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RHYMES FOR JACK AND JILL

WHITNEY

HEATH SUPPLEMENTARY READERS



Class PZ 8

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HEATH SUPPLEMENTARY READERS

RHYMES FOR JACK AND JILL

MYRA E. WHITNEY



ILLUSTRATED BY EDNA POTTER

D. C. HEATH AND COMPANY

BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO ATLANTA

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PREFACE

IT is a rare delight to share with appreciative children Miss Whitney's *Rhymes for Jack and Jill*. The good cheer of the poems, their sympathy with the out-of-doors, and their quaint whimsicalities sing their way straight to the heart. When they are read to youngsters in the third or fourth grade, some responses are likely to be: "Read them again"; "May we learn some of them?"; "I think we could write to Miss Whitney and tell her how we liked her poems."

Not only will children find happiness in the rhymes that Jill read to Jack, but their teachers also will read them with eager interest. What teacher or mother is not happy at finding a contribution to the thin, although steadily growing, body of material which broadens the sympathies, tickles the fancies, and tempts the memory store-houses of small boys and girls!

All the warm hospitality of the classes which have already found pleasure in Miss Whitney's rhymes in manuscript goes out to the larger audiences which will share their enthusiasm with the publication of this book.

KATHERINE C. AAGESEN

Primary Supervisor, Northwest District,
Hartford, Connecticut

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RHYMES FOR JACK AND JILL



THE RHYME TO READ FIRST

We know that Jack, and also Jill,
Had rare adventures on a hill.

Then Jack went home to mend his crown —
'Twas badly cracked when he fell down —

And Jill, his loyal friend, went too,
For nothing less a friend could do.

She bound his head and gave him tea —
A splendid nurse, you'll all agree.

And then, to pass the time away,
She read to him the whole long day.

Now you may know by just a look
The rhymes she read — they're in this book.

THE PARADE

The merry clown
Arrived in town.
His face was broad and sunny.
He scattered jokes
Among the folks,
And every word was funny!

The circus made
A long parade
Of cages, bands, and elephant;
A kangaroo,
A tiger, too,
And camels tall and elegant.

The children flew
These things to view.
The music set them dancing;
While riders bold,
In red and gold,
Went by on horses prancing.

And then all went
Within the tent
To see each startling sight,
Which never fails
To furnish tales
To tell at home at night.



HALLOWE'EN

Great fun is had at Hallowe'en
When ghosts and witches may be seen.

A pumpkin round, when cut just right,
Will make a lantern you can light.

You then can play in street or park
And find what hides behind the dark.



THE CIRCUS

A boy I know, named Jamesie Jones,
A most exciting circus owns.
'Twould fairly bristle up your hairs
To see the tricks of clowns and bears;
While all the tigers in their cages
Just lash their tails in fearful rages!

The show goes on 'most any day
For children, when they come to play.
They clap their hands to say 'tis good.
The animals are made of wood!

GOING TO THE ZOO

My father soon will come for me
To take me to the zoo.
If I should have an inky thumb
'Twould never, never do.

So I must rub and I must scrub;
'Twill soon come off, I hope.
I know I'd make a splendid ad.
For any kind of soap!

THE PICNIC INVITATION

Please come to our picnic.

'Twill surely be fun.

No, you cannot refuse, for

That never is done.

We pick out the nicest

Of places to lunch,

And all gather close in

The jolliest bunch.

There are crullers and cookies,

The sweetest of tarts,

And the cunningest cakes like

Our valentine hearts.

When luncheon is over,

We frolic and play

Till we have to go home at

The close of the day.

Only friends are invited
To join in this fun;
So you cannot refuse, for
That never is done.





THE DANCE

Sandy Saunders led the dance
With little Betsy Bean.

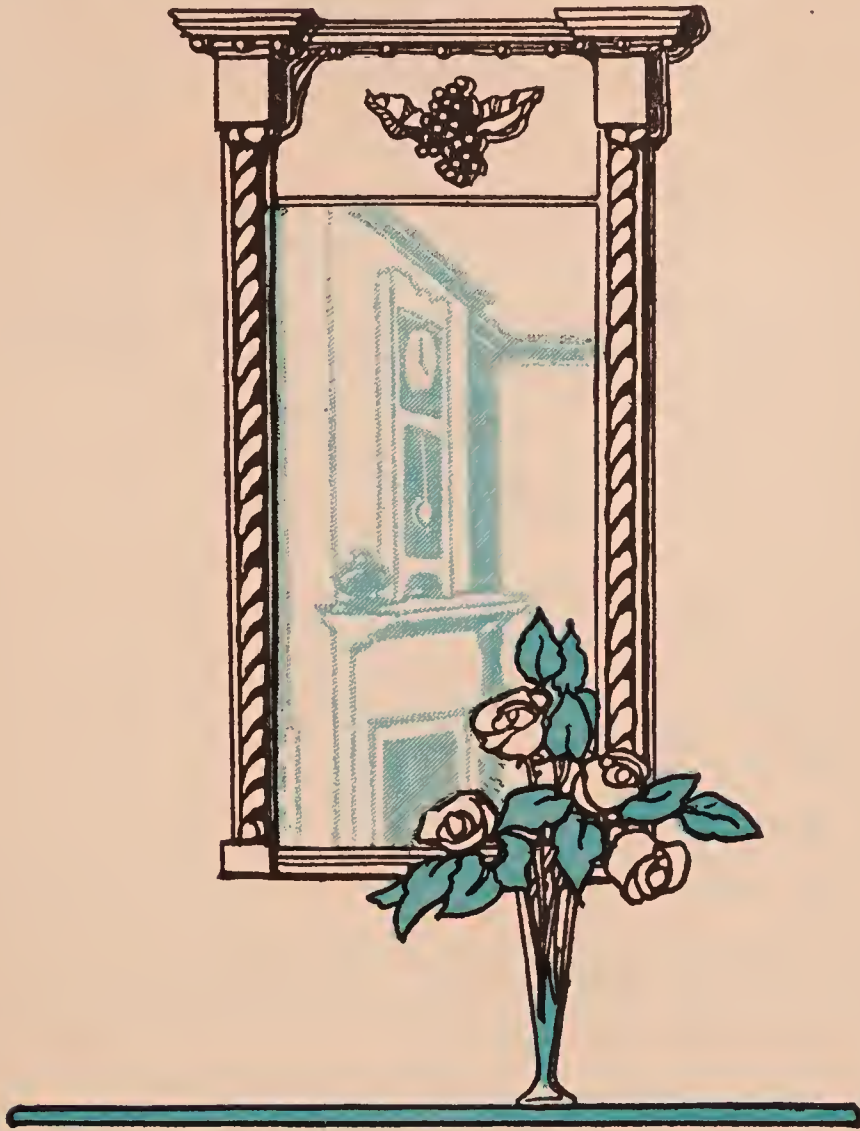
The music was so very sweet
It got to singing in their feet.
It made them whirl and swing and prance,
With happy smiles at every glance.

Such fun is seldom seen!

Oh, music surely must be sweet
That gets to singing in your feet!

REFLECTIONS

The lovely Lady Looking-Glass
Reflects the Room and all who pass.
The Room, enraged, resents all that,
And loudly cries: "You copy-cat!"





MARILLA MIRANDA

Marilla Miranda Melissa Malloy
Is made out of sunshine
And bubbles of joy.

She scatters her laughter,
Though cloudy the day,
Until every hour
Is shining and gay.

We coax her to visit us
Twice every year,
And wish we could have her
To stay with us here.

But every one wants her.
No child can you find
More thoughtful and merry,
More loving and kind.

If four could be made of her,
More could enjoy
Marilla Miranda Melissa Malloy!

PROPRIETY

At Table

I must be very good and neat
When I at table sit to eat;

Be careful not to spill the food,
Nor interrupt, for that is rude;

And always mention, "If you please,"
When I should like the bread or cheese.

At Church

I must not kick my swinging feet,
In church, against the noisy seat;

Nor turn my head around to look;
Nor sneeze, nor yawn, nor drop my book;

For when I'm still and quite sedate,
I put the money in the plate.

At Play

When all my tasks are done, I play
The games that make a child so gay.

I run and laugh and sing and shout,
And no one minds, because I'm out.

I have two rules I must obey:
Be kind to all with whom I play,

And when I notice Mother's call,
Be sure to go at once — that's all.

THE PRESCRIPTION

If you feel cross and crabbed,
You can stop it in a minute
By thinking: "What a jolly world,
And I am living in it!"





HAD I OBEYED

Had I obeyed what Mother said,
I should not have to hang my head
Or go, in daylight, off to bed!

She told me, when 'twas four o'clock,
To come right in and change my frock.

I quite forgot and went to play.
And when I thought to come away,
My frock was soiled — all brown and gray!

I'll try so hard I'll be it yet —
The little girl who'll not forget!



SHOPPING

Small Sally came to town today
With Sister Sue to show the way.

They plan to buy ten yards of print,
Some thread, some silk — a lovely tint —

And if the fashion points to red,
To buy a hat for Sally's head.

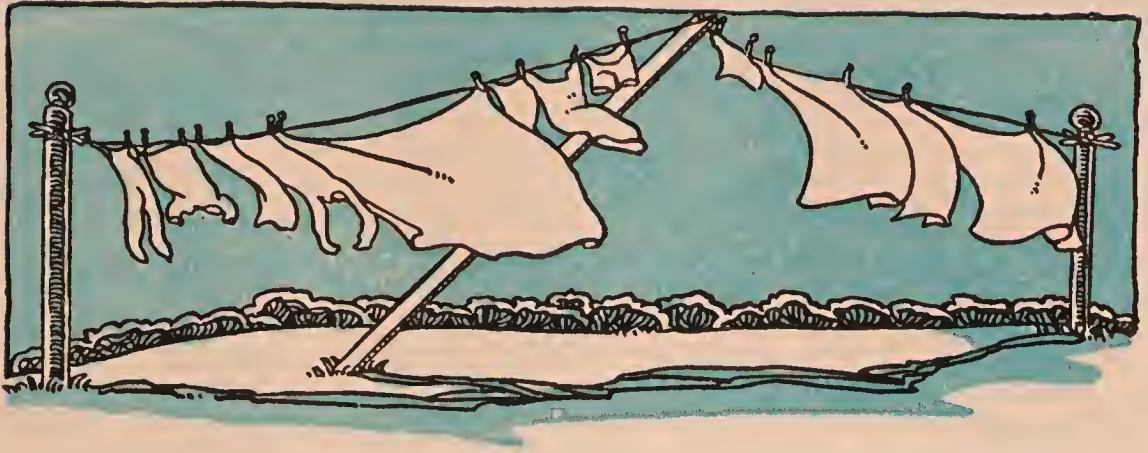
For Sally has a dress, you see,
That's just as red as red can be.



THE BATTLE

Last night the winds a battle fought
With snow and rain and hail,
And now the trees like soldiers stand,
In suits of silver mail.

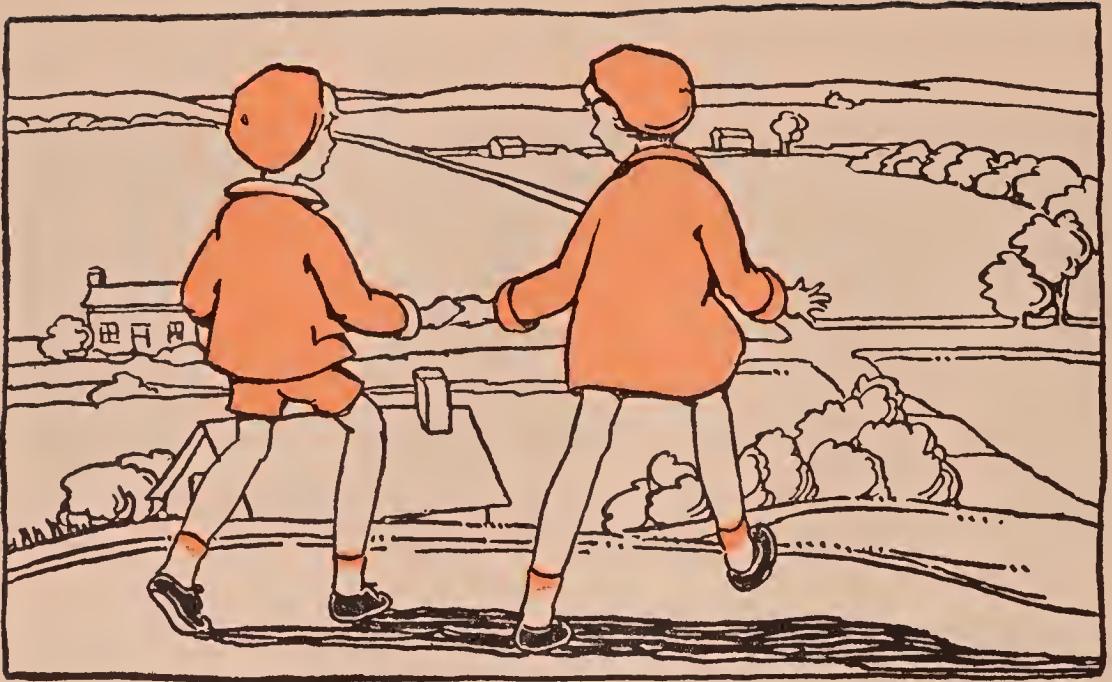
If all the winds come back again,
To storm the hill and vale,
They'll find our regiment of trees
In suits of silver mail.



WASHING DAY

In the garden Mother hangs
All our lovely clothes.
Limp and queer they look to us,
But, you see, she knows
How the sun will dry them out,
With the wind assisting.
Soon we don those very clothes,
Mother's help enlisting.

We are glad we've some to wear
While the rest are hanging there!



ROADS

I like to know the pleasant roads
That journey everywhere.

They boldly climb the rocky hills
And twist through valleys fair.

They meet and cross, and cross and meet,
Upon the peaceful plain,
Then turn about some sunny lake
To hurry back again.

When brooks or rivers cross their way,
They do not mind a bit,
But use a bridge of timbers strong
And leap across on it.

Sometimes I find a quiet road
Which shyly slips away
To wander in the green-lit woods
Where birds and chipmunks play.

'Tis there I see the choicest flowers.
I hear the wood-folk talk,
And often learn their secrets when
I most sedately walk.

I run a race with butterflies
Or find strange moss and grass.
The quiet trees are friends with me —
They whisper as I pass.

I'll take you, if you'll come with me,
To find adventure rare.
The pleasant roads will show the way.
They journey everywhere.



CLOUDS

The clouds can go journeying far away,
High over the hills and beyond all day,

With no one to question them where they go;
With only the jolly old wind to blow

And push them along, just in fun, you see,
Which no one would mind if a cloud were he.

I'd like to climb high upon one and ride
'Way over the hills to the other side;

To see how the world looks far below
And visit all lands where a cloud may go;

To sleep all the night in its soft gray bed,
The sky for the roof stretching overhead,

And only the stars that shine all night
To notice me tucked in warm and tight.

And yet if it faltered and let me fall,
I'd wish that I'd not gone to ride at all;

Or when I might want to go home at last,
I could not get down if it went too fast.

Perhaps it is safer for me to stay
At home in the garden to look and play,

Although I am sure I should like to *try*
A trip with the clouds in the pleasant sky.



THE ROVER

The world is full of sun and sheen.
The fields are full of clover.
If I could choose what I would be,
I'd choose to be a rover.

I'd hunt the fields and sail the seas
And climb the steepest height.
Perhaps I'd be a gypsy — but
I'd get back home at night!



EDNA POTER

THE MAN IN THE MOON

The Man in the Moon can look down at me
With a twinkle, a wink, and a smile of glee.
I should like to find out would he rather be
Just the Man in the Moon or a child, like me.

I am sure it is fine to be up so high,
To be able to see all the world go by.
In the finest parade that could ever be,
From the east to the west, over land and sea.

There are soldiers and savages, queens and kings,
In the richest of raiment or common things,
Tiny children in sandals, and men with queues,
And others who wear neither hats nor shoes.

But the Man in the Moon is so far away
He may often feel lonely and sad by day.
Though he twinkles at night he may wish to be
Not the Man in the Moon, but a child, like me.

A SONG OF LONDONDERRY

To fine Londonderry went Jenny and Jerry.
Along the old roadway and then by the ferry,
 With faces so merry
 Went Jenny and Jerry.

They had in each pocket a shining new penny,
And maybe some shillings had Jerry and Jenny.
 I know not how many
 Had Jerry and Jenny.

They spent all their riches in fine Londonderry,
And then they went home again; over by ferry,
 With faces still merry
 Went Jenny and Jerry.

THERE ARE THREE

The first, a bonny sailor lad,
Goes sailing far away,
And never comes to port again —
His name is Yesterday.

The second proves a faithful friend,
Who early comes to stay,
And will not leave till very late —
A merry chap, Today!

The third is just a fairy sprite
Whose time we dare to borrow,
Although we have not seen her face —
The face of fair Tomorrow.

A DREAM

Over the meadows and
Close to the sky,
Sometimes I'm sure that I
Fly and I fly.

Nothing is there but the
Clouds and the birds,
Talking quite plainly, yet
Using no words.

Grown folks forget that they
Ever were there,
For when I tell them, they
Stare and they stare!





THE BUBBLE BOAT

My bubble I'm sending afloat,
A silver-clad, air-laden boat,
To sail on the fairies' high seas,
Propelled by the sun and the breeze.

It flies with the clouds far and high,
Its fortune to seek in the sky.
With colors all glowing and bright,
It passes quite out of my sight.

The fairies will anchor it fast
And furl all the sails to the mast
Till they can go out for a ride,
By night, at the flood of the tide.

THE EXPLORER

I am a great explorer when
I sail upon the sea,
And all the shore is country new
A-waiting there for me.

Perhaps I'll see a red man tall,
With feathers on his head,
Who'll say, "How! How!" But will he be
So very, very red?

I find some footprints in the sand,
Which may be his, you know;
The place where some one built a fire —
Was it a friend or foe?

I look for treasure — pebbles, shells —
And pack them in my chest;
Then sail back home, divide my wealth,
And take a little rest.

THE EXAMPLE

Silly Susan ran away —

Such an act was shocking —
With the pennies she had saved
Deep inside her stocking.

When she reached the baker's shop,
There to spend her money,
Not a penny could she find,
Which was far from funny.

What she found was quite a hole
In her new black stocking
Where her pennies ran away —
That was very shocking!

*Little girls should stay at home,
Mother's wish obeying;
Then the pennies, too, would stay,
Safe from run-awaying.*



THE CLOCKS OF THE FAIRIES

The fields are full of fairy clocks
That keep the time for me.
I have to try a lot of them
To find if they agree.

They once were dandelions bold,
All gold instead of white.
The fairies needed clocks, and so
They changed them all last night.

I count the times that I must blow
To send the down away.
It may be once, or twice, or more.
That tells the time of day.

The fairies only steal a glance
When they the time must know,
But, being just a human child,
I have to blow and blow!

THE STRANGE-ONE

Have you heard the Strange-One speaking,
In a voice all shrill and squeaking,
Like no voice you've heard before,
From the hinges on the door?

When I'm coming, when I'm going,
It is always watching, knowing
Just the time to sigh or speak
With its ghostly kind of creak.

Let me open e'er so lightly,
Let me shut the door politely,
Let my look be proud or meek,
Still I hear the Strange-One speak.



THE FAITHFUL GUARD

“It is all very well
For the gardener to tell
How he plants the seeds for the posies,
But where would he be
If he didn't have me
On guard, while he dallies and dozes?”
Said Penny, the pup,
His spirit well up,
As he anxiously waited on guard.

“I will do all I can
For the gardener man,
But I find the task terribly hard.
Just think if the roses
Should turn up their noses
At some of the commoner flowers.
I will leave it to you:
What could a pup do
To keep peace in the borders and bowers?”

“The daffies complain
They are almost insane
With remarks the red tulips are making,



Which are very unkind.
I must keep this in mind;
The wind shall give each one a shaking.
There are other things, too,
That I really should do
While the sun is still high in the sky.

“The bumblebee haughty
Gets acting quite naughty.
I’ll chase him away by and by.
And you know how that scamp,
The fallen-leaf tramp,
Will steal up the path in the sun
To lie down on the border
(Which is quite out of order)
Until I bark out, ‘You must run!’

“It is hard to keep up,”
Said Penny, the pup,

“With the cares in a garden of flowers.
These clippings I know
Should be put in their row
Before it is time for fresh showers;
Yet the gardener stays.
He is slow in his ways.
We shall never get through before dark.

“It is best not to wait;
So before it is late
I will call him back here with my bark.
Oh, I never could stay
Here, a-guarding all day,
Except for the window above me.
Where just about noon
(And that’s very soon)
My mistress will look out and love me.
That’s why I keep up,”
Said Penny, the pup.



SONG OF THE GOLDFINCH

Little bird of
Black and gold,
Do you do what
You are told?

When you fly so
Fast and far,
Do your folks know
Where you are?

Seeds are what you
Like to eat,
While I dine on
Bread and meat.

Down and grasses
Make your nest,
Where, at night, you
Stop to rest.

Such a pretty
Coat you wear,
Showing dainty
Thought and care.



You are nicest
When you sing
Happily of
Everything.

When you fly, you
Rise and dip,
While below I
Hop and skip.

Bright and gay in
All you do,
Seems to me you're
Skipping too!



ROBIN

Sir Robin in his vest of red
Around the garden hops.
To listen well, he tips his head
Above the ground and stops,
For he has heard the very worm
He means to eat at once.
He pulls him out. Just see him squirm!
A worm is such a dunce!
If he would neither move nor shout,
But hide within the ground,
No bird would ever get him out,
As he could not be found.

Soon Lady Robin joins her mate
To have her breakfast, too.
This pair for trifles will not wait.
They have their work to do:
A home to build of clay and grass
Where baby birds may stay
Till time to travel south. Alas!
Too soon they go away.

Sir Robin first will show them how
A little bird can fly
To sleep with him upon a bough
Beneath the starry sky.

At morn Sir Robin comes again.

“Cheer up,” he calls. “Don’t fret!”
Then warns us when ’tis time for rain
With “Feel the wet, the wet!”
With many hungry mouths to feed,
Each open as a cup,
We think it very brave indeed
To always sing “Cheer up!”

THE BOBOLINK

Bobby, Bobby, 'gainst the blue,
Such a lovely thing are you.
Fill our song cup to the brink;
Then o'erflow it, Bob-o'-Link!
Somewhere, traveling up and down,
You have left your suit of brown.
Now you're wearing black and white,
Very sure your choice is right.

Bobby, Bobby, free from care,
Silver song spill everywhere
As alone you soar and sink,
Showing off to Mrs. Link!
We have heard you played a prank
Where the rice is growing rank.
Better far to preen and prink,
Telling all you're Bob-o'-Link.

Bobby, Bobby, on the nest
Sits your brooding mate at rest.
Surely happy thoughts you think
While you guard her, Bob-o'-Link.

Deep within the fragrant grass,
Where the buzzing bees may pass,
Soon your little ones you'll greet.
Never was a joy more sweet.

Bobby, Bobby, climb the blue,
Sing till heaven bends to you.
Wings are splendid things, we think,
Glad you have them, Bob-o'-Link!

THE BLUEBIRD

If one could take some bits of blue
A sunny lake has spread to view,
And then, from tender leaves of spring,
A touch of reddish color bring,
One then might make the Bluebird's coat;
But who could make his singing throat?
The secret of his charming self
Is never told by fay or elf.

'Neath happy skies with bud and bee
He sweetly lives for you and me.
We all would gladly have him eat
Our honey pure, our finest wheat,
But he most humbly feeds on bugs;
Gets rid of garden thieves and thugs
As here and there he flies alert.
Wild berries furnish his dessert!

When morning light is dull and gray,
And no one cares for work or play;
When rain falls softly on the grass
(The rain we need, yet wish would pass),

Our fun is hushed; we turn to sigh;
And then — the Bluebird flashes by!
No more can dullness cloud the day
While he is near us, busy, gay.
We hear his song and cry with glee,
“The bird of happiness is he!”

THE DOWNY WOODPECKER

Woodpecker, Woodpecker, downy and bright,
Where are you going as soon as it's light,
Wearing your cap that is red as a rose,
Black and white suit, also black and white hose?
“Breakfast is first, so down street I must hop,
Fresh food to buy at the Apple Tree Shop;
Listen to learn if the shop-man is in;
Then I must rap with a terrible din.
Shop-man is deaf or is taking a nap;
Such a long time I must rap-a-tap-tap!”

Woodpecker, Woodpecker, downy and bright,
Shall you be tired before it is night,
Working so hard, with your living to get,
Out in all weathers, both sunny and wet?

“That is the reason I never can fret;
Time for such nonsense I’ve never had yet.
When it is wet I wear oil on my feathers;
I can go out in the worst kind of weathers.
When it is sunny I ruffle them well.
Sometimes I meet — I had rather not tell —
Only ’tis wisest, wherever I fly,
Neatly to dress for the critical eye.
Seldom, oh, seldom, I’ve time for a nap,
Busy and happy I rap-a-tap-tap!”



IN SOCIETY

Society in Garden Town

Was very wisely led

By one who was a friend to all,
The kind Sir Cabbage Head.

Both young and old would come to him

To ask advice. 'Twas such

A lucky thing he lived in town.

He really knew so much!

Young Beets when going out to call

On ladies in their set

Took care to do as told, and so

Had nothing to regret.

“A lady always enters first

When passing through a door,

Although on stairways, strange to say,

The man should go before.

“These things may seem to you too small,”

Sir Cabbage oft would say,

“To trouble with, but I have found

The small things win the day.

“That fact was clearly proved to me,
And rather sadly, too.
The story gives me pain, and yet
It should be told to you.

“Tom Turnip was my faithful pal.
When young, we were a pair
The Garden seldom saw apart.
All pleasures we would share.

“One day in Mistress Carrot’s house,
Where we had gone for tea,
We met Miss Lucy Carrot, who
Had come from ’cross the sea.

“No maid so lovely had we seen,
Together or apart.
Both Tom and I resolved to win
The charming creature’s heart.

“Now Tom kept cool as lettuce leaves,
While I, alas, did not!
Politeness marked his every move,
But I most things forgot.

“To open doors I went in first,
While Tom remained behind.
I often interrupted her,
So rattled was my mind.

“Thus wildly I behaved, although
I tried to keep my head;
But everything I did was wrong,
And everything I said.

“The Carrots gave a party on
The last night of her stay.
Society was there in crowds
And danced till dawn of day.

“Of all the guests, just one was sad —
'Twas plain for any glance.
Miss Lucy would not let me have
With her a single dance!

“But Tom was high in favor. Oh,
'Twas hard for me to bear!
And yet, because we two were pals,
I said I did not care.

“Since then I've learned some lessons on
The way to be polite.
The small things never are too small
To always be done right.”



GOING SOUTH

Said Mr. Goose to Mrs. Goose:

“Please pack at once, my dear,
'Tis time we started south, you know,
This morn I smelled the smell of snow,
We must not linger here.”

Said Mrs. Goose to Mr. Goose,

With something like a sigh:
“I hate to leave my cozy cot,
The flowers in my garden plot,
A stay-at-home am I.”

Said Mr. Goose: “I beg that you

Will please not be so silly.
We always leave this time of year,
When folks put on their flannels here,
And all outdoors is chillv.”

Said Mrs. Goose: "I know all that
But I should like to try
A winter in the northern way,
With ice, like glass, upon the bay,
And snowdrifts piling high."

But Mr. Goose would not relent.

They started south next day
With friends who liked the air-line, too —
Which route gives one a better view
And little dust, they say.

Now Mr. Goose placed Mrs. Goose
As near him as could be.

"I promised I would lead the train.
We must not stop for wind or rain,
Or friend or foe," said he.

Then Mr. Goose said: "Mrs. Goose,
You should be glad you're here.
We'll have a splendid trip, I'm sure;
(I hope you thought to lock the door.)
You *were* a goose, my dear!"

MERRY AUTUMN TIME

Little Polly Maple Leaf

Was dancing in the breeze
When down the street the soldiers marched,
As stiff and straight as trees.

The first was Russet Leaf of Oak,
The captain of them all,
And then his splendid company
Of soldier laddies tall.

The Leaves from country Apple Trees
Marched by and never glanced,
But every Crimson Maple saw
The way that Polly danced.

The bandmen all were Sumac Leaves
In uniforms of red.

The leader's plume of thistledown
Waved high above his head.

In Autumn dress came all who heard,
To join in Polly's dance.

The music sang the wildest tunes
So every foot could prance.

All followed where the soldiers went,
To swell the grand parade.
Still Polly led the Leaves who danced
And lovely figures made.

She was so very merry that
The leader of the band
Was soon a-bowing bonnily,
Then took her by the hand

To join the dance — a leader still,
For all his men as well
Were dancing there and playing tunes,
And neither tripped nor fell.

Not one had stopped when Sol, the sun,
Went home behind the hill.
I saw no more, but wish I knew
If they are dancing still.

MISS CARROT BUYS A HAT

Miss Carrot tripped down to the milliner's shop
To buy her a hat with some plumes on the top.
Her mind was quite set that the plumes should be blue,
But "No," said the milliner, "never for you!
Your golden complexion, which rarely is seen,
Is set off most charmingly when you wear green."
Quite wisely Miss Carrot gave heed to advice,
And bought her a hat both becoming and nice.

Sir Cabbage Head saw it the very next day,
And told her she wore it the daintiest way.
She met Lady Lettuce down Cucumber Street,
Who said, "My dear Carrot, your hat is so neat!"
When young Mr. Turnip next came in to call,
Miss Carrot was passing along through the hall;
She had on the hat with its plumage of green,
And Turnip thought, "Really, she's fair as a queen!"

He asked her to walk along Celery Row.
She tossed her head gayly and said she would go.
The moon twinkled out from behind a gray cloud
And chuckled to see them — but not very loud.

This walk was the first one of many they took,
Beside the old wall and 'way down by the brook.
At first the Potatoes looked on with surprise.
They scarcely believed what they saw with their eyes.

“Miss Carrot is young; why it seems but a day
Since she in her cradle, a little one, lay.

She won't be grown up, sirs, for many a day.

At home she had better be bidden to stay.”

But next thing they knew there were wedding bells
ringing,

And all of the garden their presents were bringing.

Not one was left out of that happy affair.

Potatoes and all were most glad to be there.

How joyous they were! It was sweet to behold

Miss Carrot so shy and young Turnip so bold.

'Twas pleasant to see them drive off in a carriage —

Their friends throwing rose leaves — right after their
marriage.

“This day,” said gay Turnip, “we might ne'er have seen

Except for your hat with its plumage of green.

For that has been always my favorite hue;

I'd never have noticed a maiden in blue!”

TURNIP, THE TEASE

Potato was angry as never before
With Turnip, the tease, when they met at the store;
For Turnip said "Paddy!" as plain as could be
And looked at Potato for people to see —
Though all were so busy no person paid heed
Excepting one left-over package of seed.
It was more for the look than the word that was said
That Potato grew angry, almost lost his head,
And, but for a glance from Sir Cabbage Head kind,
Would loudly and rashly have spoken his mind
And then been disgraced, for not one is allowed
To quarrel in Garden. Of that they are proud.

Potato was glad when, the very next day,
Young Turnip came round in the friendliest way
And asked him to drive in his Rhubarb Leaf car.
"I know you won't care if we travel quite far,"
Said Turnip. "I've business I quickly must do
And no one can help me so bravely as you.
Some people are waiting to pay me a bill,
While others have needs that I only can fill."
They jumped in the car and went flying away
And did not come back till quite late the next day.

They had great adventures wherever they went.
Large sums were collected and money was lent.
The folks who were rich were so pleasant and kind
They gave them the prettiest things they could find.
There were glasses of jelly and fruit of the best,
And bundles of money packed close in a chest.
Then Turnip found out what the poorer folks needed
And brought them at once. Gave a bag that was beaded
To old Mrs. Parsnip. To Radish a hat
From Paris — for years he had needed just that.
The Cucumbers said they would like some silk hose;
Miss Melon, some powder to powder her nose.
There were toys for the children and books for those
older,
And flannels for timid folks when it grew colder!
Potato could handle these riches with care
While Turnip would call at the doors, here and there.
“The trip’s been successful as never before
'Cause Paddy Potato was with me, I’m sure.
I hope you’ll come always,” said Turnip, the tease.
“A friend is worth having; now will you, sir, please?”
And friends they remained for the rest of their days.
Potato at last understood Turnip’s ways!

CALLING THE COWS

Come, Bessie. Come, Brindle.

Come home very soon.

The stars will come out

And the great, staring moon.

The shadows are creeping

Along through the wood;

They'll darken the path

Till you'll wish you were good.

You'll wish you had hurried

Before it was late,

When Johnny first opened

The big barn-yard gate.

Your cribs are all filled with

The sweetest of hay,

The troughs full of water

To drink all you may.

Come, Bessie. Come, Brindle.

Come home very soon,

Before you are caught by

The great, staring moon.

WHEN THERE'S NO LIGHT

I used to shut my eyes at night
When I no more could have the light.

I then was sure I could not see
The things that came to look at me,
And seemed to creep from wall to wall,
And stretch out wide, and grow up tall.

I thought one spoke, but did not know
Because my heart was beating so.

My mother said that if I'd rise
And take each one by swift surprise,
I'd find a coat, or skirt, or blouse,
As harmless as a little mouse.

I often did as Mother said,
And now go happily to bed

With not a thought to make me grave.
It really pays one to be brave,

For now I laugh and think it queer
That once the dark held things to fear.

THE RABBIT'S TALE

Long years ago I had a tail
All fluffy, long, and waving.
The envy of the woodland folk,
It set the foxes raving.

But cruel fate arranged a plot.
I had not one defender.
One night a giant bit it off,
When I was young and tender!

So now quite humbly I must hop,
And ask your tender pity.
If any jeer to see me thus,
Pray read to them this ditty.



STARS

When all the stars prick through at night,
I watch, and wonder why
They do not break the sky —
By day it looks so thin and light.
But if it ever cracked a bit,
Some angel must have mended it!





LEAVING HOME

I'm going on a visit with
My mother and my dad.
It seems to me that leaving home
Is really rather sad.

I cannot take my little duck.
My kitten, too, must stay.
I'm sure my dogs will lonely be
When I am far away.

My aunt has promised me that they
Of food shall have no lack,
Until tomorrow evening, when
We three are coming back.

TINKER

I think my little dog as good
As any dog could be,
Though he will sometimes snap and growl
At dogs of high degree.

I took him out one sunny day
To frisk about the park.
He frightened all the little girls
By jumping up to bark.

A scolding would not make him stop.
I feared he'd ne'er be done,
But then a big dog sauntered by
And checked my Tinker's fun!



THE SONG OF SILVER

I sing a song of silver,
So shining, round, and flat.
It might be dimes or quarters
Or something rich like that.

It might have slipped from fairyland,
A princess lady's plate,
Which wandered far from royal shelves
Where it should stand and wait.

It looks as if it well could be
A lonely little lake
The elves could use for looking-glass
And never fear to break.

It could be just the disk of tin
I found this afternoon;
But after all it really *is*
The full-faced, silver moon!

I sing a song of silver, oh,
So shining, round, and flat!
The children all the world around
Can sing a song like that!

MY FATHER

My father is a splendid man.

He knows 'most everything.

He whittled out a boat for me

And then put up a swing.

We play fine games of hide-and-seek,

Or bear, or blindman's buff,

And laugh so much we have to stop.

I never have enough.

He shows me how to throw a ball,

And how to swim and float.

There's no one else I like so well

To row me in a boat.

I love my father very much

And need him next to Mother.

When I grow up I plan to be

Like him some way or other.



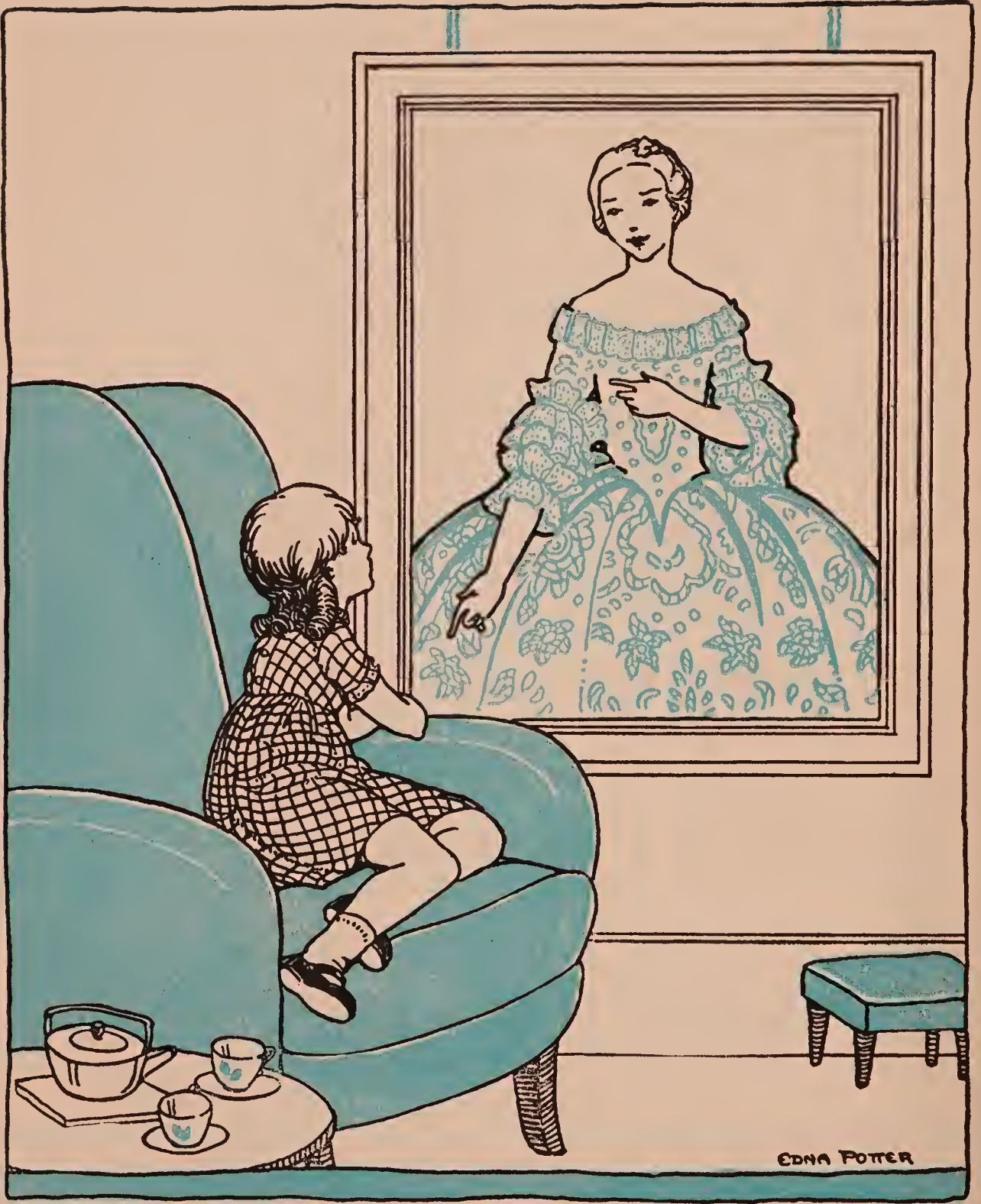
A BOY'S PRAYER

On Mother's knee I bow my head,
Before I'm cuddled in my bed,
To ask the Keeper of the Night
To keep a little boy in sight.

I ask to dream of happy things,
Like drums and fifes, or kites with wings.
Although they fade by morning light,
I love adventures through the night.

In dreams I never am afraid.
I wear a sword — a shining blade.
The princess girl I always save.
She thinks me very strong and brave.

I want, by day, to hold them tight —
Those splendid things I find at night!



THE LADY OF LONG AGO .

Once there lived a maiden fair
From her shoestrings to her hair,
Known as Lady Della Dare.

Knights and squires from all around
Came a-calling in the town,
Here and there, and up and down,
Till the lovely maid they found.

Then they took a cup of tea
In her gentle company,
Told the bravest tales they knew,
Kissed her hand, and said "Adieu!"

THE RHYME TO READ LAST



The book is done,
And one by one
Its little people
Say "Good night!"
With faces bright.
They'll come again
From field and fen,
From hill and steeple,
To bring you pleasure
In fullest measure.

Your name may be
J-a-c-k,
Or written quite another way;
Or it may be
J-i-l-l,
Or something else one likes as well.
Whatever 'tis, come often back
To read the book, like Jill and Jack.

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