


OUT TO  
OLD AUNT MARY'S



JAMES  
WHITCOMB  
RILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY



OUT TO OLD  
AUNT MARY'S



JAMES WHITCOMB  
RILEY



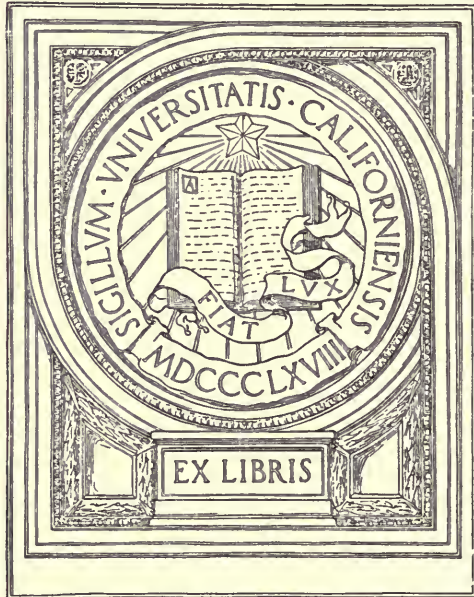
WITH STUDIES  
FROM NATURE



HOWARD CHANDLER  
CHRISTY



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Out to Old Aunt Mary's











# Out to Old Aunt Mary's

By  
James Whitcomb Riley

Drawings by  
Howard Chandler Christy

Decorations by  
Margaret Armstrong

The Bobbs-Merrill Company  
Indianapolis

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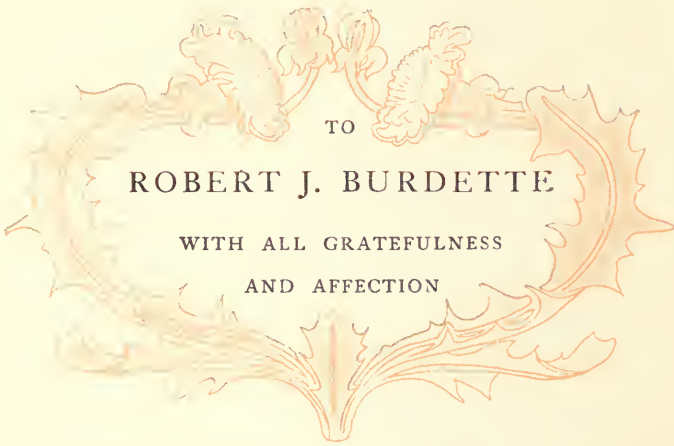
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TO

ROBERT J. BURDETTE

WITH ALL GRATEFULNESS

AND AFFECTION

348770


Sup: 4/2/1904






To Aunt Mary

*YOU who have journeyed the wide world through—  
Knowing the Old World as the New,—  
Cruise or pilgrimage or shrine,  
Found you ever so all-divine  
A haven as first was yours and mine  
Out to old Aunt Mary's?*







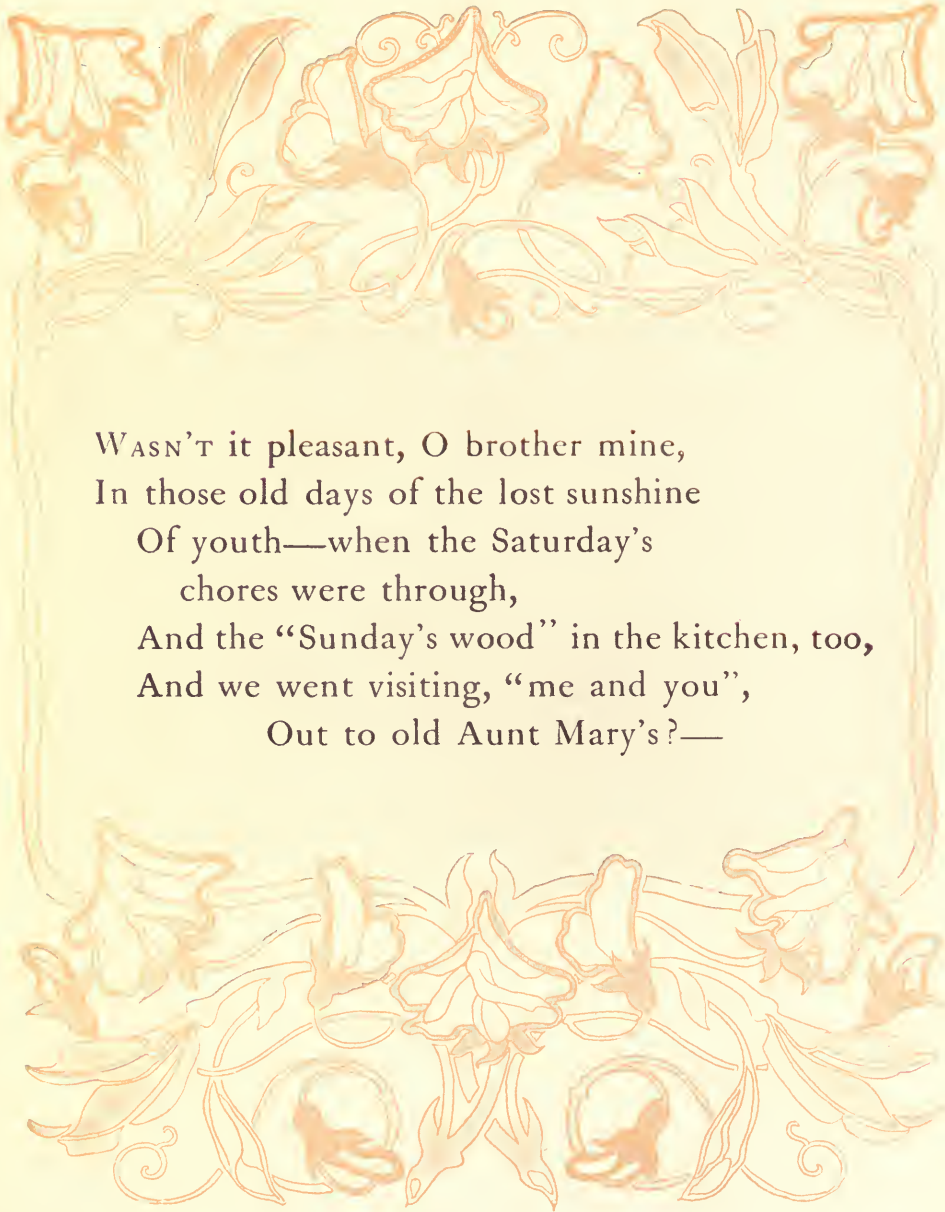
A decorative orange wreath with a central bee illustration. The wreath is composed of stylized leaves and branches, forming an oval shape. In the center of the wreath, there is a detailed illustration of a bee, facing forward. The entire design is rendered in a light orange or sepia tone.

Out to Old Aunt Mary's





In those old days of the lost sunshine  
Of youth



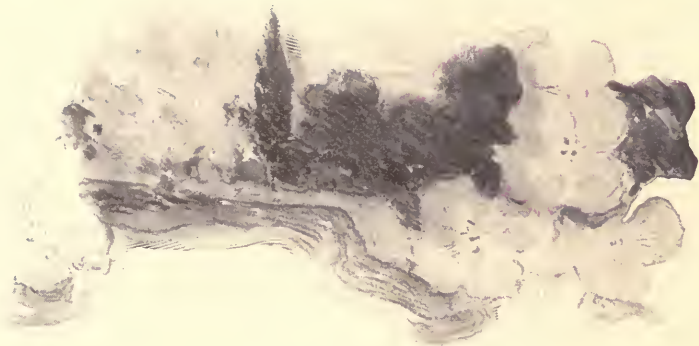
WASN'T it pleasant, O brother mine,  
In those old days of the lost sunshine  
Of youth—when the Saturday's  
chores were through,  
And the "Sunday's wood" in the kitchen, too,  
And we went visiting, "me and you",  
Out to old Aunt Mary's?—



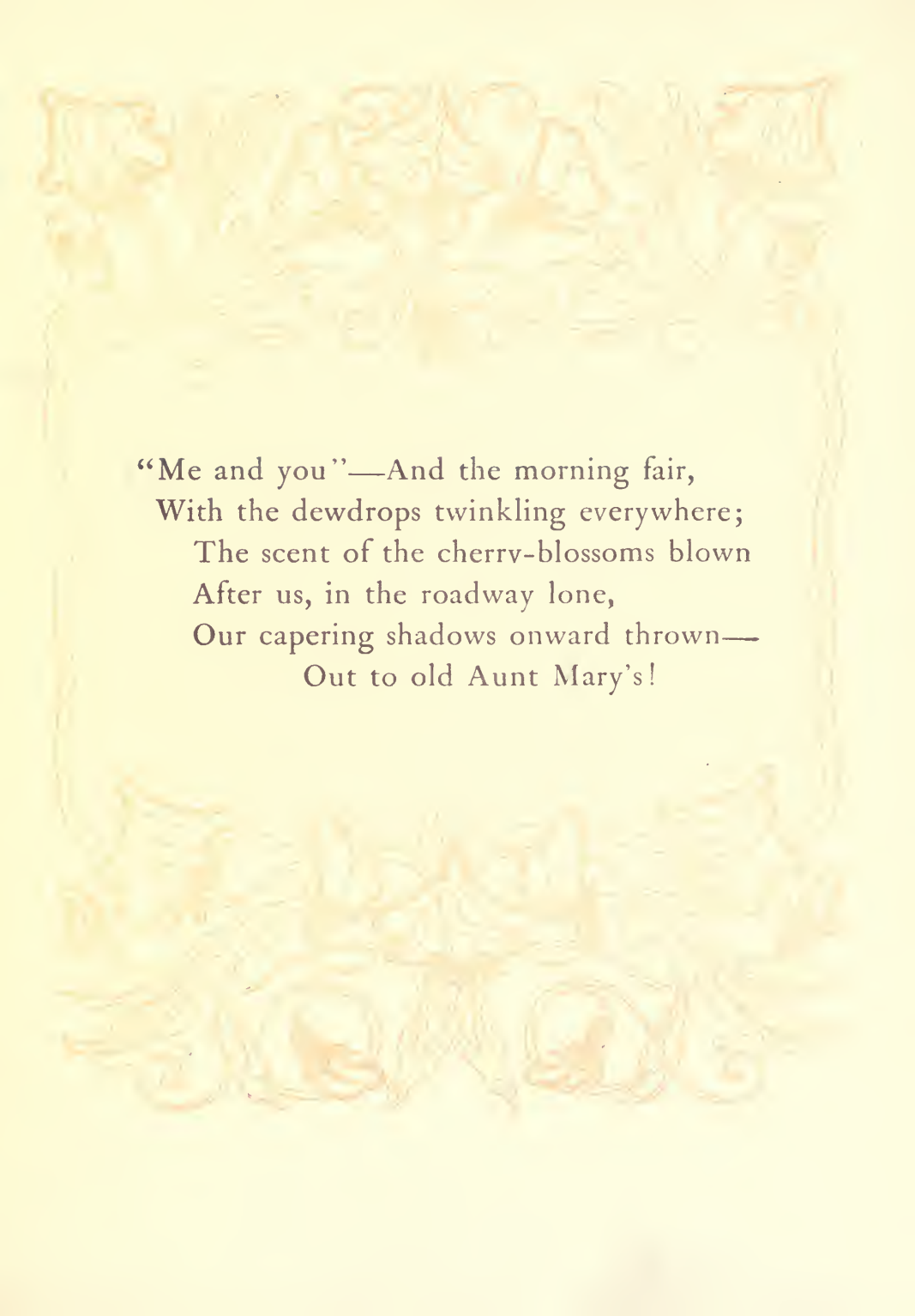


Howard Chandler Christy 1904





The scent of the cherry-blossoms blown  
After us, in the roadway lone



“Me and you”—And the morning fair,  
With the dewdrops twinkling everywhere;  
The scent of the cherrv-blossoms blown  
After us, in the roadway lone,  
Our capering shadows onward thrown—  
Out to old Aunt Mary’s!



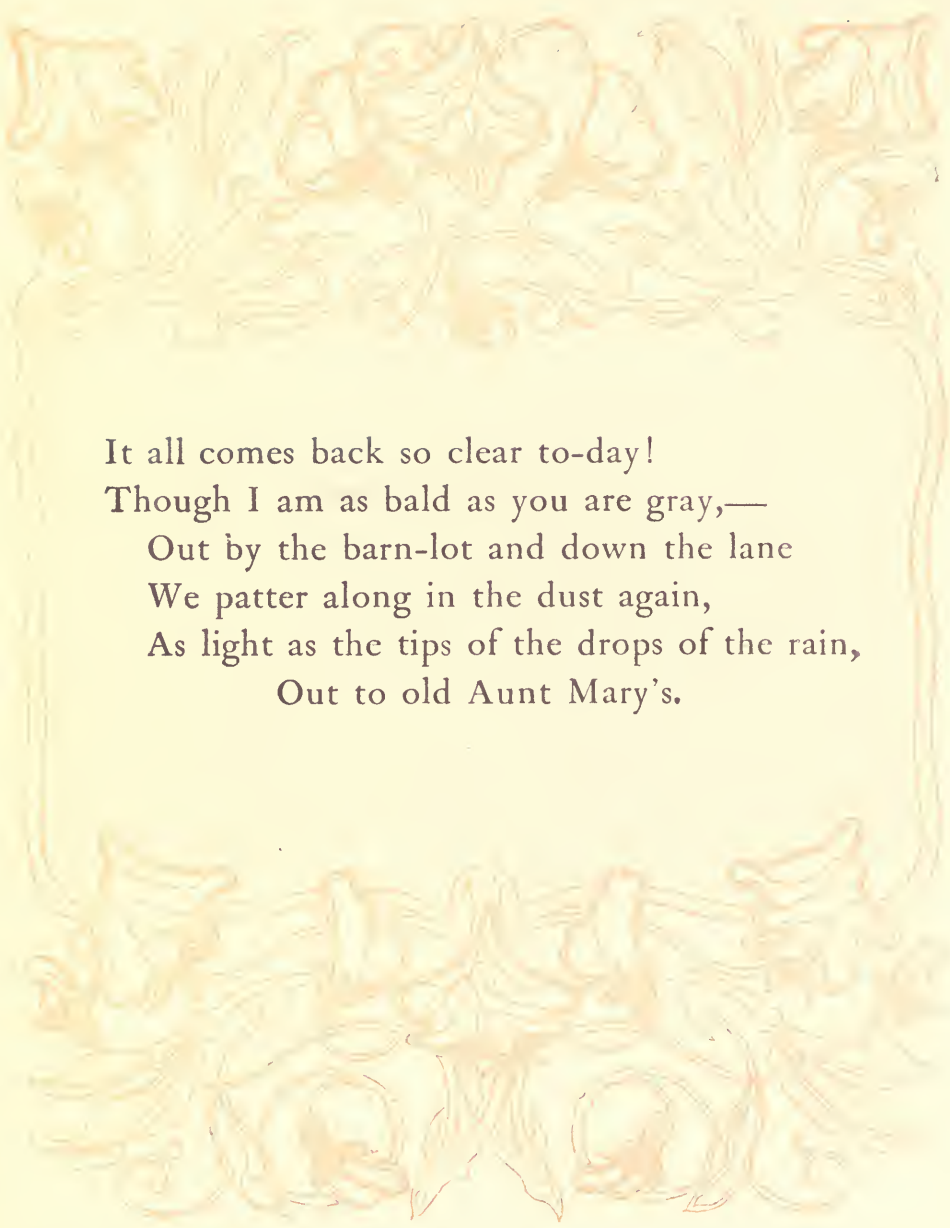
—MAGNET CHILDREN CHRISTMAS 1945







Out by the barn-lot and down the lane  
We patter along in the dust again



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.



Charles Christ 1911

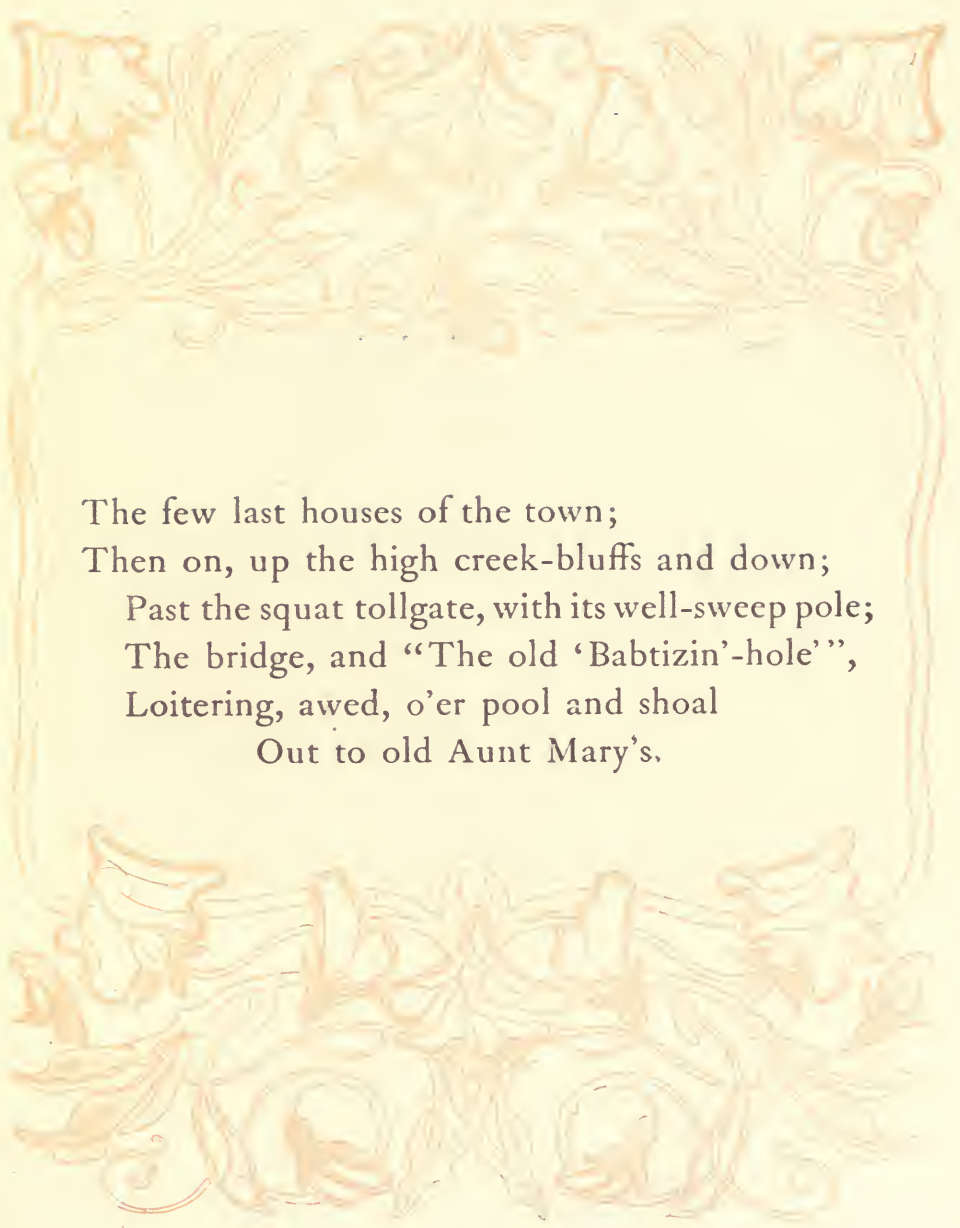






Loitering, awed, o'er pool and shoal,  
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

g.c.c.



The few last houses of the town;  
Then on, up the high creek-bluffs and down;  
Past the squat tollgate, with its well-sweep pole;  
The bridge, and "The old 'Babtizin'-hole",  
Loitering, awed, o'er pool and shoal  
Out to old Aunt Mary's.



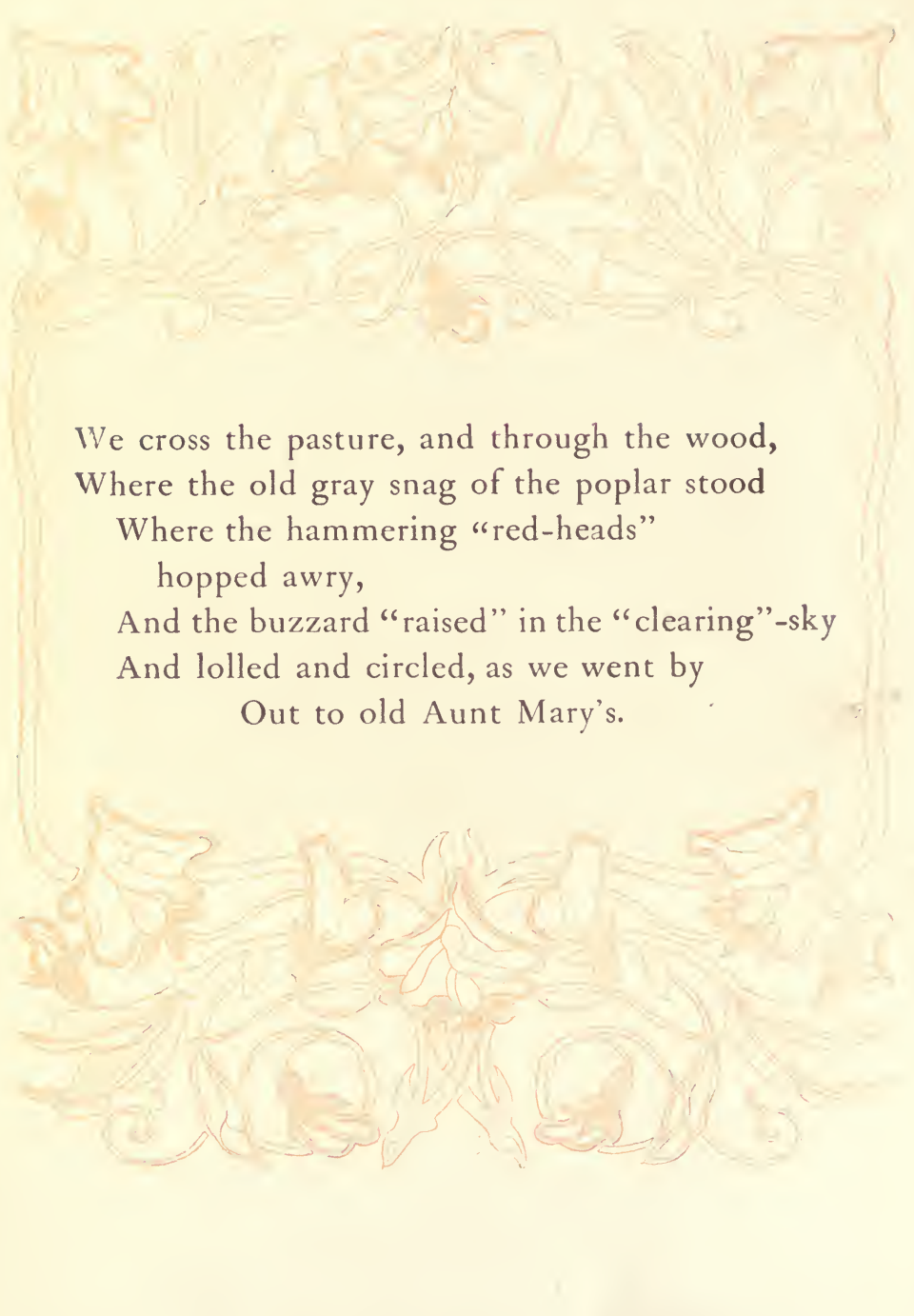
Edward Clader Christy 1889



Where the hammering "red-heads"  
hopped awry







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.



Edward Chadler Lintox - 1904









Or, stayed by the glint of the redbird's wings,  
Or the glitter of song that the bluebird sings.





Or, stayed by the glint of the redbird's wings,  
Or the glitter of song that the bluebird sings,  
All hushed we feign to strike strange trails,  
As the "big braves" do in the Indian tales,  
Till again our real quest lags and fails—  
Out to old Aunt Mary's.—



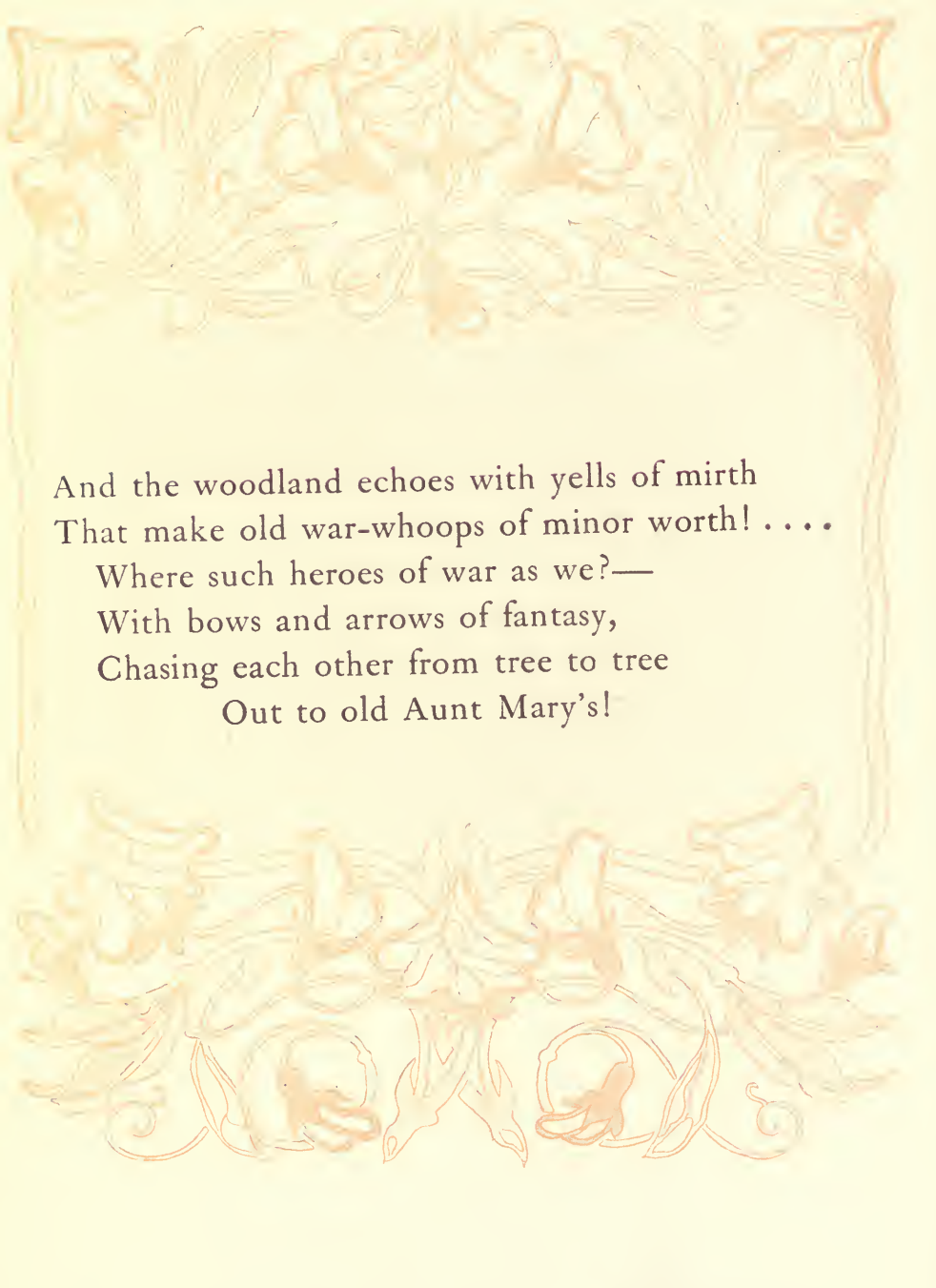






Chasing each other from tree to tree  
Out to old Aunt Mary's





And the woodland echoes with yells of mirth  
That make old war-whoops of minor worth! . . . .

Where such heroes of war as we?—  
With bows and arrows of fantasy,  
Chasing each other from tree to tree  
Out to old Aunt Mary's!



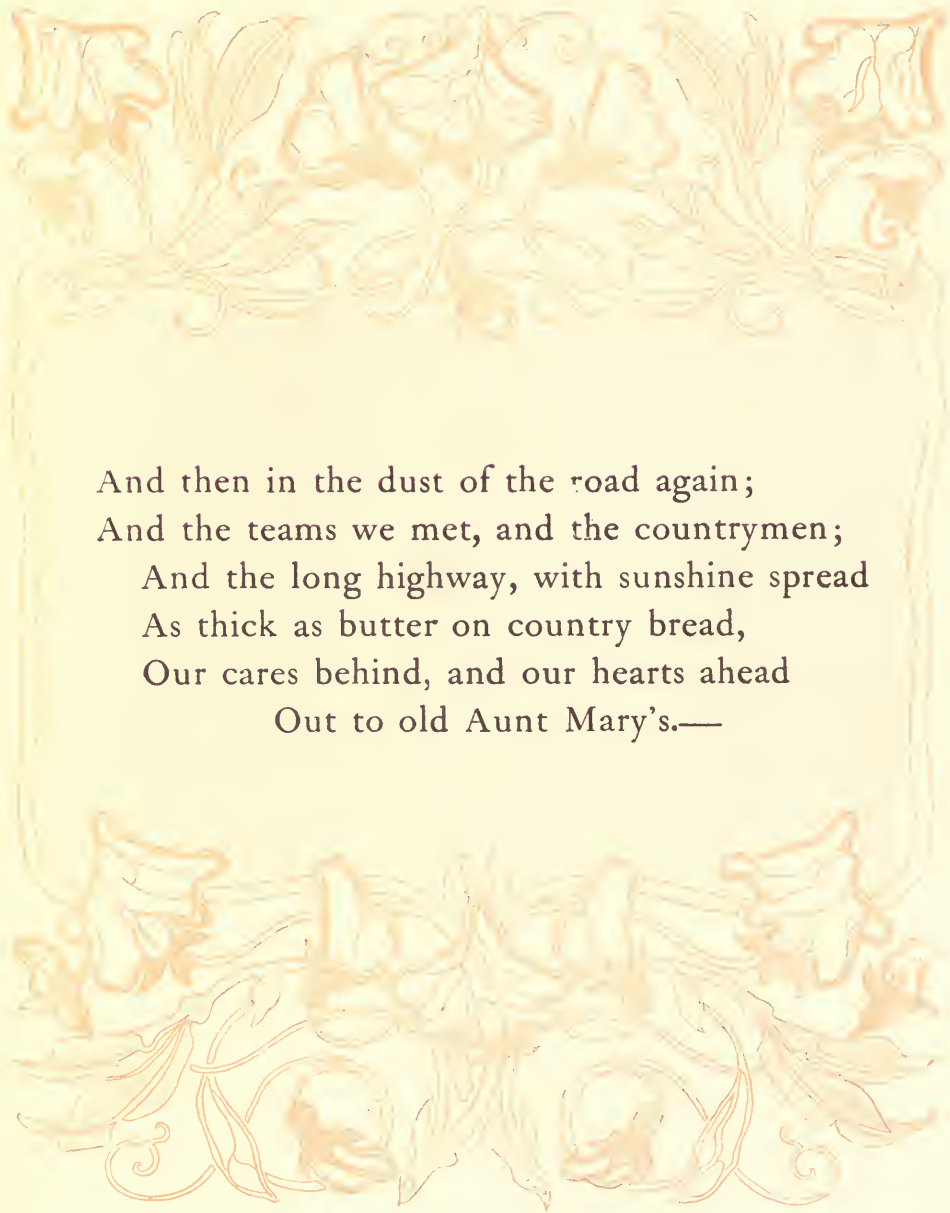


Robert Chandler Christy 1888





Our cares behind, and our hearts ahead  
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

A decorative border in a light orange or sepia tone, featuring intricate floral and scrollwork patterns that frame the central text.

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



Edward Howells Christy 1901

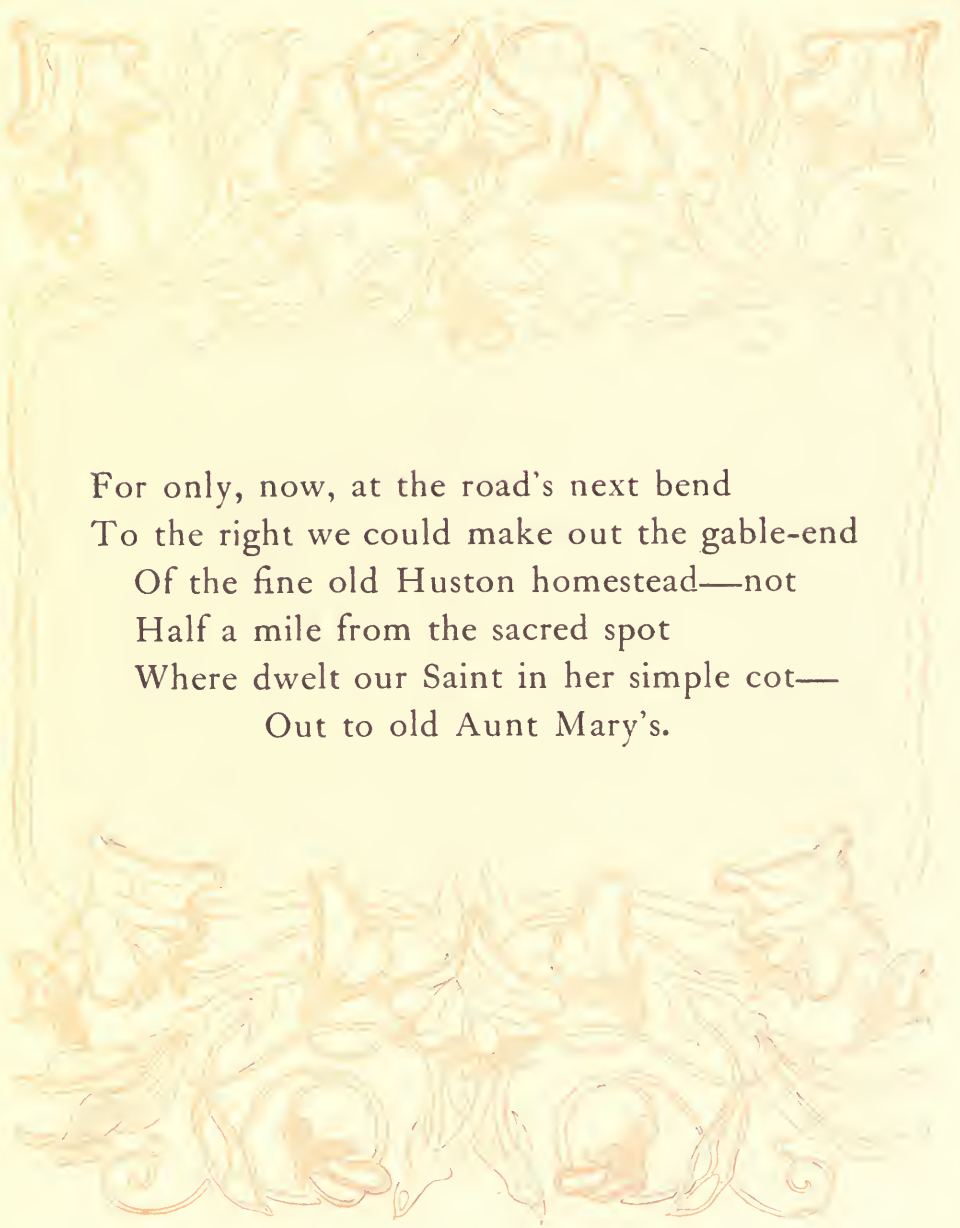






Where dwelt our Saint in her simple cot—  
Out to old Aunt Mary's





For only, now, at the road's next bend  
To the right we could make out the gable-end  
Of the fine old Huston homestead—not  
Half a mile from the sacred spot  
Where dwelt our Saint in her simple cot—  
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

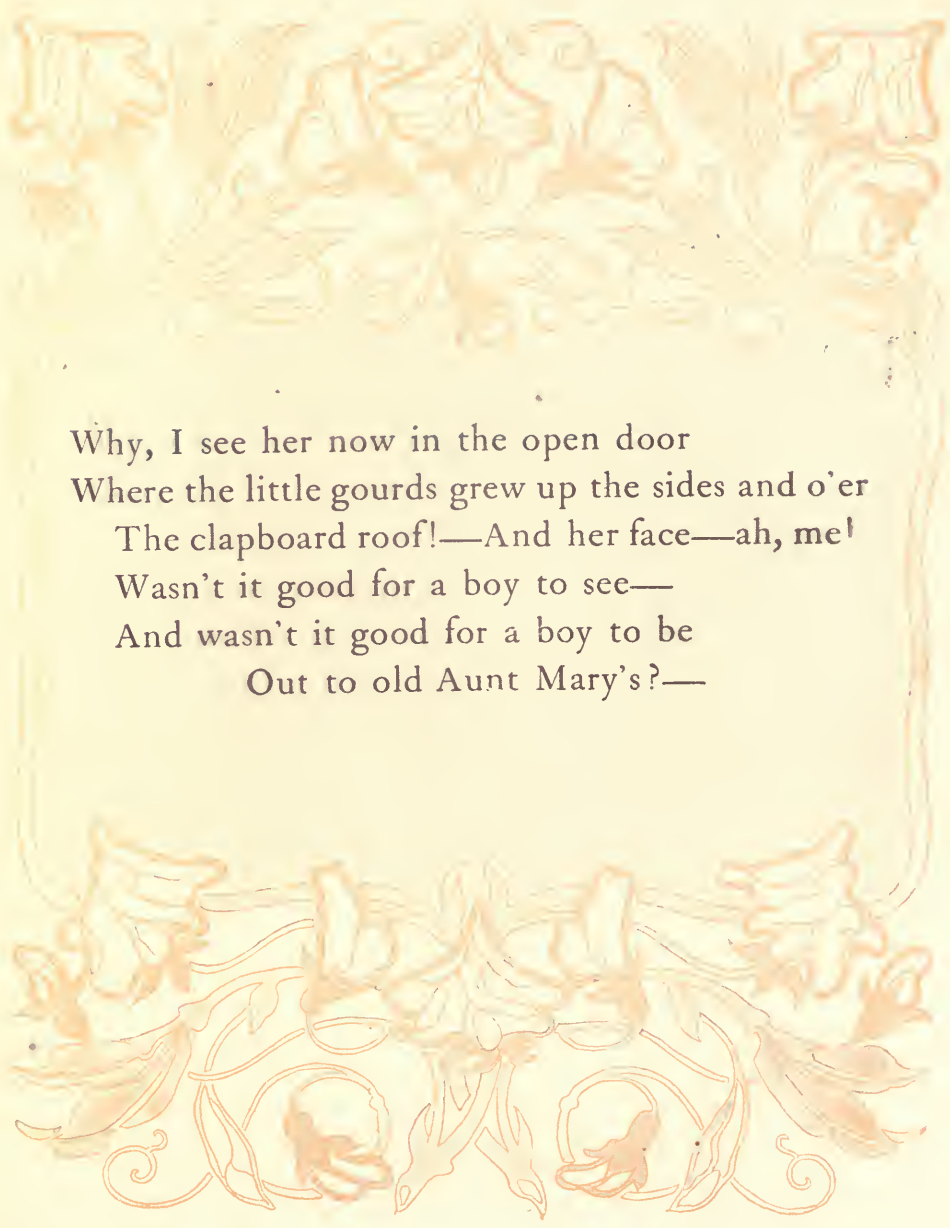


Edward Chandler Cressy, 1904





And wasn't it good for a boy to be  
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?—



— Howard Chandler Christy

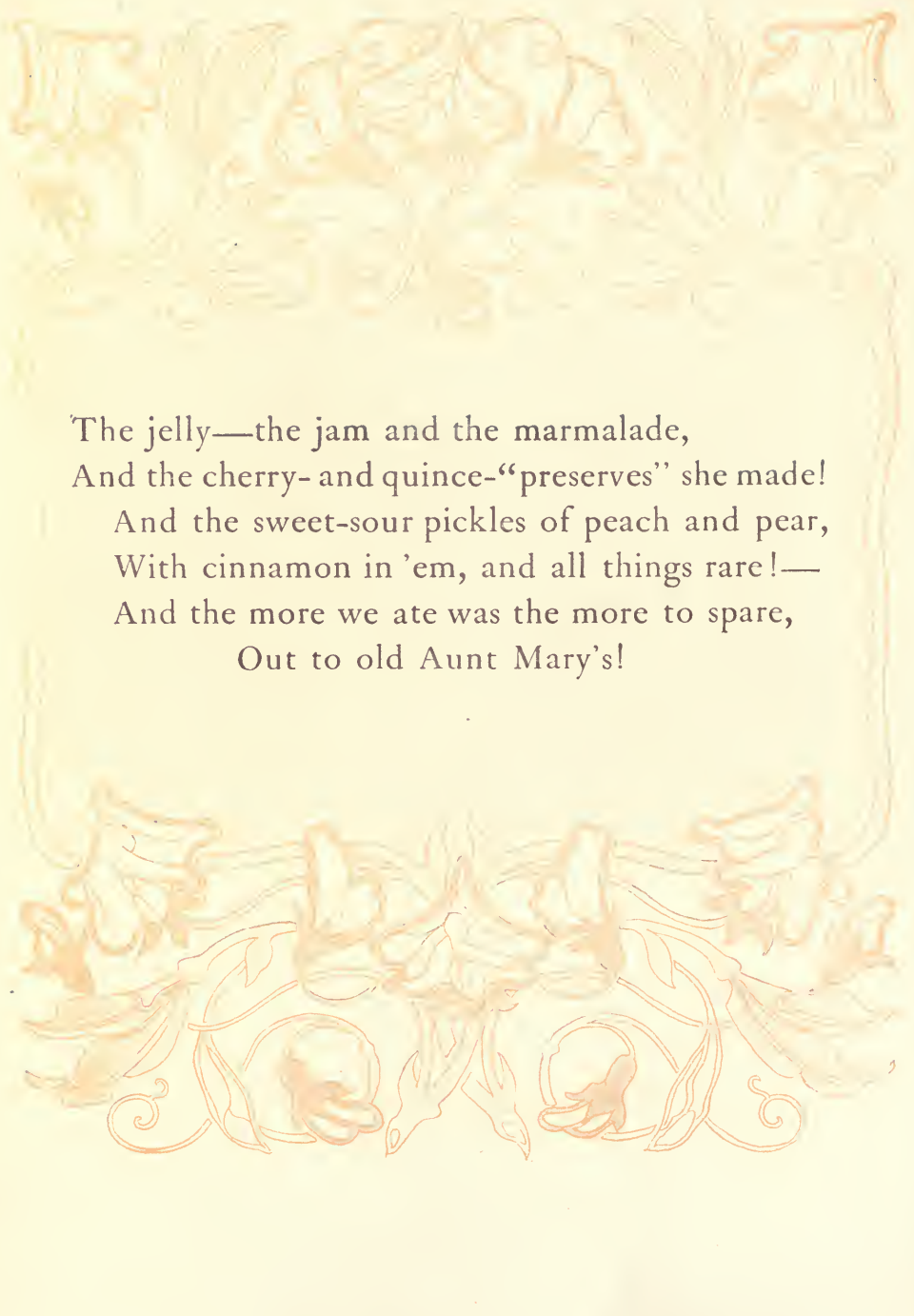






The jelly—the jam and the marmalade,  
And the cherry- and quince-“preserves” she made



A decorative border in a light orange or tan color frames the page. It features intricate floral and fruit designs, including what appears to be a large flower at the top center, smaller flowers and leaves on the sides, and a row of fruit-like shapes at the bottom. The style is reminiscent of early 20th-century book illustrations.

The jelly—the jam and the marmalade,  
And the cherry- and quince-“preserves” she made!  
And the sweet-sour pickles of peach and pear,  
With cinnamon in 'em, and all things rare!—  
And the more we ate was the more to spare,  
Out to old Aunt Mary's!

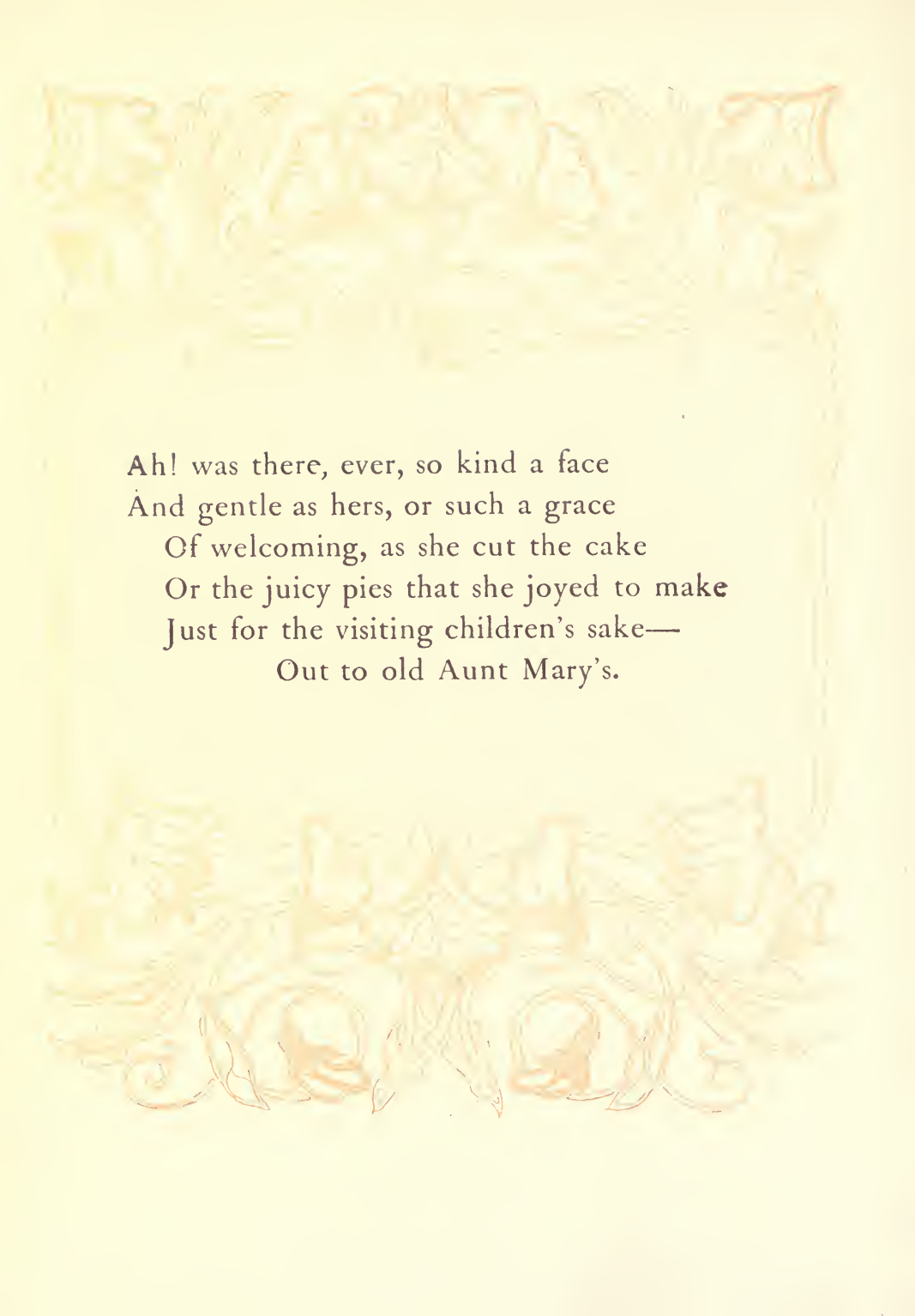


— Chandler Christy 1909





Just for the visiting children's sake—  
Out to old Aunt Mary's



Ah! was there, ever, so kind a face  
And gentle as hers, or such a grace  
Of welcoming, as she cut the cake  
Or the juicy pies that she joyed to make  
Just for the visiting children's sake—  
Out to old Aunt Mary's.



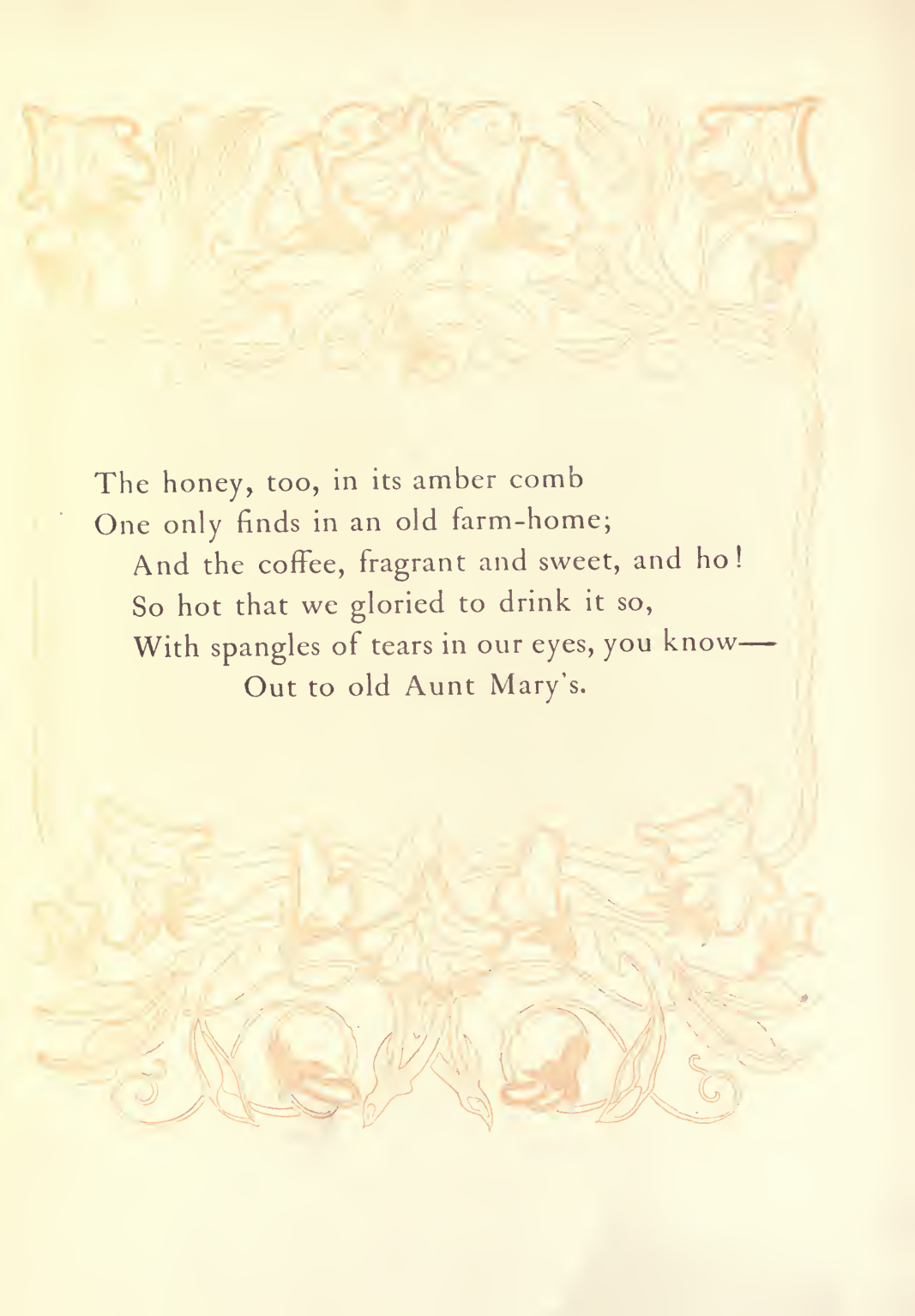


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The honey, too, in its amber comb  
One only finds in an old farm-home



The honey, too, in its amber comb  
One only finds in an old farm-home;  
And the coffee, fragrant and sweet, and ho!  
So hot that we gloried to drink it so,  
With spangles of tears in our eyes, you know—  
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

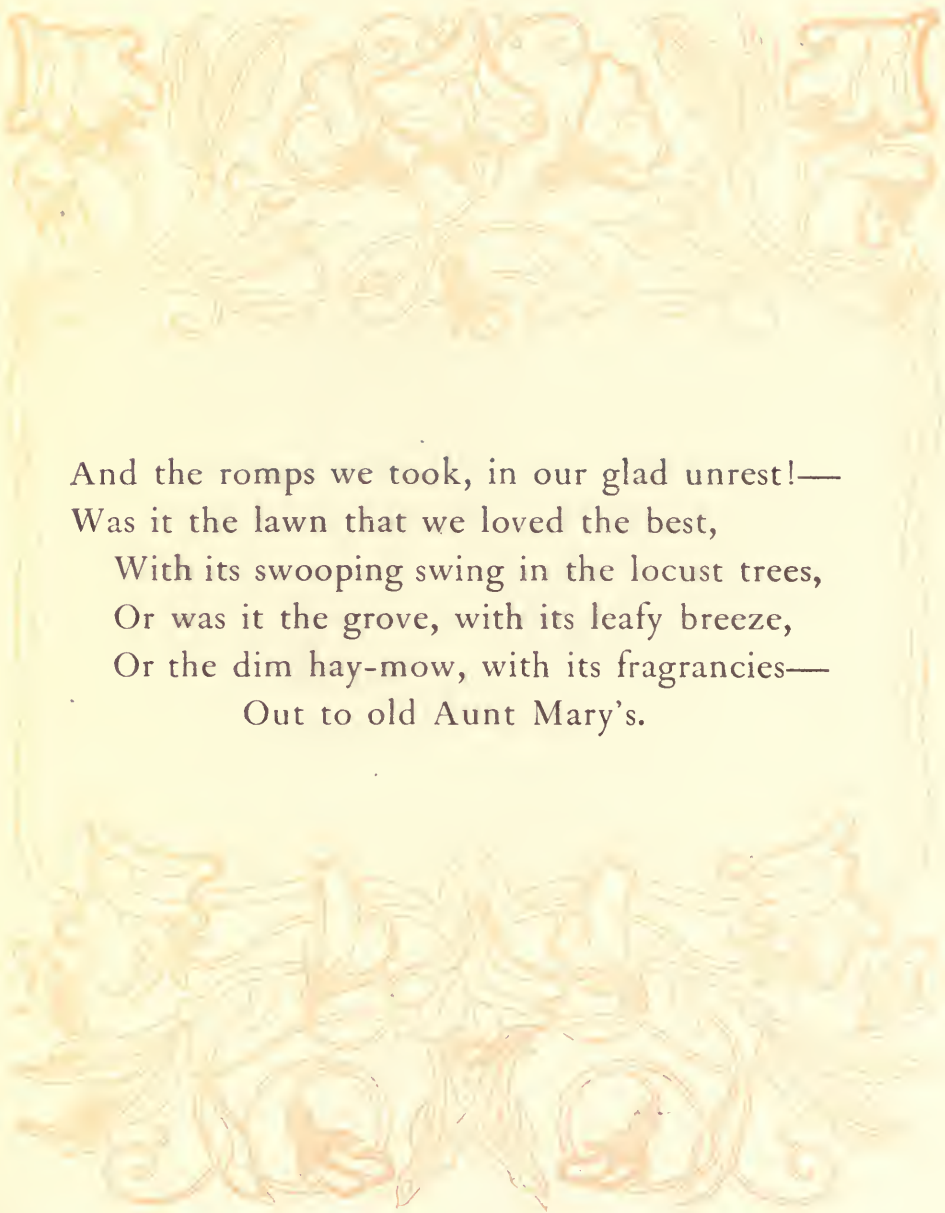








Or was it the grove, with its leafy breeze,  
Or the dim hay-mow, with its fragrances



And the romps we took, in our glad unrest!—  
Was it the lawn that we loved the best,  
    With its swooping swing in the locust trees,  
Or was it the grove, with its leafy breeze,  
Or the dim hay-mow, with its fragrances—  
    Out to old Aunt Mary's.




—Edward Chandle Chissey 1909.




Laughed all day as it slowly poured  
Over the dam by the old mill-ford







Far fields, bottom-lands, creek-banks—all,  
We ranged at will.—Where the waterfall  
    Laughed all day as it slowly poured  
Over the dam by the old mill-ford,  
While the tail-race writhed,  
    and the mill-wheel roared—  
        Out to old Aunt Mary's.

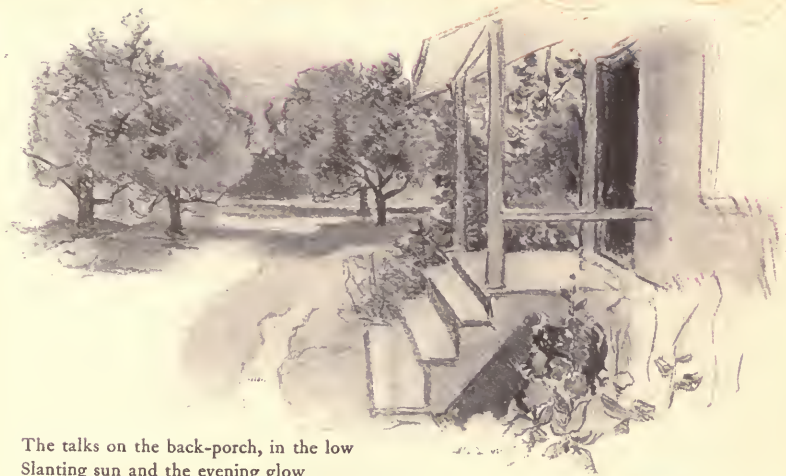







Howard Chandler Christy 1899






The talks on the back-porch, in the low  
Slanting sun and the evening glow



But home, with Aunty in nearer call,  
That was the best place, after all!—  
The talks on the back-porch, in the low  
Slanting sun and the evening glow,  
With the voice of counsel that touched us so,  
Out to old Aunt Mary's.













And then, in the garden—near the side  
Where the bee-hives were and the path was wide.



And then, in the garden—near the side  
Where the bee-hives were and the path was wide,—  
The apple-house—like a fairy cell—  
With the little square door we knew so well,  
And the wealth inside  
but our tongues could tell—  
Out to old Aunt Mary's.





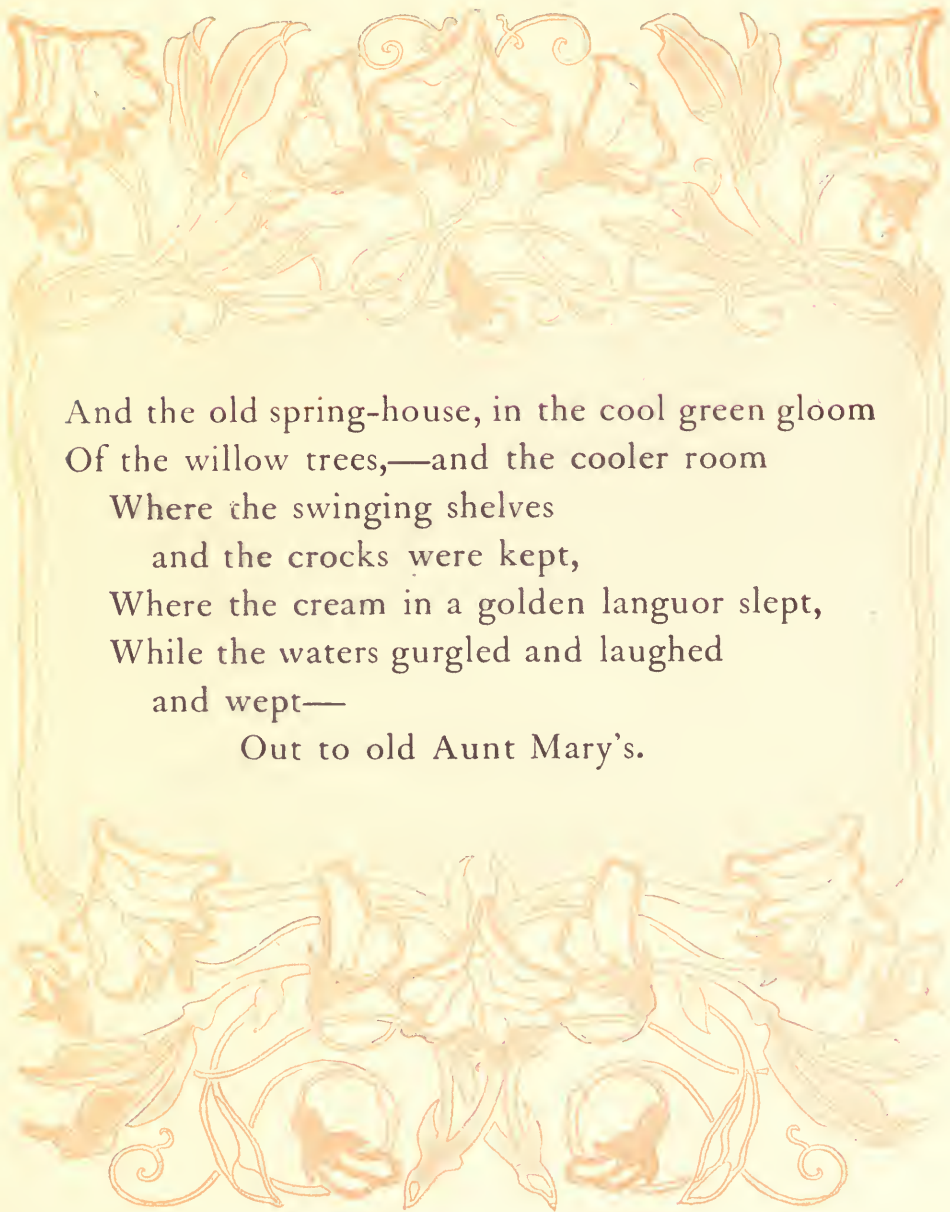
— Howard Chandler Christy, 1904.





Where the swinging shelves  
and the crocks were kept,  
Where the cream in a golden languor slept



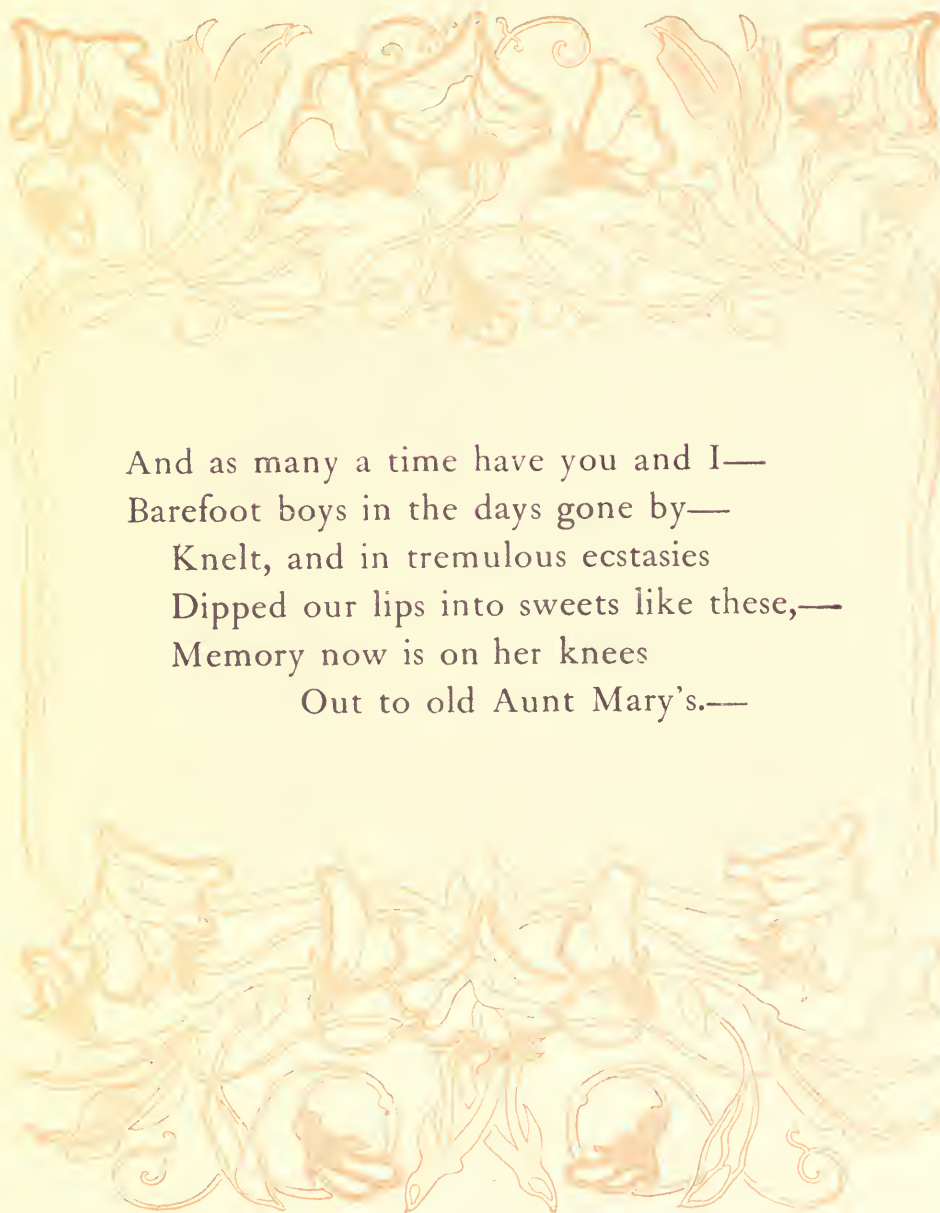
A decorative border in a light orange or sepia tone, featuring intricate floral and scrollwork patterns that frame the central text. The border is composed of repeating motifs of leaves, flowers, and swirling lines, creating a delicate and ornate frame.

And the old spring-house, in the cool green gloom  
Of the willow trees,—and the cooler room  
Where the swinging shelves  
and the crocks were kept,  
Where the cream in a golden languor slept,  
While the waters gurgled and laughed  
and wept—  
Out to old Aunt Mary's.





—Lynn, Dudley, Christy, 1941.

A decorative border in a light orange or gold color, featuring intricate floral and scrollwork patterns that frame the central text.

And as many a time have you and I—  
Barefoot boys in the days gone by—  
    Knelt, and in tremulous ecstasies  
    Dipped our lips into sweets like these,—  
Memory now is on her knees  
    Out to old Aunt Mary's.—




For Miss Chandler Christy, 1907






..... And all is well  
Out to old Aunt Mary's



For, 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.















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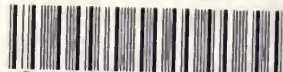
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