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Mr Sun and

Mrs Moon

By Richard

Le Gallienne





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# Mr. Sun and Mrs. Moon









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Mrs Moon

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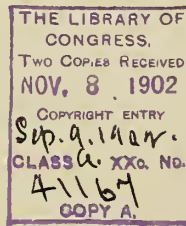


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New York R. H. Russell

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First impression October, 1902



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To Eva

Eva, we were so glad you came,  
For life is such a lonely game  
With only one to play it, dear—  
As Hesper found for six long year ;  
But now the games you have, you two !  
We are so glad you came—are you ?



## To Hesper

**H**

ESPER, I sang these songs  
In her dear stead,  
Who should have crooned them  
To thy golden head;  
Not these, indeed, but other—  
For ill, dear child,

A father plays a mother.

Yet for her holy sake,  
Who sits with Him

Our God in Heaven,  
I made each little hymn;  
Sing them sometimes  
For love of her and me,

Thee would she rather hear  
Than all the cherubim.



Mr. Sun





## Mr. Sun



ADDY, do we know the sun?

Is he a friend of ours?

For he walks about the garden

Kissing all the flowers,

And in the morning, long before

The servants have gone down,

He's peeping through the window,

All dressed to go to town.

And then again at evening

He's peeping as before,

He's prettier at evening

And shines a good deal more;

I never saw a gentleman

So very gaily dressed,

For, every time I see him,

He seems to wear his best.

I wish you'd ask him in to tea,

I'd love to see him shine

On you, dear Dad, light up your face

As sometimes he does mine;—

For somehow, Dad, he never seems

To shine upon you, dear—

Don't you care about him, Daddy?

Don't you want to ask him here?



**Mrs. Moon**



## Mrs. Moon



HY do you love the moon  
so much,  
Daddy dear?  
She seems so cold, and O  
so far

Away from here;  
She frightens me so lonely there  
Up in the skies;  
And then she has so white a face,  
And such sad eyes!

Nurse says she is so sad because  
The Sun has run away;  
He was her husband once, and loved  
Her very much, they say;  
But fell in love with Widow Earth  
And little Mars,  
And left some silver—for the Moon  
To keep the stars.

So when, of course, I think of that  
I'm sad for her,  
And sometimes pray for Mrs. Moon  
A little prayer:

# Mrs. Moon

That her bad husband may repent  
The wrong he's done—  
And yet I can't believe it, Dad,  
Of Mr. Sun!

# Mr. Sun's Story





## Mr. Sun's Story

**I** ASKED the sun to-day  
If it were true—  
About the moon, you know,—  
And he looked through  
The window, and he said  
It was a lie!

And told me this instead:  
That long ago  
The moon and he were wed,  
And used to go  
With happy hand in hand  
Both to and fro  
Morning and evening skies;  
But, one sad day,  
The silver moon fell ill  
And died away,  
And never more will go  
Together they,  
And never more will go  
Bright hand in hand,  
And never more will walk  
The same sweet land.  
He said that he would give

# Mr. Sun's Story

His whole blue sky,  
If he could only see her once—  
And die;  
Just kiss each baby star  
Upon its cheek;—  
For that is all, he says,  
He shines to seek.

It does seem sad  
That he so long has shone  
For others' joy, but has not  
Found his own.

# Baby Stars



## Baby Stars

**T**HE souls of little girls who die  
God sets up shining in the sky,  
But what becomes of little boys  
I ask of Nurse, and she replies—  
That little boys are born without:

Just born to scuffle and to shout,  
To play rough games, hit hard and die.

I'm glad I'm not a little boy!

I think I'd like to be a star,

If God would set me not too far

Away from Daddy, so that I

Might send him kisses from the sky,

And shine upon his bed at night

With such a lovely little light;

And if he felt too lonely there,

I'd unwind all my golden hair

And make a little shining stair

For him to climb and sit by me—

O Dad, how lovely that would be!

And perhaps, if I asked God for you,

He'd change you to a star, dear, too.

# Daddy



ADDY'S quite a lover still,  
His step upon the stair  
Is wonderful and waited for;  
His voice upon the air  
Is sweeter than the sound of  
drums,

Trumpet or battledore;  
They cease when Daddy comes.

Yet Daddy only knows two tales  
And only half a song,  
Yet somehow I could listen to him  
All day long;  
If Daddy but says 'Tum-ti-tum,'  
It seems a song to me,  
For Daddy—well, he's Daddy,  
Just Daddy, don't you see?

You never heard such pretty songs  
As Nursie sings to me,  
You never heard such pretty tales  
As Amy tells to me,  
But I'd rather hear old Daddy  
With his poor old 'tum-ti-tum'  
Than Amy, Nurse, or trumpet,  
Or battledore, or drum.

# A Busy Day





# A Busy Day

[Translated from the Danish]



WHERE has baby been to-day!  
And what has baby seen to-day!  
She saw the *Moo-Cow*, and she  
heard

The pretty little *Dicky-Bird*,  
She heard the *Cock-a-doodle-doo*,  
She heard the *Pussy-Cat* say 'Mew,'  
She heard the *Donkey* say 'Hee-Haw'—  
So much and more she heard and saw.  
She also heard the *Gee-Gee* neigh—  
O baby, what a busy day!

# When Eva Talks



WHEN Eva talks and knows  
all that I say  
O won't *that* be a most  
exciting day!  
When Eva talks,  
When Eva walks—  
O won't that be a most exciting day!

I am afraid we'll sit up long past seven—  
I have so much to ask her about heaven.

When Eva talks,  
When Eva walks—  
I am afraid we'll sit up long past seven!

# Six and Eleven



## Six and Eleven

**T**HE six means six long  
changing years  
Of playing with my toys,  
A little lonely girl that saw  
No other girls or boys;

Till Eva came to play with me  
All the long way from heaven;  
Eleven months ago she came—  
So Eva is eleven.

Sometimes I look at her and think  
Of all she must go through,  
Before she talks and walks about  
The same as me and you.

Her teeth are trying her just now,  
Two in the bottom row—  
She finds no interest in life  
And longs to die I know.

But, though she cannot see it now,  
This trouble will go by,  
And she be very happy yet  
And glad she did not die.

# Six and Eleven

We love each other very much,  
And, now that she is here,  
I often wonder how I played  
Alone so many a year.

Of course, there still is much in life  
She cannot understand;  
But give her time! she's but eleven—  
And has just learned to stand.

# A Star-Sister





## A Star=Sister

**I** HAVE a little sister  
In yonder star,  
I'd climb up there to kiss her  
But it is so far;  
I hear her calling me  
Many a night,  
Just after Nursie  
Puts out the light.

## Evening Song

**T**HE sun is weary, for he ran  
So far and fast to-day,  
The birds are weary, for  
who sang  
So many songs as they?

The bees and butterflies at last  
Are tired out, for just think too  
How many gardens through the day  
Their little wings have fluttered through;  
And so, as all tired people do,  
They've gone to lay their sleepy heads  
Deep deep in warm and happy beds.  
The sun has shut his golden eye,  
And gone to sleep beneath the sky,  
The birds and butterflies and bees  
Have all crept into flowers and trees,  
And all lie quiet, still as mice,  
Till morning comes,—little father's voice!  
So Geoffrey, Owen, Phyllis, you  
Must sleep away till morning too.  
Close little eyes, lie down little heads  
And sleep, sleep, sleep in happy beds.

# The Buying of Marguerite



# The Buying of Marguerite



WHEN Father and Mother  
went to buy  
A little girl up in the sky,  
An angel bade them take  
their choice

Of many little girls and boys:  
They really didn't want a boy—  
They thought a girl was sweeter far,  
O yes! a hundred times more sweet:  
Though they were tempted very sore  
By a most cunning little lad,  
Who since has come to live next door,  
And often plays with Marguerite.  
Yes! Marguerite—for, though they took  
Quite a long time to look and look—  
For you can easily understand  
You don't buy little girls off-hand—  
They very soon made up their mind,  
And thus was Marguerite assigned,  
And sent celestial express,  
To her terrestrial address.  
Now it is seven years ago—  
For Marguerite to-day is seven—  
Since Marguerite came down from heaven,  
About a quarter to eleven;

# The Buying of Marguerite

She cried a little leaving there,  
But the angel said she needn't care,  
Because where she was going to  
It was a kind of heaven too.  
And though it is so long ago  
Since Marguerite came in the snow,  
I think if I should want to know  
The way to heaven any day—  
Well! I'd ask Marguerite the way.

# Little Feet





## Little Feet

**L**ITTLE feet that all day  
long  
Make a lovely little song,  
Up above me to and fro  
Weaving fairy-rings you go;

Little feet whose patterings small  
Sweeter than the raindrops fall  
When each raindrop in a shower  
Falls, to rise again a flower,  
In the merry days of spring.

I have heard your mother sing,  
Nothing else have heard so sweet  
Save the prattle of your feet;

Little feet that run and run  
And never have enough of fun,  
Little feet so pearly white  
That hate to go to bed at night.

Ah! though merry day be done,  
In my heart you run and run  
Far into the quiet night—

Childless, lonely, listening night—  
Sowing, little fairy feet,

Many a tear-flower pale but sweet,  
Though within your quiet cot  
You sleep, O my Forget-Me-Not.



# Fatherhood



# Fatherhood

**I** HEARD a star at morning  
sing—  
A little soft six-sided star;  
It seemed to sing of everything  
Impossible and pure and far.

I said: if only I might live  
A little nearer to that ray,  
If only I might climb to it  
A little nearer every day.

God said: there is a way less hard,  
That star is not so undefiled  
As one that shall be born to you—  
The spirit of a little child.

O little star that came to me  
Out of those heights and depths of blue—  
Nearer remains that morning star  
Than you to me, than me to you.



# Bed-Time





## Bed-Time

**L**AST night I slept with  
Marguerite,  
A little girl of six years  
old,  
This was her invitation sweet:

“Daddy, please may I—I’m so cold  
In my own cot—please may I creep  
Into your bed to-night to sleep?”

And so she came, and long we told  
Of fairies, and of kings and queens  
With crowns O! of such shining gold,  
Of Jacks and giants and of beans—  
And then at last, tired hand in hand,  
We dropped off into fairyland.

I thought that someone, while I slept,  
Brought violets with stems of dew,  
And pressed them on my eyes and mouth;  
I woke—and, Marguerite, ’twas you!  
I dreamed—“What is that music sweet?”  
I turned—and it was Marguerite.

I thought that in the shining heart  
Of the deep world where jewels grow,  
I filled my hands with clustered gems,  
Ruby and amethyst—but No!  
I woke and found two little feet—  
O Marguerite, O Marguerite!

## Bed-Time

I thought God called me in a dream  
At last to take my heart's desire,  
Fearful, I stretched my hands to fill  
My sad hands with that holy fire—  
Warm little heart next mine that beats,  
White little soul—'Tis Marguerite's!

# A Nursery Alphabet



# A Nursery Alphabet

**A** is an apple  
Red on the tree—  
If only that apple  
Would fall down to me!

**B** is a butterfly  
Yellow or red,  
Wave your wings butterfly  
Over my head.

**C** is a cat  
Soft as velvet or silk,  
Purring old pussy-cat  
Made out of milk.

**D** is a donkey  
That never will go—  
Dreadful old donkey  
Why are you so slow?

**E** is an earwig  
That lives in a peach,  
With six other earwigs  
With six legs on each.

# A Nursery Alphabet

**F** is for Fairy-Tale—  
Hop-o'-my-Thumb,  
Jack and the Beanstalk,  
And Fee-Fi-Fo-Fum !

**G** is a goldfish  
That swims night and day—  
If I were a goldfish  
I'd swim right away.

**H** is for honey :  
When summer arrives,  
Bees steal it from flowers,  
We steal it from hives.

**I** is an Indian  
Savage and Red,—  
When no one is looking  
He chops off your head.

**J** is for jam  
Safely tied up in pots—  
O wouldn't I just like  
To eat lots and lots.

# A Nursery Alphabet

**K** is the king  
Who wears sceptre and crown.  
I wish I could see him,  
When I go to town.

**L** is the lightning  
Out of the sky.  
We don't like the lightning  
Eva and I.

**M** is the man—  
In-the-moon, you know.  
He went up there ages  
And ages ago.

**N** is for nation,  
There used to be two—  
Where can the other  
Have disappeared to?

**O** is for "Oh!"  
Which expresses surprise.  
It lifts up its hands,  
And it opens its eyes.

# A Nursery Alphabet

**P** is a pig  
That grunts in his sty.  
Bacon for breakfast  
Is pig bye-and-bye.

**Q** is the queen  
That ate bread and honey,  
While the king in the counting-house  
Counted his money.

**R** is a rat  
That lives in the yard.  
The life of a rat  
Is peculiarly hard.

**S** is the sun  
Shining twelve hours a day.  
The moon comes along  
When the sun goes away.

**T** is a toy  
And sometimes a tart;  
We play with the toy,  
And eat up the tart.



# A Nursery Alphabet

U is an uncle  
That brings sugar plums.  
I wish every day  
Were the day uncle comes.

V is the violet  
That comes in the spring,  
When the butterflies wake,  
And the little birds sing.

W, of course,  
Is the wolf in the wood,  
That tried to eat up  
Little Red Riding Hood.

X has exceedingly little to do,  
You find it in box and you find it in ox,  
And I hope I shall find it  
In my Christmas-box.

Y is a Yankee  
Who bought up the earth,  
For more than the crazy  
Old planet is worth.

# A Nursery Alphabet

**Z** is for zoo,  
Full of monkeys and snakes ;  
The snakes they eat frogs,  
But the monkeys eat cakes.







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