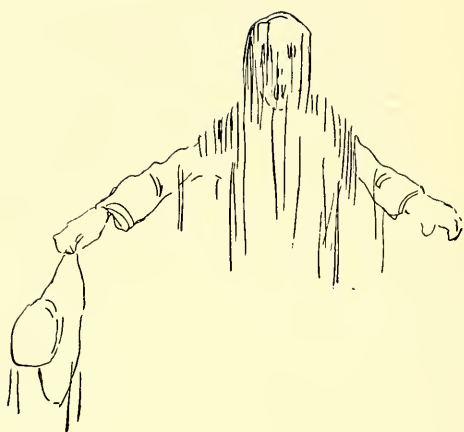
THE BOY LIVES ON OUR FARM

Two horses is "a team," he says,  
An' when you drive er hitch,  
The right-un's a "near-horse," I guess  
Er "off"—I don't know which—  
The Boy lives on our Farm, he told  
Me, too, 'at he can see,  
By lookin' at their teeth, how old  
A horse is, to a T!

I'd be the gladdest boy alive  
Ef I knowed much as that,  
An' could stand up like him an' drive,  
An' ist push back my hat.  
Like he comes skallyhootin' through  
Our alley, with one arm  
A-wavin' Fare-ye-well! to you—  
The Boy lives on our Farm!







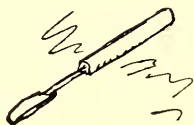
# The Squirtgun

## Uncle Maked Me.

UNCLE Sidney, when he wuz here,  
Maked me a squirtgun out o' some  
Elder-bushes 'at grewed out near  
Where wuz the brickyard—'way out clear  
To where the toll-gate come!

So when we walked back home again,  
He maked it, out in our woodhouse where  
(Wuz the old workbench, an' the old jack-plane,  
An' the old 'pokeshave, 'an the tools all lay'n'  
Ist like he wants 'em there.

He sawed it first with the old hand-saw ;  
An' nen he peeled off the bark, an' got  
Some glass an' scraped it ; an' told 'bout Pa,  
When *he* wuz a boy an' fooled his Ma,  
An' the whippin' 'at he caught.



THE SQUIRTGUN UNCLE MAKED ME

Nen Uncle Sidney, he took an' filed  
A' old arn ramrod ; an' one o' the ends  
He screwed fast into the vise ; an' smiled,  
Thinkin', he said, o' when he wuz a child,  
'Fore him an' Pa wuz mens.

He punched out the peth, an' nen he put  
A plug in the end with a hole notched through ;  
Nen took the old drawey-knife an' cut  
An' maked a handle 'at shoved clean shut  
But ist where yer hand held to.

An' he wropt th'uther end with some string an' white  
Piece o' the sleeve of a' old tored shirt ;  
An' nen he showed me to hold it tight,  
An' suck in the water an' work it right  
An' it 'ud ist squirt an' squirt !

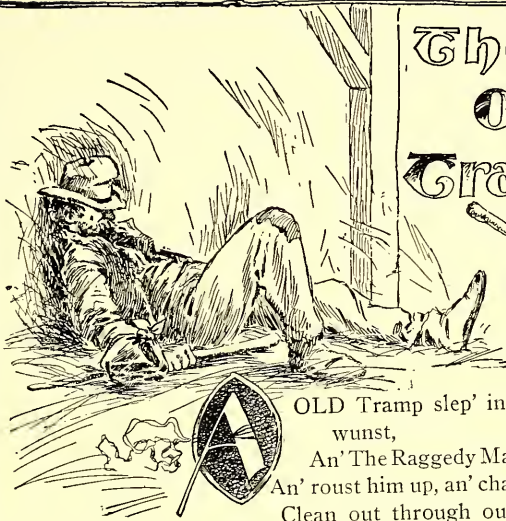








# The Old Tramp.



OLD Tramp slep' in our stable  
wunst,  
An' The Raggedy Man he caught  
An' roust him up, an' chased him off  
Clean out through our back lot!

An' th' Old Tramp hollered back an' said,—  
“ You're a *purty* man! — *You* air! —  
With a pair o' eyes like two fried eggs,  
An' a nose like a Bartlutt pear!”





## OLD AUNT MARY'S

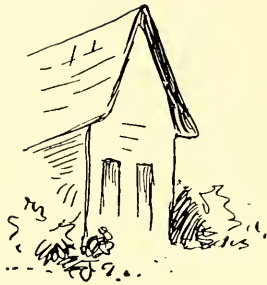
WAS N'T it pleasant, O brother mine,  
In those old days of the lost sunshine  
Of youth—when the Saturday's chores were through,  
And the "Sunday's wood" in the kitchen, too,  
And we went visiting, "me and you,"  
Out to Old Aunt Mary's?

It all comes back so clear to-day!  
Though I am as bald as you are gray—  
Out by the barn-lot, and down the lane,  
We patter along in the dust again,  
As light as the tips of the drops of the rain,  
Out to Old Aunt Mary's!

We cross the pasture, and through the wood  
Where the old gray snag of the poplar stood,  
Where the hammering "red-heads" hopped awry,  
And the buzzard "raised" in the "clearing" sky  
And lolled and circled, as we went by  
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And then in the dust of the road again;  
And the teams we met, and the countrymen;





OLD AUNT MARY'S

And the long highway, with sunshine spread  
As thick as butter on country bread,  
Our cares behind, and our hearts ahead  
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

Why, I see her now in the open door,  
Where the little gourds grew up the sides and o'er  
The clapboard roof!—And her face—ah, me!  
Wasn't it good for a boy to see—  
And wasn't it good for a boy to be  
Out to Old Aunt Mary's?

And O my brother, so far away,  
This is to tell you she waits to-day  
To welcome us:—Aunt Mary fell  
Asleep this morning, whispering, "Tell  
The boys to come!" And all is well  
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.





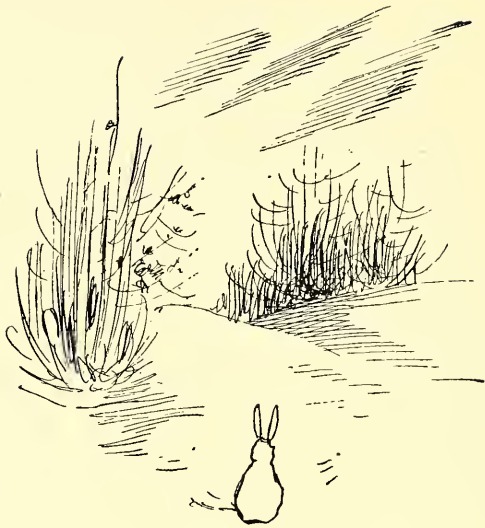
WINTER  
FANCIES

I

WINTER without  
    And warmth within;  
The winds may shout  
    And the storm begin;  
The snows may pack  
    At the window pane,  
And the skies grow black,  
    And the sun remain  
Hidden away  
    The livelong day—  
But here—in here is the warmth of May!







WINTER FANCIES

II

Swoop your spitefullest  
Up the flue,  
Wild Winds—do!  
What in the world do I care for you?  
O delightfulest  
Weather of all,  
Howl and squall,  
And shake the trees till the last leaves fall!

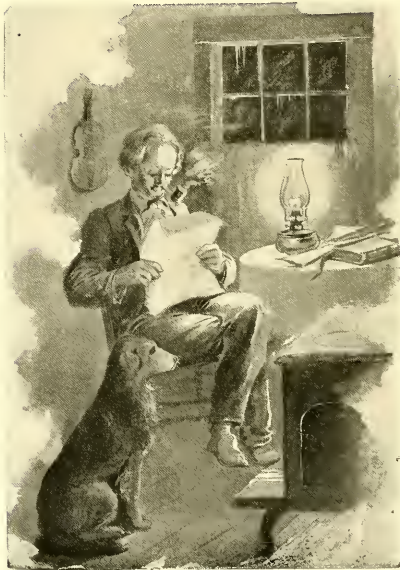
III

The joy one feels,  
In an easy chair,  
Cocking his heels  
In the dancing air  
That wreathes the rim of a roaring stove  
Whose heat loves better than hearts can love,  
Will not permit  
The coldest day  
To drive away  
The fire in his blood, and the bliss of it!

WINTER FANCIES

IV

Then blow, Winds, blow!  
And rave and shriek,  
And snarl and snow  
Till your breath grows weak—  
While here in my room  
I 'm as snugly shut  
As a glad little worm  
In the heart of a nut!



# THE RUNAWAY



WUNST I sassed my Pa, an' he  
Won't stand that, an' punished me,—  
Nen when he was gone that day,  
I slipped out an' runned away.

I tooked all my copper-cents,  
An' clumbed over our back fence  
In the jimpsion-weeds 'at growed  
Ever'where all down the road.

Nen I got out there, an' nen  
I runned some—an' runned again  
When I met a man 'at led  
A big cow 'at shooked her head.



## THE RUNAWAY BOY

I went down a long, long lane  
Where was little pigs a-play'n';  
An' a grea'-big pig went "Booh!"  
An' jumped up, an' skeered me too.

Nen I scampered past, an' they  
Was somebody hollered "Hey!"  
An' I ist looked ever'where,  
An' they was nobody there.

I *Want* to, but I'm 'fraid to try  
To go back. . . .An' by-an'-by  
Somepin' hurts my throat inside—  
An' I want my Ma—an' cried.

Nen a grea'-big girl come through  
Where's a gate, an' telled me who  
Am I? an' ef I tell where  
My home's at she'll show me there.

But I couldn't ist but tell  
What's my *name*; an' she says well,  
An' she tooked me up an' says  
*She* know where I live, she guess.







### THE RUNAWAY BOY

Nen she telled me hug wite close  
Round her neck!—an' off she goes  
Skippin' up the street! An' nen  
Purty soon I 'm home again.

An' my Ma, when she kissed me,  
Kissed the *big girl* too, an' *she*  
Kissed me—ef I p'omise *shore*  
I won't run away no more!





## THE LITTLE COAT

**H**ERE'S his ragged "roundabout"  
Turn the pockets inside out:  
See; his pen-knife, lost to use,  
Rusted shut with apple-juice;  
Here, with marbles, top and string,  
Is his deadly "devil-sling,"  
With its rubber, limp at last  
As the sparrows of the past!  
Beeswax—buckles—leather straps—  
Bullets, and a box of caps,—  
Not a thing of all, I guess,  
But betrays some waywardness—  
E'en these tickets, blue and red,  
For the Bible-verses said—  
Such as this his mem'ry kept—  
"Jesus wept."





### THE LITTLE COAT

Here's a fishing hook-and-line,  
Tangled up with wire and twine,  
And dead angle-worms, and some  
Slugs of lead and chewing-gum,  
Blent with scents that can but come  
From the oil of rhodium.  
Here—a soiled, yet dainty note,  
That some little sweetheart wrote,  
Dotting,—“Vine grows round the stump,”  
And—“My sweetest sugar lump!”  
Wrapped in this—a padlock key  
Where he's filed a touch-hole—see!  
And some powder in a quill  
Corked up with a liver pill;  
And a spongy little chunk  
Of “punk.”

Here's the little coat—but O!  
Where is he we've censured so!  
Don't you hear us calling, dear?  
Back! come back, and never fear.—  
You may wander where you will,  
Over orchard, field and hill;

## THE LITTLE COAT

You may kill the birds, or do  
Anything that pleases you!  
Ah, this empty coat of his!  
Every tatter worth a kiss;  
Every stain as pure instead  
As the white stars overhead:  
And the pockets—homes were they  
Of the little hands that play  
Now no more—but, absent, thus  
Beckon us.





## 'AN IMPETUOUS RESOLVE

WHEN little Dickie Swope's a mar,  
He's go' to be a Sailor ;  
An' little Hamey Tincher, he's  
A-go' to be a Tailor :  
Bud Mitchell, he's a-go' to be  
A stylish Carriage-Maker ;  
An' when *I* grow a grea'-big man,  
I'm go' to be a Baker !

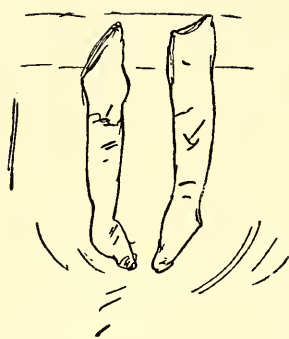
AN IMPETUOUS RESOLVE.

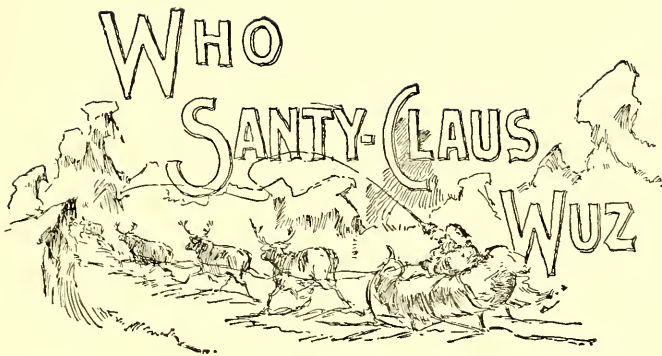
An' Dick'll buy his sailor-suit  
O' Hame; and Hame'll take it  
An' buy as fine a double-rigg  
As ever Bud can make it:  
An' nen all three'll drive roun' fer me  
An' we'll drive off togever,  
A-slingin' pie-crust 'long the road  
Ferever an' ferever!











JES' a little bit o' feller—I remember still—  
J ust to almost cry fer Christmas, like a youngster will.  
Fourth o' July's nothin' to it!—New Year's ain't a smell!  
Easter-Sunday—Circus-day—jes' all dead in the shell!  
Lawzy, though! at night, you know, to set around an' hear  
The old folks work the story off about the sledge an' deer,  
An' "Santy" skootin' round the roof, all wrapt in fur an'  
fuzz—  
Long afore

I knowed who

"Santy-Claus" wuz!

WHO SANTY-CLAUS WUZ

Ust to wait, an' set up late, a week er two ahead;  
Couldn't hardly keep awake, ner wouldn't go to bed;  
Kittle stewin' on the fire, an' Mother settin' here  
Darnin' socks, an' rockin' in the skreeky rockin'-cheer;  
Pap gap', an' wonder where it wuz the money went,  
An' quar'l with his frosted heels, an' spill his liniment;  
An' me a-dreamin' sleigh-bells when the clock 'ud whir  
an' buzz,

Long afore

I knowed who

“Santy-Claus” wuz!

Size the fire-place up an' figger how “Ole Santy” could  
Manage to come down the chimbly, like they said he  
would;

Wisht 'at I could hide an' see him—wunderd what he'd  
say

Ef he ketched a feller layin' fer him thataway!

But I *bet* on him, an' *liked* him, same as ef he had

Turned to pat me on the back an' say, “Look here, my  
lad,





WHO SANTY-CLAUS WUZ

Here's my pack,—jes' he'p yurse'f, like all good boys  
does!"

Long afore

I knowed who

“Santy-Claus” wuz!

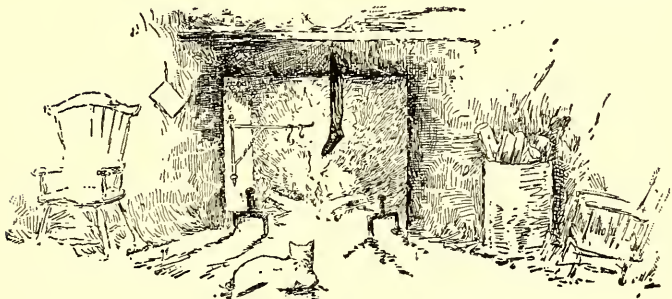
Wisht that yarn was true about him, as it 'peared to be—  
Truth made out o' lies like that-un's good enough fer  
me!—

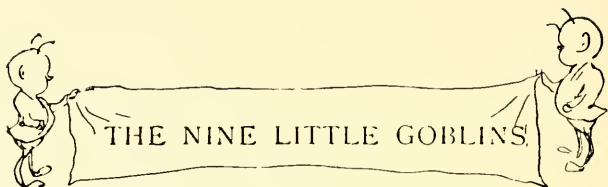
Wisht I still wuz so confidin' I could jes' go wild  
Over hangin' up my stockin's, like the little child  
Climbin' in my lap to-night, an' beggin' me to tell  
'Bout them reindeers, and “Old Santy” that she loves so  
well

I'm half sorry fer this little-girl-sweetheart of his—  
Long afore

She knows who

“Santy-Claus” is!





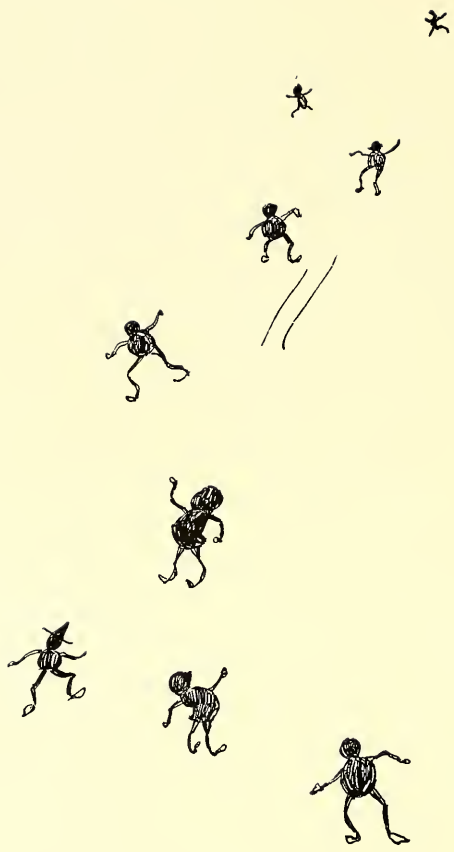
THEY all climbed up on a high board-fence—  
Nine little Goblins, with green-glass eyes—  
Nine little Goblins that had no sense,  
And couldn't tell coppers from cold mince pies ;  
And they all climbed up on the fence, and sat—  
And I asked them what they were staring at.

And the first one said, as he scratched his head  
With a queer little arm that reached out of his ear  
And rasped its claws in his hair so red—  
“This is what this little arm is fer!”  
And he scratched and stared, and the next one  
said,  
“How on earth do *you* scratch your head?”

And he laughed like the screech of a rusty hinge—  
Laughed and laughed till his face grew black ;  
And when he choked, with a final twinge  
Of his stifling laughter, he thumped his back  
With a fist that grew on the end of his tail  
Till the breath came back to his lips so pale.







## THE NINE LITTLE GOBLINS

And the third little Goblin leered round at me—  
And there were no lids on his eyes at all—  
And he clucked one eye, and he says, says he,  
“What is the style of your socks this fall?”  
And he clapped his heels—and I sighed to see  
That he had hands where his feet should be.

Then a bald-faced Goblin, gray and grim,  
Bowed his head, and I saw him slip  
His eyebrows off, as I looked at him,  
And paste them over his upper lip;  
And then he moaned in remorseful pain--  
“Would—Ah, would I'd me brows again!”

And then the whole of the Goblin band  
Rocked on the fence-top to and fro,  
And clung, in a long row, hand in hand,  
Singing the songs that they used to know—  
Singing the songs that their grandsires sung  
In the goo-goo days of the Goblin-tongue.

And ever they kept their green-glass eyes  
Fixed on me with a stony stare—  
Till my own grew glazed with a dread surmise,  
And my hat whooped up on my lifted hair,  
And I felt the heart in my breast snap to  
As you've heard the lid of a snuff-box do.

## THE NINE LITTLE GOBLINS

And they sang "You're asleep! There is no board-fence,  
And never a Goblin with green-glass eyes!—  
'Tis only a vision the mind invents  
After a supper of cold mince-pies,—  
And you're doomed to dream this way," they said,—  
*"And you sha'n't wake up till you're clean plum dead!"*





TIME OF  
CLEARER TWITTERINGS

I

TIME of crisp and tawny leaves,  
And of tarnished harvest sheaves,  
And of dusty grasses—weeds—  
Thistles, with their tufted seeds  
Voyaging the Autumn breeze  
Like as fairy argosies :  
Time of quicker flash of wings,  
And of clearer twitterings  
In the grove, or deeper shade  
Of the tangled everglade,—  
Where the spotted water-snake  
Coils him in the sunniest brake ;  
And the bittern, as in fright,  
Darts, in sudden, slanting flight,  
Southward, while the startled crane  
Films his eyes in dreams again.

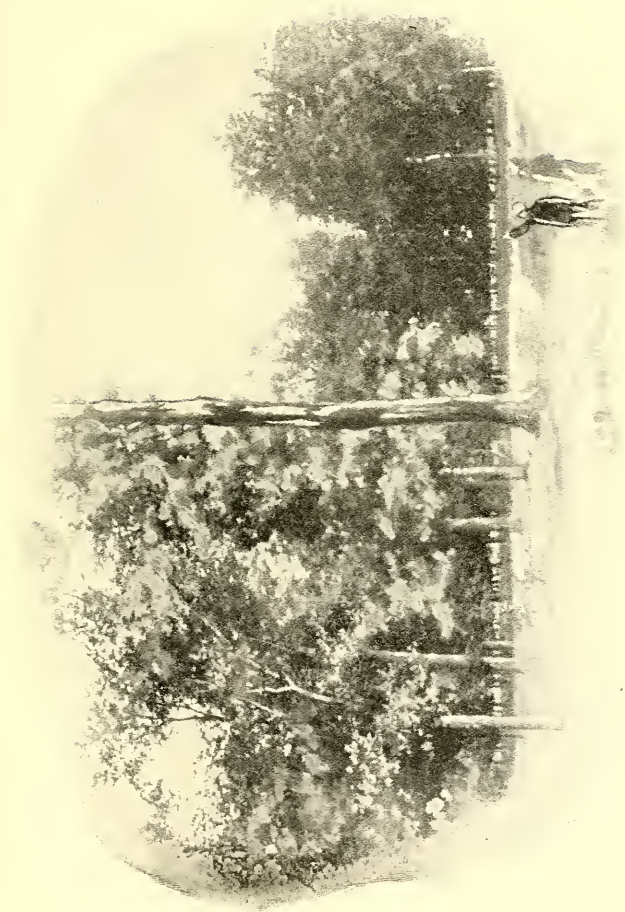
TIME OF CLEARER TWITTERINGS

II

Down along the dwindled creek  
We go loitering. We speak  
Only with old questionings  
Of the dear remembered things  
Of the days of long ago,  
When the stream seemed thus and so  
In our boyish eyes:—The bank  
Greener then, through rank on rank  
Of the mottled sycamores,  
Touching tops across the shores:  
Here, the hazel thicket stood—  
There, the almost pathless wood  
Where the shellbark hickory tree  
Rained its wealth on you and me.  
Autumn! as you loved us then,  
Take us to your heart again!

III

Season halest of the year!  
How the zestful atmosphere  
Nettles blood and brain, and smites  
Into life the old delights  
We have tasted in our youth,  
And our graver years, forsooth!  
How again the boyish heart  
Leaps to see the chipmunk start







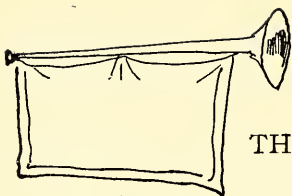
TIME OF CLEARER TWITTERINGS

From the brush and sleek the sun's  
Very beauty, as he runs!  
How again a subtle hint  
Of crushed pennyroyal or mint,  
Sends us on our knees, as when  
We were truant boys of ten—  
Brown marauders of the wood,  
Merrier than Robin Hood!

IV

Ah! will any minstrel say,  
In his sweetest roundelay,  
What is sweeter, after all,  
Than black haws, in early Fall—  
Fruit so sweet the frost first sat,  
Dainty-toothed, and nibbled at!  
And will any poet sing  
Of a lusher, richer thing  
Than a ripe May-apple, rolled  
Like a pulpy lump of gold  
Under thumb and finger-tips,  
And poured molten through the lips?  
Go, ye bards of classic themes,  
Pipe your songs by classic streams!  
I would twang the redbird's wings  
In the thicket while he sings!





## THE CIRCUS-DAY PARADE

O H, THE Circus-Day parade! How the bugles played  
and played!

And how the glossy horses tossed their flossy manes, and  
neighed,

As the rattle and the rhyme of the tenor-drummer's time  
Filled all the hungry hearts of us with melody sublime!

How the grand band-wagon shone with a splendor all its  
own,

And glittered with a glory that our dreams had never  
known!

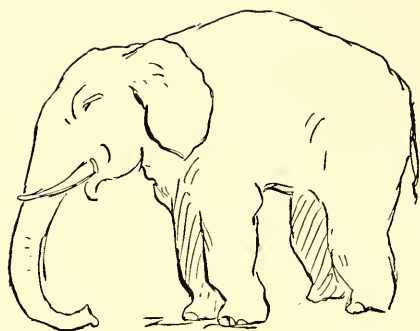
And how the boys behind, high and low of every kind,  
Marched in unconscious capture, with a rapture undefined!

How the horsemen, two and two, with their plumes of  
white and blue,

And crimson, gold and purple, nodding by at me and you,  
Waved the banners that they bore, as the Knights in days  
of yore,

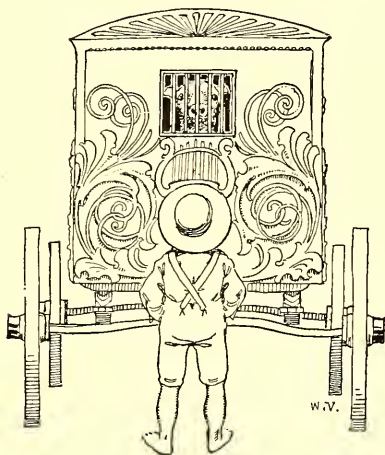
Till our glad eyes gleamed and glistened like the spangles  
that they wore!





## THE CIRCUS-DAY PARADE

How the graceless-graceful stride of the elephant was  
eyed,  
And the capers of the little horse that cantered at his side!  
How the shambling camels, tame to the plaudits of their  
fame,  
With listless eyes came silent, masticating as they came.

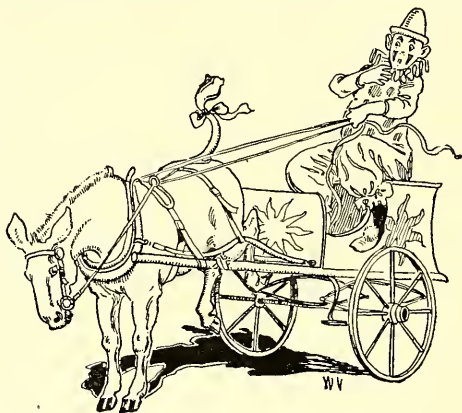


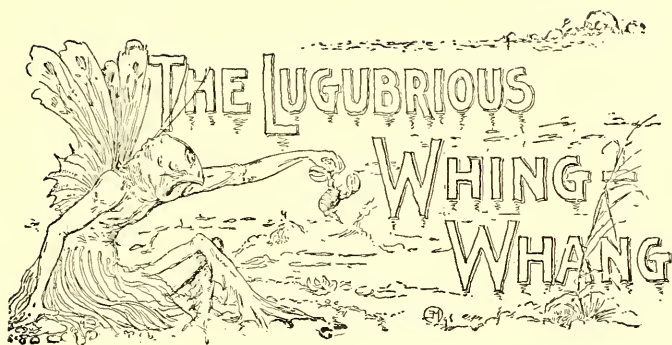
How the cages jolted past, with each wagon battened fast,  
And the mystery within it only hinted of at last  
From the little grated square in the rear, and nosing there  
The snout of some strange animal that sniffed the outer  
air!

## THE CIRCUS-DAY PARADE

And, last of all, The Clown, making mirth for all the  
town,  
With his lips curved ever upward and his eyebrows ever  
down,  
And his chief attention paid to the little mule that played  
A tattoo on the dashboard with his heels, in the parade.

Oh! the Circus-Day parade! How the bugles played and  
played!  
And how the glossy horses tossed their flossy manes and  
neighed,  
As the rattle and the rhyme of the tenor-drummer's time  
Filled all the hungry hearts of us with melody sublime!





THE rhyme o' The Raggedy Man's 'at's best  
Is Tickle me, Love, in these Lonesome Ribs,—  
'Cause that-un's the strangest of all o' the rest,  
An' the worst to learn, an' the last one guessed,  
An' the funniest one, an' the foolishhest.—

Tickle me, Love, in these Lonesome Ribs!

I don't know what in the world it means—

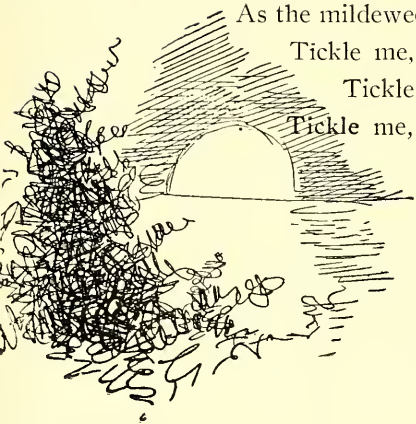
Tickle me, Love, in these Lonesome Ribs!—  
An' nen when I *tell* him I don't, he leans  
Like he was a-grindin' on some machines  
An' says: Ef I *don't*, w'y, I don't know *beans*!  
Tickle me, Love, in these Lonesome Ribs!

THE LUGUBRIOUS WHING-WHANG

Out on the margin of Moonshine Land,  
Tickle me, Love, in these Lonesome Ribs!  
Out where the Whing-Whang loves to stand,  
Writing his name with his tail in the sand,  
And swiping it out with his oogerish hand;  
Tickle me, Love, in these Lonesome Ribs!

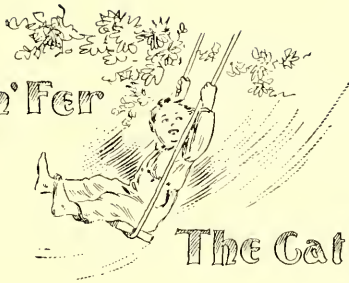
Is it the gibber of Gungs or Keeks?  
Tickle me, Love, in these Lonesome Ribs!  
Or what *is* the sound that the Whing-Whang seeks?—  
Crouching low by the winding creeks  
And holding his breath for weeks and weeks!  
Tickle me, Love, in these Lonesome Ribs!

Around him the wraithest of wraithly things!  
Tickle me, Love, in these Lonesome Ribs!  
'Tis a fair Whing-Whangess, with phosphor rings  
And bridal-jewels of fangs and stings;  
And she sits and as sadly and softly sings  
As the mildewed whirl of her own dead wings,—  
Tickle me, Dear,  
Tickle me here,  
Tickle me, Love, in me Lonesome Ribs!





Waitin' Fer



The Cat To Die

LAWZY! don't I rickollect  
That-'air old swing in the lane!  
Right and proper, I expect,  
Old times *can't* come back again;  
But I want to state, ef they  
*Could* come back, and I could say  
What *my* pick 'ud be, i jing!  
I'd say, Gimme the old swing  
'Nunder the old locus'-trees  
On the old place, ef you please!—  
Danglin' there with half-shet eye,  
Waitin' fer the cat to die!

WAITIN' FER THE CAT TO DIE

I'd say, Gimme the old gang  
Of barefooted, hungry, lean,  
Ornry boys you want to hang  
When you're growed up twic't as mean!  
The old gyarden-patch, the old  
Truants, and the stuff we stol'd!  
The old stompin'-groun', where we  
Wore the grass off, wild and free  
As the swoop of the old swing,  
Where we ust to climb and cling,  
And twist roun', and fight, and lie—  
Waitin' fer the cat to die!

'Pears like I 'most allus could  
Swing the highest of the crowd—  
Jes sail up there tel I stood  
Downside-up, and screech out loud,—  
Ketch my breath, and jes drap back  
Fer to let the old swing slack,  
Yit my tow-head dippin' still  
In the green boughs, and the chill  
Up my backbone taperin' down,  
With my shadder on the groun'  
Slow and slower trailin' by—  
Waitin' fer the cat to die!





WAITIN' FER THE CAT TO DIE

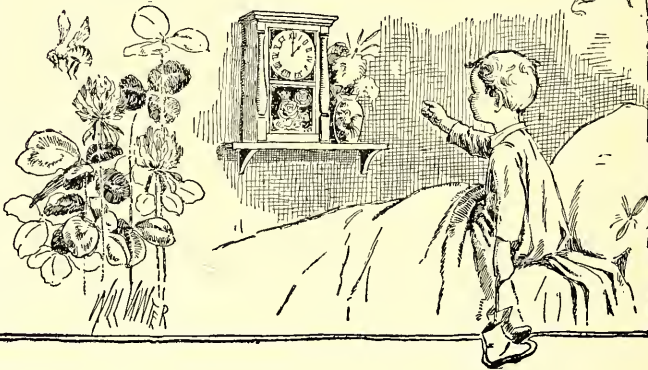
Now my daughter's little Jane's  
Got a kind o' baby-swing  
On the porch, so's when it rains  
She kin play there—little thing!  
And I'd limped out t'other day  
With my old cheer this-a-way,  
Swingin' *her* and rockin' too,  
Thinkin' how *I* ust to do  
At *her* age, when suddenly,  
"Hey, Gran'pap!" she says to me,  
"Why you rock so slow?" . . . Says I,  
"Waitin' fer the cat to die!"

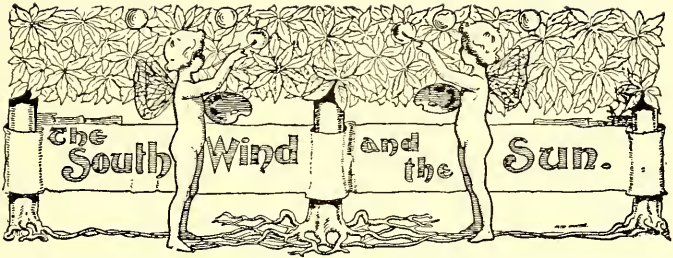


## NAUGHTY CLAUDE



**W**HEN Little Claude was naughty wunst,  
At dinner-time, an' said  
He won't say "Thank you" to his Ma,  
She made him go to bed  
An' stay two hours an' not git up,—  
So when the clock struck Two,  
Nen Claude says,—“Thank you, Mr. Clock,  
I'm much obleeged to you!”





O THE South Wind and the Sun  
How each loved the other one—  
Full of fancy—full of folly—  
Full of jollity and fun!  
How they romped and ran about,  
Like two boys when school is out,  
With glowing face, and lispng lip,  
Low laugh, and lifted shout!

And the South Wind—he was dressed  
With a ribbon round his breast  
That floated, flapped and fluttered  
In a riotous unrest;  
And a drape, y of mist,  
From the shoulder and the wrist  
Flowing backward with the motion  
Of the waving hand he kissed.



THE SOUTH WIND AND THE SUN

And the Sun had on a crown  
Wrought of gilded thistledown,  
And a scarf of velvet vapor,  
And a raveled-rainbow gown;  
And his tinsel-tangled hair,  
Tossed and lost upon the air,  
Was glossier and flossier  
Than any anywhere.

And the South Wind's eyes were two  
Little dancing drops of dew,  
As he puffed his cheeks, and pursed his lips,  
And blew and blew and blew!  
And the Sun's—like diamond-stone,  
Brighter yet than ever known,  
As he knit his brows and held his breath,  
And shone and shone and shone!

And this pair of merry fays  
Wandered through the summer days;  
Arm-in-arm they went together  
Over heights of morning haze—  
Over slanting slopes of lawn  
They went on and on and on,  
Where the daisies looked like star-tracks  
Trailing up and down the dawn.



THE SOUTH WIND AND THE SUN

And where'er they found the top  
Of a wheat-stalk droop and lop,  
They chucked it underneath the chin  
And praised the lavish crop,  
Till it lifted with the pride  
Of the heads it grew beside,  
And then the South Wind and the Sun  
Went onward satisfied.

Over meadow-lands they tripped,  
Where the dandelions dipped  
In crimson foam of clover bloom  
And dripped and dripped and dripped!  
And they clinched the bumble-stings,  
Gauming honey on their wings,  
And bundling them in lily-bells,  
With maudlin murmurings.

And the humming-bird, that hung  
Like a jewel up among  
The tilted honeysuckle horns,  
They mesmerized and swung  
In the palpitating air,  
Drowsed with odors strange and rare,  
And, with whispered laughter, slipped away,  
And left him hanging there.



THE SOUTH WIND AND THE SUN

And they braided blades of grass  
Where the truant had to pass ;  
And they wriggled through the rushes  
And the reeds of the morass,  
Where they danced, in rapture sweet,  
O'er the leaves that laid a street  
Of undulant mosaic for  
The touches of their feet.

By the brook with mossy brink,  
Where the cattle came to drink,  
They trilled and piped and whistled  
With the thrush and bobolink,  
Till the kine, in listless pause,  
Switched their tails in mute applause,  
With lifted heads, and dreamy eyes,  
And bubble-dripping jaws.

And where the melons grew,  
Streaked with yellow, green and blue,  
These jolly sprites went wandering  
Through spangled paths of dew ;  
And the melons, here and there,  
They made love to, everywhere,  
Turning their pink souls to crimson  
With caresses fond and fair.







THE SOUTH WIND AND THE SUN

Over orchard walls they went,  
Where the fruited boughs were bent  
Till they brushed the sward beneath them  
Where the shine and shadow blent ;  
And the great green pear they shook  
Till the sallow hue forsook  
Its features, and the gleam of gold  
Laughed out in every look.

And they stroked the downy cheek  
Of the peach, and smoothed it sleek,  
And flushed it into splendor ;  
And, with many an elfish freak,  
Gave the russet's rust a wipe—  
Prankt the rambo with a stripe,  
And the winesap blushed its reddest  
As they spanked the pippins ripe.

Through the woven ambushade  
That the twining vines had made,  
They found the grapes, in clusters,  
Drinking up the shine and shade—  
Plumpt, like tiny skins of wine,  
With a vintage so divine  
That the tongue of Fancy tingled  
With the tang of muscadine.

THE SOUTH WIND AND THE SUN

And the golden-banded bees,  
Droning o'er the flowery leas,  
They bridled, reined, and rode away  
Across the fragrant breeze,  
Till in hollow oak and elm  
They had groomed and stabled them  
In waxen stalls that oozed with dews  
Of rose and lily-stem.

Where the dusty highway leads,  
High above the wayside weeds,  
They sowed the air with butterflies  
Like blooming flower-seeds,  
Till the dull grasshopper sprung  
Half a man's-height up, and hung  
Tranced in the heat, with whirring wings,  
And sung and sung and sung!

And they loitered, hand in hand,  
Where the snipe along the sand  
Of the river ran to meet them  
As the ripple meets the land,  
Till the dragonfly, in light  
Gauzy armor, burnished bright,  
Came tilting down the waters  
In a wild, bewildered flight.

THE SOUTH WIND AND THE SUN

And they heard the kildee's call,  
And afar, the waterfall,  
But the rustle of a falling leaf  
They heard above it all;  
And the trailing willow crept  
Deeper in the tide that swept  
The leafy shallop to the shore,  
And wept and wept and wept!

And the fairy vessel veered  
From its moorings—tacked and steered  
For the center of the current—  
Sailed away and disappeared:  
And the burthen that it bore  
From the long-enchanted shore—  
"Alas! the South Wind and the Sun!"  
I murmur evermore.

For the South Wind and the Sun,  
Each so loves the other one,  
For all his jolly folly,  
And frivolity and fun,  
That our love for them they weigh  
As their fickle fancies may,  
And when at last we love them most,  
They laugh and sail away.



[Restored Romaunt.]

IT was a Jolly Miller lived on the River Dee ;  
He looked upon his piller, and there he found a flea :  
“ O Mr. Flea ! you have bit’ me,  
And you shall shorely die !”  
So he scrunched his bones against the stones—  
And there he let him lie !

’Twas then the Jolly Miller he laughed and told his wife,  
And *she* laughed fit to kill her, and dropped her carvin’-  
knife !—

“ O Mr. Flea !” “ Ho-ho !” “ Tee-hee !”  
They *both* laughed fit to kill,  
Until the sound did almost drown  
The rumble of the mill !

*“ Laugh on, my Jolly Miller ! and Missus Miller, too !—  
But there’s a weeping-willer will soon weave over you !”*

The voice was all so awful small—  
So very small and slim !—  
He durst’ infer that it was her,  
Ner her infer ’twas him !







## THE JOLLY MILLER

That night the Jolly Miller, says he, "It's Wifey dear,  
That cat o' yourn, I'd kill her!—her actions is so queer,—  
    She rubbin' 'ginst the grindstone-legs,  
    And yowlin' at the sky—  
And I 'low the moon haint greener  
    Than the yaller of her eye!"

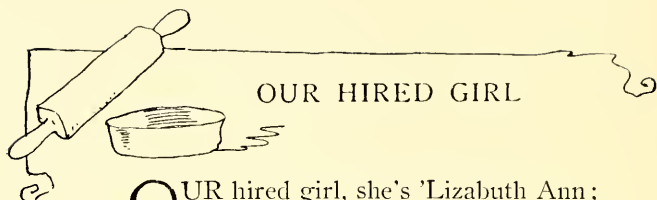
And as the Jolly Miller went chuckle-un to bed,  
Was *Somepin* jerked his pillar from underneath his head!  
    "O Wife," says he, on-easi-lee,  
    "Fetch here that lantern there!"  
But *Somepin* moans in thunder tones,  
    "*You tetch it ef you dare!*"

'Twas then the Jolly Miller he trimbled and he quailed—  
And his wife choked until her breath come back, 'n' she  
    *wailed!*  
And "O!" cried she, "it is *the Flea*,  
    All white and pale and wann—  
He's got you in his clutches, and  
    *He's bigger than a man!*"

"*Ho! ho! my Jolly Miller,*" (*fer 'twas the Flea, fer shore!*)

"*I reckon you'll not rack my bones ner scrunch 'em any more!*"

And then *the Ghost* he grabbed him clos't,  
    With many a ghastly smile,  
And from the doorstep stooped and hopped  
    About four hundred mile!

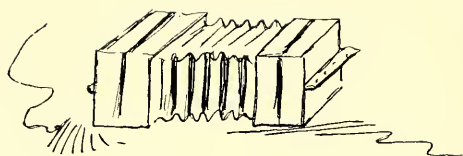


## OUR HIRED GIRL

**O**UR hired girl, she's 'Lizabuth Ann;  
An' she can cook best things to eat!  
She ist puts dough in our pie-pan,  
An' pours in somepin' 'at's good and sweet,  
'An' nen she salts it all on top  
With cinnamon; an' nen she'll stop  
An' stoop an' slide it, ist as slow,  
In th' old cook-stove, so's 'twon't slop  
An' git all spilled; nen bakes it, so  
It's custard pie, first thing you know!  
An' nen she'll say:  
"Clear out o' my way!  
They's time fer work, an' time fer play!—  
Take yer dough, an' run, Child; run!  
Er I cain't git no cookin' done!"

When our hired girl 'tends like she's mad,  
An' says folks got to walk the chalk  
When *she's* around, er wisht they had,  
I play out on our porch an' talk





OUR HIRED GIRL

To th' Raggedy Man 'at mows our lawn ;  
An' he says "*Whew!*" an' nen leans on  
His old crook-scythe, and blinks his eyes  
An' sniffs all round an' says,—“ I swawn!  
Ef my old nose don't tell me lies,  
It 'pears like I smell custard-pies!”  
An nen *he'll* say,—  
“ ‘Clear out o' my way!  
They's time fer work an' time fer play!  
Take yer dough, an' run, Child ; run!  
Er *she* cain't git no cookin' done!’ ”

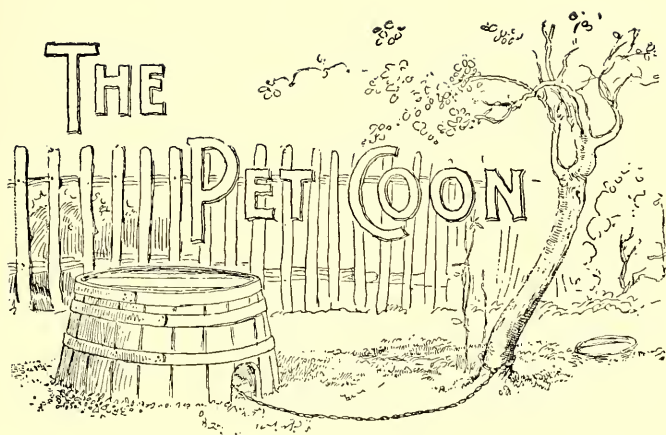
Wunst our hired girl, one time when she  
Got the supper, an' we all et,  
An' it was night, an' Ma an' me  
An' Pa went wher' the “ Social ” met,—  
An' nen when we come home, an' see  
A light in the kitchen-door, an' we  
Heerd a maccordeum, Pa says “ Lan'-  
O'-Gracious! who can *her* beau be?”  
An' I marched in, an' 'Lizabuth Ann  
Wuz parchin' corn fer the Raggedy Man!  
*Better* say  
“ Clear out o' the way!  
They's time fer work, an' time fer play!  
Take the hint, an' run, Child ; run!  
Er we cain't git no *courtin'* done!”

## THE BOYS' CANDIDATE.

LAS' time 'at Uncle Sidney come,  
He brought a watermelon home—  
An' half the boys in town,  
Come taggin' after him.—An' he  
Says, when we et it,—“*Gracious me!*  
*'S the boy-house fell down?*”



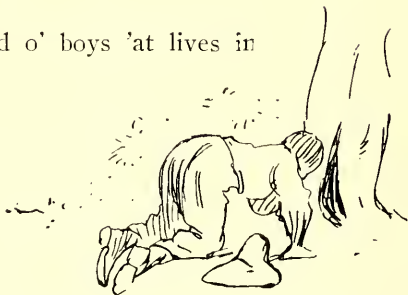




**N**OEY Bixler ketched him, and fetched him in to me  
 When he's ist a little teenty-weenty baby-coon  
 'Bout as big as little pups, an' tied him to a tree ;  
 An' Pa gived Noey fifty cents, when he come home at  
 noon.

Nen he buyed a chain fer him, an' little collar, too,  
 An' sawed a hole in a' old tub an' turnt it upside-down ;  
 An' little feller'd stay in there and won't come out fer  
 you—

'Tendin' like he's kindo' skeered o' boys 'at lives in  
 town.



THE PET COON

*Now* he aint afeard a bit! he's ist so fat an' tame,

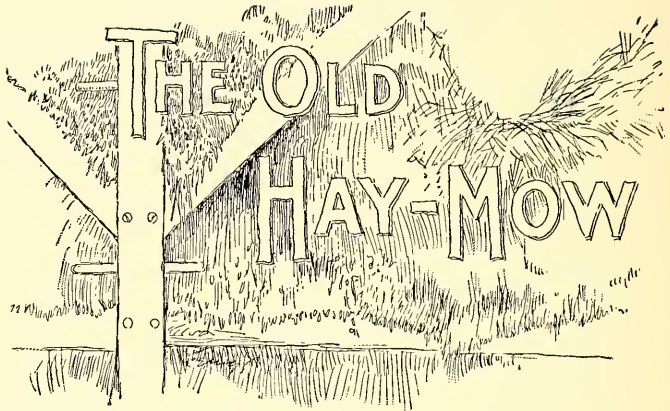
We on'y chain him up at night, to save the little chicks.  
Holler "Greedy! Greedy!" to him, an' he knows his  
name,

An' here he'll come a-waddle-un, up fer any tricks!  
He'll climb up my leg, he will, an' waller in my lap,  
An' poke his little black paws 'way in my pockets where  
They's beechnuts, er chinkypins, er any little scrap  
Of anything, 'at's good to eat—an' *he* don't care!

An' he's as spunky as you please, an' don't like dogs at  
all.—

Billy Miller's black-an'-tan tackled him one day,  
An' "Greedy" he ist kindo' doubled all up like a ball,  
An' Billy's dog he gived a yelp er two an' runned away!  
An' nen when Billy fighted me, an' hit me with a bone,  
An' Ma she purt'nigh ketched him as he dodged an'  
skooted thro'  
The fence, she says, "You better let my little boy alone,  
Er 'Greedy,' next he whips yer dog, shall whip you,  
too!"

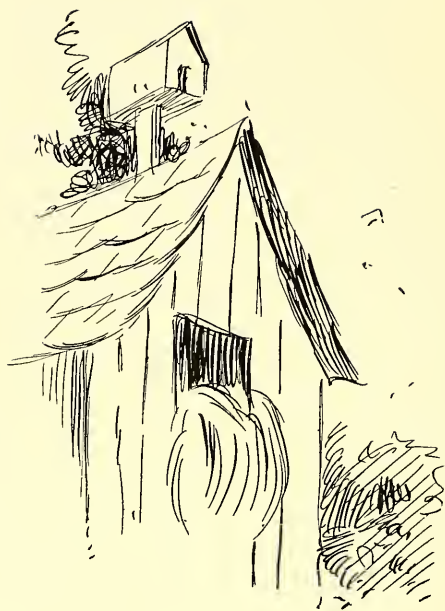




THE Old Hay-mow's the place to play  
Fer boys, when it's a rainy day!  
I good-'eal ruther be up there  
Than down in town, er anywhere!

When I play in our stable-loft,  
The good old hay's so dry an' soft,  
An' feels so fine, an' smells so sweet,  
I 'most fernet to go an' eat.





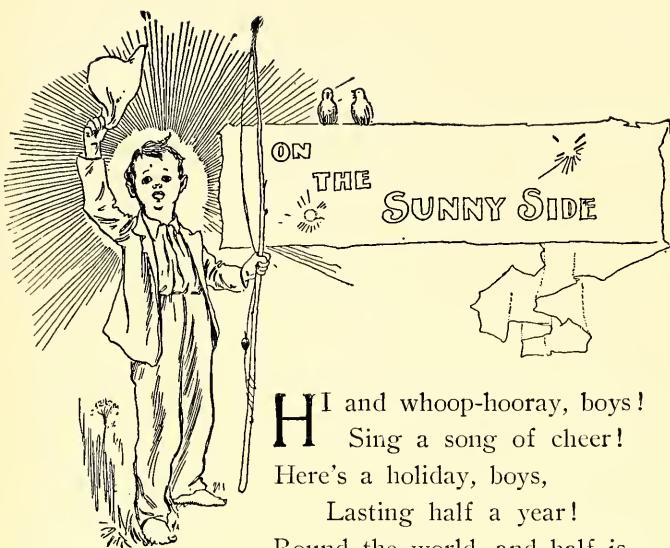
THE OLD HAY-MOW

An' one time wunst I *did* ferget  
To go 'tel dinner was all et,—  
An' they had short-cake—an'—Bud he  
Hogged up the piece Ma saved fer me!

Nen I won't let him play no more  
In our hay-mow where I keep store  
An' got hen-eggs to sell,—an' shoo  
The cackle-un old hen out, too!

An' nen, when Aunty she was here  
A-visitun from Rensselaer,  
An' bringed my little cousin,—*he*  
Can come up there an' play with me.

But, after while—when Bud he bets  
'At I can't turn no summersetts,—  
I let him come up, ef he can  
Ac' ha'f-way like a gentleman!



**H**I and whoop-hooray, boys!  
Sing a song of cheer!  
Here's a holiday, boys,  
Lasting half a year!  
Round the world, and half is  
Shadow we have tried;  
Now we're where the laugh is,—  
On the sunny side!

Pigeons coo and mutter,  
Strutting high aloof  
Where the sunbeams flutter  
Through the stable roof.  
Hear the chickens cheep, boys,  
And the hen with pride  
Clucking them to sleep, boys,  
On the sunny side!









ON THE SUNNY SIDE

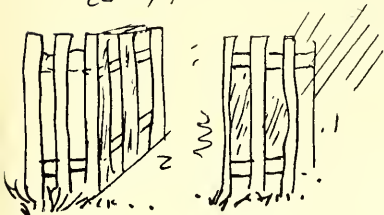
Hear the clacking guinea;  
    Hear the cattle moo;  
Hear the horses whinny,  
    Looking out at you!  
On the hitching-block, boys,  
    Grandly satisfied,  
See the old peacock, boys,  
    On the sunny side!  
Robins in the peach-tree;  
    Bluebirds in the pear;  
Blossoms over each tree  
    In the orchard there!  
All the world's in joy, boys,  
    Glad and glorified  
As a romping boy, boys,  
    On the sunny side!  
Where's a heart as mellow?  
    Where's a soul as free?  
Where is any fellow  
    We would rather be?  
Just ourselves or none, boys,  
    World around and wide,  
Laughing in the sun, boys,  
    On the sunny side!

# A SUDDEN SHOWER

**B**AREFOOTED boys scud up the street,  
Or skurry under sheltering sheds;  
And schoolgirl faces, pale and sweet,  
Gleam from the shawls about their heads.

Doors bang; and mother-voices call  
From alien homes; and rusty gates  
Are slammed; and high above it all,  
The thunder grim reverberates.

And then, abrupt,—the rain! the rain!—  
The earth lies gasping; and the eyes  
Behind the streaming window-pane  
Smile at the trouble of the skies.







A SUDDEN SHOWER

The highway smokes ; sharp echoes ring ;  
The cattle bawl and cowbells clank ;  
And into town comes galloping  
The farmer's horse, with streaming flank.

The swallow dips beneath the eaves,  
And flirts his plumes and folds his wings ;  
And under the catawba leaves  
The caterpillar curls and clings.

The bumble-bee is pelted down  
The wet stem of the hollyhock ;  
And sullenly, in spattered brown,  
The cricket leaps the garden walk.

Within, the baby claps his hands  
And crows with rapture strange and vague ;  
Without, beneath the rosebush stands  
A dripping rooster on one leg.



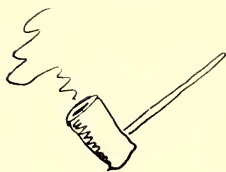


## GRANDFATHER SQUEERS

“**M**Y grandfather Squeers,” said The Raggedy Man,  
As he solemnly lighted his pipe and began—

“The most indestructible man, for his years,  
And the grandest on earth, was my grandfather Squeers!

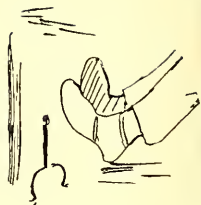
“He said, when he rounded his three-score-and-ten,  
‘I’ve the hang of it now and can do it again!’





GRANDFATHER SQUEERS

“ He had frozen his heels so repeatedly, he  
Could tell by them just what the weather would be;



“ And would laugh and declare, 'while *the Almanac*  
would  
Most falsely prognosticate, *he* never could!



“ Such a hale constitution had grandfather Squeers  
That, 'though he'd used '*navy*' for sixty odd years,

“ He still chewed a dime's-worth six days of the week,  
While the seventh he passed with a chew in each cheek:

“ Then my grandfather Squeers had a singular knack  
Of sitting around on the small of his back,

“ With his legs like a letter Y stretched o'er the grate  
Wherein 'twas his custom to ex-pec-tor-ate.

“ He was fond of tobacco in *manifold* ways,  
And would sit on the door-step, of sunshiny days,

“ And smoke leaf-tobacco he'd raised strictly for  
The pipe he'd used all through The Mexican War.”

GRANDFATHER SQUEERS

And The Raggedy Man said, refilling the bowl  
Of his own pipe and leisurely picking a coal

From the stove with his finger and thumb, " You can see  
What a tee-nacious habit he's fastened on me!

" And my grandfather Squeers took a special delight  
In pruning his corns every Saturday night



" With a horn-handled razor, whose edge he excused  
By saying 'twas one that his grandfather used;

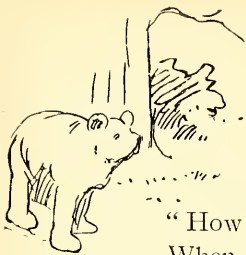
" And, though deeply etched in the haft of the same  
Was the ever-euphonious Wostenholm's name,

" 'Twas my grandfather's custom to boast of the blade  
As ' A Seth Thomas razor—the best ever made!'

" No Old Settlers' Meeting, or Pioneers' Fair,  
Was complete without grandfather Squeers in the chair

" To lead off the programme by telling folks how  
' He used to shoot deer where the Court-House stands  
now '—



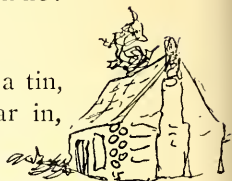


### GRANDFATHER SQUEERS

“How ‘he felt, of a truth, to live over the past,  
When the country was wild and unbroken and vast,

“That the little log cabin was just plenty fine  
For himself, his companion, and fambly of nine!—

“When they didn’t have even a pump, or a tin,  
But drunk surface-water, year out and year in,



“From the old-fashioned gourd that was sweeter, by odds,  
Than the goblets of gold at the lips of the gods!”

Then The Raggedy Man paused to plaintively say  
It was clockin’ along to’rds the close of the day—

And he’d *ought* to get back to his work on the lawn,—  
Then dreamily blubbered his pipe and went on:

“His teeth were imperfect—my grandfather owned  
That he couldn’t eat oysters unless they were ‘boned’;

“And his eyes were so weak, and so feeble of sight,  
He couldn’t sleep with them unless, every night,



GRANDFATHER SQUEERS



“ He put on his spectacles—all he possessed,—  
Three pairs—with his goggles on top of the rest.



“ And my grandfather always, retiring at night,  
Blew down the lamp-chimney to put out the light;

“ Then he'd curl up on edge like a shaving, in bed,  
And puff and smoke pipes in his sleep, it is said:

“ And would snore oftentimes, as the legends relate,  
Till his folks were wrought up to a terrible state,—

“ Then he'd snort, and rear up, and roll over; and there,  
In the subsequent hush they could hear him chew air.

“ And so glaringly bald was the top of his head  
That many's the time he has musingly said,

“ As his eyes journeyed o'er its reflex in the glass,—  
' I must set out a few signs of *Keep Off the Grass!*'



GRANDFATHER SQUEERS

“ So remarkably deaf was my grandfather Squeers  
That he had to wear lightning-rods over his ears

“ To even hear thunder—and oftentimes then  
He was forced to request it to thunder again.”



# The Pixy People.

IT was just a very  
Merry fairy dream!—  
All the woods were airy  
With the gloom and gleam;  
Crickets in the clover  
Clattered clear and strong,  
And the bees droned over  
Their old honey-song.



In the mossy passes,  
Saucy grasshoppers  
Leapt about the grasses  
And the thistle-burs;  
And the whispered chuckle  
Of the katydid  
Shook the honeysuckle  
Blossoms where he hid.

THE PIXY PEOPLE

Through the breezy mazes  
Of the lazy June,  
Drowsy with the hazes  
Of the dreamy noon,  
Little Pixy people  
Winged above the walk,  
Pouring from the steeple  
Of a mullein-stalk.

One—a gallant fellow—  
Evidently King,—  
Wore a plume of yellow  
In a jewelled ring  
On a pansy bonnet,  
Gold and white and blue,  
With the dew still on it,  
And the fragrance, too.

One—a dainty lady,—  
Evidently Queen,—  
Wore a gown of shady  
Moonshine and green,  
With a lace of gleaming  
Starlight that sent  
All the dewdrops dreaming  
Everywhere she went.







## THE PIXY PEOPLE

One wore a waistcoat  
Of roseleaves, out and in,  
And one wore a faced-coat  
Of tiger-lily-skin;  
And one wore a neat coat  
Of palest galingale;  
And one a tiny street-coat,  
And one a swallow-tail.

And Ho! sang the King of them,  
And Hey! sang the Queen;  
And round and round the ring of them  
Went dancing o'er the green;  
And Hey! sang the Queen of them,  
And Ho! sang the King—  
And all that I had seen of them  
—Wasn't anything!

It was just a very  
Merry fairy dream!—  
All the woods were airy  
With the gloom and gleam;  
Crickets in the clover  
Clattered clear and strong,  
And the bees droned over  
Their old honey-song!



### A LIFE-LESSON

**T**HERE! little girl; don't cry!  
They have broken your doll, I know;  
And your tea-set blue,  
And your play-house, too,  
Are things of the long ago;

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THE LIFE-LESSON

But childish troubles will soon pass by.—

There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!

They have broken your slate, I know;

And the glad, wild ways

Of your school-girl days

Are things of the long ago;

But life and love will soon come by.—

There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!

They have broken your heart, I know;

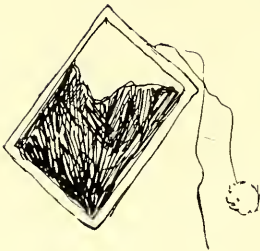
And the rainbow gleams

Of your youthful dreams

Are things of the long ago;

But Heaven holds all for which you sigh.—

There! little girl; don't cry!









# A HOME-MADE FAIRY-TALE

**B**UD, come here to your Uncle a spell,  
And I'll tell you something you mustn't tell—  
For it's a secret and shore-nuff true,  
And maybe I oughtn't to tell it to you!—  
But out in the garden, under the shade  
Of the apple-trees, where we romped and played  
Till the moon was up, and you thought I'd gone  
Fast asleep.—That was all put on!  
For I was a-watchin' something queer  
Goin' on there in the grass, my dear!  
'Way down deep in it, there I see  
A little dude-Fairy who winked at me,

A HOME-MADE FAIRY-TALE

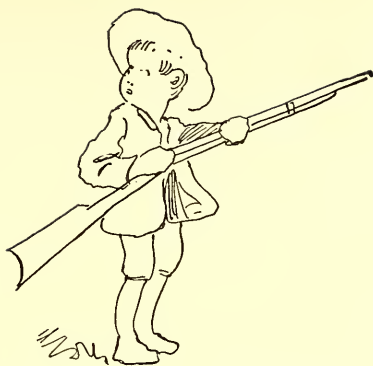
And snapped his fingers, and laughed as low  
And fine as the whine of a mus-kee-to!  
I kept still—watchin' him closer—and  
I noticed a little guitar in his hand,  
Which he leant 'ginst a little dead bee—and laid  
His cigarette down on a clean grass-blade;  
And then climbed up on the shell of a snail-  
Carefully dusting his swallowtail—  
And pulling up, by a waxed web-thread,  
This little guitar, you remember, I said!  
And there he trinkled and trilled a tune—  
“ My Love, so Fair, Tans in the Moon!”  
Till presently, out of the clover-top  
He seemed to be singing to, came k'pop.  
The purtiest, daintiest Fairy face  
In all this world, or any place!  
Then the little ser'nader waved his hand,  
As much as to say, “ We'll excuse *you!*” and  
I heard, as I squinted my eyelids to,  
A kiss like the drip of a drop of dew!











## THE BEAR STORY

THAT ALEX "IST MAKED UP HIS-OWN-SE'F"

W 'Y, wunst they wuz a Little Boy went out  
In the woods to shoot a Bear. So, he went out  
'Way in the grea'-big woods—he did.—An' he  
Wuz goin' along—an' goin' along, you know,  
An' purty soon he heerd somepin' go "*Woooh!*"—  
Ist thataway—" *Woo-oooh!*" An' he wuz *skccred*,  
He wuz. An' so he runned an' clumbed a tree—  
A grea'-big tree, he did,—a sicka-*more* tree.  
An' nen he heerd it ag'in: an' he looked round,  
An' 'tuz a Bear!—a grea'-big shorc-nuff Bear!—  
No: 'tuz *two* Bears, it wuz—two grea'-big Bears—  
*One* of 'em wuz—ist *onc's* a grea'-big Bear.—  
But they ist *boff* went "*Woooh!*"—An' here *they* come  
To climb the tree an' git the Little Boy  
An' eat him up!

## THE BEAR STORY

An' nen the Little Boy  
He 'uz skeered worse'n ever! An' here come  
The grea'-big Bear a-climbin' th' tree to git  
The Little Boy an' eat him up—Oh, *no!*—  
It 'uzn't the *Big* Bear 'at clumb the tree—  
It 'uz the *Little* Bear. So here *he* come  
Climbin' the tree—an' climbin' the tree! Nen when  
He git wite *clos't* to the Little Boy, w'y nen  
The Little Boy he ist pulled up his gun  
An' *shot* the Bear, he did, an' killed him dead!  
An' nen the Bear he falled clean on down out  
The tree—away clean to the ground, he did—  
*Spling-splung!* he falled *plum* down, an' killed him, too  
An' lit wite side o' where the *Big* Bear's at.

An' nen the Big Bear's awful mad, you bet!—  
'Cause—'cause the Little Boy he shot his gun  
An' killed the *Little* Bear.—'Cause the *Big* Bear  
He—he 'uz the Little Bear's Papa.—An' so here  
*He* come to climb the big old tree an' git  
The Little Boy an' eat him up! An' when  
The Little Boy he saw the *grea'-big* Bear

## THE BEAR STORY

A-comin', he uz badder skeered, he wuz,  
Than *any* time! An' so he think he'll climb  
Up *higher*—'way up higher in the tree  
Than the old *Bear* kin climb, you know.—But he—  
He *can't* climb higher 'an old *Bears* kin climb,—  
'Cause Bears kin climb up higher in the trees  
Than any little Boys in all the Wo-r-r-ld!

An' so here come the grea'-big Bear, he did,—  
A-climbin' up—an' up the tree, to git  
The Little Boy an' eat him up! An' so  
The Little Boy he clumbed on higher, an' higher,  
An' higher up the tree—an' higher—an' higher—  
An' higher'n iss-here *house* is!—An' here come  
Th' old Bear—clos'ter to him all the time!—  
An' nen—first thing you know,—when th' old Big Bear  
Wuz wite clos't to him—nen the Little Boy  
Ist jabbed his gun wite in the old Bear's mouf  
An' shot an' killed him dead!—No; I *fergot*,—  
He didn't shoot the grea'-big Bear at all—  
'Cause *they 'uz no load in the gun*, you know—  
'Cause when he shot the *Little* Bear, w'y, nen  
No load 'uz anymore nen *in the gun*!

But th' Little Boy clumbed *higher* up, he did—  
He clumbed *lots* higher—an' on up *higher*—an' higher  
An' *higher*—tel he ist *can't* climb no higher,  
'Cause nen the limbs 'uz all so little, 'way

## THE BEAR STORY

Up in the teeny-weeny tip-top of  
The tree, they'd break down wiv him ef he don't  
Be keerful! So he stop an' think: An' nen  
He look around—An' here come th' old Bear!

An' so the Little Boy make up his mind  
He's got to ist git out o' there *some* way!—  
'Cause here come the old Bear!—so clos't, his bref's  
Purt 'nigh so's he kin feel how hot it is  
Ag'inst his bare feet—ist like old “ Ring's ” bref  
When he's ben out a-huntin' an's all tired.  
So when th' old Bear's so clos't—the Little Boy  
Ist gives a grea'-big jump fer '*nother* tree—  
No!—no he don't do that!—I tell you what  
The Little Boy does:—W'y, nen—w'y, he—Oh, *yes*—  
The Little Boy *he finds a hole up there*  
'*At's in the tree*—an' climbs in there an' *hides*—  
An' nen th' old Bear can't find the Little Boy  
At all!—But, purty soon th' old Bear finds  
The Little Boy's *gun* 'at's up there—'cause the *gun*  
It's too *tall* to tooked wiv him in the hole.  
So, when the old Bear fin' the *gun*, he knows  
The Little Boy's ist *hid* 'round *somers* there,—  
An' th' old Bear 'gins to snuff an' sniff around,  
An' sniff an' snuff around—so's he kin find  
Out where the Little Boy's hid at.—An' nen—nen—  
Oh, *yes*!—W'y, purty soon the old Bear climbs  
'Way out on a big limb—a grea'-long limb,—

## THE BEAR STORY

An' nen the Little Boy climbs out the hole  
An' takes his ax an' chops the limb off! . . . Nen  
The old Bear falls *k-splunge!* clean to the ground  
An' bust an' kill hisse'f plum dead, he did!

An' nen the Little Boy he git his gun  
An' 'menced a-climbin' down the tree ag'in—  
No!—no, he *didn't* git his *gun*—'cause when  
The *Bear* falled, nen the *gun* falled, too—An' broked  
It all to pieces, too!—An' *nicest* gun!—  
His Pa ist buyed it!—An' the Little Boy  
Ist cried, he did; an' went on climbin' down  
The tree—an' climbin' down—an' climbin' down!—  
*An'-sir!* when he 'uz purt'-nigh down,—w'y, nen  
*The old Bear he jumped up ag'in!*—an' he  
Ain't dead at all—ist '*tendin'* thataway,  
So he kin git the Little Boy an' eat  
Him up! But the Little Boy he 'uz too smart  
To climb clean *down* the tree.—An' the old Bear  
He can't climb *up* the tree no more—'cause when  
He fell, he broke one of his—he broke *all*  
His legs!—an' nen he *couldn't* climb! But he  
Ist won't go'way an' let the Little Boy  
Come down out of the tree. An' the old Bear  
Ist growls 'round there, he does—ist growls an' goes  
“*Woooh!—woo-oooh!*” all the time! An' Little Boy  
He haf to stay up in the tree—all night—  
An' 'thout no *supper* neether!—On'y they

## THE BEAR STORY

Wuz *apples* on the tree!—An' Little Boy  
Et apples—ist all night—an' cried—an' cried!  
Nen when 'tuz morning th' old Bear went "*Wooh!*"  
Ag'in, an' try to climb up in the tree  
An' git the Little Boy.—But he *can't*  
Climb t'save his *soul*, he can't!—An' *oh!* he's *mad!*—  
He ist tear up the ground! an' go "*Woo-oo!*"  
An'—*Oh, yes!*—purty soon, when morning's come  
All *light*—so's you kin *see*, you know,—w'y, nen  
The old Bear finds the Little Boy's *gun*, you know,  
'At's on the ground.—(An' it ain't broke at all—  
I ist *said* that!) An' so the old Bear think  
He'll take the gun an' *shoot* the Little Boy:—  
But *Bears they* don't know much 'bout shootin' guns;  
So when he go to shoot the Little Boy,  
The old Bear got the *other* end the gun  
Ag'in' his shoulder, 'stid o' *th'other* end—  
So when he try to shoot the Little Boy,  
It shot *the Bear*, it did—an' killed him dead!  
An' nen the Little Boy clumb down the tree  
An' chopped his old woolly head off:—Yes, an' killed  
The *other* Bear ag'in, he did—an' killed  
All *boff* the bears, he did—an' tuk 'em home  
An' *cooked* 'em, too, an' *ct* 'em!

—An' that's all.









## ENVOY

MANY pleasures of youth have been buoyantly sung—  
And, borne on the winds of delight, may they beat  
With their palpitant wings at the hearts of the Young,  
And in bosoms of Age find as warm a retreat!—  
Yet sweetest of all of the musical throng,  
Though least of the numbers that upward aspire,  
Is the one rising now into wavering song,  
As I sit in the silence and gaze in the fire.

'Tis a Winter long dead that beleaguers my door  
And muffles his steps in the snows of the past:  
And I see, in the embers I'm dreaming before,  
Lost faces of love as they looked on me last:—  
The round, laughing eyes of the desk-mate of old  
Gleam out for a moment with truant desire—  
Then fade and are lost in a City of Gold,  
As I sit in the silence and gaze in the fire.

And then comes the face, peering back in my own,  
Of a shy little girl, with her lids drooping low,  
As she faltering tells, in a far-away tone,  
The ghost of a story of long, long ago.—

### ENVOY

Then her dewy blue eyes they are lifted again;  
But I see their glad light slowly fail and expire,  
As I reach and cry to her in vain, all in vain!—  
As I sit in the silence and gaze in the fire.

Then the face of a Mother looks back, through the mist  
Of the tears that are welling; and, lucent with light,  
I see the dear smile of the lips I have kissed  
As she knelt by my cradle at morning and night;  
And my arms are outheld, with a yearning too wild  
For any but God in His love to inspire,  
As she pleads at the foot of His throne for her child,—  
As I sit in the silence and gaze in the fire.

O pathos of rapture! O glorious pain!  
My heart is a blossom of joy over-run  
With a shower of tears, as a lily with rain  
That weeps in the shadow and laughs in the sun  
The blight of the frost may descend on the tree,  
And the leaf and the flower may fall and expire,  
But ever and ever love blossoms for me,  
As I sit in the silence and gaze in the fire.

