

PS 2698
.R8 P5
Copy 1

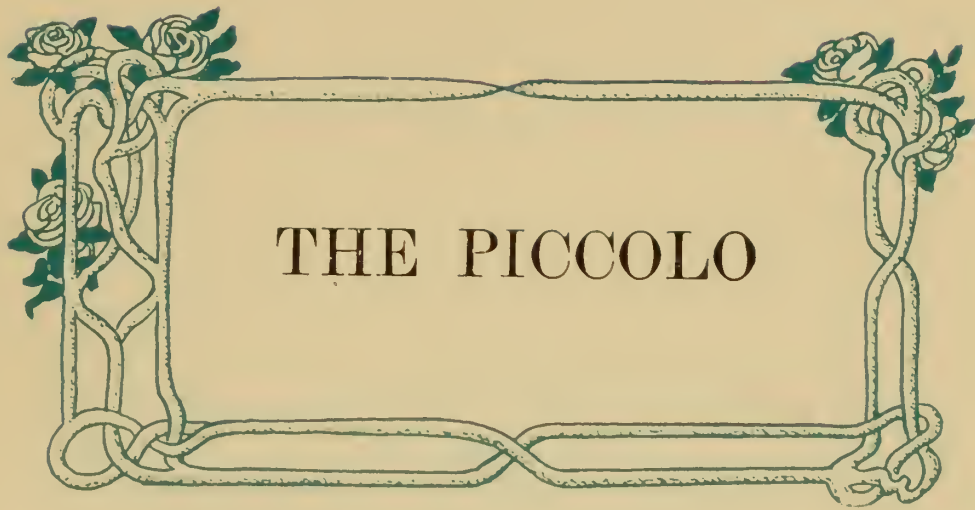
The Piccolo



Laura E. Richards.







THE PICCOLO

BOOKS FOR GIRLS
By Laura E. Richards

The **MARGARET SERIES**

Three Margarets
Margaret Montfort
Peggy
Rita
Fernley House

The **HILDEGARDE SERIES**

Queen Hildegarde
Hildegarde's Holiday
Hildegarde's Home
Hildegarde's Neighbors
Hildegarde's Harvest

DANA ESTES @ COMPANY
Publishers
Estes Press, Summer St., Boston





— The —
PICCOLO

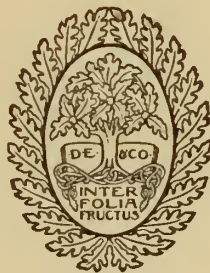
BY

Laura E. Richards

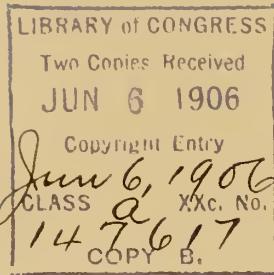
Author of

"The Hurdy-Gurdy," "Captain January," "Queen Hildegarde,"

"Five Minute Stories," etc.



Boston ❁ DANA ESTES &
COMPANY ❁ ❁ Publishers



PS 2698
IR 8 P5

Copyright, 1906
DANA ESTES & COMPANY

All rights reserved

THE PICCOLO
Published, 1906

Colonial Press
Electrotyped and Printed by C. H. Simonds & Co
Boston, U. S. A.

TO
MY DAUGHTER

Julia



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE PICCOLO	15
THE BALLAD OF KI-YOODLE	17
COMING FROM THE FAIR	20
GARDEN SONG	25
SUMMER SONG	28
BIRD SONG	30
THE WINDFLOWER	32
THE AUCTION	34
A BALLAD OF YUCATAN	37
A DISCUSSION	40
THE GINGHAM UMBRELLA	42
THE PANHELLENIC PELICAN	44
SOME OF THE TALES THAT I SHALL TELL WHEN I HAVE TIME ENOUGH	47
THE GONGO AND THE SHONGO	49
THE SUFFERING UNICORN	51
AN INTERESTING WALK	54
THE DISAPPOINTING TEA-PARTY	58
THE CONTUMACIOUS TROGLODYTE	64
CURIOUS CREATURES	66
NOTES ON THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN	61
THE TWOGGLE-CUM-TWIG	68

CONTENTS

	PAGE
CONCERNING THE NOBILITY	70
IN FOREIGN PARTS	72
SOME SINGULAR STATEMENTS	75
SOME FAMILIES OF MY ACQUAINTANCE	76
A SPANISH BALLAD	79
THE ARMADILLO	80
FANCY DRESS	83
MR. PETER 'POOK	84
SLEEPY SONG	85
GRIPPE	88
THE SQUIRREL OF CENTRAL PARK	92
SUPPOSITIONS	94
THE MEADOW SONG	96
NEVERMORE	98
AFTER A VISIT TO THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM	100
DESERT SONG	104
A BRIEF BALLAD OF ARABY	106
THE TABLES TURNED	108
A SUGGESTION	110
THE SAD TALE OF MR. BOBSTER AND MISS PRAWNY PRIM	115
JEREMI' AND JOSEPHINE	118
THE UNCLE OF CATO THEOPHILUS JONES	120

THE PICCOLO

THE PICCOLO

PICCOLO'S a little pipe,
Will you hear me play on it?
Age may have me in his gripe,
Still I toot away on it.
Children, come and dance with me!
Merry moments you shall see;
Life's a jinking jollity,
All the childish way on it!

Piccolo's a little pipe;
Will you learn to play on it?
Wait until your years are ripe,
Then you'll say your say on it.



THE PICCOLO

Youth may strive and youth may sigh,
Manhood build both broad and high,
Age and childhood, you and I,
Still we'll have our way on it!



THE PICCOLO

THE BALLAD OF KI-YOODLE

THERE was a boy lived in a room,
Ki-yoodle, oh ! ki-yoodle,
He had a horse called Billy Broom,
With a linkum tinkum toodle !

He rode this horsey every day,
Ki-yoodle, oh ! ki-yoodle,
'Twas now to fight and now to play,
With a linkum tinkum toodle !

He rode him to the corner north,
Ki-yoodle, oh ! ki-yoodle,
There came a monstrous giant forth,
With a linkum tinkum toodle !



THE PICCOLO

The boy he drew his sword so true,
Ki-yoodle, oh ! ki-yoodle,
And ran the giant through and through,
With a linkum tinkum toodle !

He rode him to the corner south,
Ki-yoodle, oh ! ki-yoodle,
And rode right into a dragon's mouth,
With a linkum tinkum toodle !

The boy he drew his sword so true,
Ki-yoodle, oh ! ki-yoodle,
And cut the dragon right in two,
With a linkum tinkum toodle !

He rode him to the corner east,
Ki-yoodle, oh ! ki-yoodle,
And there he met a hideous beast,
With a linkum tinkum toodle !

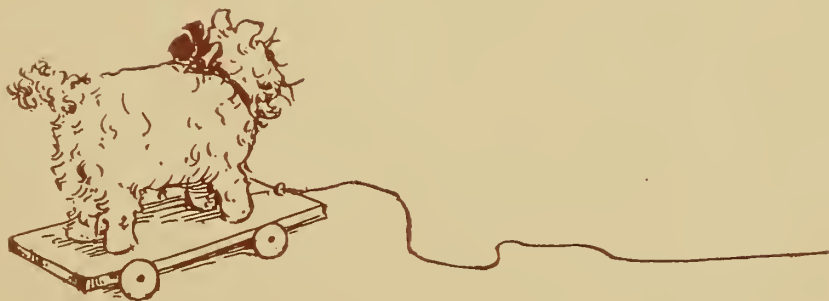
THE PICCOLO

The boy he drew his sword so true,
Ki-yoodle, oh ! ki-yoodle,
And soon the beast was lost to view,
With a linkum tinkum toodle !

He rode him to the corner west,
Ki-yoodle, oh ! ki-yoodle,
And met the one he loved the best,
With a linkum tinkum toodle !

Then round her neck his arms he threw,
Ki-yoodle, oh ! ki-yoodle,
And vowed he was her knight so true,
With a linkum tinkum toodle !

Now that's the way a boy should play,
Ki-yoodle, oh ! ki-yoodle,
And love his Mammy every day,
With a linkum tinkum toodle !



THE PICCOLO

COMING FROM THE FAIR

DO you come from the Fair,
Mr. Jimmy, Mr. Johnny?
Do you come from the Fair,
Mr. John and Mr. Jim?
And what saw you there
That was blithe and that was bonny,
With your natty little hatty
And your trousers trim?



THE PICCOLO

Yes, we come from the Fair,
 Mistress Annie, Mistress Jenny!
Yes, we come from the Fair,
 Mistress Jane and Mistress Anne!
But to tell you plain and true,
We saw nought so fair as you,
 With your ruffles and your puffles,
 And your gay feather fan!

But what did you buy,
 Mr. Jimmy, Mr. Johnny?
But what did you buy,
 Mr. John and Mr. Jim?
Were there brooches to be bought?
Were there spangles to be sought?
 With your natty little hatty
 And your trousers trim!



THE PICCOLO

Wedding-rings did we buy,
 Mistress Annie, Mistress Jenny!
Wedding-rings did we buy,
 Mistress Jane and Mistress Anne!
So if you will put them on,
To the church let us be gone,
 And we'll join our hands together,
 Little wife, little man!



THE PICCOLO

GARDEN SONG

SING a song of gardens ;
Time is come for sowing ;
Trees are out, bees are out,
Apple-blooms are blowing.
Pansy-buds, poppy-buds,
Spring is here indeed,
When my man Johnny comes
Along with his seed.

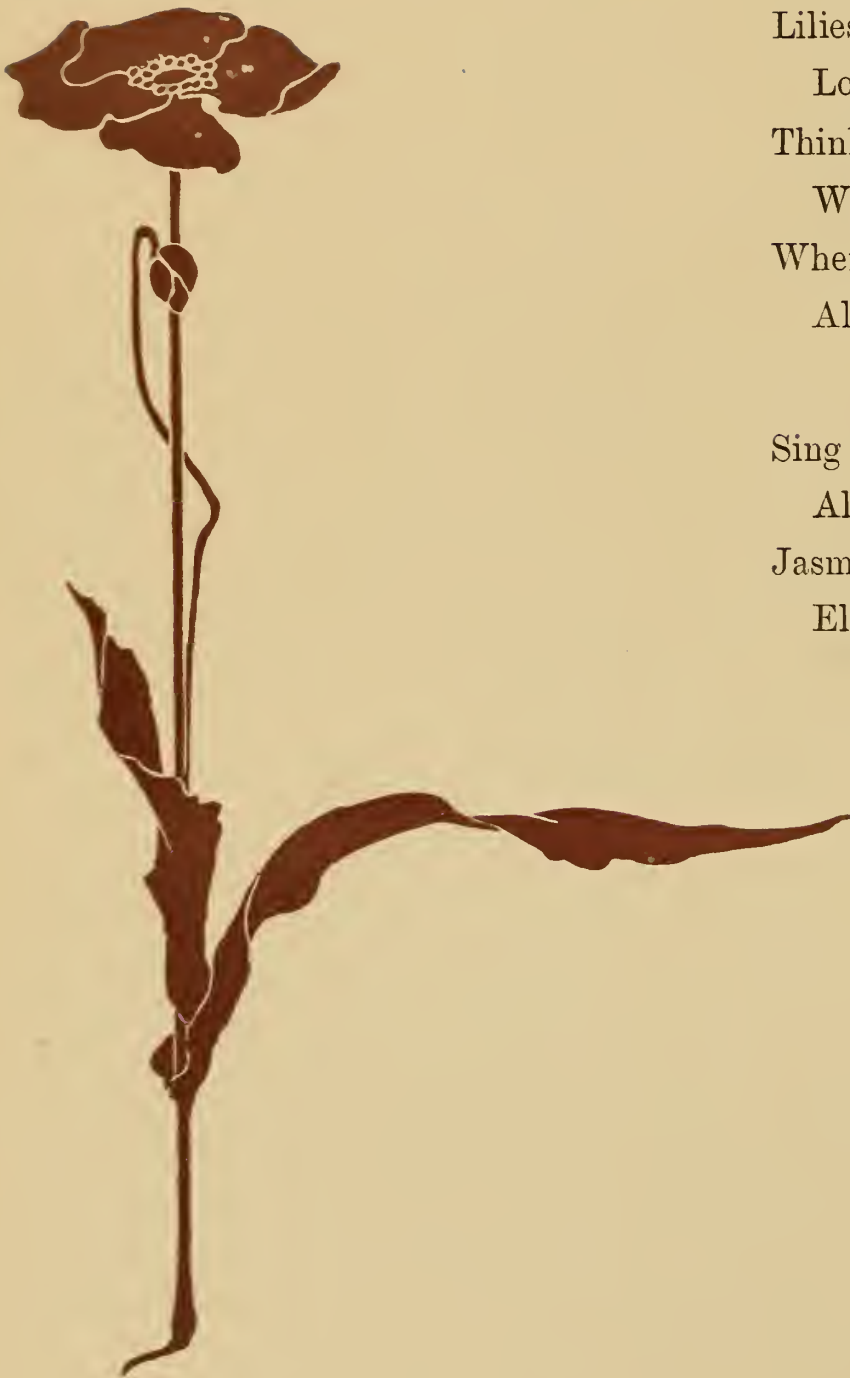
Sing a song of gardens ;
Pusley and pigweed ;
Hoe 'em down, mow 'em down,
Every small and big weed !

THE PICCOLO

Wormwood, vetch and burdock,
All of them must go,
When my man Johnny comes
Along with his hoe.

Sing a song of gardens,
Summer sun is burning ;
Lilies droop, roses stoop,
Long for night's returning.
Think they see an angel
With a cheek of tan,
When my man Johnny comes
Along with his can.

Sing a song of gardens :
All a blaze of bloom,
Jasmine and gillyflower
Elbowing for room.



THE PICCOLO

Summer's come, summer's come,
Sure as sure can be,
When my man Johnny brings
My posy in to me.



THE PICCOLO

SUMMER SONG

BROOK, brook, come along,
Run along with me!
Such a merry playfellow
You are sure to be.
You can dance, I can dance,
Both of us can sing:
Tirili, tirili,
Ting, ting, ting!

Brook, brook, come along,
Run along with me!
Jewel-weed, jimson-weed,
Pretty things to see.

THE PICCOLO

You can splash, I can splash,
Both of us can sing :
Tirili, tirili,
Ting, ting, ting !

Brook, brook, come along,
Run along with me !
Deary me ! I've tumbled in !
What a sight to see !
You are wet, I am wet,
Still we both can sing,
Tirili, tirili,
Ting, ting, ting !



BIRD SONG

THE robin sings of willow-buds,
Of snowflakes on the green ;
The bluebird sings of Mayflowers,
The crackling leaves between ;
The veery has a thousand tales
To tell to girl and boy ;
But the oriole, the oriole,
Sings, " Joy ! joy ! joy ! "

The peewee calls his little mate,
Sweet Phoebe, gone astray ;
The warbler sings, " What fun, what fun,
To tilt upon the spray ! "



THE PICCOLO

The cuckoo has no song, but clucks,
Like any wooden toy ;
But the oriole, the oriole,
Sings, "Joy ! joy ! joy !"

The grosbeak sings the rose's birth,
And paints her on his breast ;
The sparrow sings of speckled eggs,
Soft brooded in the nest.

The woodthrush sings of peace, "Sweet peace,
Sweet peace," without alloy ;
But the oriole, the oriole,
Sings, "Joy ! joy ! joy !"



THE WINDFLOWER

WINDFLOWER, windflower,
Dance with me !
This way, that way,
Under the tree.
Lift up your toe, dear,
Point it so, dear ;
Whirl about, twirl about,
Frolic and free.

Windflower, windflower,
Tell me things !
How do the butterflies
Paint their wings ?



THE PICCOLO

Why do the beetles
Keep theirs shut up?
Who drinks out of
The harebell's cup?

Windflower, windflower,
Tell me more!

Who puts the sweet
In the fly's core?

Why does Hepatica dress in fur?
Shouldn't you think
'Twould be hot for her?

Windflower, windflower,
Kiss me, quick!
I'll never hurt you,
I'll never pick;
But just we'll be glad,
And just we'll be good,
I in the house,
And you in the wood.





THE AUCTION

FF to the auction went little Dame Trottaway,
(Heigh-ho ! poor little dame !)

Many and singular objects she bro't away,
(Heigh-ho ! woe for the same !)

A three-legged chair and a two-legged tea-table,
(Heigh-ho ! crazy and queer !)

“ Mend them up cannily, sure I shall be able !
(Heigh-ho ! clever, my dear !) ”

A clock and a churn and a lovely tomato-can,
(Heigh-ho ! painted so gay !)

“ Happy am I, in these pleasures take part who can,
(Heigh-ho ! joyfullest day !) . ”

THE PICCOLO

A broken-nosed jug and a portrait of somebody,
(Heigh-ho! ugly old thing!)
“Looks like a crabbed and crusty and dumb body,
(Heigh-ho! sadly I sing!)”

“Cannot keep silence, however I try for it,
(Heigh-ho! carried away!)
‘Who’ll give me fifty?’ and ‘I, if I die for it!’
(Heigh-ho! madly I say.)”



THE PICCOLO

Dippers and mugs and a beautiful feather-bed,

(Heigh-ho ! month of July !)

“ Pleasant and soft it will be for my nether bed,

(Heigh-ho ! think I shall cry !)”

Back from the auction went little Dame Trottaway,

(Heigh-ho ! shaking her head.)

“ Something of wisdom at least I have bro’t away ;

(Heigh-ho ! wish I were dead !)”



THE PICCOLO

A BALLAD OF YUCATAN

IN Yucatan, in Yucatan,
There dwelt a pale primeval Man,
Who daily his addresses paid
Unto an arch and Aztec maid.
It gave him pain from top to toe,
It made him scream, he loved her so.

This Aztec maid no father¹ had,
Nor mother¹ either, which was sad ;
But when she wished abroad to roam,
And leave her arch and Aztec home,
She visited in Yucatan
The aunt² of the primeval Man.

¹ But she had had them. All authorities agree upon the existence of parents in prehistoric times.

² They had aunts, too.

THE PICCOLO

The man remarked, " My lovely Fair,
Behold that stately temple there!
If you agree, our friends we'll rally
To meet us at the teocalli,
And you'll become, my dearest Life,
My own, my arch, my Aztec wife."

" Not so !" the maid replied ; " I fear
The kind of wedlock practised here.
Late, late yestreen I marked the strife
Between your uncle¹ and his wife ;
She broke his head, and on the floor
She left him weltering in his gore.

¹ From the acknowledged presence of aunts, we may reasonably infer that of uncles.



THE PICCOLO

If we should wed, and then repine,
Such painful lot might then be mine.
My nerves most sadly it would shake
If I should be obliged to break,
In righteous wrath or dismal dole,
My pale primeval partner's poll.

“Nay! nay! in Aztec Land I'll seek
A husband milky-mild and meek,
Who'll ne'er his hands in gore imbrue,
But speak when he is spoken to,
And —” here the lover, growing bolder,
Caught up, and threw her o'er his shoulder,
And bore her off heroically,
And wed her in the teocalli,
And she, for blessing or for ban,
Was Mrs. Pale Primeval Man.

THE PICCOLO

A DISCUSSION

WE sat round the fire one winter night,
My dear little boys and I,
And we talked of men that were wise and good,
And of things that were great and high.

Thomas looked up from his history book,
And slowly and thoughtfully,
“I wonder, since ever the world began,
What’s the greatest invention,” quoth he.

Then rose such a chatter, a cry and a clatter,
You’d think they were monkeys, not boys;



THE PICCOLO

For this one was squeaking, and that one was
shrieking;

The room seemed to shake with their noise.

Jimmy said, "Gunpowder!" Teddy said, "Squirts!"

"Candy!" cried Billy Bolee.

"Printing!" said John, as he lovingly glanced
At the book, where it lay on his knee.

"Trousers!" said Timothy, just out of kilts.

"Root beer!" cried fat little Joe.

"Fireworks!" "Steam-engines!" "Telegraph!"

"Skates!"

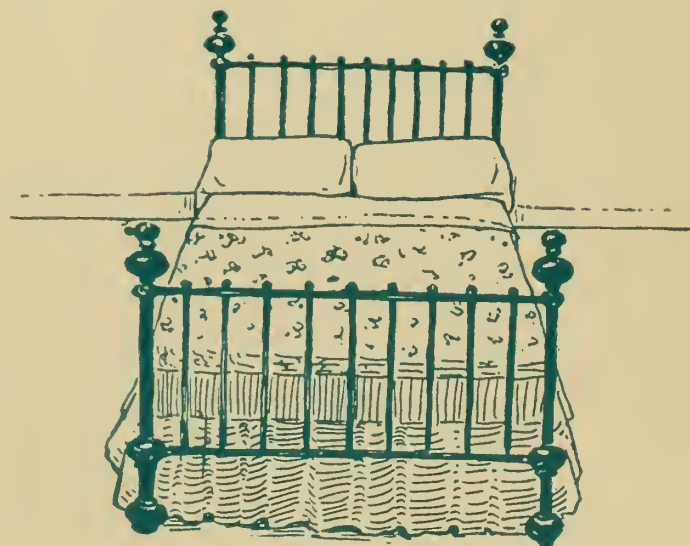
"Children! Ma *said* they were; so!"

Then out spoke Tim Tiny, who sat in my lap,

As he raised from my shoulder his head.

"I t'ink" — and he rubbed both the sleepy blue
eyes —

"Ze greatest invention is — bed!"



THE PICCOLO

THE GINGHAM UMBRELLA

A LESSON IN POLITENESS

ALPHONSO, Alphonso, Alphonso and Arabella
They happened to meet
A man in the street,
Who carried a gingham umbrella.

Alphonso possessed neither manners nor grace,
He made at this person a hideous face ;
But how different the conduct of sweet Arabella,
Who praised with politeness the gingham umbrella.

The man was a nobleman, deeply disguised ;
The compliment courteous he pointedly prized ;
“ Sweet creature,” he said, “ come away from this feller,
And take both my heart and my gingham umbrella ! ”

THE PICCOLO

The very next morning they met in the church,
And foolish Alphonso was left in the lurch ;
For they said, "In the future you'll know how to
tell a
Great lord from a loon, by his gingham umbrella !"



THE PICCOLO

THE PANHELLENIC PELICAN

A PANHELLENIC Pelican,
He wished to climb up Helicon,
To get some Hasty Jellycon
That grew upon the top ;
The thought so filled his noddle, sir,
That off he went a-waddle, sir ;
He did not care a boddle, sir,
For those who bade him stop.

So then,

He filled his pipe with nourishment,
To give him some encourishment,
He made a frisky flourishment
With leg and eke with wing ;

THE PICCOLO

So loudly he did squeak away,
He frightened every Greek away ;
They fled with leap and shriek away,
And yelled like anything.

But unfortunately,

The rocks began to craggify,
His spirits 'gan to flaggify,
His steps began to laggify
Along the climbing track ;
And when he saw the chasms there,
He had most horrid spasms there,
And ate some cataplasms¹ there,
To bring his courage back.

But, alack! and

Alas ! they were not good for him ;
A most improper food for him ;

¹ The Cataplasma, or Mustard-plaster Tree, is said to grow in those parts, but I never believed it myself.

THE PICCOLO

I've always understood for him
It was a fatal feast ;
For he tumbled down a waterfall,
A vastly ghastly sort o' fall ;
No pelican had orter¹ fall
In this way in the least.

¹This spelling is extremely incorrect, the grammar too ; but
I know the right way, and I hope you do !



THE PICCOLO

SOME OF THE TALES THAT I SHALL TELL
WHEN I HAVE TIME ENOUGH

THE tale of the Yammering Yogi,
The suffering Sufi Saint ;
The tale of the Blundering Bogy,
Who swallowed the purple paint ;
The tale of the Lolloping Llamas,
Who went out to tea in pajamas,
While visiting in the Bahamas.
(The people all thought it quaint !)

The tale of the Elegant Eagle
Who bought him a wig ; (he was bald !)
The tale of the Bottle-nosed Beagle
Who never knew what he was called.

THE PICCOLO

The tale of the Hideous Hindoo,
Who put his head out of the windoo;
The people all said, "Take it in, do!
We really are quite appalled!"



THE PICCOLO

THE GONGO AND THE SHONGO

THE Gongo, the Gongo, he lives in the East ;
He is a most horrible, terrible beast.

His teeth they are tusky,
His howls they are husky,
He'll gobble you up, and not mind in the least.

The Shongo, the Shongo, how different is he !
His diet is nothing but toast-crumbs and tea :
But he sits and makes faces
In perilous places,
And sometimes (they say), he is frightful to see.

The people who live in that country, I hear,
Regard these two creatures with fluttering fear ;

THE PICCOLO

And when through the jungle they're strolling
along,
They keep up their spirits by singing this song.

SONG

Air: "Comin' through the Rye."

If a Gongo
Met a Shongo,
Coming home to tea ;
If a Gongo
Ate a Shongo,
Happy should we be !
In the jungle
Should you bungle,
Chance upon the pair,
Set the Gongo
On the Shongo,
Run and leave them there !



THE PICCOLO

THE SUFFERING UNICORN

ONCE there was a Unicorn,
Hi, ho, hi, ho!
Had a toothache in his horn,
Hi, ho, hum!
Had a toothache in his horn,
Made him weep and made him mourn,
Wished he never had been born,
Hi, ho, hum!

To a dentist off he went,
Hi, ho, hi, ho!
Asked him would he kindly dent,
Hi, ho, hum!



THE PICCOLO

“ Look ! it turns me green and yellow.
Hark ! it makes me howl and bellow.
Pull it out, my dental fellow,
Hi, ho, hum ! ”

Dentist pulled and dentist hauled,
Hi, ho, hi, ho !
All his brother dentists called,
Hi, ho, hum !
Pulled him from the dental chair,
Dragged him here and dragged him there,
Couldn't stir it, not a hair,
Hi, ho, hum !

Unicorn at first was sad,
Hi, ho, hi, ho !
Unicorn at last was mad,
Hi, ho, hum !

THE PICCOLO

Bellowing with rage and scorn,
Leaping like a capricorn,
Jabbed them with his aching horn,
Hi, ho, hum!

Chased them up and down the room,
Hi, ho, hi, ho!
He in glory, they in gloom,
Hi, ho, hum!
Then, the business to complete,
Kicked them out into the street,
Chuckling, "Revenge is sweet!"
Hi, ho, hum!



THE PICCOLO

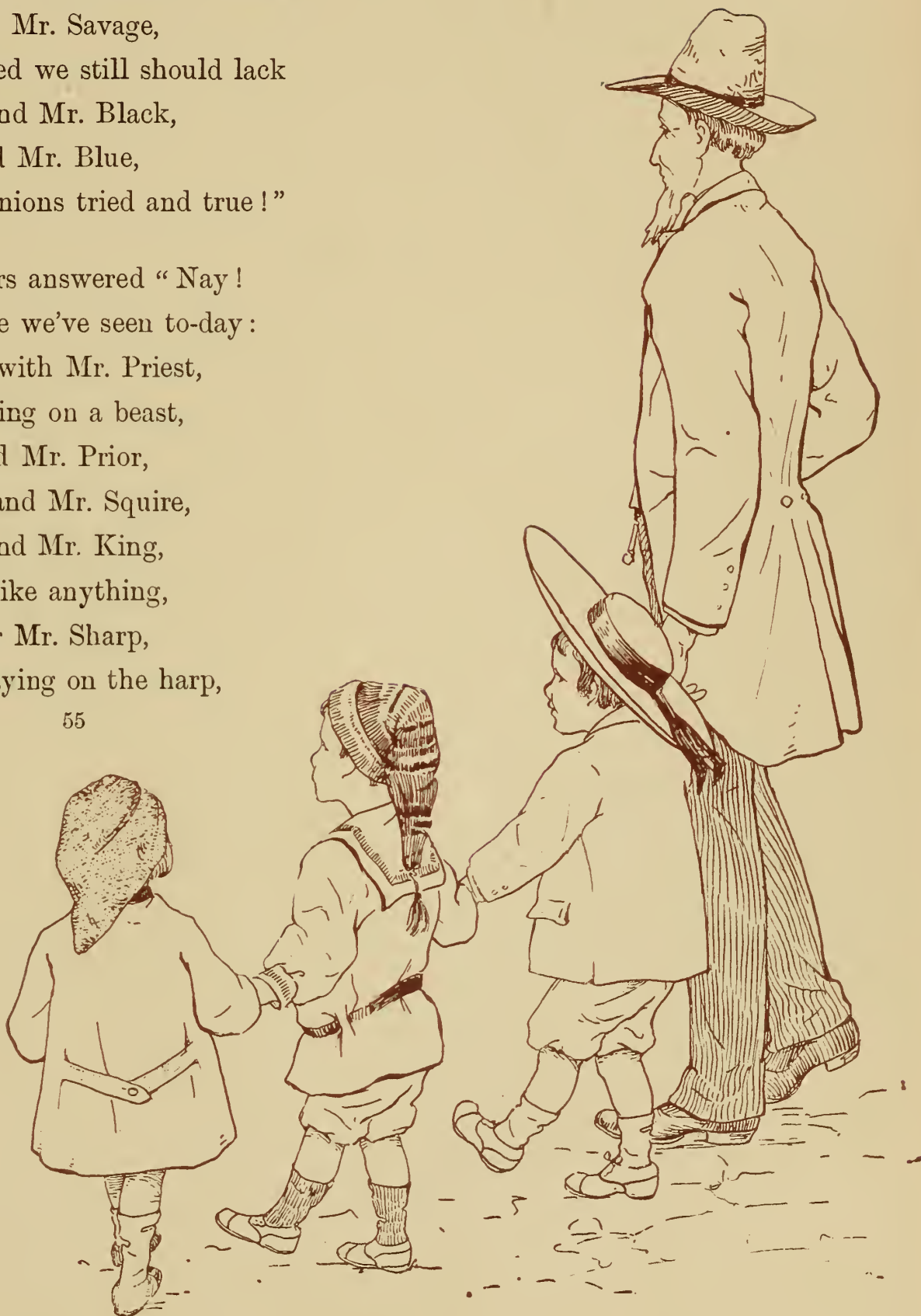
AN INTERESTING WALK

MR. LITTLE, Mr. Small,
Mr. Short and Mr. Tall,
Went a-walking out one day,
On the high and public way.
And they met with Mr. Stout,
Mr. Grim and Mr. Grout,
Mr. Swift and Mr. Strong,
Mr. Light and Mr. Long,
And they said, "I pray you say,
Saw you aught of Mr. Gay,
Mr. Smart and Mr. Keene,
Mr. Brown and Mr. Green?
Mr. Sterne and Mr. Sweet,
They would make our joy complete,

THE PICCOLO

Mr. Fair and Mr. Bright
Would be gladsome to our sight,
And no grief our hearts could ravage
Had we only Mr. Savage,
Though indeed we still should lack
Mr. White and Mr. Black,
Mr. Gray and Mr. Blue,
Those companions tried and true!"

But the others answered "Nay!
None of these we've seen to-day:
But we met with Mr. Priest,
Who was riding on a beast,
Mr. Pope and Mr. Prior,
Mr. Knight and Mr. Squire,
Mr. Prince and Mr. King,
Rushing on like anything,
Hasting after Mr. Sharp,
Who was playing on the harp,



THE PICCOLO

While his uncle, Mr. Wise,
Shook his head with groans and sighs,
Crying loudly, "No, no, no, boy!
Stop, and hear me play the hautboy!"
Mr. East and Mr. West,
Mr. Good and Mr. Best,
Mr. Grand and Mr. True
Did illuminate our view,
And we hope to overtake
Mr. Pond and Mr. Lake,
Mr. Hill and Mr. Plain,
Mr. Field and Mr. Lane,
Mr. Sand and Mr. Shore,
Who have hastened on before.
Come with us, and you shall see
Mr. Wood and Mr. Tree,
Mr. Branch and Mr. Flower,
Mr. Church and Mr. Tower,

THE PICCOLO

Mr. Castle, Mr. Hall,
And, the very best of all,
Friends from whom we ne'er will roam,
Mr. House and Mr. Home.



THE DISAPPOINTING TEA - PARTY

SOME gentlemen with funny names
Last evening came to tea
With Uncle Job and Uncle James,
And Aunt Kezi' and me.

There was Mr. Hilo Hostlethwaite,
And Jeremiah Jelly,
And Dr. Peter Postlethwaite,
And Simon Snuffkin Smellie.

We knew that they were monstrous wise,
And so we hoped to hear
The problems and the mysteries
Of all the world made clear :

THE PICCOLO

For learning's bright and shining flames
Are very dear, you see,
To Uncle Job and Uncle James,
And Aunt Kezi', and me.

We took our seats around the board,
And all our ears we lent
To hear them pour from wisdom's hoard
The pearls of sentiment.

But not a pearl its lustre shed,
No gem escaped their store ;
For every single word they said
Was "Thanks! a little more!"



THE PICCOLO

They ate the chickens, broil and roast,
They ate the frizzled ham,
They fell upon the buttered toast,
They gobbled up the jam.

They ate, and ate, *and ate*, until
There wasn't any tea
For Uncle Job, or Uncle James,
Or Aunt Kezi' or me.

THE PICCOLO

NOTES ON THE NORTH AMERICAN
INDIAN

THE smiling Susquehanna,
He plays the grand pianner,
In wild and warlike manner,
Io! io! io!
He thumps it with his nose, sir;
He bangs it with his toes, sir;
And then away he goes, sir,
As hard as he can go.

The trembling Tockahoopo
Doth dwindle and doth droop, oh,
Without his turtle soup, oh,
At morning and at night;



THE PICCOLO

He sups it from a spoon, sir,
He gazes at the moon, sir,
He wears a blanketoon, sir,
 And is a lovely sight.

The tusky Tuscarora
Would feel a perfect horror
To meet a ring-tailed roarer
 Upon his homeward road ;
But happily they stray, my dear,
In countries far away, my dear,
So he may skip and play, my dear,
 Nor ever grief forebode.

The able Abenaki,
He will not dress in khaki,
He will not wed a darkey,
 (Observe, the rhyme is bad !)

THE PICCOLO

The pompous Pottawottamie
Gives lessons in phlebotomy,
I'm told that he does not — oh me!
(No other rhyme ; how sad !)



THE PICCOLO

THE CONTUMACIOUS TROGLODYTE

A CONTUMACIOUS Troglodyte,
(You may not know what that is, quite ;
It is a man lives in a cave,
And does not dance, or sing, or shave,
But far from brabbles, brawls, and bothers,
Reflects upon the sins of others.) .

This contumacious Troglo — what ?
Said that before ? Well, like as not ;
For when I get a word as fine
As that, I like to make it mine ;
But wherefore put me to the pain
Of going back to start again ?

THE PICCOLO

This contumacious Trog — I say!
Stop interrupting me this way!
Now you have put my thoughts to flight,
And quenched my fancy's fairy light.
All kinds of lovely things I knew,
And did intend to tell to you,
But now no further word I'll write
About the contum.¹ Troglodyte.

¹ The rest of the word would not go in.



THE PICCOLO

CURIOUS CREATURES

DID you ever hear the Higglety-Hog
Howl ?

Did you ever hear the Grigglety-Grog
Growl ?

If you never heard that singular sound,
You never will, then, I'll be bound,
For they've both gone off to the Spanish Main,
And never will come this way again.

Did you ever see the Dinkery-Donk
Dance ?

Did you ever see the Pinkery-Ponk
Prance ?

THE PICCOLO

If you never saw that beautiful sight,
They say you won't, and I think they're right,
For they both ran after the Twoggle-cum-twig,
And I hear he led them a terrible rig.



THE PICCOLO

THE TWOGGLE - CUM - TWIG

YOU ask me about the Twoggle-cum-twig,
Whether he's little or whether he's big ;
Whether he's round or whether he's square,
Wobbled in wool or hummocked with hair :
I cannot tell you ; I do not dare !

You ask me whether he squawks or squeals,
Trips on his toes or hops on his heels,
Studies Latin or plays the flute,
Wears a tail on his diving-suit —
I may not answer ; I must be mute !

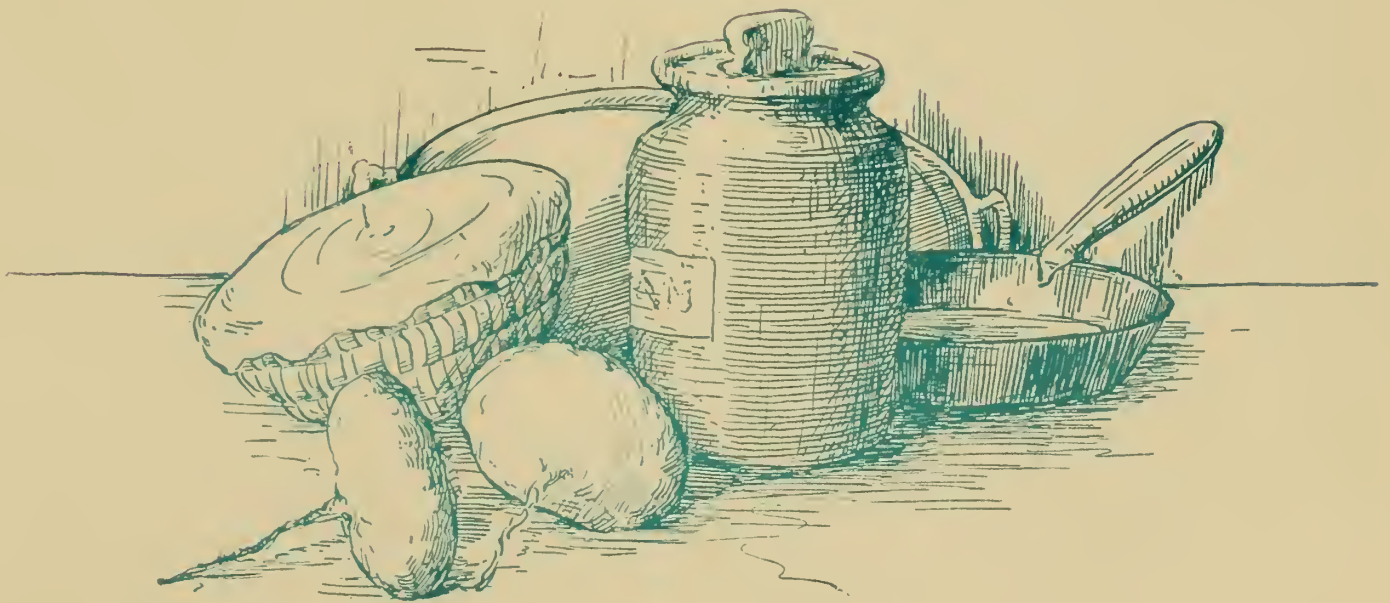
You ask me whether he feeds on figs,
Jam, or turnips, or scrambled wigs ;

THE PICCOLO

Dances under the Tea-tray Tree,
Sings "Oh, hobbledy, hobbledy gee!"
Ah! do not ask me; it may not be!

'Tis one of the mysteries dark and deep;
'Tis one of the things that make me weep.
'Tis one of the things that, come what may,
I never, no, never, no never will say.

Enough! now leave me; away! away!



THE PICCOLO

CONCERNING THE NOBILITY

THERE was a benevolent Baronet,
Who went out to fish with a sparrow net ;
But a whale with a jump
Came flimpety flump,
And he found it was rather a narrow net.

There was a magnificent Marchioness,
Whose character tended to starchiness ;
But when a great King
Said " Oo tootsicums t'ing ! "
She softened at once into archiness.

There was a laconical Laureate,
Who grew thinner and thinner the more he ate ;



THE PICCOLO

Till one terrible day
He vanished away,
And all on account of the store he ate.

There was an unmannerly Mandarin
Whose lady had hoped he would hand her in
To dinner one day,
But she fainted away
When instead he escorted the gander in.



THE PICCOLO

IN FOREIGN PARTS

WHEN I lived in Singapore,
It was something of a bore
To receive the bulky Begums who came trundling to
my door ;
They kept getting into tangles
With their bingle-bongle-bangles,
And the tiger used to bite them as he sat upon the
floor.

When I lived in Timbuctoo,
Almost every one I knew
Used to play upon the sackbut, singing " toodle-doo-
dle, doo,"

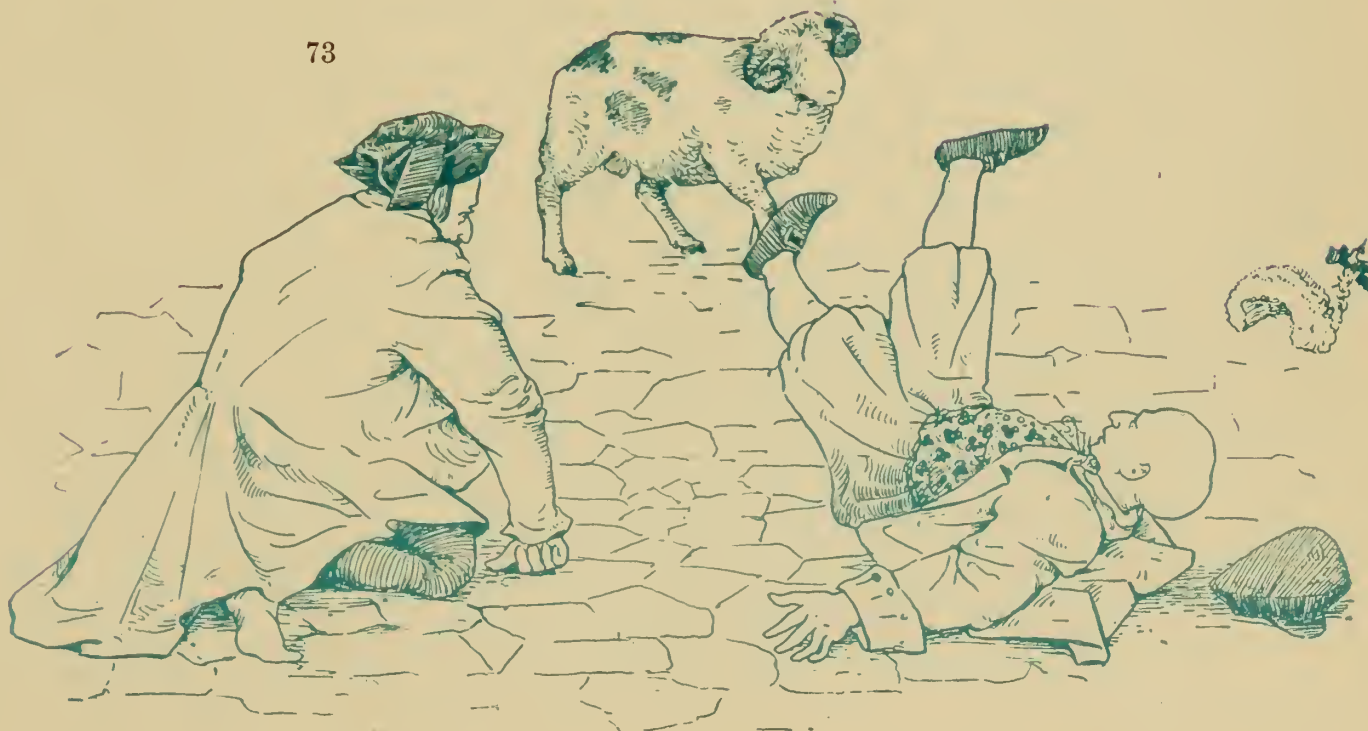


THE PICCOLO

And they made ecstatic ballads,
And consumed seductive salads,
Made of chicory and hickory and other things that
grew.

When I lived in Rotterdam,
I possessed a spotted ram,
Who would never feed on anything but hollyhocks
and ham ;
But one day he butted down
All the magnates of the town,
So they slew him, though I knew him to be gentle
as a lamb.

73



THE PICCOLO

But!

When I got to Kandahar,
It was very, very far,
And the people came and said to me, "How *very*
plain you are!"
So I sailed across the foam,
And I toddle-waddled home,
And no more I'll go a-rovering beyond the harbor
bar.



THE PICCOLO

SOME SINGULAR STATEMENTS

SHALL I tell you what happens when I go
To stay with the Sheriff of Sligo?

He rides on a goat
In a plum-colored coat,
And my aunt Isabella says, "Why go?"

But that's naught to what happens when we go
To visit the Vicar of Vigo;

He squints and he squeals,
And he takes to his heels,
And says, "Gracious! whenever will she go?"

Yet think what might happen should you go
To lodge with the Landlord of Lugo!

He might kick you down-stairs
Till you needed repairs,
And remark from the window, "Must you go?"



SOME FAMILIES OF MY ACQUAINTANCE



THE Rummy-jums, the Rummy-jums,
Are very funny people ;
(Very, very, very, very,
Very funny people !)
They run as hard as they can go,
And clamber up the steeple ;
(Clamber-climber, climber-clamber,
Clamber up the steeple !)
And when they get up to the top,
They say " Good gracious ! we must stop !"
And turn about with grief and pain,
And clamber-climber down again.

The Viddipoeks, the Viddipoeks,
Have very pretty bonnets ;

THE PICCOLO

(Very, very, very, very,
Very pretty bonnets!)
And when they wear them upside down,
They write most lovely sonnets;
(Lovely-dovely, dovely-lovely,
Lovely-dovely sonnets!)
And sitting on the new-mown hay,
They wirble-warble all the day;
“For oh!” they say, “at such a time,
Our very ribbons flow in rhyme!”

The Wiggle-wags, the Wiggle-wags,
They never know their mind, sir;
(Never, never, never, never,
Never know their mind, sir!)
Sometimes they hook their frocks before,
And sometimes up behind, sir;
(Hook them, crook them, crook them, hook
them,

THE PICCOLO

Hook them up behind, sir !)
And first they turn them inside out,
Then outside-inside with a shout ;
“ For oh ! ” they say, “ there’s no one knows
Which way the most our beauty shows ! ”

THE PICCOLO

A SPANISH BALLAD

(To be sung to the guitar)

A GENTLEMAN in fair Madrid
He loved a lovely maid, he did ;
Of all the maids the pearl and pink,
Oh, tink-a-tink-a-tink-a-tink !

He followed her both near and far,
Performing on his light guitar ;
And often at her feet he sank,
Oh, tank-a-tank-a-tank-a-tank !

But she remained both grim and grave ;
“ I wish,” she said, “ you would behave ! ”
And so he went and was a monk,
Oh, tunk-a-tunk-a-tunk-a-tunk !



THE ARMADILLO

A MORAL TALE

YOUNG Waldemar Fitzwillow
Possessed an armadillo,
Which was both his glory and his pride ;
And when he took his nap, he
Was seldom quite so happy
As when the creature slumbered by his side.

One day while he was sleeping,
His enemy came creeping,
(His name was Parker Paracelsus Pell !)
And with a fiendish chuckle,
Likewise a belt and buckle,
He whacked the armadillo on the shell.



THE PICCOLO

The armadillo uttered
A dismal groan, and squuttered ;
 (That means to amble mournfully away ;)
The enemy did follow,
With flout, and shout, and hollo,
 And drove the harmless creature down the way.

But Waldemar Fitzwillow,
Upstarting from his pillow,
 Exclaimed, " That armadillo, sir, is mine !"
And with a gesture splendid
His brief remarks he ended,
 By cleaving Paracelsus to the chine.



THE PICCOLO

MORAL

Be kind to armadillos,
When sleeping on their pillows,
 And whack them not ungently on the shell;
Or you may be dismembered
Before you have remembered
 The fate of Parker Paracelsus Pell.

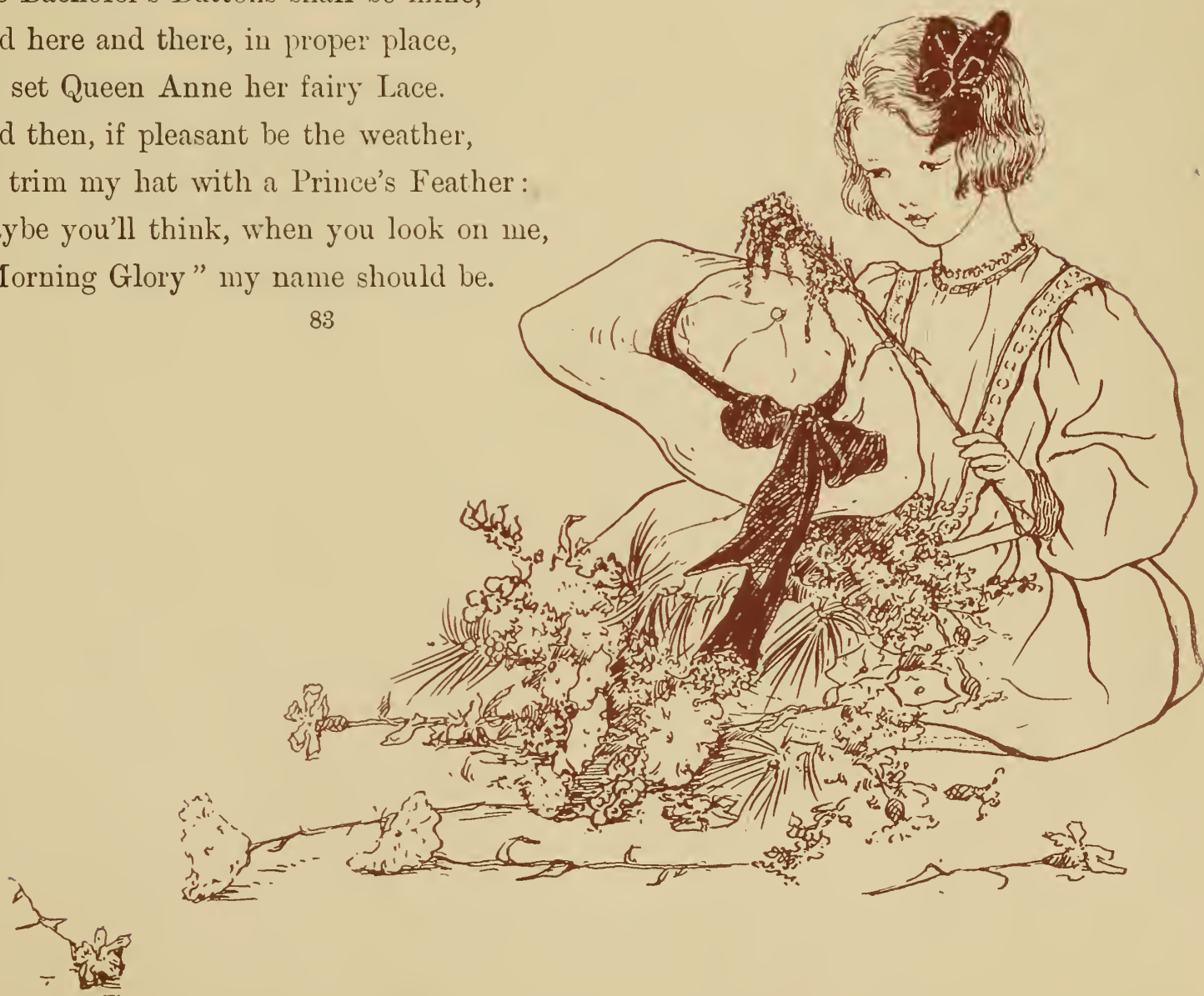
THE PICCOLO

FANCY DRESS

I'M going to make a fancy dress,
The fashion o't you ne'er would guess.
I'll take the cloth from the Dutchman's Breeches,
I'll pluck some Stitchwort to make the stitches,
And with pine-needles I will sew,
Backward and forward, to and fro.

I'll trim it all with Goldthread fine,
The Bachelor's Buttons shall be mine,
And here and there, in proper place,
I'll set Queen Anne her fairy Lace.
And then, if pleasant be the weather,
I'll trim my hat with a Prince's Feather:
Maybe you'll think, when you look on me,
"Morning Glory" my name should be.

83



MR. PETER POOK

MR. PETER POOK
And Mr. Sammy Snook,
They went to hunt for pillywinks
Beside the meadow brook.
Mr. Peter
Met a skeeter,
Scared him 'most to death, poor creatur'!
Mr. Sammy
Met a lammie,
Screamed and ran to tell his Mammy:
They will never more, methinks,
Go a-hunting pillywinks.



THE PICCOLO

SLEEPY SONG

BLACK curls and gold curls,
Lying on my knee,
Black curls and gold curls,
Lovely for to see ;

“ Sing a song, sing a song,
Little mother, do !
Singing time is come now,
Sleepy time, too ! ”

Hushaby, Gold-top !
Hushaby, dear !
Far in the west now
The sun sinks clear.

THE PICCOLO

Purple for his pillow,
Coverlet of gold ;
Soon shall you slumber too,
In soft sheets rolled.

Hushaby, Black-cap !
Hushaby, love !
See the little cloud-lambs
Curl themselves above !

In the fields of heaven
Fast asleep they lie ;
Soon shall you slumber too,
So by-low-by !



JOSEPHINE BRUCE.

THE PICCOLO

Hushaby, darlings,
Hushaby now !
See the little twinkle-stars
Lighting all a-row !

All the night they dance, dance,
All the day they sleep ;
Now while you slumber true,
Their watch they keep.



THE PICCOLO

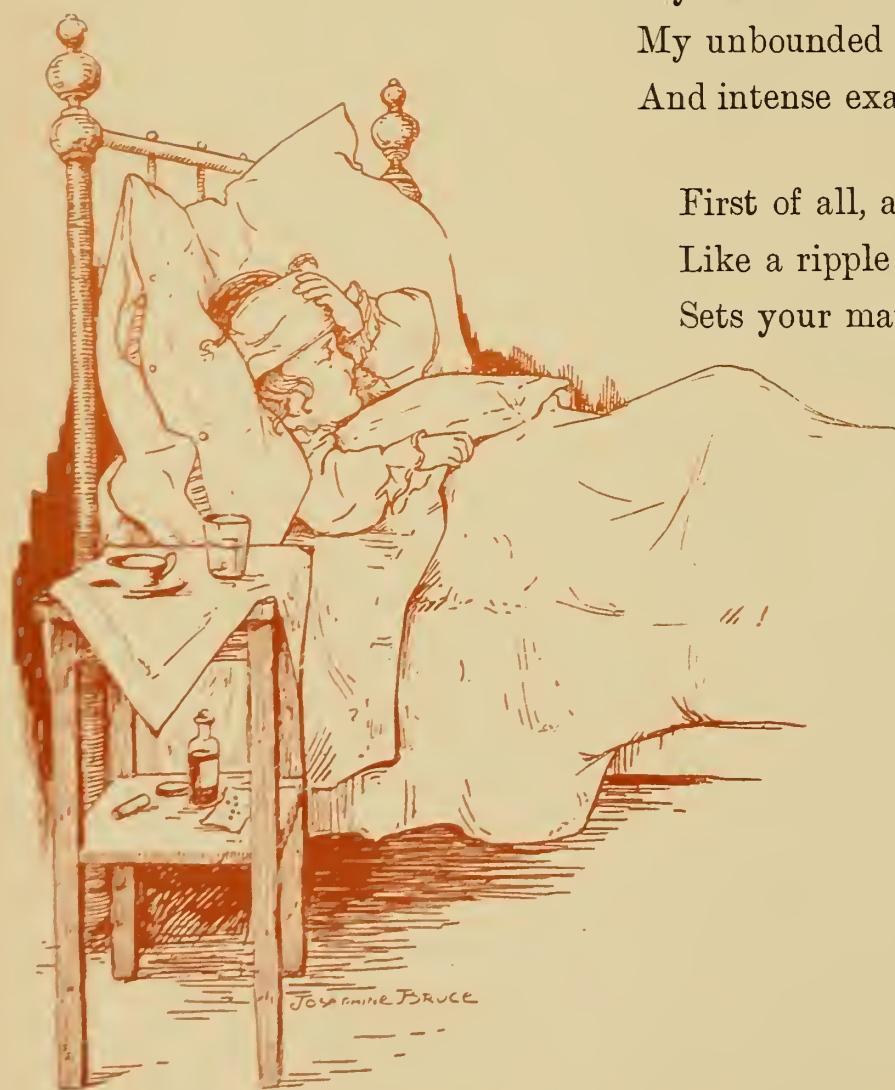
GRIPPE

NEVER had it? then the world is all before you!
Just recovered? then there's naught for me to
tell.

But for me, I've just arisen
From a grim and grippy prison,
And desire in me is welling
All the world to be a-telling
Of my singular sensations,
My extreme exacerbations,
My unbounded irritations
And intense exasperations.

First of all, a sudden shiver,
Like a ripple on the river,
Sets your marrow all a-quiver,

88



THE PICCOLO

Without any cause whatever.
And from thence go hurry-scurry,
Helter-skelter, flirry-flurry,
Darting, little icy particles
Through the nine and thirty articles,
(Rather more or rather less,) —
That your body may possess.
And your teeth begin to chatter, —
Though the speech is no great matter —
Half a groan and half a grumble,
As the shawls you clutch and fumble.
And you cower, shaking, quaking,
When — your teeth set up an aching!
Cuspid, molar, each one taking
His peculiar line of devilry,
As in some infernal revelry.
With a throbbing and a jobbing,
And a driving and a riving,

THE PICCOLO

And a stabbing and a jabbing,
And a jerking and a dirking,
As if all were Greek-and-Turking,
And a nagging and a jaggng,
And a darting and a smarting,
As of soul and body parting.

Then your head takes up the story,
Crying, " I will ache for glory !
I will ache with such an aching
As the world shall be awaking ;
Fame shall sit upon my banner,
To have ached in such a manner !"
And it aches ! till every brain-cell
Is transfigured to a pain-cell ;
Till cerebrum, cerebellum,
To balloons of anguish swell 'em,
And *medulla oblongata*
Wears the crown of saint and martyr.

THE PICCOLO

Then your knees ache ; and your nose aches ;
And each smallest of your toes aches ;
And your throat's a ring of iron
Which your tongue lies parched and dry on ;

Now your feet they fall from under !
Now your backbone drops asunder !
Now your whole articulation
Creaks and groans like all creation,
As a wave of fever fills you,
And engulfs you and entrills you,
Till you sink beneath the billows,
Sink, and clutching at the pillows,
Cry, as reason 'gins to totter,
“ Run, oh ! run for Dr. Potter ! ”



THE PICCOLO

THE SQUIRREL OF CENTRAL PARK

I AM the squirrel of Central Park ;
(Hop, skip, and away !)

Here in the daylight, there in the dark,

Gaily I frolic and play.

Give me a nut, and quick I'll take it,

Never a pause to bite and break it ;

Off now, a snug little hole to make it ;

(Hop, skip, and away !)

I am the squirrel of Central Park !

(Hurry, scurry, and hop !)

See me go rattling over the bark,

Up to the tree's tip-top !

High on the branches swinging, swinging,

Light and tight as the bird that's winging ;

Don't even envy the song he's singing ;

(Hurry, scurry, and hop !)

THE PICCOLO

I am the squirrel of Central Park !

(Chatter, chatter, and cheep !)

Sometimes I peer through the leaves and mark

Prisoners here they keep.

Who'd be a grizzly, mountains high,

There under bolts and chains to lie ?

Gay little King of the Park am I ;

(Chatter, chatter, and cheep !)



THE PICCOLO

SUPPOSITIONS

OH! if I were a spotty giraffe,
How do you s'pose that I should laugh?

Hi!

He!

Ha!

Ho!

Gurgling down the laugh would go,
Hubble and bubble, and get into trouble,
And find its way out at the end of my toe.

Oh! If I were an alligator,
How do you s'pose that I should snore?

Hunk!

Punk!

Wunk!

Squunk!

THE PICCOLO

The snore would run into my teeth, ker-chunk !
My teeth would ache, and I should wake,
And probably tumble right out of my bunk.

Oh ! if I were a cinnamon bear,
How do you s'pose I should curl my hair ?

Frizzly,

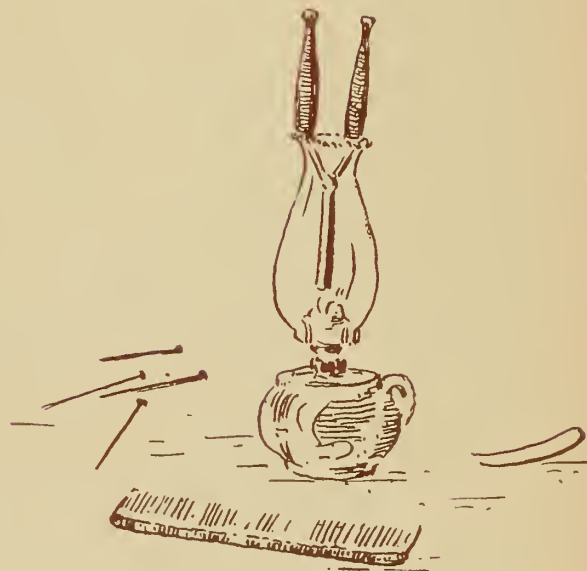
Sizzly,

Hire a grizzly,

(Send him a cab if the weather were drizzly,)

Twist it round a coyote's tail,

And pin it up with a tenpenny nail.



THE PICCOLO

THE MEADOW SONG

REDTOP, timothy, June-grass, and clover,
Sing the merry meadow song over and over!
Bobolinks a-trilling through it,
Little breezes thrilling through it,
Just to-day,
Care away,
And I'll be a rover.

Redtop, timothy, herd's-grass, and daisy,
Hear the merry meadow song, laughing and lazy!
Grasshoppers a-chirring through it,
Jolly quakers whirring through it,
Midges small
Over all,
Dancing till they're crazy.

THE PICCOLO

Red top, timothy, buttercup and rye-grass,
How the merry meadow song ripples through the
high grass!

Golden cups a-dancing in it,
Golden sunlight glancing in it,
Garden-plot
Clean forgot,
I'm content with my grass!

97



THE PICCOLO

NEVERMORE

OH! nevermore
On yonder shore,
I'll hear the Woggle-something roar :
(The Woggle-which ? the Woggle-what ?
The creature's name I have forgot !)
Oh ! nevermore, oh ! nevermore !
Oh ! isn't that a horrid bore ?

Oh ! nevermore, behind the door,
I'll hear the Snoozle-poozle snore ;
The Snoozle gray, the Snoozle grim,
The Snoozle deaf and dank and dim ;
Oh ! nevermore, oh ! nevermore !
Oh ! isn't that a horrid bore ?

THE PICCOLO

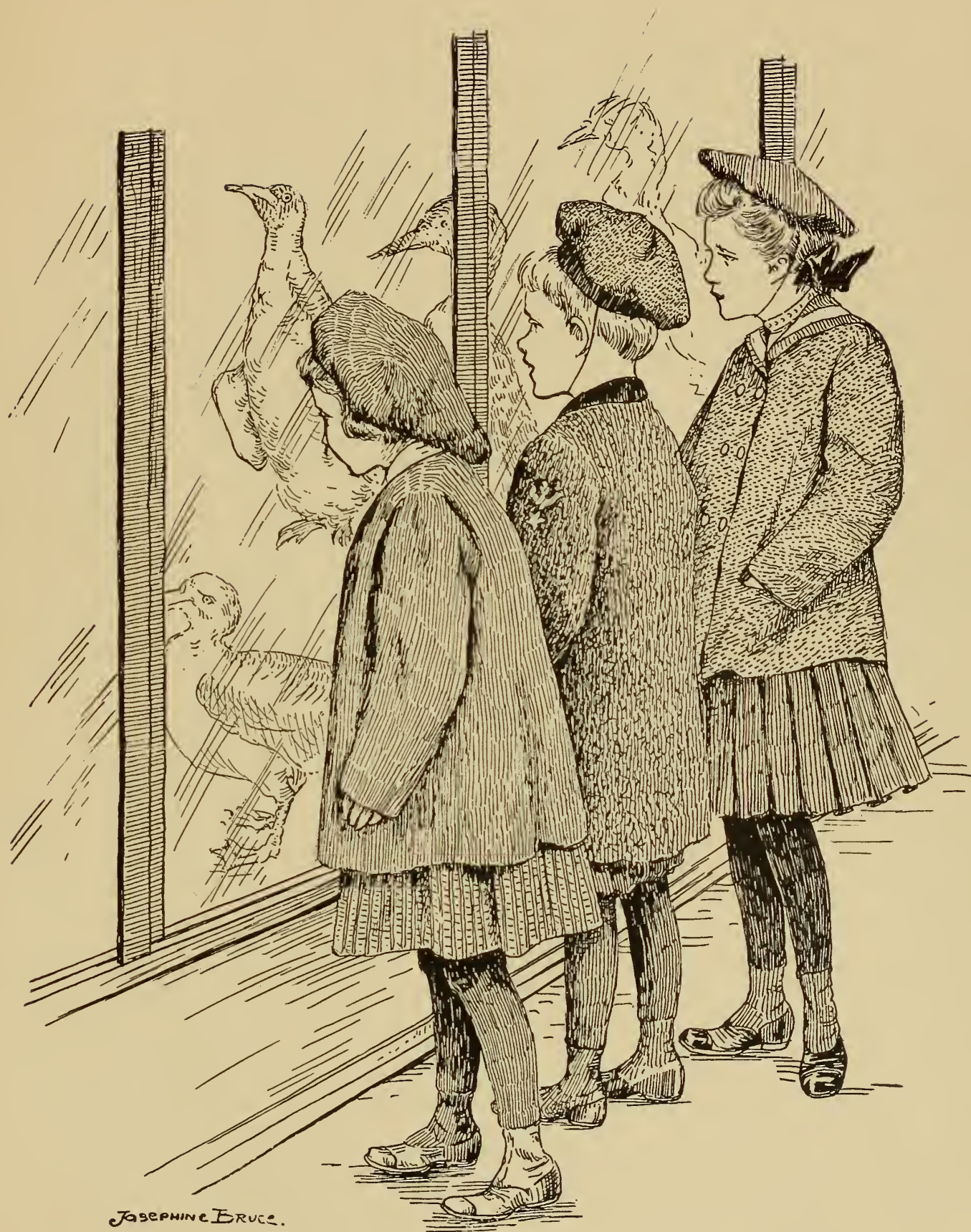
Oh! nevermore, my cot before,
I'll watch the Kettletumpkin soar ;
The Kettletump, a feathered frump,
That flutters round my aged pump ;
Oh! nevermore, oh! nevermore !
Oh! isn't that a hideous bore ?



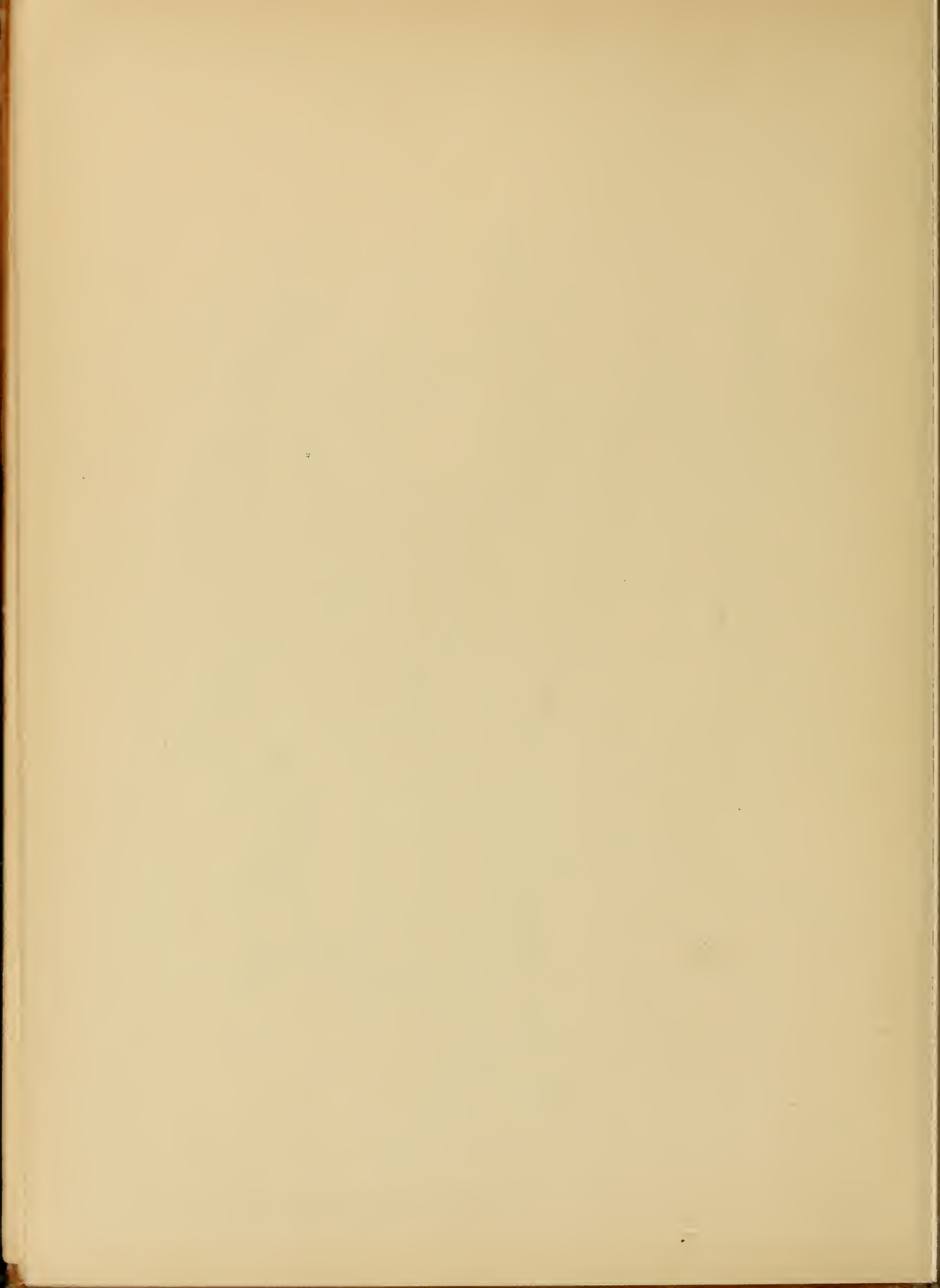
AFTER A VISIT TO THE NATURAL
HISTORY MUSEUM

THIS is the Wiggledywasticus ;
Very remarkable beast.
Nose to tail an eighth of a mile ;
Took him an acre or two to smile ;
Took him a quarter 'f an hour to wink ;
Swallowed a pond for his morning drink.
Oh ! would it had been vouchsafed to us
Upon the Wiggledywasticus
Our wondering eyes to feast !

This is the Ptoodlecumtumpsydyl ;
Rather unusual bird.
Had a mouth before and behind ;
Ate whichever way he'd a mind ;



JOSEPHINE BRUCE.



THE PICCOLO

Spoiled his digestion, so they say,
Pindled and dwindled quite away,
Or else he might have been living still,
The singular Ptoodlecumtumpsydyl;
A pity, upon my word !

This is the Ichthyosnortoryx ;
Truly astonishing fish ;
Used to snort in a terrible way ;
Scared the lobsters to death they say :
Had a nose like a tea-kettle spout,
Broke it snorting, and so died out.
Sad ! if he hadn't got into this fix,
We might have made of the 'Snortoryx
A very acceptable dish.



THE PICCOLO

DESERT SONG

IN the Desert of Sahara,
Tiddy hi, tiddy ho ;
In the Desert of Sahara,
Tiddy hum ;
The sands are red and yellow,
And the camels snort and bellow,
And the African is beating of his drum, drum, drum,
And the African is beating of his drum.

The lion is a-roaring,
Tiddy hi, tiddy ho,
And the vulture is a-soaring,
Tiddy hum ;
And the handy little jackal
Is a-waiting with his pack all,
And the African is beating of his drum, drum, drum,
And the African is beating of his drum.

THE PICCOLO

The Bedouin is riding,
Tiddy hi, tiddy ho,
And the ostriches are hiding,
Tiddy hum ;
And at sight of an oasis
You sit down and say " Good gravis !"
And the African is beating of his drum, drum, drum,
And the African is beating of his drum.

Oh ! the Desert of Sahara,
Tiddy hi, tiddy ho,
Shall we go there, *mia cara*,
Tiddy hum ;
No ! we'll stay where we belong,
So I'll end my little song,
While the African is beating of his drum, drum, drum,
While the African is beating of his drum.



THE PICCOLO

A BRIEF BALLAD OF ARABY

IN Araby, in Araby, in Araby the blest,
There lived a man who thought he'd like
To travel to the west.
On a lumpy humpy camel he
Departed with his family,
His uncle's name was Sammy Lee,
But I forget the rest.

From Araby, from Araby,
From Araby the free,
They amble-ramble-gambolled
Till they came unto the sea.
But the camel could not swim, you know,
It disagreed with him, you know,

THE PICCOLO

He waved his hinder limb, you know,
And yelled ferociously.

To Araby, to Araby,
To Araby the fair,
They turned their faces home again
In anguish and despair.
But the camel, they'd such grief of him,
They wished to find relief of him,
And so they made corned beef of him,
And ate him then and there.



THE TABLES TURNED

NOW this is the story of our little boy Jock ;
How, climbing forbidden fences,
He met with a monstrous big turkey-cock,
Who scared him most out of his senses.

For "Gobble, gobble, gobble!" said the Turkey-cock,
And he spread his tail like a fan, sir ;
But this was too much for our little boy Jock,
And off like a shot he ran, sir.

Oh, Jock ran here and Jock ran there,
And the Turkey-cock ran after ;
And this one screamed in a wild despair,
And t'other one shook with laughter.



THE PICCOLO

For, "Gobble, gobble, gobble!" said the Turkey-cock,
And he swelled as big as the shed, sir;
But off to his mother ran poor little Jock,
And hid in her apron his head, sir.

Thanksgiving came, and our little boy Jock
At Grandmamma's table was sitting;
And there was the very same Turkey-cock,
In a posture more seemly and fitting.

And "Gobble, gobble, gobble!" went our little boy
Jock,
And he waved his fork and his knife, sir;
But never a word said the Turkey-cock,
For he'd done with the follies of life, sir.



THE PICCOLO

A SUGGESTION

FOR A POSSIBLE VOLUME TO BE CALLED "THE YOUNG
RHYMESTER'S COMPANION."

WHAT are the words that rhyme with *Moon* ?
Not June,
Nor Tune !

For M-O-O, (*double O!*) N, Moon,
The suitable rhymes may be told full soon.
You may beg of your Sov'reign a gracious Boon ;
You may crack a jest with a bold Buffoon,
In a motley cap and a pied Pantaloon,
On a deep divan in a splendid Saloon.
Or play a jig on an old Bassoon,
Or fire a shot at a crafty Coon,
Or dance a quadrille with a blue Baboon.



JOSEPHINE BRUCE

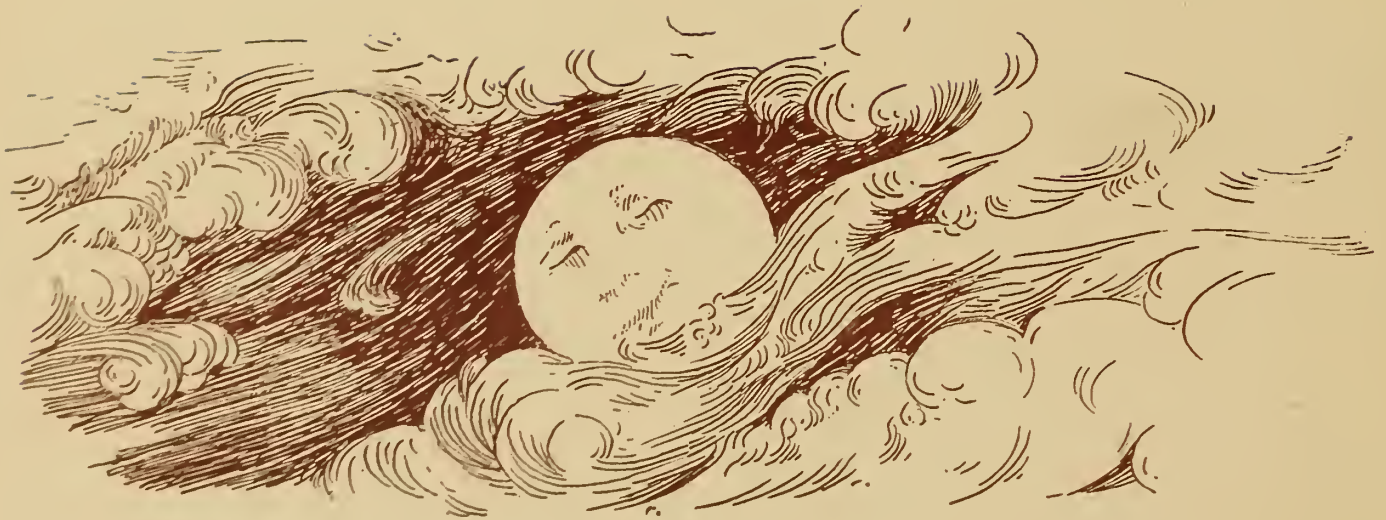


THE PICCOLO

Or if you're a Scot, you can Busk and Boune,
(Not forgetting to put on your cork-heeled Shoon!)
And arming yourself with a Muskatoon,
Or (if you prefer it,) a stout Spontoon,
Can join with some others to form a Platoon,
And chasing some rascally Picaroon,
Come down on him like the swift Typhoon:
Harry him, drive him across a Pontoon,
Shrieking and squeaking, the "cream-faced Loon!"—
Your scoundrel is ever the worst Poltroon!—
Then smashing the bridge, leave him there a Ma-
roon,
For he can't get away, as he has no Balloon. —
You are weary and faint? 'tis the hour of Noon!
You say sit by the side of Bonnie Doon,
And rest; and nibble a Macaroon.
Or meeting a Lovely One — something Aroon, —
Who's been reading your verses and dropped in a
Swoon,

THE PICCOLO

May revive her with syllabub out of a Spoon.
An oh! but she'll think you a gay Gossoon,
As a ballad soft in her ear you Croon,
Exclusively made up of rhymes to *Moon!*



THE PICCOLO

THE SAD TALE OF MR. BOBSTER AND
MISS PRAWNY PRIM

MR. BOBSTER
Was a lobster,
Lived beneath a rock.
Miss Prawny Prim
Made eyes at him,
Which did his feelings shock.

“ Oh, my claws, Ma'am !
Social laws, Ma'am,
Such-like acts taboo.
You should have waited until I
Held out my claw to you.”

Mr. Bobster
Did his nob stir,

THE PICCOLO

Shook it in disgust.
Miss Prawny Prim
Made mouths at him,
And called him "Cross old Crust."
"Oh, my shell, Ma'am!
Hear me tell, Ma'am!
This I cannot stand.
If thus things be
Beneath the sea,
What must they be on land?"



THE PICCOLO

Mr. Bobster,
Angry lobster,
Left his shelt'ring cave;
Miss Prawny Prim
Threw stones at him,
And chased him through the wave.
Such behaving
Set him raving ;
Sooner die than not.
And so he went and threw himself
Into a lobster-pot.

THE PICCOLO

JEREMI' AND JOSEPHINE

AS Jeremi' and Josephine
Were walky-talking on the green,
They met a man who bore a dish
Of (anything you like to wish!)

They stared to see the man so bold ;
They really thought he must be cold,
For he was clad, though chill the day,
In (anything you choose to say!)

The man returned their stare again ;
But now the story gives me pain,
For he remarked in scornful tone,
(I'll let you manage this alone!)

THE PICCOLO

And there is even worse to come ;
The man (I've been informed by some,)
Inflicted on the blameless two
(I leave the punishment to you !)

This simple tale is thus, you see,
Divided fair 'twixt you and me,
And nothing more I've heard or seen
Of Jeremi' or Josephine.



THE UNCLE OF CATO THEOPHILUS JONES

THE uncle of Cato Theophilus Jones,
He sang to his lute in tumultuous tones,
“Oh! twanklety twinklety twanklety twee,
The young Georgiana is lovely to see!”

The young Georgiana (her surname was Grout,)
Possessed a Papa who was savage and stout;
He heard from his window the tremulous tones
Of the uncle of Cato Theophilus Jones.

“Now list!” said the parent; “now listen and hark!
Who is it that’s warbling thus in the dark?
‘Oh! twanklety twinklety twanklety twee,
The young Georgiana is winsome and wee!’”



THE PICCOLO

He seized on a pitcher both ample and full,
And emptied the same on the troubadour's skull,
And the sweet summer evening was filled with the
groans
Of the uncle of Cato Theophilus Jones.

The maiden may linger and listen full long,
But she never will hear the last words of the song,
"Oh! twanklety twinklety twanklety twee,
The young Georgiana my true-love shall be!"

THE END.









Julia W. Shaw
1906

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

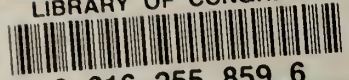
Preservation Technologies

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 255 859 6