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JINGLE
AND
JANGLE

W. S. LORD

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JINGLE AND JANGLE
AND OTHER VERSES

JINGLE AND JANGLE

AND OTHER VERSES FOR
AND ABOUT CHILDREN

BY

WILLIAM S. LORD

Author of "Blue and Gold"



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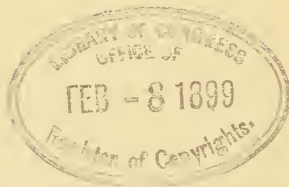
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LITTLE MOTHER-TWO-TIMES

*Little Mother-Two-Times, here's a song
for you,*

Bravest little woman, sister mine!

*There's a verse for Wilson, one for
Katharine, too,*

*(My! I think a daughter's pretty
fine!)*

*Here I'm sitting thinking of the days
gone by*

*When you wore a pinafore and
"braids";*

*How I used to tease you, how you used
to cry—*

Not a farthing then cared I for maids.

6 LITTLE MOTHER-TWO-TIMES

*Little Mother - Two - Times, what a
breathless race*

*Time is running! running! —where
are we?*

*Such a little while ago something in your
face*

*Changed, and lo! no longer you were
free.*

*Love then came and claimed you. You
were glad to go.*

Ashen skies all suddenly were blue.

*Such a cup of happiness as mortals
seldom know*

Then beagn to pour its gifts for you.

*Little Mother - Two - Times, the best,
most precious gift*

Of God, is that of motherhood divine;

LITTLE MOTHER-TWO-TIMES 7

*Clouds of pain and suffering it has the
pow'r to lift,*

And oh! the glory of it! see it shine!

*Oh, the little children! their small
impotent hands,*

*Their helplessness, their need of tender
love!*

*Yet they hold us stronger than the
strength of iron bands*

*And make the home on earth like that
above.*

JINGLE AND JANGLE

Jingle and Jangle are two little bells
That jingle and jangle all day;
And Jingle rings sweet, with an accent
that tells
Of lightsomeness, promise, and May;
Sunshine and sugar and honey and
bees,
Rainbows and butterflies' wings,
Bird-songs and brook-songs and wide-
spreading trees—
Of *joy* little Jingle-bell sings!

Jingle and Jangle are two little bells
That jingle and jangle all day;

And Jangle rings harsh, with an accent
that tells

Of darkness, foreboding, dismay;

Storm-cloud and vinegar, wormwood
and gall,

Toads' tongues and poisonous things,

Owlets and ravens, and dreams that
appall—

Of *woe* little Jangle-bell rings!

Yes, Jingle and Jangle are two little
bells

That jingle and jangle all day;

And the one that you listen to strangely
compels

Behavior that's sure to betray.

So listen to Jingle and be a good boy—

To Jangle, oh, never give ear,

And your days will be merry and bubble
with joy,

While sadness will never come near.

THE NAUGHTY BOY

Once I was naughty—ran away
To see what I could see;
It was a horrid poky day —
My mother punished me.

She didn't whip me—wisht she had,
So hard she left a mark!
She shut me up for being bad.
The room was big and dark.

It was so dark I thought I saw
Strange creatures' awful eyes,
And I was scared and couldn't draw
My breath for screams and cries.

I wisht something would gobble me,
And so I didn't stir;
Then I'd be *gone*, and mother, she—
Guess that would punish *her!*

THANKSGIVING

Upstairs in his trundle bed sleeps a
child,

Grown weary with hours of pleasure;
All day has his face like a sunbeam
smiled

Till he seemed a golden treasure;
And I have been watching his winsome
ways

And listening to his prattle,
While the joy I have felt would crown
the days

Of a soldier loving battle.

In his bed he lies sleeping; the tireless
feet

That busily nowhere travel,

And the hands, with a touch so passing
sweet

They knotty brows unravel,
Are at rest; and the voice, like a silvery
bell,

Or the babble of brooks aflowing,
For the time is still, and all is well,
With thanksgiving heavenward going.

Thank God for the little one given to
me;

For the child I would love so wisely
His hands should ever cleanly be,
His feet ever tread precisely,
And his voice be raised mankind to call
To God's and nature's glory,
Away from the darkness, dimming all,
To the light of ancient story.

THE PENNY

“If I have a penny, pray, what do I
do with it?”

Forthwith *you'd* be off to buy something
for you with it!

Now, isn't it funny how each penny goes,
And stranger than fiction that nobody
knows

What becomes of the penny!

The penny's not lost; it's still going
about,

And its nimbleness keeps it from
growing too stout;

It scarcely finds time to get warm in a
pocket
Before busy hands from its comfort
unlock it,
And then goes the penny.

Now over the counter, exchanged for a
cake;
Now into a box for the poor heathen's
sake;
Now dropped on the curb in exchange
for a paper
A penny oft causes a dime's worth of
"caper" —
Not a "cent", but a "penny".

There's money and money, but never a
"cent"
Except by a cold-blooded miser was
spent.

A "penny" they call it who spend it for
fun—

A penny! a penny! Now run for it!
run!—

Where *is* the penny?

THE BOX OF SAND

Just back of the house, right under a
tree,

Is a box that is full of silver sand—
Of sand that was washed by a saltless
sea

Till it rivals the white of a woman's
hand;

And out of that box of sand arise

Such wonderful sights as never before
Were spoken of lips or seen of eyes,
And all within sight of our back door.

There's an old pie-tin, with numberless
holes,

A shovel, a rake and an old tin can,
A block of wood, and oh, dear souls!

In the midst of these is a workingman;

He is busily making pies and cakes
And digging and sifting and playing
store,
The which a hole in his stomach makes,
Which he brings to fill at our back
door.

And all of the little folk living near
Have heard of this wonderful box of
sand,
So full of treasures their hearts hold
dear;
And in come trooping the busy band,
Till the sands have forgotten the cruel
sea
And the waves that lashed the
sounding shore,
For the flood of laughter, the bubbling
glee,
That ripple and break by our back
door.

THE CROW

“Caw! caw!” said a crow
From the limb of a tree.
Said Rowland: “I’d know
What he’s saying to me.”
Why, the crow says “caw!”
He’s expounding the law,
And a very great lawyer is he.

“Caw! caw!” I declare
They will make him a judge!
See, he made a point there
Out of nothing but fudge;
And now he cries “caw!”
(Oh, how he *can* jaw!)
You can tell by his air he’ll not
budge.

There's a cut to his clothes
That gives him a hold
Upon clients he loathes
Except for their gold;
And the clerical black
That covers his back
Has made him a fortune, I'm told.

And if you would be
Of an equal renown
Then pattern by he
And you'll capture the town.
Look wise and say "caw!"
And your mother-in-law
Would mistake your old hat for a
crown.

THREE

One! Two! Three!
Now where can the baby be?
Only the briefest while ago
We went into ecstasies over his "crow."
Then he was creeping about the floor,
And into our hearts he went all four!
If then we had lost him, what had we
 done
In the wonderful year of One!

One! Two! Three!
What a kidnaper Time can be!
He's stolen my little child away
That spoke my name but yesterday.

“Take all that I have of silver and gold,
And give me again little Two-Years-
Old”—

Such reward I had offered to you, and
to you,

In the beautiful year of Two.

One! Two! Three!

'Tis God's sweet mystery!

Time's not a thief, but a bringer of joy,
And has doubled my blessings in this
dear boy.

Oh, give me to love him, and do not
refuse,

Kind Fortune, what's needed for
stockings and shoes!

To love him in wisdom, that he may
love me

Long years that may follow year Three!

THE SONG OF THE CLOCK

“Tick-tock! tick-tock!”

Sayeth the clock.

“And time is a circle and knoweth no
end:

With hands ever busy, with face ever
bright,

I never shall fail thee by day or by
night.

An arm to uphold thee, an arm to
defend,

You ever shall find me your friend,
your friend.”

“Tick-tock! tick-tock!”

Sayeth the clock.

“The minutes I measure are not of a
size:

THE SONG OF THE CLOCK 27

The glad ones shall linger, the sad
ones shall haste,

But never a moment of all shall I
waste;

And ever and ever, whatever the skies,
Grows shorter the journey to paradise.”

HOORAY FOR CHRISTMAS

Hooray for Christmas! Seen my sled?
The best one ever any boy hed!
She's good for coastin' down the hill,
For we've just tried her — me and Bill.
And Bill's a big boy and he knows
A proper sled: he says mine "goes."

You're right, she does go! Just to-day
I've made three horses run away!
But hitchin' makes the drivers mad!
I like to do it. Guess I'm bad,
For now the presents are undone
I'm thinkin' of pernicious fun.

I'm plannin' some delayed delights
As a reward for "stayin' in nights;"
The sugar bowl I'll fill with rice
To compensate for "bein' nice,"
And my old drum I'll beat to kill
The pain contracted "keepin' still."

Hooray for Christmas! Once a year
It pays to act a little "queer;"
To keep the woodshed door shut tight;
To kiss the family "good night";
But — *excuse* me! There's Deacon
Price,
Who sprinkled ashes on our ice!

ROWLAND'S VIEW

When I see other children swing,
 No matter how they try,
They never seem, by leagues and
 leagues,
 To swing so high as I.

When I go swinging, 'tis so strange!
 A little push will do,
And I go sailing in the sky —
 My feet stick through the blue.

A FIRST VALENTINE

Mistress Elizabeth, sweetheart mine,
Hath never yet looked on a valentine;
At this you will wonder because her eyes
Are blue as the bluest of June's fair
 skies,
And her cheeks are so blushing ripe
 and so round
You will vow that a sweeter pair could
 not be found.

Mistress Elizabeth, sweetheart mine,
Will rumple and crumple this valentine,
The first of a series fond lovers will
 send,
Declaring devotion that knoweth no
 end.

She careth so little—alas! and ah me!
But such cold indifference long cannot
be.

To Mistress Elizabeth, sweetheart mine,
My heart goes forth with this valentine.
Some day and forever I'd have her to
know,
However her lovers may come or may
go,
There is one who hath loved her, who
loveth her still,
And thus doth he sign himself:
Uncle Will.

THE ORB OF DAY
AND DOROTHY

Dorothy Palmer, I love you,
Your other beau's away;
Here are three big kisses—just a few
In honor of the day.

St. Valentine is such a rogue—
He says such silly things;
His compliments just now in vogue
Were old these fifty springs.

I'll not repeat one—no, not one!
I'll say but only this:
The sun for all the race he'd run
Would stop to get your kiss.

STRAWBERRIES

This is the season of the year
When woods are green and skies are
clear.

With my mamma each morn I go
A-riding where the strawberries grow.

In little boxes, piled up high
Like building blocks, they blushing lie.
And oh, believe me those who can!
The gardener is the grocery man.

Then all about the town we ride—
“Good morn! Good morn!” on every
side.

And we are home again so soon
I take a nap and then 'tis noon!

For luncheon is the table spread
And I have milk and buttered bread.
Says my mamma, with kisses two:
“No strawberries are so good as you.”

DREAM AND SNOWFLAKE

Dear little boy, my little boy,
 So sleepy, so sleepy.
See the soft descending snow
Glancing, dancing to and fro
Just to pleasure thee, I know,
Dear little boy, my little boy,
 So sleepy, so sleepy.

Dear little boy, my little boy,
 So sleepy, so sleepy,
Close thine eyes. Dost thou not see
Visions fair as fair can be?
They are dreams come down to thee,
Dear little boy, my little boy,
 So sleepy, so sleepy.

Dear little boy, my little boy,

So sleepy, so sleepy.

Dreams and snowflakes downward fly;

Soon, too soon, they bid good-by,

Kiss the earth and mount the sky.

Dear little boy, my little boy,

So sleepy, so sleepy.

BED-TIME

Just a little while ago,
When I went up to bed,
No lamp was lit the way to show
For fear I'd bump my head:
And after tea outdoors I'd run;
The sky was still so bright
I'd only know the day was done
When mother called "Good-night."

Now the lamps are lit for tea
And stars are in the sky;
The stair and hall are bright for me
And bed-time's always nigh;
For after tea I stay within
And find such dear delight
In picture-books, I feel like sin
When mother calls "Good-night."

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD

A four-year-old's a baby,
 Whatever you do or say.
You may rig him out in a roundabout
 And teach him the time of day;
As his muscles grow he will bluster and
 blow
 Till you think him an army of men;
Until short of breath you may "love
 him to death,"
 And declare, "he's his father again,"
But, whether you will, he's a baby still,
 Whatever you do or say.

A four-year-old's a baby,
 Whatever you do or say.
He may run and shout and want to
 play out
 In the yard the livelong day;

He may put on his hat and his coat and
all that

And button his shoes with a hook;

He may swagger and strut and pretend
to be, but,

No matter how big he may look,
He's a baby still, whether you will,
Whatever you do or say.

A four-year-old's a baby,

Whatever you do or say

You may call him a man, as a mother
can,

Seventy times a day;

If he cries when he's hurt, all covered
with dirt

You'll gather him up in your arms,
Nor kisses refuse to cover the bruise

And quiet his tearful alarms,

For, whether you will, he's a baby still,
Whatever you do or say.

IN FAIRYLAND

An afternoon in fairyland!

Have you known such delight?
Have you beheld a Brownie band
Beneath a moonbeam's light?
Oh, I have seen a fairy queen
A-hiding in a posie,
And watched her fays to my amaze
Play ring around the rosie.

I took a little hand in mine
And speedily we fled;
The land of prose in which you pine
To us was wholly dead.
Dear fairyland was near at hand
And we were, oh, so cosy!
A crooked stair soon brought us there
With ring around the rosie.

What happiness to see again
With morn's unclouded eyes!
The things we overlook as men
Would make a paradise.
With you, my lad, my heart is glad,
The joy you give my crown is!
Bless Palmer Cox whose art unlocks
The secrets of the Brownies!

WAITING FOR SNOW

“To-morrow will it snow, mamma?

To-morrow will it snow?”

“It comes from God, my eager child;

Praise Him, we may not know.”

“And did it snow last night, mamma?

And did it snow last night?”

“Whate'er He sends, my precious one,

Praise Him with all thy might.”

“To-morrow will it snow, mamma?

To-morrow will it snow?”

“Full soon will winter come, mine own,

And spring we may not know.”

“And did it snow last night, mamma?

And did it snow last night?”

“And if it did, my darling child,

’T would make thy pathway white.”

A LITTLE SHAVER

Sometimes a little shaver comes
When I'm about to shave
And begs for "shabing" on his face
Upturned so sweet and grave.
He wants a towel round his neck,
A mirror — bless his life!
"A cup and brush and razor" — What!
He gets a paper knife.

And there he'll stand and soberly
Attack, and nothing loath,
What summers four have scattered o'er
His face of stubborn growth.
And while he works, his soapy face
Is so surpassing grave,
I smile within, then smile without,
And cut me as I shave.

WHEN IT RAINS

When it rains it seems as though
The tiresome day would never go.
Indoor games and indoor toys
Are more for girls 'n they are for boys.
Not much fun for me to play
In the house the livelong day,
Building blocks and 'tending store—
When it rains it 's such a bore!

When it rains, my mother says,
The birds enjoy it anyways.
Grass and trees and all such things
As have their roots, or have their wings,
Suffer for the lack of rain;
Boys, they, too, can suffer pain!
I'd enjoy it same as they
If outdoors she'd let me play.

When it rains she's 'fraid I'll get
Shoes and stockings soaking wet.
Like to take them off and go
Paddling round, but she says, No.
See the postman! He don't care.
Walks in water everywhere!
Guess I'll play it's raining here.
Want a letter, mother, dear?

THE WONDERFUL JAR

Here's a wonderful jar of Japanese
ware,

It is yellow, and daisies of white
Are strewn on its sides, now here and
now there,

Wherever 'tis turned to the light;
The stems are of gold I'd have you
behold

And gold are the leaves just as well —
But enough of this wonderful jar has
been told

And now of its contents I'll tell.

I'll not lift the lid, for beneath it are hid

Such fabulous treasures as these:
The leaves of a plant from the land of
Ah Sid;

Some gold that was coined by bees;

Some jewels like glass that were found
in the grass,

And some lace of the filmiest weave—
A queen, had she lost it, might well cry,
“Alas!

Misfortune hath caused me to grieve.”

In this jar there is silk and a pearl,
white as milk,—

A monarch-friend gave them to me
Who has riches too great for my pen to
relate;

Of course I refer to King C.

And then there's a seed that's a marvel,
indeed,

Just plant it and see what 'twill do!
The fruit on the tree though single it be
Is always the equal of two!

My wonderful jar, what a treasure you
are!

What secrets you guardedly keep!

Altho' you're so small if I should tell all,
That you hold 'twould put Rowland
to sleep:

For, guessing all day would cease to be
play,

Little boys grow weary so soon!
So I'll carefully lift you and hide you
away

As the daylight has hidden the moon.

MARTHA GOING FISHING

Beware, ye fishes, Martha comes!

She'll offer tempting bait,
And be it angleworms or crumbs,

Be not too eager — wait!

Little fishes, not for you

She angles— this I know;

Only to-day I heard her say:

“For great big fish I go!”

Ah! there she goes with hook and line

And nurse to hold her in;

For when she sees the water shine

On flapping tail and fin

Her wild delight will know no bounds,

She'll laugh and clap her hands;

Her sparkling eyes will shame the prize

Which brother William lands.

Little Mistress Martha Clow,
In years to come, what then?
Is this a fair example how
Some day you'll fish for men?
Happy the victim of your art,
A peerless, blameless knight—
May he be thine steadfast to shine
And give thy soul delight!

MARTHA'S COOKIES

The wondrous cookies Martha makes,
The pies and cakes and things,
Would tempt one to enjoy the ills
That indigestion brings.
Such goodness from such simple store
Does Martha Clow concoct
It is not safe the pantry door
To leave an hour unlocked.

I've seen her take a scoop of sand
(It should not be too dry)
And roll it on the molding board
And presently 'tis — pie!
She does not fuss with draughts and
flues,
Her oven quickly bakes,
And consequently "bake day blues"
Do not affect her cakes.

But Martha's cookies! I declare
Them more than simply "good";
For just a dozen I'd exchange
A ton of angels' food!
No baker's wares with them compete;
No matron's pantry shelf;
You want the more the more you eat—
I've eaten six myself!

IN MEMORIAM—E. F.

I

I have not come
With fife and drum
 To sound the praise of him
Who now lies low,
But only so
 To bring one fragrant limb
Of that sweet tree
Of love that he
 Made grow in every heart;
To drop a tear
Upon his bier
 Before his dust depart.

II

He sleeps whose loving lullabies
Have closed to pleasant dreams,
In every land, the children's eyes.
He sleeps, he sleeps the long last
sleep.
How past belief it seems,
This loss that men and women weep!
He sleeps; no more his voice we'll
hear;
Its deep-toned tenderness
Making the heart give up a tear.
He sleeps whose songs shall sing for
aye
All loving hearts to bless;
This is the morning of his day.

III

My child, do you know your lover is
dead?

That the friend of all children lies
low?

Last night he was living, when you
went to bed,

And now—what is choking me so?

An angel came down from the precincts
of heaven,

And finding a pure white soul

She folded it close to her breast snow-
driven

And hurried away to its goal.

Up there, little child, he'll have
tenderest care;

He'll be rocked in a cradle like you;
And when he awakes his dreams he
will share

With his own dear Little Boy Blue.

A child again, he will hear once more
The voice his childhood knew;
His mother's voice — O my child, adore
The mother that blesses you!

But let us not grieve because it is so;
The heart that we loved has left
A sunshine of song—let us singing go
Forgetting that we are bereft.

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