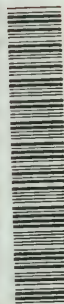


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LITTLE-FOLK



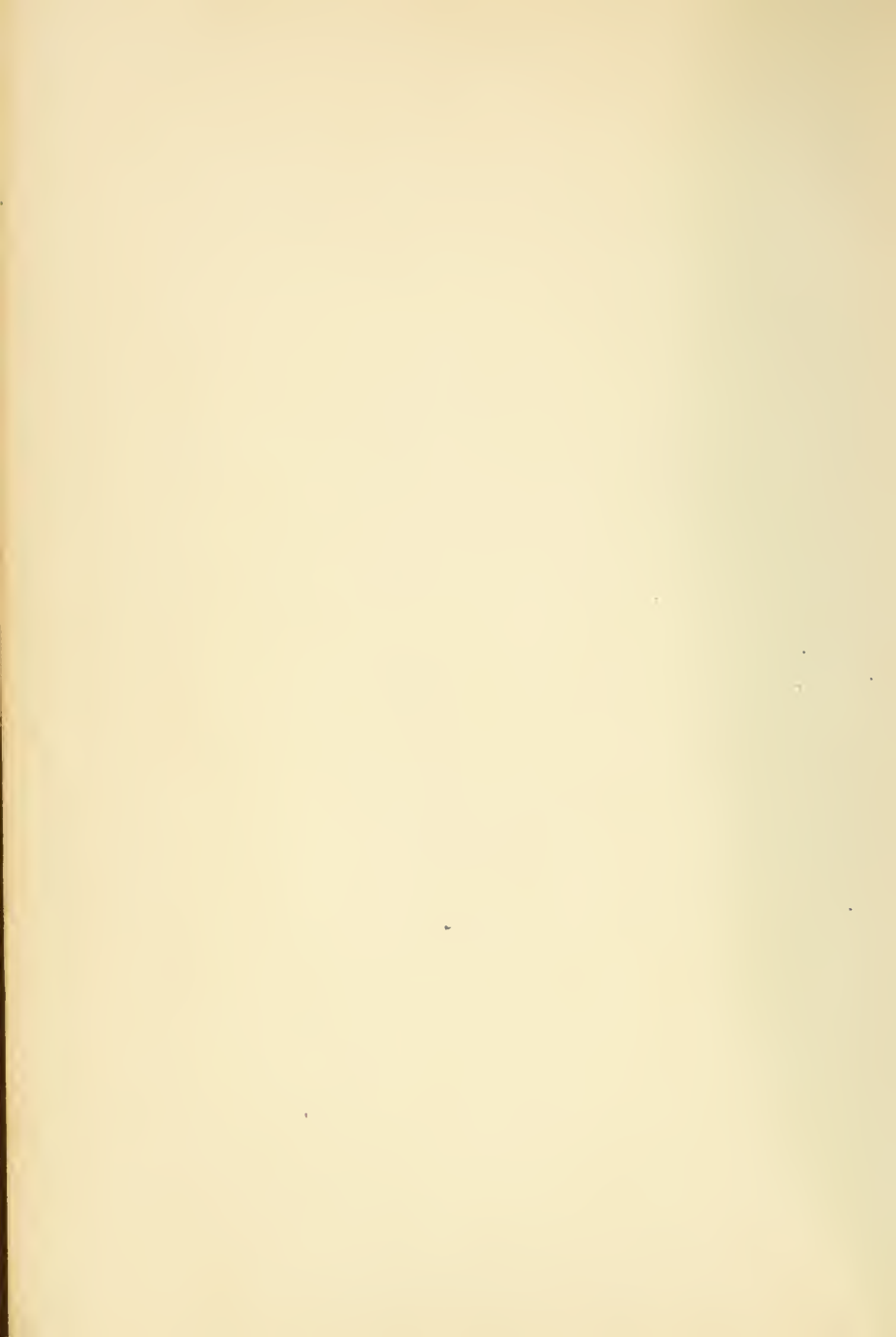
SONGS



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LITTLE-FOLK SONGS

BY
ALEXINA B. WHITE



NEW YORK
PUBLISHED BY HURD AND HOUGHTON
Cambridge: Riverside Press



TO R. M. W. AND S. W.

YET golden, dear ones, rises each fair head
To manly stature in full height completed,
Blue eyes glance bright 'neath brows where candor seated
Holds fearless sway. With ever quickening tread,
The incessant years my little babes have led
Far from me, flinging childhood's toys and flowers
Away, while speeding with the absolute hours
To lift life's iron gage. Hope strives with dread
To see you stand forth men. Backward I turn
Adown the path home-bound, content to find
Your tiny foot-prints, tenderly to trace
Remembrances, — haply o'er which to yearn
In the still house, — wherewith these leaves are lined ;
Yours all the sweetness that may lend them grace.

NEW YORK, *July* 18, 1871.

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LITTLE FOLK SONGS.

SUPPER AND SLEEP.

SIPPITY sup, sippity sup,
Bread and milk in a china cup,
Bread and milk from a silver spoon,
Made of a piece of the silver moon!
Sippity sup, sippity sup.

Dippity dash, dippity dash,
Wash his face with a merry splash!
Polish it well with a towel fine, —
O how his eyes and his cheeks will shine!
Dippity dash, dippity dash.

Supper and Sleep.

Rippity rip, rippity rip,
Untie his strings with a pull and a slip,
Down go his petticoats on the ground!
And away he dances 'round and 'round!
Rippity rip, rippity rip.



Trittery trot, trittery trot,
Off he goes to his pretty cot,
Where he falls asleep with a little song, —
Where the angels watch over him all night
long!
Trittery trot, trittery trot.

BABY FINGERS.

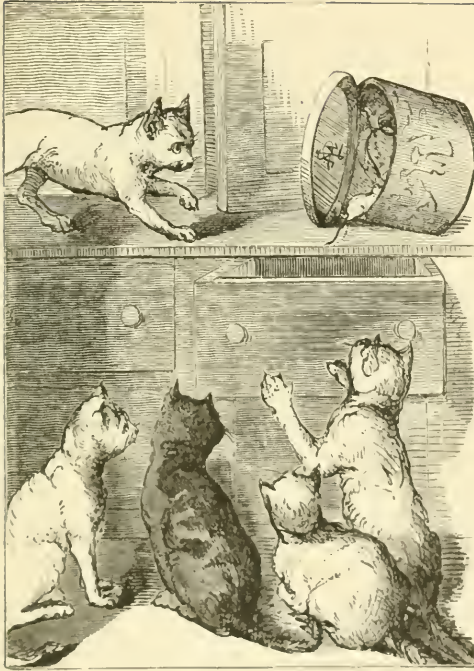
TEN fat little fingers, so taper and neat!
Ten fat little fingers, so rosy and sweet!
Eagerly reaching for all that comes near,
Now poking your eyes out, now pulling your
hair,
Smoothing and patting with velvet-like touch,
Then digging your cheeks with a mischievous
clutch;
Gently waving good-by with infantine grace,
Then dragging your bonnet down over your
face.
Beating pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, slow and sedate,
Then tearing your book at a furious rate;
Gravely holding them out, like a king, to be
kissed,
Then thumping the window with tightly closed
fist;
Now lying asleep, all dimpled and warm,
On the white cradle pillow, secure from all harm.

Baby Fingers.

O, dear baby hands! how much love you infold
In the weak, careless clasp of those fingers' soft
hold!

Keep spotless, as now, through the world's evil
ways,

And bless with fond care our last weariful days.



MISTRESS MOUSE.

MISTRESS Mouse
Built a house
In mamma's best bonnet ;
All the cats
Were catching rats,
And didn't light upon it.

Mistress Mouse.

At last they found it,
And around it
Sat watching for the sinner;
When, strange to say,
She got away,
And so they lost their dinner.



THE BEE'S HONEY.

BEE, bee,
Come hither to me,
And show me your bag of honey;
Bee, bee,
Fly over the sea,
And sell it for golden money.
Fly out of the country
Far into the town,
And buy my new dolly
A fine silken gown,
And a hat and feathers so bonny.

Bee, bee,
Come hither to me,
And show me your bag of honey;
Bee, bee,
Fly over the sea,
And sell it for golden money.

The Bee's Honey.

Fly over the steeple,
And into the street,
And buy some sugar-plums
Pretty and sweet,
And hie with them home to Johnny.

THE CAT'S BATH.

AS pussy sat washing her face by the gate,
A nice little dog came to have a good
chat,

And, after some talk about matters of state,
Said, with a low bow, "My dear Mrs. Cat,
I really do hope you'll not think I am rude ;
I am curious, I know, and that you may
say, —

Perhaps you'll be angry, — but no, you're too
good ; —

Pray why do you wash in that very odd
way ?

Now I, every day, rush away to the lake,
And in the clear water I dive and I swim ;
I dry my wet fur with a run and a shake,
And am fresh as a rose, and neat as a pin.
But you any day in the sun may be seen
Just rubbing yourself with your little red
tongue, —

The Cat's Bath.

I admire the grace with which it is done,—

But really, now, are you sure you get yourself clean?"

The cat who sat swelling with rage and surprise,

At this, could no longer her fury contain;

For she had always supposed herself rather precise,

And of her sleek neatness had been somewhat vain,

So she flew at poor doggie and boxed both his ears,

Scratched his nose and his eyes, and spit in his face,

And sent him off yelping: from which it appears

Those who ask prying questions may meet with disgrace.

WHISKY, FRISKY.

WHISKY, frisky,
Hippity hop!

Up he goes

To the tree top!

Whirly, twirly,

Round and round,

Down he comes

To the ground.

Furly, curly,

What a tail!

Tall as a feather,

Broad as a sail!

Where's his supper?

In the shell;

Whisky, Frisky.

Snappy, cracky!
Out it fell!
Stir the fire,
Put on the pot,
Here 's his supper
Hissing hot!

CHICKEN CHASING.

THE old hen was clucking and scratching
the ground,
While her downy young chickens ran chirping
around,
When she bristled and squawked with an angry
sound,
For she saw a boy coming that way, —

A very small boy in an apron white,
Running after the chickens with all his might:
What hen could endure to see such a sight
And not have a word to say?

Away went the chicks, and the young varlet
too,
And after them fast the frightened hen flew,
Pecking his fat legs all black and blue
With her sharp and angry beak.

He stopped, for his heart began to swell,
And he trotted off to his nurse to tell, —
“The big bird did peck me!” he said, as well
As his sobs would let him speak.

“Poor boy!” said his nurse. “But you must
not run
After the chicks, — they don’t know it is fun;
And the old hen thought you meant to take
one
Where she never would see it again.”

The young mischief thought he never would
try
To catch little chicks when the old hen was by.
Then nurse dried his blue eyes and he tried
not to cry,
And soon forgot fright and pain.

THE GREEDY ROBIN.

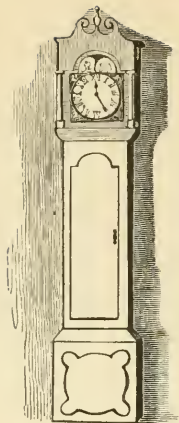
ROBIN he,
On a tree,
Saw ripe cherries — one, two, three.

“Tweet, tweet,” said he,
“Those for me,
Are just the very things, you see!”

Now he knew,
As he flew,
That his wife would like some too.

But, I've heard,
The greedy bird
Never said to her a word.

Devoured them quite,
Nor left a mite,
And went home very late at night!



TICK, TOCK.

TICK, Tock!
What says the clock?
One, two,
There's work to do.
Three, four,
Increase your store.
Five, six,
Play Time no tricks.
Seven, eight,
Nor want, nor wait.
Nine, ten,
For sinful men,
Eleven, twelve,
Must dig and delve.



MONEY.

MONEY is silver, money is gold,
What shall I do when my money is told?
Money is copper, money is tin,
Open my pocket and put it all in.
Money is paper, dirty and torn,
What shall I do when my money is gone?
How shall I eat, without any bread?
How shall I sleep, without any bed?
What shall I wear, without any clothes?
Where find any shoes for my poor little toes?
If I had a penny, I know what I'd do,
I'd set up a shop and be rich as a Jew!

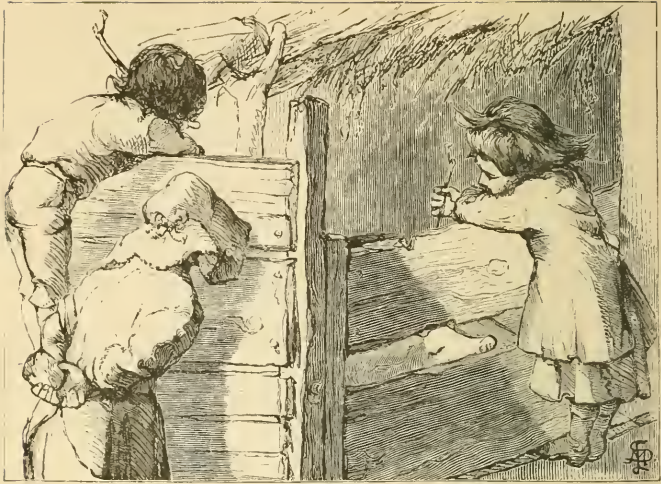
GRIZZLY GROWLEY.

GRIZZLY Growley has come to the fair,
To show off his tricks, and make us all
stare.

He'll walk about at the end of his chain,
He'll shoulder a musket, and flourish a cane.
He will ride the monkeys around the ring,
Dance an Irish jig, and the Highland Fling.
He'll climb up a pole and grin at the folk,
And growl when the little boys give him a poke.
He'll turn over and over, and stand on his head,
And go begging for apples and gingerbread.
He looks good-natured and stupid enough, —
But he'd squeeze you as flat as a pinch of snuff.
So keep out of the way of his long sharp claws,
Or he'll catch you up in his strong broad paws;
And give the poor clumsy old beast a penny
To buy him a cake, if the baker has any.

FRUITS IN SEASON.

GOOSEBERRIES and strawberries
First are in season ;
Mulberries and raspberries
Follow in reason.
Currants and cherries
Come next in place ;
Blueberries and blackberries
Keep up the race.
Peaches and plums
To these now succeed ;
Melons and pears,
Delicious indeed.
Grapes of all kinds,
In ripe clusters appear ;
And apples and cranberries
Last the rest of the year.



BABY PIGS.

COME here, you grigs,
Here 's a show!
Five baby pigs
All in a row!
They came last night,
Brown, pink, and white,
With tails curled tight,
And eyes so bright.
It is a treat
To see them eat,
And hear them squeak,
A-week! A-week!

Baby Pigs.

21

And O! what fun
To see them run!
And then stop short,
With grunt and snort,
Poking about
With curious snout.
No, Master Dick,
Put down that stick!
You must not dig
A baby pig
Under the rib,
To make him squeal.
How would you feel
Should I do so
To you, you know?
You must be kind,
Or else you'll find
You won't come here
Again, my dear!

KATY DID.

KATY did, Katy did!
Pray what did Katy do,
That all her sisters should cry out,
And scold and chatter it about?
Katy did what was forbid:
Katy did, Katy did.

Katy did, Katy did!
Maybe you do it too;
Ah! then you'd take the other side,
And make excuse, or try to hide
That Katy did what was forbid:
Katy did, Katy did.

Katy did, Katy did!
Do you really think it true?
And are you sure you are not glad?
You do not seem so very sad
That Katy did what was forbid:
Katy did, Katy did.

Katy did.

23

Katy did, Katy did!

O, do say something new!

If of your clamor we were rid,

We wouldn't care *what* Katy did!

If she did what was forbid:

Katy did, Katy did.



THE WRENS.

TWO little wrens have built their nest
In the old tree by the door,
And there they've hatched a thriving brood,
And on them set great store.

The noisy, busy, saucy things
Are scolding all the day.

And every one that passes by,
They try to drive away.

When the red-cheeked baker-boy comes in,
With his basket full of bread,
They rave as if they'd like to peck
The eyes out of his head.

Ah, here he comes, and they begin :
"Go 'way, you hateful boy ;
You know you've come to steal our nest ;
Our children you'll destroy.

"We do not like your looks at all ;
Your face is much too fat ;
You've got a ragged jacket on,
And a dirty, torn old hat."

The baker-boy looks up and laughs,
For kind he is, and good :
"I would not hurt your nest," he says,
"Or any of your brood."

And whistling, off he goes. The wrens
Bluster with pride and glee ;
"Chip, chip," they chatter, "we're the birds ;
He 's afraid of *us*, you see."

Then round they whisk, and back again,
To feed their nestlings small,
And teach them that of bravest birds
The wren exceeds them all.

THE LITTLE MOON.



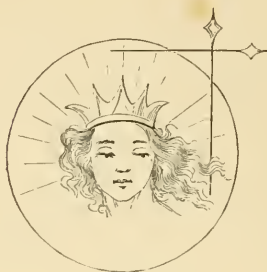
THE little Moon
Came out too soon,
And in her fright
Looked thin and white.



The Stars then shone,
And every one

The Little Moon.

Twinkled and winked,
And laughed and blinked.



The great Sun now rolled forth in might
And drove them all quite out of sight.

THE SPIDER.

SPIDER, O spider, pray why do you spin
Your pretty white net so fine and so thin?
 To catch fat flies,
 And make into pies,
For they're much too silly to use their eyes.

But spider, O spider, pray do you not see
Here comes a big, buzzing, blundering bee?
 He'll spoil your fine net,
 While you fume and you fret;
But no mercy you grant, and no mercy you'll
 get.

BUTTONS.

HERE is a rogue, and his eyes are blue!
He is tired of play, and has nothing to do.
Would he like some vagabond buttons to string?
Ah, yes! I see that's the very thing.

I'll thread him a needle,
And make a big knot,
Because he is such a tiny tot.
One, two, three, four,
White and black, half a score;
Some of pearl, some of bone,
Two are alike, and one alone.
Some of china, some of steel,
Down the thread they slip and reel;
Some have eyes, and some have not,
But when they're all strung they'll be a great
lot,



THE FROG'S HOME.

MAMMA, may we go to the pretty spring
Down under the willow-tree,
Where that dear little frog sits on the big stone?
I don't think he likes living there all alone, —
May I bring him home with me?"

"O yes, my darling, if froggie will come;
You may go ask him and see:

But he has a cool house beneath the old log,
And he sits on the stone and watches for prog,
And very contented is he."

Little Dick trotted off with his nurse to the
spring:

"Hullo, Mister Frog," says he,
"My mamma, she said I might carry you
home;
I'm a very good boy, and I *maunt* you to
come, —
To come home and live with me."

The frog was asleep on the soft damp moss,
Under the roots of the tree;
Little Dick stooped to get him, when up with
a jump,
And a yaup, in the midst of the spring he
went plump,
And that was the last of froggie!

HARUM SCARUM.

HARUM Scarum, Winkum Warum,
A terrible fellow is Harum Scarum!
Up the stairs and in at the door,
Scattering things all over the floor.
Through the window and out on the leads,
Shaking the house about our heads.
Down the chimney in clouds of smoke,
To put out the fire he thinks a fine joke.
While the house dame coughs, and chokes,
and scolds,
And sneezes her spectacles into the coals.

BIRDIE'S SUGAR.

DEAR me! I think it very queer
Where birdie's sugar goes.
Some naughty little mouse, I fear,
Climbs up and steals it in the night
From under birdie's nose.

Now if poor birdie could but speak
He'd tell us in a trice.
But he can only say peek, peek,
Finding all his sweet sugar gone
Because of thievish mice.

To give Miss Mouse a little bite
Birdie would not refuse;
But surely it is not polite —
By nibbling the whole lump away —
His kindness to abuse.

I must send out and buy a trap
And catch the long-tailed elf;

What 's this? A head laid in my lap?
And then a whisper soft and low, —
 "I took it my own self."

Well, well, you won't do so again,
 I'm glad my darling told.
Although it put you to some pain,
Whenever you have done amiss
 To tell the truth be bold.

Now here 's a lump of sugar : do
 You know where it belongs?
In birdie's cage? That 's right, and you
Shall put it in, he'll thank you with
 One of his sweetest songs.



STANNIE'S HIDING.

WHERE is Stannie, where can he be?
Where is he hiding away from me?
I've looked in the closet, and out on the stair,
Under the table, behind the big chair,
Inside the big clock that stands in the hall,
In every corner where a midget could crawl.
In the mouse-trap, and through my work-box,
What can have become of the sly little fox?
Where is that scallawag, where has he gone,
Leaving his poor mamma all forlorn?

Where is Stannie, where can he be?
Where is he hiding away from me?

Stannie's Hiding. 37

O, I know! he is in the canary-bird's cage,
Or, if he's not there, why then I'll engage
He's crept up the chimney, and sits on the top,
Crowing and swelling like any game-cock.
Or slipped down to the kitchen, and bothered
the cook,
Till she's hung him up out of the way on a
hook.

Where is that scallawag, where has he gone,
Leaving his poor mamma all forlorn?

Where is Stannie, where can he be?

Where is he hiding away from me?

I must send out the crier all over the town.

O, here he is, tucked under grandmamma's gown!

Now I've got him, the rogue, I must give him
a shake,

Twenty good kisses, and a piece of plum-cake.

I must find a strong cobweb, and set him therein,

He can coax the old spider to teach him to spin.

And there he shall stay till cock-crow in the
morn,

For leaving his poor mamma all forlorn.

MY KITTEN.

MY kitten is white, with a pretty pink nose,
She sits by the fire, and counts her toes, —
Counts her toes, and her claws so fine ;
Puss, puss, here 's a mouse, with a long tail of
twine,
It is soft and gray, tied up very tight, —
You may tear it and bite it with all your might.
Hey, kitty! ho, kitty! come and play!
And don't sit counting your toes all day.

DICKON'S FISHING.

DICKON went to the brook, with a pin for
a hook,

To catch a fried whale for his supper ;
When some slippery eels, they tripped up his
heels, —

In he fell with great splashing and splutter.

The wheelbarrow ran with rattle and bang,
And the shovel and rake followed after ;
An old fat frog living under a log,
Sat holding his sides with laughter.

A big black toad hopped into the road,
And bawled like a chimney-sweeper ;
And the hen ran out, and around, and about,
Crying, " Eggs will be sold no cheaper ! "

HELTER-SKELTER.

HELTER-SKELTER over the grass,
While the butter-cups bend to let them
pass,

The grasshoppers, all the livelong day,
At hide-and-go-seek, and leap-frog, play.
Up hops limber-legs after his brother,
Over the heads of one another
Away they spring, and each one goes
Skipping about on the tips of his toes.
Here with a jump, and there with a fling,
Keeping time to the song that the crickets
sing.

Creek, creek, creekity cree,
Helter-skelter, nimblety knee.
Our long-legged cousins
Leap so high,
They'll catch in the clouds
That go sailing by!

Helter-skelter.

41

Helter-skelter, nimblety knee,
Creek, creek, creekity cree.

Creek, creek, creekity cree,
Helter-skelter, nimblety knee.

Here is the fiddler,

Where is his fee?

Hunt in the clover,

And bring what you see.

Helter-skelter, nimblety knee,
Creek, creek, creekity cree.

Creek, creek, creekity cree,
Helter-skelter, nimblety knee.

Never give up the game,

It is such jolly fun

To go frisking about

In the heat of the sun!

Helter-skelter, nimblety knee,
Creek, creek, creekity cree.

THE TERRIBLE DRUMMER.

RUB a dub dub! Rub a dub dub!
To drum is my delight;
Rub a dub dub, Rub a dub dub.
I am at it from morning till night!
I drum on the windows,
I drum on the doors,
On the chairs and the tables,
The stairs and the floors.
With hair-combs and brushes,
Glove-stretchers and fans,
In the garret, on trunks,
In the kitchen on pans,
Till the folk stop their ears,
And growing quite wild,
Say with sniffing and sneers
I'm a terrible child!
Wait till I'm a man,
And wear a tall hat!

The Terrible Drummer. 43

I'll buy a big drum
And thump upon that!
I'll build me a house,
Where I'll live at my ease,
And I'll drum in the parlor,
Or just where I please!



THE TOP.

AS Dick's top was spinning
Around on the floor,
It bounced over the table
And out at the door.

Danced out at the door,
And into the hall,
And made a great hole in
His grandmamma's wall.

Away then it dashed,
Jumped over the stairs,
And fell in a platter
Of apples and pears.

Where it lay very quiet
Till, rosy and fair,
Dickon, sat up to dessert
In his little high chair.

When his grandmamma gave him,
With a very grave air,
His top from the fruit-dish
For an excellent pear.

But Dickon, the rogue,
Like a cunning young snipe,
Said, "I think, my dear grandma,
This pear is not *wipe*."

"Please give me another,
I'll put this away
Very safe in my *pocset*,
For some other day."



HERE IS A TROLL.

HERE is a troll! here is a troll!
With blue eyes that twinkle and wink;
He has pulled off his shoes, and in the wash-bowl
Is blowing them round, while they topple and roll,
And soon to the bottom will sink.

What shall be done with this rogue of a troll?

In mischief from morning till night,
Paddling in water like any tadpole,
Poking the fire, and playing with coal,
Till his apron and hands are a sight!

Here is a Troll.

47

We must catch him and shake him, this tricky
troll,

And send him off straight to the wood,
Where, under the hill, the trolls live in a hole,
Where he'll have to go digging about like a mole,
Unless he will try to be good.

But he laughs in my face, this scamp of a troll,
And thinks that will never be done;
And I strongly suspect he is right on the whole,
That he's really and truly a dear little soul,
Only too fond of mischief and fun.

THE CAT AND THE FLY.

A LITTLE fly sat
On the edge of a cup
Of milk, the gray cat
Was about to drink up.

At the cat's great green eyes,
Fierce whiskers and ears,
The fly looked with surprise,
Though without any fears.

Said she, " Mrs. Puss,
Pray, why do you make
Such a very great fuss,
As your breakfast you take? "

For pussy's soft purr
To the fly, seemed a sound
As loud as the whirr
When the mill-wheel goes round.

The Cat and the Fly. 49

Said the cat, "My friend Fly,
For one of your size
You make more noise than I,
And are not very wise.

"All the hot summer day, —
Because through you can't pass
You keep buzzing away
At the clear window glass.

"And if in a doze
My old master should fall,
You bizz buzz at his nose
Till he can't sleep at all.

"*My* purring, you know,
Is a sign of delight,
While your buzzing 's a show
Of anger and spite."

"Dear me!" said the Fly,
"Mrs. Puss, I think you
(I cannot tell why,)
Scarcely say what is true.

"To go buzzing about
I'm sure is no sin,

50 *The Cat and the Fly.*

If I want to go out
And don't like to stay in!

“When to go out *you* wish,
You scratch at the doors,
And meaul after fish
Like an owl on all fours!”

Mrs. Pussy jumped up,
At the fly made a stroke,
And knocked down the cup, —
All to pieces it broke!

The fly, saved from her paws,
Said, “What mischief rage brings,
And though cats have sharp claws
You see flies have fleet wings!”

Just then came the maid, —
Away the fly flew;
Mrs. Puss was afraid,
And scampered off too!



CHERRY PIE.

CHERRIES are ripe! Cherries are ripe!"

I heard a little bird cry.

Cherries are ripe! cherries are ripe!

Now we can have cherry-pie!

Flour and water, sweet butter and lard,

Mix in a paste, and roll it out hard.

Roll it out hard, and roll it out thin;

Lay the red cherries and sugar within.

Open the oven,

Put it in quick!

And when it is baked

Give a big piece to Dick,

Because he has been a good boy.

TITMOUSE AND CUCKOO.

A GREAT Cuckoo
Saucily flew
Into the new
And beautiful house
Of a tiny Titmouse.

“O dear!” said she,
“Do you not see
This house for three
Is much too small?
And you’re *so* tall!”

“O, but for you
And me, ’twill do,”
Said the Cuckoo.
“’Tis far too nice
For mere Titmice.”

Now Titmouse came,
As fierce as flame,

To help his dame.
Said he, "You lout,
You'd best clear out."

But the Cuckoo
Answered, "Pooh, pooh!
A fig for you!
You talk too loud, —
You'll bring a crowd.

"Your pretty dame
Will bear the blame.
I'll say I came
At her request
Into your nest.

"She sang so sweet,
She looked so neat,
She did entreat —
Then all will cry,
'O fie! O fie!'"

Dame Titmouse heard:
"O, wicked bird,"
She cried, "your word
Meets no belief;
You are a thief!"

Titmouse and Cuckoo.

But Mr. T.
Felt how 'twould be ;
Unwillingly
Said, " We had best
Give up the nest."

Away they flew,
While the Cuckoo
Cried, " Cuckoo, cuckoo!"
The wood around
Rang with the sound.

But as he sat,
Jolly and fat,
A great Tom-cat
Him careless, saw,
And with swift paw

And crushing bite,
Destroyed him quite.
And serve him right!
So poor Titmouse
Got back his house.



THE TOAD IN THE ROAD.

AS Dickon ran out
Of the gate, with a shout,
He saw a poor toad
In the midst of the road ;
“ O ! ” cries Master Dick,
“ I ’ ll get a big stick,
And kill you all dead
With a blow on the head ! ”
“ Naughty boy ! ” said his nurse,
“ Why, what could be worse ?
He is having some fun,
Sitting there, in the sun.
What harm can he do
To me, or to you ? ”

56 *The Toad in the Road.*

And then, if you kill
Him, his brothers will fill
Your room in the night,
And you'll have a fine fright."
"Indeed, I don't care!"
Said Dick, — "Yes, but hear,
Ere you can cry stop!
On your bed they will hop,
And they'll sit there in rows;
Each, to wipe his poor nose,
Will carry a leaf
For a silk-handkerchief.
There, with many a groan,
They will weep and bemoan



Their poor brother, the toad,
You killed on the road;
And there they will stay
Till the dawn of the day,

And all night they will keep
You from having sweet sleep.”
Dick’s blue eyes flashed bright,
While he cried with delight, —
“ I’d take my new gun,
And shoot every one ;
They’d very soon see
They couldn’t scare me.”
The toad, shocked this to hear,
Hopped off in great fear,
And told all his folk
That, without any joke,
A monster, called boy,
Meant all toads to destroy.
So, in grief and dismay,
That very same day
They moved over the hill,
And are living there still.



RAIN, RAIN.

RAIN, rain,
Here again,
Rattling on the window-pane.

Please to stop;
Every drop
Helps to make more mud and slop.

Here we stay
All the day
In the house, and try to play.

Rain, Rain.

59

When you're done,
We can run
Out of doors, and have some fun.

THE HEN AND THE DOCTORS.

CLUCK, cluck, cluck !
In my throat a worm has stuck.
Mrs. Speckle, my dear friend,
For a doctor you must send.
But don't send for Dr. Goose,
His wife has given me much abuse ;
Nor yet for Dr. Drake,
His doses who can take ?
And as for Dr. Turkey,
He's so noisy and so jerky,
He puts me in a flutter
With his boasting and his splutter.
Did you say have Dr. Dove ?
No, he's a fop, and talks of love ;
And I won't have Dr. Crane,
He has much more legs than brain ;
Nor that hooknosed Dr. Owl,
Who is blind as any mole ;
Nor solemn Dr. Raven,
Dressed in black, and so clean shaven ;

The Hen and the Doctors. 61

Nor that horrid Dr. Crow,
Quite a vagabond, you know!
They say he eats dead horse,
And he's so dirty and so coarse!
I think that Dr. Swan
Will have to be the man,
He's so elegant and neat,
And orders lime and fine chopped meat;
Then he always tells some news,
His patients to amuse;
We shall hear the latest bit
About that young black Spanish chit,—
Who won't hatch the eggs she lays,
And has such flirting, heedless ways:
Dr. Swan shall be the one,—
And tell Red-top he must run.
I feel very ill, my dear,
And shall choke to death, I fear.



POP CORN.

PIP, pop,
Hip, hop,
Tip, top,
Pop corn!

Out of the pan,
Into the fire,
Bursting and bouncing
Higher and higher.

Pop Corn.

63

Out of the fire,
Over the hearth,
With burning of fingers,
Scrambling and mirth.

White as new snow,
Yellow as gold,
You'd better be patient
Till I am cold.

Sprinkle some sugar,
What jolly fun!
My rhyme is ended,
And I am done.

THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

A TINY heap
Of corn, to keep
Herself from want,
A little ant,
With constant toil
And care and moil,
Had gathered for
Her winter store.

The winter came,
And to his shame,
A grasshopper
Who scarce could stir,
But crept, as if
His knees were stiff,—
In tone forlorn,
Asked her for corn.

The Ant and the Grasshopper. 65

“Alas!” cried she,
“And can this be?
That with such legs
He comes and begs
Of one so small?
O! idler tall,
Do you forget
How once we met

“One summer’s day,
When you with gay
Companions jeered
As I appeared,
And mocked me for
The load I bore, —
Calling me drudge,
Bidding me trudge?

“The days were long,
And you were strong.
You did not need
To do, indeed,
Such work as I, —
To soon lay by
Both corn and seed
On which to feed.”

66 *The Ant and the Grasshopper.*

The grasshopper
Thus answered her:

“ ’Tis very true, —
But cannot you
Now, that I ’m poor,
And at your door
Stand stiff and old
And starved and cold,

“ Be kind and good,
And give me food?”

“ Friend,” said the ant,

“ I will not taunt
Nor scorn you, though
You served me so.
Take, then, and eat,
For life is sweet.”

MAMMA'S SHIP.

MAMMA, I wish that I could have
A little pony, fleet and gay,
Like that that Uncle Robert gave
To Cousin John the other day.

“O, such a tail! I'm sure, mamma,
That you would be delighted too;
I'm sure you'd say you never saw
A pony prance as he can do.

“And I can ride him! yes I can!
I rode him up and down the lane;
And Uncle Robert said the man
Might let me mount him soon again!

“He cut some capers, but I sat
As fast as any monkey could;
And then he stood, and let me pat
His neck, and was so very good!

“All that was very nice, mamma,
But then, a pony of my own!
Do you think, if I asked papa,
That he would bring me one from town?”

“A pony costs too much, I fear,
For dear papa to bring you home;
So you must be content, my dear,
On two stout legs to go and come.

“Or wait until my ship from sea
Comes in with many a goodly thing:
Who knows but that for you and me,
A pony too, my ship may bring.”

.
On the gray shore a golden head
Watched, from the seaward distance clear,
The ships that through the bay up sped,
To reach the city lying near.

At last he sought his mother's knee, —
“Ah! dear mamma, when will it come,
Your ship from lands beyond the sea,
You hope will bring my pony home?”

“I've watched and waited every day;
So many ships went sailing past, —

So many ships sailed up the bay, —
I thought that yours must come at last."

With tender love his mother bent,
The wistful, rosy face close drew, —
"My darling boy, I never meant
That you should think my jest was true!

"My ship? That means a fortune, dear, —
A fortune we may ne'er possess;
But that need never cost a tear, —
Wealth cannot bring us happiness.

"The very butterfly that wings
From flower to flower the livelong day, —
The little bird that joyful sings,
Darting from swinging spray to spray,

"No happier days can know, dear child,
Than you within this pretty nest
Of home, where love and guidance mild
Surround your days, and guard your rest.

"How many a homeless little one
Knows nothing of kind looks and words,
Nor ever plays beneath the sun,
'Mid trees and flowers and happy birds.

“Then let the ships sail past our shore;
So rich are we in love and health
And comfort, we will ask no more:
Content is better far than wealth.”

DICKON'S BOAT.

DICKON has a boat
That will sail, that will sail;
Dickon has a boat, yo, ho!
And lightly she will float
In the gale, in the gale, —
Lightly she will float, yo, ho!

O, her sides they are made of the good pine
wood,
And her sails of the white linen fine;
She broadens at the beam as a good ship should,
And narrows at the prow to a line.
Away o'er the seas
We will glide, we will glide;
Away o'er the seas, yo, ho!
Borne swiftly by the breeze
And the tide, and the tide, —
Borne swiftly by the breeze, yo, ho!

O, she courtesies and dips as she daintily skims
O'er the wave, like a girl at a ball.
She's as full of caprices, and fancies, and whims,
As the sauciest flirt of them all.

Away o'er the seas
We will glide, we will glide;
Away o'er the seas, yo, ho!
Borne swiftly by the breeze
And the tide, and the tide,—
Borne swiftly by the breeze, yo, ho!

O, her helm it is true to the steersman's hand,
And the foam rises white in her track,
As she bounds to discover some golden land,
And bring all its bright treasures back.

Dickon has a boat
That will sail, that will sail;
Dickon has a boat, yo, ho!
And lightly she will float
In the gale, in the gale,—
Lightly she will float, yo, ho!



TWIT, TWIT.

TWIT, twit,
The bonny birds flit
Hither and yon ;
Twit, twit,
And soon will be gone
To sleep in the nest
That each loves best.
Twit, twit.

Twit, twit,
The bonny birds flit
Each to its home ;
Twit, twit,

Twit, Twit.

And my darling will come,
And on mother's breast
Sink sweetly to rest.
Twit, twit.

THE WINDS.

THE wind blows high,
The wind blows low,
Hither and thither,
To and fro.
My cradle low hanging
From the broad branching tree,
The wild winds rock softly
For baby and me.

The wind blows east,
The wind blows west,
Hither and thither,—
Knows no rest.
See the fishermen casting
Their nets in the sea;
They'll fill full of silver
For baby and me.

The Winds.

The wind blows south,
The wind blows north,
Hither and thither,
Back and forth.
O winds, send my fisherman
Safe from the sea!
Bring home my boy's father
To baby and me.



MY BOY STANNIE.

O, HAVE ye seen my boy Stannie?
Wee toddlin' mannie!
His ee sae blue, his cheek sae red,
An old straw hat aboon his head,
All torn and tattered!

O, have ye seen my boy Stannie?
Wee busy mannie!
Aye trottin' roun' the garden lot,

My Boy Stannie.

Wi' wheelbarrow, spade, and watering-pot,
All bent and battered!

O, have ye seen my boy Stannie?

Wee winsome mannie!

Beneath the ruins of his hat,
His honest face sae dimplin' fat,
Aye laughs wi' pleasure!

O, gin I find my boy Stannie,

Wee hungry mannie!

I'll gi' him bread and milk the best,
And sing him saftly to his rest,
My precious treasure!



VIOLETS.

VIOLETS, violets,
Open your leaves;
The sparrows are chirping
Under the eaves.
The great sun shines warm,
The sky is all blue,
My sister and I
Are waiting for you, —
So, open your leaves like good flowers, do!

Violets, violets,
Open your eyes,
Do you not hear
The bustle and noise

Of the little nest-builders
At work overhead?
While the cuckoo is calling, —
Make me, too, a bed!
Yet there you lie sleeping as if you were dead.

CALLING THE TIDES.

EVER so high,
Up in the sky,
Broad and bright,
Round and white,
The full moon rides.

O'er her car
Hangs many a star;
Cold and fair
Sits she there,
Calling the tides!

From their sleep
The wee waves leap,
Rippling run —
By the winds spun,
Their foam caps wear.

Calling the Tides.

In a row
On they flow,
With laughter reach
The shining beach,
 And toss them there!



LITTLE BROWN BIRDS.

A LITTLE brown bird sat on a high tree,
O, the wind blew softly out of the west;
Her mate near by sang merrily,
Four speckled eggs were in her wee nest.

So sweetly he sung, so shrilly and clear,
O, the wind blew softly out of the west ;
His love sat thrilling with joy to hear,
While her eggs lay cradled beneath her breast.

The great sun went down behind the blue hill,
O, the wind blew coldly out of the north ;
The little bird's song was hushed and still,
The bitter black frost came creeping forth.

Two birds lay dead in the chill, gray morn,
O, the wind blew coldly out of the north ;
The tiny nest hangs on the tree forlorn,
Four frozen eggs are its only worth.

THE WAVE'S GIFT.

WAVE, pretty wave,
Come over the sea,
And bring a beautiful gift to me."

"O, is it a shell,
Like a tiny pink bell,
Or a flower that grew in a mermaid's cell?"

"Or pebbles dyed,
And streaked and pied,
I'll fling at your feet in the coming tide?"

"No, none of these,
But, if you will please,
A boat with white sails to catch the breeze.

"Round the world I'll go,
While you ebb and flow,
And come back before I'm found out, you
know."

FEEDING THE COW.

SLOWLY along the shaded lane,
Cropping the grass from side to side,
Here comes the pretty brindle cow
Home, in the even-tide.

She stops at the garden gate and calls, —
“O run, little boy, and bring to me
Some of those apples round and ripe
I see lying under the tree.”

Little golden head his apron fills
With the ruddy apples juicy and sweet;
Brindle loves to take with her long rough
tongue
From his dimpled hand and eat.

Tiptoe he stands with eager face
Holding his bulging apron tight;
As she gently takes each apple he gives
He laughs with fresh delight.

Feeding the Cow.

87

And now she has eaten the very last,
And "Just one more" and "One *little* one
more ;"
Then he waits and watches her as she walks
Through the open barnyard door.

It was years ago — yet oft I see,
When the summer's day is nearly done,
My baby boy feeding the pretty cow
In the light of the setting sun.

GRANDMAMMA'S BIRTHDAY.

WE must gather a bouquet
For dear Grandma on her birthday:
First we'll cut some half-blown roses,
They're the grace of all sweet posies;
Some sprigs of purple heliotrope
Place next; they mean, "I live in hope;"
Then bring some woodbine, whose perfume
Will fill with fragrance all the room;
Pluck me some pansies, touched with dew;
They say, "I fondly think of you;"
Some lady-slippers, pink and white,
Dropped from fairy feet last night;
Verbena must not be forgot,
And there 's some blue forget-me-not;
Geranium leaves to finish find,
And ribbon round the stems to wind:
We'll see what Grandmamma will say
To this bouquet for her birthday.

RUMBLE GRUMBLE.

GAFFER Rumble Grumble lived in a hill,
A stout old troll was he;
His temper was fierce, his voice was shrill;
With scolding and fretting he never was still,
Nor with any one could agree.

He wore a red coat and a pointed hat,
A waistcoat of yellow sheen;
His chin was long, and his nose was flat,
His beard was tangled and rough like a mat,
And his eyes were a delicate green.

A nephew he had, a naughty elf,
In mischief both night and day:
Cake and custard he stole from the pantry shelf,
He ran off with cheese and sold it for pelf,
And many a prank did play.

At last the old troll went to the green wood
And cut him a stout long stick,

Rumble Grumble.

And told the young scamp he really should
Give him a beating as sure as he stood,
If he caught him in one more trick.

Now Rumble Grumble was fond of snuff,
And he kept a gold box of rappee ;
This wickedest imp put in pepper enough
To kill any one not quite so tough,
Then hid, the effect to see.

The old troll took a pinch and began to
sneeze, —
How he coughed and spluttered and cried !
Then stamped and raved till he made the blood
freeze
Of the hill-folk, who into far corners did squeeze
Not knowing what might betide.

His nephew thought he had best depart,
For his time had surely come ;
From the hill-side door with a careless heart
In the shape of a cat he made his start
To seek for another home.

Away he went through wood and o'er moor,
Till he came to a farmer's bound,
When in he walked at the farm-house door,

Such a beautiful cat had never before
In that country side been found.

And there he lived for many a year,
In comfort and great content ;
On milk and porridge he made good cheer,
He slept on a cushion, and had no fear
Of any who came or went.

The good man, whose name was Plat, oft rode
Away to the country fair ;
One day he came back, and quickly strode
Into the kitchen of his abode
Where the cat lay asleep on a chair.

The house dame quietly spinning sat ;
“Hark ye, good wife,” he said,
“I’ve just met a troll, who bawled, ‘Friend Plat,
Go home in all haste and tell your cat
That Rumble Grumble is dead.’”

Down jumped the cat, and stood up straight
As any Christian man,—
“Rumble Grumble dead? Then I can’t wait,
But off to the hill-side, as sure as fate,
I shall go as fast as I can!”

Away he scampered across the floor,
While the farm-folk stared in amaze ;
Whisked like a flash through the open door,
And they saw their beautiful cat no more
From that time to the end of their days.

FAIRY DELL.

DOWN in the fairy dell
The lily bells are ringing,
Around its mossy well
The little elves are singing.

Then breaking off in bands,
They trip a dainty measure,
Clapping their tiny hands,
Laughing for very pleasure.

Now playing hide-and-seek
Among the happy flowers,
Shaking the harebells meek
Till dew-drops fall in showers.

Then floating through the air,
A-down the moonbeams sliding,—
To race they gayly dare,
Their comrades still a-hiding.

Fairy Dell.

With shrill and chirping cries
The stupid beetles bridle,
Or scold the fireflies
If they catch them lying idle.

With saucy finger tip
The rose's heart discover,
Or fragrant honey sip
From cups of purple clover.

At last, the farmyard cock
Crows loud across the meadows;
Away they blithely flock
With the departing shadows.

Down in the fairy dell
The silent sun is lying;
Around its mossy well
The lonely flowers are sighing.

Never, ah, never more,
With pretty sports and laughter,
Come fairies as before,
Nor will they come hereafter.

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