

Little Pollyp Pomes

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By Tom Daly

The DEVIN-ADAIR Co. New York.



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LITTLE POLLYS POMES



FALL

Little Pollys Pomes

BY

TOM DALY

Author of "Carmina," "Canzoni,"
"Madrigali," etc.



NEW YORK

THE DEVIN-ADAIR COMPANY

1914

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Notice

THESE poems are indeed the work of Little Polly. It's true that the name of Mr. Tom Daly appears on the cover as author, and, in one sense, he *is* the author. Since Little Polly is his child, he is, of course, *her* author; but isn't it rather too much to say that he is, therefore, the author of Little Polly's work?

Really, all that Mr. Daly claims for himself in this book is the punctuation, which is deserving of especial attention. It will be noticed that Little Polly's poems—and the verses are arranged as nearly as possible in the order in which they were produced—show steady improvement. Good work is infectious; and so Mr. Daly's punctuation grows better as the poems improve.

It is hoped that this little book will encourage other little girls—and little boys, for that matter—to emulate Little Polly's industry and thus add to our literature while broadening their own hearts and souls.

The Dark

DA says my writings ought to show
Sometimes what I don't like and so
I take my pen now to remark
A few true things about The Dark.
The Dark stays where there is no Light
And so its always here at night
And my Pa says Beyond a doubt
Its just the Day turned inside out.
But really that could never be
For thare a Differnt Size you see.
The Dark is small but Day is wide
And big and broad as all outside
And you can see Day O so far
Away from where the houses are
Way down to Allens Cotten Mill
And to the top of Wister Hill.
But you cant see the Dark much more
Than where the Sterretts live next door.
It creeps around the house at night
And hopes that youll put out the light
And sometimes when you Wake up too
It gets so close it frightens you.
It hates the Gas as much as Day
And it dont like to see you play
With matches. Thats the best remark
That I could make about The Dark.

Worms

WORMS are not just the best things out
To speak of or to see
But Pa says I must write about
Whatever pleases me.

The birds eat worms and my red Hen
She likes them. Once I bit
A fat one in an Apple when
I aint expecting it.

It was not nice O not at all
But maybe it would be
Much worse if it was not so small
For then it might bite me.

But only grown-up worms can bite
And then they are a Snake
Yet Apple worms are small and white
So youll make no mistake
Besides a Snake would never be
In apples I believe

Though once One climbed an apple tree
And frightened Adams Eve.

But Pa says maybe she just got
Exsited at a small

White worm she saw and it was not
A real Snake after all.

Pa often digs worms from the ground
And puts them in a dish
And takes them off to Simson's Pond
And feeds them to the fish.



BUGS

Bugs

BUGS are funny kinds of things
Some have wings and some have stings
And some have both together
They have no feathers no nor hair
Nor any nice warm fur to wear
So they dont like cold weather

Some bugs stay indoors all the time
And where folks sleep—but Ma says I'm
To never mention those
Besides they were not born at all
In our house but came through the wall
Or on somebody's clothes.

I like the outdoors bugs the best
Although moskeetoes are a pest
But in the hedge or thicket
Where late in summer they are hid
I like to hear the Katie did
And likewise too the cricket.

The Cat

THE Cat is a Domestic Animal. It is the Friend of Man Or mostly Ladies I should say.

My Pa dont like them anyway
For when Sue Brown's folks moved out West
And left some things among the rest
Her black cat Ben that came one day
Where Sue was and wont go away
And I asked Ma if I could keep
Poor Ben and let him eat and sleep
In our house and she said I might
My Pa he said to Ma that night
"Of all sad words of Tongue or Pen
The saddest were she might have Ben."
My Pa is not a cruel man
But he just teases all he can
And one night I can hardly wait
Till Pa comes in our garden gate
And I ran up to him and said
Ben's got some kittens in our shed!
Then Pa said O and smiled so queer
And told Ma something I can't hear
About a better name for Ben.

But Ma dont understand and then
My Pa said "Dont you know that play
We went to see the other day
That had the Charryut Race" and ma
Said O I see and smiled at Pa.
But when I asked she said to me
It's nothing dear. And I cant see
What Charryut Races have to do
With nice cats like our Ben do you ?

Beards

BEARDS are hairs that grow on men
If theyre not careful now and then
To shave themselves and once one
grew

Onto a real live lady too.
That styles called Freak and its so strange
It costs 10c and count your change
For Ticketmen are bad and try
To keep a little on the sly
And then they growl and swear at you
And ask you what your going to do
And Uncle John said Well youd see
If I didn't have this child with me.

Some animals have beards like men
And even longer too and then
That gives a nickname to the beast
Like "Bruin" for the Bear. At least
You hear folks speaking now and then
Of "Beard" the lion in his Den.
To raise a beard takes lots of care
To keep it nice and thick with hair
For if you don't it soon gets thin
And when I look at Grandmas chin
I think if I would ask Id find
She started one but changed her mind.



BEARDS

When I look at grandma's chin

Switches

SWITCHES are a many kind
Some are for the Railrode train
Some are used to make you mind
And be good again.

Railrode Switches cause the wrecks
That we hear of I suppose
I have had but little Ex-
Perients with those.

Once when I took Willy's bread
Or his cake I don't know which
Ma just frowned at me and said
Go and get the Switch!

Then I went and clomb the stairs
Right up to the 2nd floor
And I found one made of hairs
In Mas buerow drawer.

First I thought I'd make a joke
But I put it back again
Jokes are bad when little folks
Give thare elders pain.

Bible teachers find they say
Switches in the Word of God
But thare not like ours for they
Call it "spare the rod."

Manners

MANNERS in a Child are what
Show if she is good or not
And they must not only be
When your out in company
But you got to have them too
When someboddy visits you.
That's the time they are most needed
For they show how youve been breeded
And the kind of Child you are.
I am good because my Ma
Tells me what to do and say
When a child comes in to play.
And when it is Bessie Yost
Shes the one that comes the most
She can have my little chair
And she gets the biggest share
Of the cake and biggest bite
Of the pear for I'm polite.
But poor Mrs. Yost I guess
Dont care how she raises Bess
For when I am playing there
And we get some cake to share
Bess she takes the biggest bit—
But I never notice it.

Still though I am fond of Bess
It would be as well I guess
If I was to play there less.
I remember theres a rule
In my cobby-book in school
That is meant for every child—
“Who touches Pitch will be defiled.”

Fax

JAX are little iron toys
For girls to play a game but boys
They do not like the game at all
Although you play it with a ball
And Tommy West he sneared one day
When I invited him to play.
“It is a Sissy game said he
Not dangerous enough for me—”
But it is *so* as you will see.

When I was playing all alone
To-day and had my “three-ums” done
I heard someboddy say my dear!
And I looked up and standing near
An old gray lady looked at me
And I knew right off who was she.
She was the little freckelled girl
That always has her hair in curl
And giggles all the time and fools
And sits beside of me in school’s
Grandmother. So she shook her head
And held one finger up and said:
“Be careful child and always close
Your mouth tight when you play with those



JAX

I knew a girl when I was young
That got a jax behind her tongue
And doctors had to cut her throat
So they could reach and get it out
For if the jax had stayed inside
She would of choaked to death and died!”

So now I scarcely breathe at all
When I play with my jax and ball
And Tommy needent make a fuss
And say that jax aint dangerous.

Kitty

I HAVE a little Kitty
Which is my Joy and pride
And when its very happy
It makes a noise inside.

It rubs against your ankels
And if your skirts are long
Be careful where your stepping
Or you will squush its song.

This song is called its "purring"
But how it makes it go
I never could discover
But I would like to know.

And once when I asked father
He told me Kitty sings
Because the little creature
Is full of fiddel strings.

My Papa jokes so often
I don't know if its so
But still my Kitty's helthy
And that's Enough to know.

For when I feed my Kitty
Until its satisfide
It licks its little whiskers
And makes a noise inside.

Teeth

TEETH are made of Ivory
Which is hard as hard can be
And they grow up in your jaws
Early in your life because
Even in your baby Hood
You must learn to chew your food.
Then to keep them nice and white
You must clean them morn and night
And be sure to rench the cup
And to hang your toothbrush up
Or you'll lose your teeth some day.
You will lose some anyway
And till new ones take their places
Youll be making funny faces
And can't help it just like me.
My front teeth are out you see
And thares fresh ones comming in
But thare holes now when I grin
And they just Spoil everything
When you try to talk or sing.
But I would not mind a bit
If I dident have to sit
Hungry sometimes at my dinner
Like the unregenert sinner
In the Gospel Word of Mark
Who was cast in outer Dark
Where he only used his teeth
To nash his wedding garment with.

Love

LOVES a little God with wings
No one is affraid of
Though it stirs the blood and strings
That your Heart is made of.
There are Bad loves but I think
They live in the stummick
As for instants Love of Drink
Like the gardener Domnick.
But I do not wish to speak
Of these horrid matters
Which will make your eyes look weak
And your cloathes in tatters.
True Love makes the eyes shine bright
And most stylish dressing
When the lover comes at night
Hoping some carressing.
For a wife Love makes you plan
If you are male human
Or it makes you choose a man
If you are a woman.
When two come together thus
It is called "make-matching."
Love is always dangerous
And its very catching
And folks soon are grooms and brides
When thare hearts get mated
But I am too young besides
I am vaxinated.



LOVE

Love is always dangerous and it's very catching

Travel

TRAVEL takes you way out Yonder
Where strange Places are
And it makes the Heart grow fonder
When you travel far
For you always think of sending
From wherere you roam
Picture postcards thus befriending
Those who stay at home.
And it only costs a penny
To be so polite
So you ought to send as many
As youve time to write
To the friends you leave so lonely
Waiting sad at heart
Writing on the front side only
Not the picture part.
I bought one to send my neighbor
Playmate Gladdis Brown
When I went with Pa on Labor
Day to Hummelstown.
But it wasent safe for Mailing
I confess with shame
For I did't know the spelling
Of her maiden name.

So I handed it to Mother
When we come back home
And she put it with the other
Picture cards we own.
After all when you are wending
Over land or sea
It is best to be befriending
Your own family
With the cards wherere youre going
So when callers come
You can have the cards for showing
You have traveled some.

Fall

LEAVES are falling so we call
This sad time of year The Fall.
Just as once when everything
Flowers lambs and grass were found
Jumping right up from the ground
Everybody called it Spring.

It is plain to understand
Why such gladness fills the land
When the time of Spring is here
For its Summer right next door.
But when fall winds start to roar
You must nearly wait a year.

Still the patient christian child
Always faithful meek and mild
Praises God with grateful Song
Loving all His seasons well
Just as much when Fall has fell
As when Spring has sprung.

Giving

ALL Christians who correctly live
Know it is better far to give
Than to receive
And that should be the greatest joy
To every Christian girl and boy
On Christmas Eve.

I've bought some gifts to make folks glad
And so much joy I have not had
Since I was born
And I'll rejoice to watch their eyes
And see their pleasure and surprise
On Christmas morn.

Of course I've told some folks I've got
Some things for them but not just what
And I declare
If they in turn should fail to bring
Or send to me a single thing
I would not care.

Ma knows I've bought a gift for her
And when she asked what I prefer
I tell her such
And such and such—or if I got
Just one would please me for I'm not
Expecting much.

Its what Im going to *give* I said
Will make me happy going to bed
On Christmas Eve—
Besides you know the Bible text
“Blessed are they that dont Expect
They shall receive.”

Exit Xmas Tree

WY Pa last night took down our tree
And I'm as glad as I can be
That I was not around to see
For it would make me feel the same
As when the cloryform man came
And put some of it on our cat
Because it was too old and fat
And all its fur had got too sore
To be fit company any more.
You see the cat had come to be
Just like one of the family
And what was once our household pet
We cannot ever quite forget
So when the poor thing up and died
For days and days I cried and cried.
Of course a tree is not a cat
And you dont love it quite like that
But still Im glad as I can be
That I was not around to see
When Pa last night took down our tree.

New Year's

TELL me not in mournful language
That your Hopes are torn and bruised
For a New Year is before you
Which has never yet been used

If the old Year brought you sorrow
Poverty or any pain
You can start right in tomorrow
And be strong and glad again

Life is really very earnest
Take your chances while they last
For the mill is never turning
With the water that is past

Let us then be up and doing
For the time is very brief
And the New Year will be better
If we turn another leaf.

Mememory

MEMMORY is what you use
So you wont misslay or lose
Schoolbooks or perhaps your slate
And when morning comes be late.

Mememory also is the part
Of your brain that learns by heart
And it helps your brain to keep
Lessons fresh while your asleep.

Every child must have a brain
So that she may see things plain
And be right and go ahead
In the path that she must tread

Mememory is when the mind
Turns around and looks behind
So we all should have a care
Not to leave much badness there.

Mememory is always sad
When the things it sees are bad
So to keep the Mememory bright
We must always do things right.

Thus when we are old we'll be
O so glad if Mememory
Sees that we were never late
By forgetting books or slate.

Langwage

LANGWAGE is what People use
When they wish to air their views
In a book or speech
So we have to learn it young
Starting with the Mother Tongue
That our Mothers teach.

First its English that you get
French you do not study yet
Not unless youre rich
And you have a Govnoress
Who will tell you how to guess
Which of them is which.

Mixing Langwage breaks Gods laws
And you know that was the cause
Tower of Babbel fell
For the workmen got confused
From the many tongues they used
As the Scriptures tell.

“Babbel” is our word for such
Nowadays that talk so much
We dont understand
So its always best for each
To be learning just the speech
Of his native land.

October

I DO not like the poets who
Write lines about October
And always say it makes them blue
Because it rhymes with sober.

October is a lovely time
All crimson brown and golden
Both here or in a foreign clime
Its lovely for beholding.

Of course some days it may be cold
When sunlight is not shining
Yet every cloud will have a gold
Or else a silver lining.

I do not mind its clouds a bit
But welcome it quite hearty
Because my birthday comes in it
And I will have a party.

Frost

FROST is what the winter night
Leaves upon the withered grass
So that in the morning light

We can see how cold it was.

Sometimes even while in bed

We can read the Message plain
From the pretty pictures spread

On the sparkling window pane
And they seem to blink and say

Summer now is past and gone
It is very cold to-day

Mind you keep your mittons on.

Then your Mother overhalls

All the packages upstairs
Put away in camphore balls

For your heavy underwares
Then she brings them in and you

Try them on to let her know
Whether you can make them do

For another year or so.

When youre up and dressed again

It is nice to go and see

All those pictures on the pane

Cold and bright as they can be.

But before its time for school

Nearly all the frost has run
Down into a little pool

Where it melted in the sun!

March

IF you don't know how it came
That some months received their name
You would not be much to blame
But there's one month of the year
Chrissened March and you are queer
If the reason is not clear.

All you need when March has come
Is to leave your city home
And go out where you may roam
In the fields or in the Park
Where its still enough to hark
What Dame Nature dost remark.

There by night as well as day
This is what youll hear her say
"Clear out Winter March away
March up little birds and sing
Grass, leaves, blossoms, everything
Forward March for it is Spring!"

School

SCHOOL is very good indeed
For your Education
And its just the thing you need
After your vakation
For if you kept running wild
Through the winter season
You might be a helthy child
But youd loose your Reason.
That would make you act so bad
Noboddy could hold you
Which would make your Parents sad
And theyd say "I told you."
So when school lets in do not
Fly into a passion—
Anyway at first you got
Only half a session.
So you need not study hard
Not enough to hurt you
Honestys its own reward
Likewise also Virtue.
Teacher loves you and you ought
Not be laughing at her
And besides if you are caught
Its no laughing matter.

And remember its a sin
Not to learn your lesson—
Besides if they dont keep you in
Its only half a session.
So why should you sulk indeed
After your vakation
School is just the thing you need
For your Education.

Sickabed

WHEN I am sick with Tonsilights
And have to go to bed
Im often wakefull in the nights
And sleep by day instead
Which makes it very hard indeed
To pass the time away.
For I can see to sew or read
When I'm awake by day
But when I lie there in the dark
With both eyes open wide
Theres nothing I can do but hark
And hear my heart inside.
It never sleeps but moves around
And sometimes comes so near
I hear it when it starts to pound
Like Sixty in my ear.
But after while it goes away
And then first thing I know
The sun is shining and its day
And Mother says Hello
And she is standing by my bed
And she has brought me up
A slice or two of toasted bread
And warm brawth in a cup
And when the toast that tastes so fine
Dont scratch my throat why then
I know it is the surest sign
That I am well again

Cooks

COOKS are either black or white
Some are cross and some polite
Some are false and some are true
But no matter what they do
You must humer them or they
Will pack up and go away
Or they will give Notice then
You must coaxe them back again.
And I'm going to cooking school
So I will not have to fool
With such creatures when I grow
Big enough to have a Beou
Who will take the Marriage vows
And we go to keeping house
Either here or foreign lands
With a family on my hands.

Fingernails

NINGERNAILS are given us
To protect the tenderness
Of the flesh beneath
We must keep them clean and cut
Shortly and quite neatly but
Never with the teeth.

If you bite your nails its bad
And the training you have had
Shows there at a Glance
And it makes you nerveous so
Very soon first thing you know
Its Saint Vitals Dance.

If you would do nothing wrong
Never let your nails get long
Or the edges black
Cut them every week or two
And as soon as you are through
Put the scissors back.

Hair

HAIR is woman's glory crown
Black or red or chestnut brown
Done in plats or hanging down
It is meant to give a grace
To the beauty of the face
Even when the face is plain
It is helpful in the main.
I mean hair thats on the head
But on chin or lip instead
It is called "superfulous"
And it is not good for us.
If when youre a woman grown
Lovely tresses you would own
You must start when youre a girl
Learning how to braid and curl
And to comb it morn and night
So to keep it growing right
And to get the tangles out
You must know what youre about
And be very patient too
And as soon as you are through
You must take the combings all
Roll them in a little ball

And then put the useless hair
In your hair receiver where
All such things are meant to lay
Out of everybody's way.
It is troublesome I know
But if you will treat it so
You will find when you are grown
Hair is woman's glory crown.

Poets

POETS are not made but born
That is why thayre viewed with scorn
By the manufacturer
For he thinks the things thats made
In his business or trade
Are the best that ever were.

Tradesmen have but little use
For the singing of the muse
And the tradesman never cares
For a poem not one bit
Since he cant be using it
In the making of his wares.

But the tradesman must be told
There are better things than gold
Money is not everything
And the folks of many lands
Gladly rise and clap their hands
When the noble poet sings.

And they only need to look
In my Sixth Grade Reading book
To behold name after name
That will be remembered more
Than the name on any store
For thayre very full of fame.

Beds

BEDS are of so many kind
You cant count them all at least
Hundreds of them you will find
That are used by man and beast

And there are some others too
That you could not use for sleep
Brooks and rivers have a few
And a cradel in the deep

Then there is the pretty bed
Where the lovely flowers grow
Violets blue and roses red
When the summer breezes blow

But the one I love the best
Is my own dear little bed
Where I lay me down to rest
After all my prayers are said

Crumbs

CRUMBS you think because thayre small
Are not much account at all
But the purpose of my Song
Is to show that you are wrong.

Crumbs are what you should not make
When you eat your bread or cake
And with them to make a mess
Ma calls "grocers carelessness."

Crumbs when left about the house
Will attract a Rat or Mouse
Or the roaches or the flies
All of which I do despise.

Out of doors thayre better things
And when sparrows flop their wings
On your snowy window sill
Give them Crumbs to eat their fill.

Crumbs the Bible tells to us
Dives refused to Larazus
And to hell he had to sink
Where he could not get a drink.

So you see though they are small
Crumbs are useful after all
And besides they teach us too
What we should and should not do.



BEDS

Temper

I HAVE a little temper
That lives inside of me
And long as it remains there
Its good as it can be.

I do not know exactly
Just where it makes its nest,
But it is only happy
When it has gone to rest.

And it would make me naughty
If it got out of place
And came out like a fire
And showed upon my face.

But I will watch my temper
And keep it in controll
And then I will be certain
To save my little soul.

Noises

LLOUD noise is for the day-time
When all the world is bright
And very few are sleeping
But it is not for night.

And yet the night has noises
And when the shadows fall
Come sounds we never notice
When day-time's here at all.

Sometimes when I am restless
And cannot go to sleep
I hear queer little creatures
About my bedside creep.

And often when I listen
Off somewhere in the house
I hear a dripping spicket
And once I heard a mouse.

But Pa says when I tell him
About these little things
Thats just your angel gardeen
Flop-flopping with its wings.

Of course I know much better
And yet Ive always found
Most noises at my bedside
Have got a sleepy sound.

And something soft like feathers
Smooths down my eyelids then
Theres nothing I remember
Until its day again.

Batchelors

A MALE that's bigger than a boy
And 20 years or more
But has not shared the married joy
Is called a batchelor.

Your uncles mostly are this kind
And I myself have two
They have no troubles on their mind
And so are good to you.

For they are not tied down at all
But have their Liberty
And so are blessed with what you call
The "foot and fancy free."

One batchelor is Uncle Will
For he is mother's brother
But he was not an uncle till
My father married mother

It is a little child you see
Makes man a father or
An uncle fond and true if he
Is just a batchelor.

And though I love my father still
And could not love him more
Im very fond of Uncle Will
Who is a batchelor.



FAME ;

Fame

WHAT this fickel World calls Fame
Is when people speak your name
Saying pleasant things of you
Infamy is when you find
People speaking out their mind
Finding fault with what you do.

There are fames of different sort
Like the Kings who hold their court
In the royal lands afar
But it is a President
Who is the most famous gent
In this country where we are.

Many people day by day
Get quite famous in their way
Since thayre kindly talked about
Like our neighbor Mrs Smith
Who was operated with
And her index taken out.

Fame is very nice and yet
People very soon forget
And they take back what they gave
Presidents and all must go
For the glory paths you know
Only lead you to the grave.

The Gardner

THE Gardner wears blue overhauls
An old hat on his head
And says "I, I, sir," when Pa calls
And his face is very red.

But where his throat shows underneath
Its freckelled up and brown
He keeps a pipe between his teeth
And he smokes it upside down.

And when he asks you what you wish
And comes into the hall
His voice smells like our chaffing dish
That burns with alcohol.

He dont come often in the hall
For I have heard cook say
She does not like him near at all
And draws her skirts away.

So he is mostly out of doors
Where fragrant breezes blow
Among the grasses and the flowers
And it is better so.



THE GARDNER

The Rainy Day

THE sky is very dark and gray
And it is pouring raining
And here it is a Saturday
But I am not complaining.

The garden walks are drenching wet
The waterspout is spouting
I fear to-day I will not get
A chance to have my outing.

And yet I do not pout to see
The raindrops flood the gutter
Because I know it would not be
Of any use to mutter.

It is no use to growl because
The day is dark and dreary
For we must bow to Nature's laws
Although they make us weary.

Into each life must fall some rain
Some day be dark and clouded
For we will not be free from pain
Till in the grave we're shrouded.

To a Lightening Bug

TWINKLE twinkle little bug
With your lantern bright
What is it you seek to find
In the summer night

Is it for a baby bug
Now you are in quest
Lost or straid that should be snug
In its little Nest

Or if all your little ones
Safe are tucked in bed
Is it drops of dew you seek
That they may be fed

Tell me have your little ones
Shining lanterns too
And will they light up your home
To be guiding you

Twinkle twinkle little bug
With your lantern bright
What is it you seek to find
In the summer night?

Profannity

I AM not a tattle tale
But I know that I would fail
To perform my duty well
If I did not go and tell
When my little sister Jane
Said a word that was profane.
It was in our yard one day
While we were engaiged at play
Jane fell down and bumped her head
And she rose in wrath and said
Such a very naughty word
You would wonder where she heard
Such a bad profannity.
Then I took her hand and we
Went inside to mother dear
And I whispered in her ear
What the word was Jane had said
Mother frowned and shook her head
And I thought that she would cry
Little Jane began to lie
Out of it and say that what
She had really said was not
“Gosh” at all but only “Bosh.”

Mother took her in to wash
Out her mouth with cast steel soap
And she told her now I hope
You will never be profane
Or attempt to lie again.

I am not a tattle tale
But I know that I would fail
To perform my duty well
If I had not gone to tell.

Easter

I WALKED out in the country
And all was cold and gray
But suddenly a little bird
Began to sing away
Why do you sing I asked him
And thus he seemed to say

I do not know the reason
I am a simple thing
I only know this season
It is my time to sing

I walked a little further
The fields were brown and dead
But suddenly a violet
Raised up its little head
Why do you grow I asked it
And this is what it said

I cannot tell the reason
I really do not know
I only know this season
It is my time to grow

I met some little children
As happy as could be
And they were walking homeward
From Sunday school you see
Said I why are you happy
And thus they spoke to me

This is the happy season
For Sorrow now has fled
Because our Lord is risen
Is risen from the dead

I went my way rejoicing
How kind our Lord and King
To rise again at Easter
Which always comes in spring
When violets are growing
And birds begin to sing

So hail the happy season
When all our griefs are dead
Because our Lord is risen
Is risen from the dead.

Gardens

I HAVE a little garden
And I am proud of it
And love my work so dearly
I never want to quit
It is a noble pastime
And very healthful too
For when youre in your garden
No evil comes to you
But only pleasant thinking
For it is good to know
That God Himself made gardens
So very long ago.
The first He made was Eden
Which was a perfect place
But it has gone completely
And never left a trace
God made it very lovely
But when the serpent came
And tempted our first parents
It never was the same.
There was another garden
More sorrowful to view
Although it was the garden
From which Religion grew
For where our Saviour suffered
For sake of you and me
Was in that other garden
That's called Gethsemmanee.

And now in every garden
What grows up from the sod
Is carrying some message
That makes you think of God
Though you might never know it
Or guess the Lords design
Unless your Bible teacher
Lived right next door like mine.
But anyway a garden
Will help to make you neat
And keep you out of mischief
Because youre off the street.

The Huckster

THE huckster who comes down our
street

His name is Dusenberry
And he has all good things to eat
And he is always merry
No matter if the sun is hot
Or it is dark and raining
He does not care for he is not
Unhappy or complaining
But always as he goes along
He sings a funny little song.

“Ho, ladies here’s the huckster man
What does the werry best he can
To please you vell and bring you luck
Come buy your fruit and garden truck
From Dutchy Dusenberry.”

He does not talk correct or nice
This Mr. Dusenberry
He always says “two vice” for “twice”
And “werry fine” for “very”
But even if his Goods were high
And others sold them cheaper
Im sure it would be his I’d buy

If I was our housekeeper
I like to hear him come along
And sing his funny little song

“Ho, ladies here’s the huckster man
What does the werry best he can
To please you vell and bring you luck
Come buy your fruit and garden truck
From Dutchy Dusenberry.”

Eggs

SOMETIMES in school our teacher says
Now let us for a change
Consider Natures wondrous ways
They are so very strange.

And then she talks of things that grow
Upon the sea and land
And there is much we ask to know
And cannot understand.

And most of all I like to learn
The mystery of eggs
And why the juice inside should turn
To feathers wings and legs.

There is no creature I believe
Thats blacker than a crow
And yet the eggs which they achieve
Are always white as snow.

“We know not why” our teacher said
“We only know its true
And that the robbins breast is red
And all its eggs are blue.”

I think it is a wondrous thing
Theres so much Nature makes
That it can be remembering
And never make mistakes.

Then teacher says "It is not odd
For Nature is the hand
Of our most wise and gracious God
Who rules the sea and land."

The May Queen

NOW comes the month of May so mild
So merry and so green
And if you were an English child
You might be made its queen
For there they gamble on the grass
And pluck the blooming flowers
With which to crown some pretty lass
Unless there should be showers.
Which very often is the case
Because they must admit
That England is a cloudy place
With lots of rain in it
And poet Tennyson relates
Of one May queen he knew
Who met the saddest of all fates
And quickly passed from view
Her mother called her early and
She caught her death of cold
And very soon with tearful hand
They laid her in the mold.
When you are young to pass away
At any time is bad
But when it is the month of May
It makes it doubly sad.
But come this is no time or place
For such a doleful thing
So let us wear a cheerful face
And dance about and sing!

Besides this is not England so
With ordinary care
We need not be afraid to go
A-Maying anywhere.
And pluck the flowers as they grow
Wherever they are found
And yet we should remember though
To not sit on the ground.

Moveing

MY father lately bought a house
Upon Installment Plan
And I may have to finish this
Inside a moveing van.
Of course thats just my little joke
Yet it is nearly true
The moveing men downstairs will come
Up here when they are through
And I will have to scamper then
And get out of their way
For we must be away from here
By 6 p. m. to-day.

Don't think because I made a joke
That I am feeling gay
For I am very sad indeed
To think of going away.
This is the house where I was born
And spent my youthful years
And in its rooms Ive played and laughed
And also shed some tears
And I could shed a couple now
If no one else was near
Because I love so many things
I must be leaving here.

The cherry tree out in the yard
The grape vine by the shed
The street lamp that shines in my room
When I am tucked in bed.
The new house may be very nice
But I will never find
So many friendly things in it
Like I must leave behind.
But see! the moveing men approach
And they will soon be here
And so farewell! a long farewell
To everything so dear.

The Morning Sun

WE'RE moved in now to our new house
And I dont miss the other one
And I believe the reason is
Because we have the morning sun.
For where we use to live before
It did not come to us so soon
And sunlight is much staler if
It dont get round till afternoon.
But here it shines right on my bed
Before I am awake at all
And I get up so spry and quick
That mother never has to call.
And then downstairs at breakfast time
It dances on the plates and things
And everybody looks so bright
And O how the canary sings.
And then I think it is not strange
That men who live in jails are bad
The walls are made so high and gray
It is enough to make them sad.
And I dont think in all this world
Would be a naughty child not one
Or grow up into wicked men
If they could have the morning sun.

Strawberries

MOST every morning now in May
While on my way to school I go
I meet a huckster on the way
Who shouts his wares, but most of all
I like to hear him stand and call:

“Here’s reddy ripe strawberries O!”

And sometimes when I sit in class
And should be studying I know
I listen when the wagons pass
And I can almost always tell
Whose carts they are before they yell

“Here’s reddy ripe strawberries O!”

But later when we’re all at tea
There’s nothing that delights me so
As just to have in front of me
A dish of sweetness piled up high
And drenched with cream and *I* can cry:

“Here’s reddy ripe strawberries O!”

Brides

IT is the lovely month of June
And wedding bells are all in tune
And brides are dressed in white
Though some prefer a travelling gown
To get more quickly out of town
Upon the wedding night.

But it is not the clothes they wear
For which the happy brides should care
So much as whats inside
It is the loving heart you know
And faithfulness and health that go
To make the perfect bride.

So do not mind if you are poor
It makes the bride groom love you more
When both of you are old
If he can look at you and say
My darling did not give away
Her heart for sorted gold.

So let us all be blythe and gay
And send the couple on their way
With faces smiling bright
It is the lovely month of June
And wedding bells are all in tune
And brides are dressed in white.

Vacation

BOOKS will soon be laid away
And youll hear the children shout
As they hurry off to play
“School is out O school is out.”

And there will not be a thing
To disturb their merrymment
But to romp and dance and sing
To their little hearts content.

And when Teacher thinks about
All the work that she has had
Now that school is done no doubt
Teacher too is also glad.

Teachers scholars girls and boys
Welcome now the summers rest
But there's no vacation joys
For the one who loves us best.

It is Mother dear who gets
Extra work when school is through
All day long she toils and frets
Keeping mischief out of you.

So then all the summer day
Little lady little man
Dont think only of your play
Help dear Mother all you can.

The Sea

THIS earth is partly made of land
But most of it is sea
Though many cannot understand
How such a thing can be
For those who live in Western States
Like Cleveland or St. Paul
See only rivers ponds and lakes
Which are not large at all.
But when you learn Geography
If you will look with care
For every ocean you will see
How much of it is there.

The sea is never fit to drink
It's salty you will find—
There is a cause for this I think
But cannot call to mind.
There is another thing besides
Whose cause I do not know
And that is what they call the tides
That wander to and fro.
There's much I do not understand
But one thing I can say
For bathing in the sea is grand
Upon a summer day.

The Potato Race

IT was at our Sunday School
Picnic out at Shady Pool
Where we went the other day
We had every kind and sort
Of athletic game and sport
Passing happy hours away.

All the games were lots of fun
And I very nearly won

What they call Potato Race
If I would of hurried more
I would win the prize for sure
Still I was in second place.

And besides the winners prize
Did not seem so very nice

It was just a tennis ball
If to win you must be thin
Tall and plain like Bessie Flynn
You don't envy her at all.

In our work or in our play
If no prizes come our way

We can do without it
All of us must keep our places
Some can win Potato Races
But they cannot write about it.

The Old Arm Chair

WE have an old arm chair
That's stuffed with horses hair
And covered with a leather back and
seat

And so big you must sit
Right on the edge of it
To touch the parlor carpet with your feet.

And yet it has been said
My Grandpa who is dead
Was large enough to fill it up entire
And he would often sit
For hours and hours in it
And go to sleep before the open fire.

And often too no doubt
His money would roll out
And he would never think of where it went
For once down in the crack
Between the seat and back
I felt around and found a copper cent.

If we would rip the chair
We might find treasure there
But I am sure that we will never try
We keep the queer old thing
For memories that cling
Remembering our dear Auntcestor by.

Ma

WY Ma is very wonderful
And just as good and kind
As any little boy or girl
In all this world could find
For when you don't feel pretty good
Or bumped yourself or fell
You go and let her hugg you up
And pretty soon youre well.
You put your head on her where she's
So soft and cry a while
And after that first thing you know
You lift your Head and smile.
And you can ask Luella Lee
How kind Ma is she knows
Since yesterday when she fell down
And tord her Sunday cloes.
Luella sat on our front porch
And cried and cried and cried
She hasent got a Ma herself
For she had gone and died
And they had put her in a grave
Where all dead People are
And so I took Luella's hand
And brought her to my Ma
And told her here's a little girl
Thats fell and tord her dress
And hasent any mother now
To hugg her and I guess

If you would take her on your lap
The way you do to me
She wouldnt cry so much or care
How tord her dress might be.
Then Ma said " Bless the little Heart "
And held her arms out wide
And took Luella into them
And smiled and kind of cried.
Luella cried a little bit
And I cried some and then
Luella smiled and kissed my Ma
And we were glad again.

Ice Cream

IN the summer it would seem
Everybody likes ice cream
Everybody young and old
But it must be eaten cold
For when melted by the heat
It is seldom fit to eat.

So I'm sure I need not say
I was happy yesterday
Afternoon to see my mother
Give some money to my brother
And to hear her tell him: "Ben
Get a pound of tea and then
Take a butter pail and stop
At McKenzie's ice cream shop
For a quart of strawberry."
I was happy as could be
And I just could hardly wait
Till he came. But he was late
And I fussed and fretted so
Mother said to me: "You know
There are always three or four
Women in the grocery store;
Ben must wait his turn you see
Till he gets his pound of tea."

What my mother said was true
But alas she little knew
What had really come to pass.
For when Ben came in at last
It was half an hour quite
And his face was very white.
Mother took the pail and found
All the ice cream floating round
With a sickening splashy sound
Of all messes just the worst!
Ben had bought the ice cream first
So that he would have it sure
But ice cream will not endure
And we had to throw it out.
Was not Ben a silly lout!
Mother's angry with him yet
And I'm sure I'll not forget.

Music

MUSIC is the grandest gift
Unto Humans given
It is what the Angels make
Round the throne of Heaven
And when they come down to Earth
Music follows them
As the watchful shepherds heard
Once in Bethlahem.

So if in the relms above
Music's home belongs
It is only visiting
When it fills our songs
Like a lovely guest it stays
While we sing but when
All the house is still it goes
To its home again.

The Ginny Hen

WE'VE come on our vacation to
The dear old farm again.
The same old dear old things we view
Like in the past but then
This year there's something strange and new
It is a Ginny Hen.

The Leg Horn hens cry "Clack, cluck, clack"
The fat white ducks go "Quack, quack, quack"
But the Ginny's song
The whole day long
Is just "Come back, come back!"

I do not like the Ginny's song
It really only squeals
Indeed the bird itself looks wrong
To me from head to heels
When on the ground it runs along
It seems to be on wheels.

I can not find the eggs it lays
It hides its nest in funny ways.
When I go near
It screams with fear
"Come back, come back," it says.

The Hay-Mow

OUR farmer picked his hay so soon
We did not see it grow
For that was in July or June
Before we came you know.
And so I cannot tell you how
It looked at first you see
But it is in the hay-mow now
And thats enough for me.

To me indeed it matters not
The way the hay was made
The hay-mow is the nicest spot
In which I ever played.
For if it is a cloudy day
And steady rain should start
I have the hay-mow where I play
With a contented heart.

And when Im tired from the strain
Of playing games, I love
To lie and listen to the rain
Upon the roof above
Of course most times I'd rather play
Out in the air and sun
But still upon a rainy day
The hay-mow's jolly fun.

A Day's Angling

AN angler is a fisherman
Who goes out fishing when he can
Not for the fish that may be caught
And sold for cash but just for sport.
If like my father you are smart
And understand the angling art
With rod and line you ought to get
Almost as many as a net.
For Father knows what hooks are best
For some are better than the rest
And he can tell what kind of bait
The different fishes like to eat
And on his rod he has a wheel
That winds the line that's called a reel
And theres a basket called a creel
In which the fish that he may get
Are put with moss to keep them wet.
And Father has some books that give
The places where the fishes live
And also tells what time of year
You are allowed for fishing there.
So yesterday he rowed away
To hunt for bass fish all the day

But I and mother did not go
But stayed at home and waited so
That we could be prepared to cook
The fine fresh fish that he would hook.
So Father fished the livelong day
And yet I must regret to say
From early morn till he was done
He did not even angle one.
And yet I hope to write a rhyme
About some better luck next time.

The Cow

I LIKE to watch the cow and think
Of all it means to me.
At home when I have milk to drink
Or sometimes cream in tea
Because I do not see the cow
I never think about it.
But on the farm I wonder how
We could get on without it.

I stood for quite a while to-day
To see how milk is made.
I watched a flock of cows when they
Were feeding in the shade
And they would eat some grass at first
And then they went and stood
Right in the brook to cure their thirst
And then they chewed their cud.

And most important it would seem
Is this strange cud they chew
Because it turns to milk and cream
As soon as they are through.

At milking time the farmer takes
The milk and cream so sweet
And with the cream he often makes
The butter that we eat.

So here with milk and cream to drink
And butter too you see
I like to watch the cow and think
Of all it means to me.

The Harvest Moon

THE harvest moon though just the same
As other moons is called that name
Because it comes when summer's sun
Has warmed the crops until they're done.
The people living in the town
They do not mind the harvest moon
And may not notice it at all.
Like other moons it starts quite small
A little strip quite thin and pale
Just like a clipped off fingernail
But every night it grows and grows
And every night more strong it glows,
But city folks could never guess
How beautiful it is unless
They came out here to spend their nights
Where there are no Electric lights.
Last Saturday I stayed up late
It must have been till halfpast 8
Because the moon was full and we
Were all out on the porch to see
The jolly big round face arise
Above the hill into the skies.
And while we waited it was fun
I laughed and joked with every one

But when at last somebody said
Look there she is! and broad and red
The great moon peeped above the hill
It was so grand and strange and still
My heart jumped up inside of me
As if it too would like to see
And something hurt my throat inside
So much I almost could of cried.
O people living in the town
They do not know the Harvest moon!

Nuts

WE'VE left the farm but I regret
We came away too soon to get
A chance to hunt the nuts that grow
Among the woods of Pocono.
They were not ripe when we were there
For frost was not yet in the air,
But now if you were there you'd find
A lot of every different kind.
The chestnut in its stickly burr
That's lined inside with velvet fur
Falls, after frost, upon the ground
Where it is very quickly found
And its the very best to eat
The shell is thin and full of meat.
But shellbarks wall and hazle nuts
Make trouble, for the shell that shuts
The meat inside will bother you
Until you take a rock or two
And crack the kernel into view.
Don't use your teeth on such a shell,
Though squirrels do it very well,
And what is still more funny yet
The little woolly worms can get

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Right through the hardest nut that grows
And they have nothing but a nose—
At least they have no teeth at all
As far as I can now recall.

We've left the farm and I regret
We missed these ripened nuts and yet
Our duty calls us loud and clear
To get an education here.
Into the schoolhouse now we go
And we are glad and yet I know
It certainly would please us more
If chestnuts grew beside the door.

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