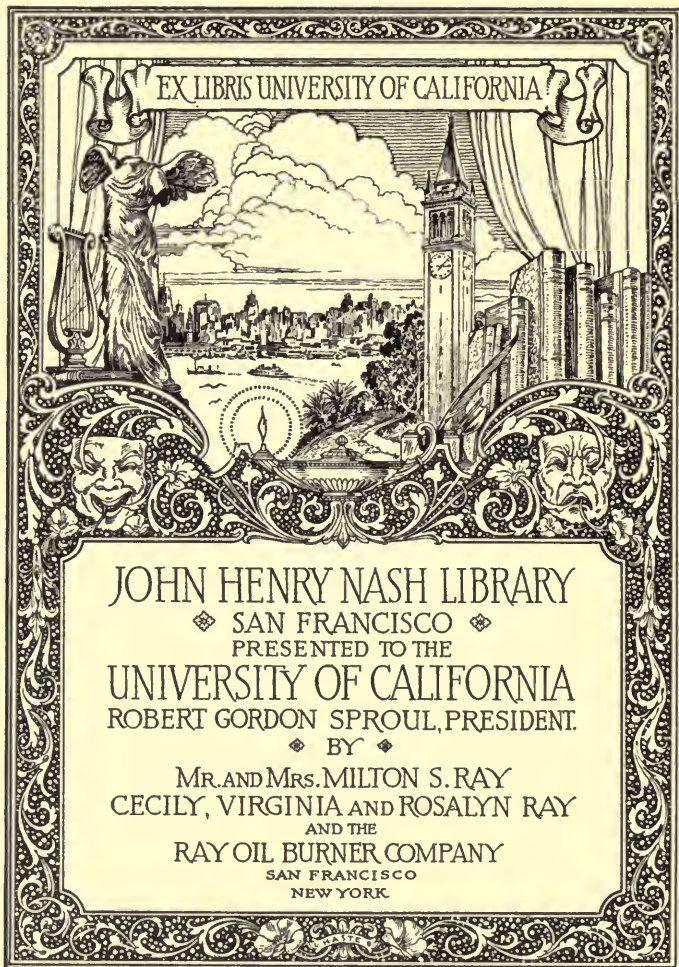


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LITTLE WILLIE BY EUGENE FIELD



SAN FRANCISCO
PRIVATELY PRINTED
1921

*This edition comprising two hundred copies was printed
by John Henry Nash of San Francisco for Louis A. Kohn
of Chicago in October, Nineteen Hundred & Twenty-one.*



WHEN Willie was a little boy
Not more than five or six,
Right constantly he did annoy
His mother with his tricks.
Yet not a picayune cared I
For what he did or said,
Unless, as happened frequently,
The rascal wet the bed.



LOSELY *he cuddled up to me
And put his hands in mine,
Till all at once I seemed to be
Afloat in seas of brine.
Sabean odors clogged the air
And filled my soul with dread,
Yet I could only grin and bear
When Willie wet the bed.*



*IS many times that rascal has
Soaked all the bedclothes through,
Whereat I'd feebly light the gas
And wonder what to do.
Yet there he lay, so peaceful like;
God bless his curly head,
I quite forgave the little tyke
For wetting of the bed.*



*H me! those happy days have flown,
My boy's a father too,
And little Willies of his own
Do what he used to do.
And I, ah, all that's left for me
Are dreams of pleasures fled;
Our boys ain't what they used to be
When Willie wet the bed.*



*AD I my choice no shapely dame
Should share my couch with me,
No amorous jade of tarnished fame,
No wench of high degree.
But I would choose and choose again
The little curly head,
Who cuddled close beside me when
He used to wet the bed.*

NOTE: *Mr. Field said that his wife took the boy away on a visit, and he found in their absence he could n't sleep till he got up and poured water on his nightshirt.*

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