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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK A JOLLY JINGLE-BOOK ***

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Juvenile Library Young Folks Series

A JOLLY JINGLE-BOOK

**COMPILED
BY**

LAURA CHANDLER

ILLUSTRATED WITH BLACK AND WHITE DRAWINGS

**THE WORLD SYNDICATE PUBLISHING CO.
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A JOLLY BOOK

How can they put in black and white
What little children think at night,
When lights are out and prayers are said,
And you are all tucked up in bed?

Such funny dreams go dancing through
Your head, of things nobody knew,
Or saw, or ever half believes!—
They're all inside these singing leaves.

And little children laugh and go
A-ring-a-round-a-rosy-O;

And birds sing gay—you'd almost think
You listened to a bobolink.

Look at the pictures, one by one!
The rhymes are only half the fun.
It laughs and bubbles like a brook—
My pretty, jolly jingle-book!

MR. TONGUE

A little red man in a little red house
With gates of ivory!
He *might* stay there, as still as a mouse,
And nobody could see;
But talk he will, and laugh he will,
At everything you do;
And come to the door and peep, until
I know his name—don't you?

KISSES

"Here's a kiss for every year,
And here is one to grow on!"
Father says and mother says
And auntie says, and so on.

"Here's a pat and there's a pat!"
If growing comes of kisses,
I know how one girl found a way
To grow as big as this is!

THE TRIALS OF TRAVEL

Boohoo, boohoo, boohoo, boohoo!
My mother says I can't take Sue
And Grace and Maud and Clarabel
And Ruth and Beth and sweet Estelle,
Unless I pack them with our things.
Oh dear! oh dear! my heart it wrings
To put them in that hot, dark place,
With paper wrapped around each face.
I'm sure they all would suffocate
Or meet some other dreadful fate.
I'd gladly take them on my arm
And keep them safe from every harm,
But mother says that that won't do;
She draws the line at more than two.
I'd like to know what she would say
To sending me packed in a tray.

REBECCA DEMING MOORE.

THE QUARREL

The Wooden Dog and the China Cat
Face to face in the doll-house sat,
And they picked a quarrel that grew and grew,
Because they had nothing else to do.
Said the dog, "I really would like to hear
Why you never stir nor frisk nor purr,
But sit like a mummy there."

Up spoke in a temper the china puss,
Glad of an opening for a fuss:
"Dear Mr. Puppy, I can't recall
That I ever heard you bark at all.
Your bark is a wooden bark, 'tis true,
But as to that," said the China Cat,
"My mew is a china mew."

So they bristled and quarreled, more and more,
Till the baby came creeping across the floor.
He took the cat by his whiskers frail,
He grasped the dog by his wooden tail,
And banged them together—and after that
Left them, a wiser Wooden Dog
And a sadder China Cat.

Now, children, just between you and me,
Don't you think in the future they will agree?

NANCY BYRD TURNER.

MY PLAYMATES

When Willie comes to visit me
We play menagerie.
He says, "Pretend that you're a lamb,
And I'll a lion be."
Then he begins to growl and roar
And make a dreadful noise.
I don't mind much when he goes home;
It's hard to play with boys.

When Julia comes to visit me
I am her waiting maid,
While she's a lady, grand and stern.
Of her I'm 'most afraid.
She sends me for my mother's hat,
Then takes her nicest skirt,
And trails it all around the house
Until it's full of dirt.

When Alice comes to play with me
She asks, "What shall we play?"
I answer, "Anything you like."
She coaxes, "Do *please* say."
Sometimes it's dolls, sometimes it's games,
No matter what it be,
I have the very nicest time
When Alice plays with me.

REBECCA DEMING MOORE.

A PUZZLING THING

Eight of us went to a party—
The nicest ever given.
There was apple fluff, and frosted stuff,
And cake and candy and fruit enough,
But seats for only seven!

Eight of us hurried homeward
After the happy treat,
With run and bound; yet there were found
Only the tracks on the dusty ground
Of seven pairs of feet!

Eight of us got back safely,
And seven told with glee
Of all we'd done, and the feast and the fun—
But one of us was a silent one.
Now, which can that one be?

NANCY BYRD TURNER.

HER NAME

"I'm losted! Could you find me, please?"
Poor little frightened baby!
The wind had tossed her golden fleece;
The stones had scratched her dimpled knees;
I stooped and lifted her with ease,
And softly whispered, "Maybe;

Tell me your name, my little maid—
I can't find you without it."
"My name is Shiny-eyes," she said.
"Yes, but your last?" She shook her head.
"Up to my house they never said
A single 'fing about it!"

"But, Dear," I said, "what *is* your name?"
"Why, di'n't you hear me told you?
Dust Shiny-eyes!" A bright thought came.
"Yes, when you're good; but when they blame
You, little one—it's not the same
When mother has to scold you?"

"My mother never scolds!" she moans,
A little blush ensuing;
"Cept when I've been a-frowning stones,
And then she says (the culprit owns),
'Mehitabel Sapphira Jones,
What *has* you been a-doing!"

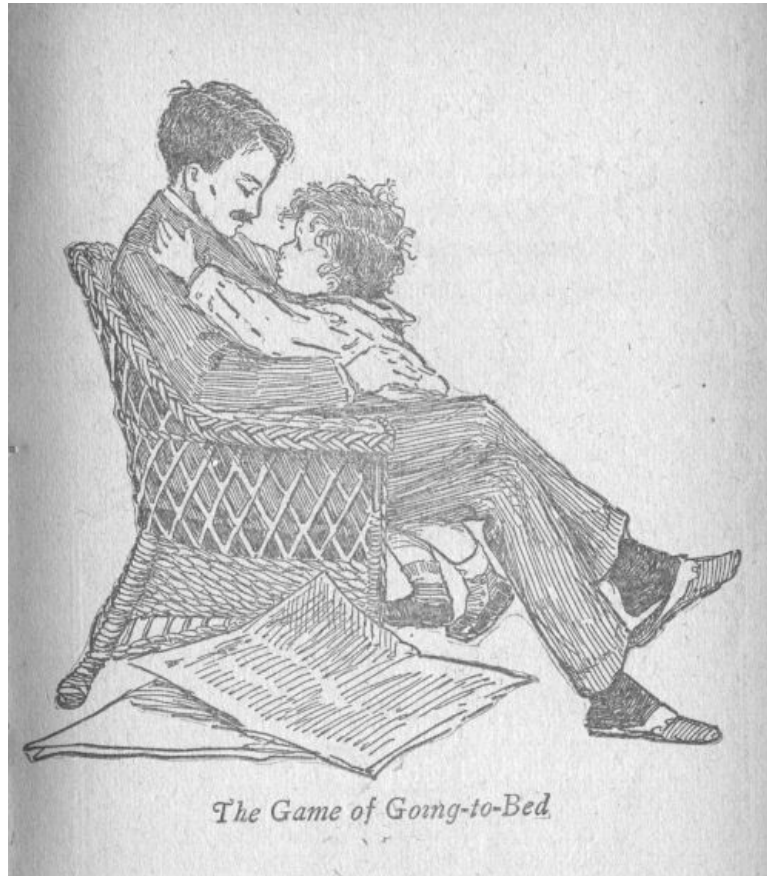
THE GAME OF GOING-TO-BED

Says father, when the lamps are lit,
"Now just five minutes you may sit
Down-stairs, and then away you go
To play a little game I know!"

He gives a kiss and pulls a curl:
"Let's play you were my little girl,
And play you jump up on my back,
And play we run!" And clackity-clack,

We both go laughing up the stair!
(If I should fuss he'd say "No fair!")

And then he says, "Night, Sleepyhead."
It's fun, the game of Going-to-Bed.

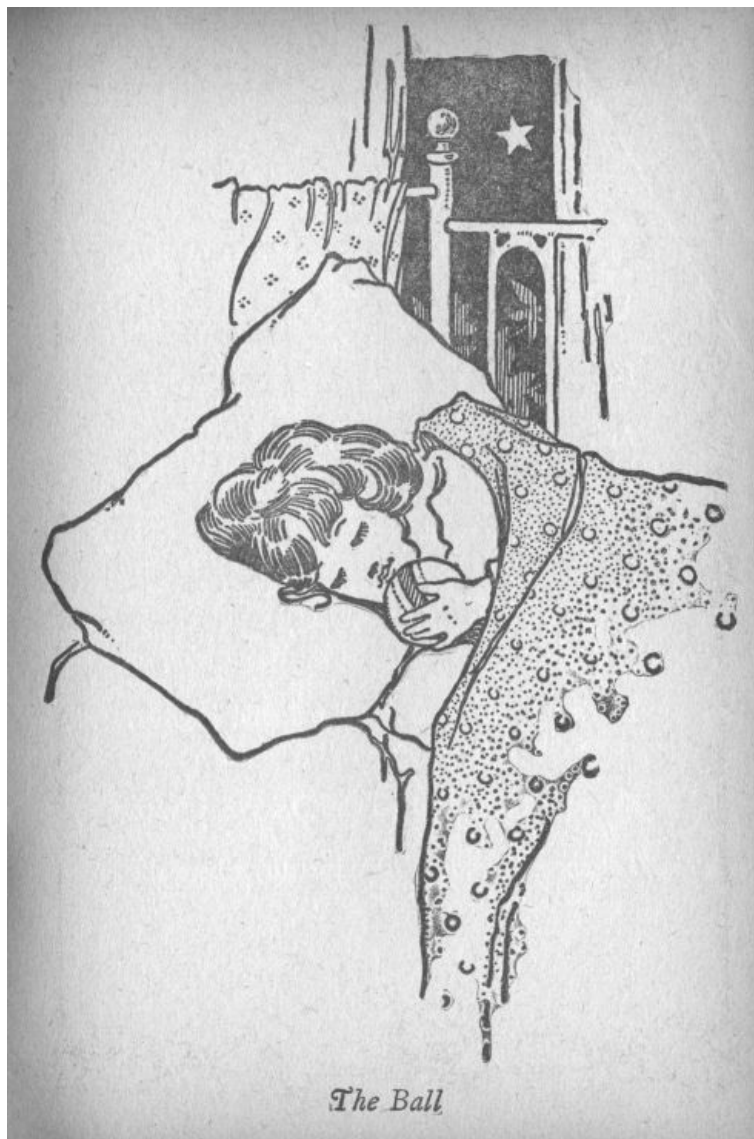


The Game of Going-to-Bed

THE BALL

Close cuddled in my own two hands,
My big round ball with yellow bands!
They've filled my playroom up with toys—
Dolls, horses, things to make a noise,
Engines that clatter on a track,
And tip-carts that let down the back;
Arks, just like Noah's, with two and two
Of every animal he knew;
Whole rows of houses built of blocks,
A mouse that squeaks, a doll that talks,
But when the Sleepy Man comes by
And I'm too tired to want to try
To think of anything at all,
Here's my old, dear old, rubber ball.

Close cuddled in my own two hands,
My big round ball with yellow bands.



The Ball

A VOYAGE

She rowed 'way out on the Daisy Sea,
with a really-truly oar,
Out of a really-truly boat, and what
could you ask for more?
Her sea and her boat were make-believe,
but the daisy waves dashed high,
And 'twas pleasant to know if the boat
went down that her frock would still be dry.

She rowed 'way out on the Daisy Sea, with
a really-truly oar,
Past the perilous garden gate where the
fierce white breakers roar,
Past the rocks where the mermaids sing as
they comb their golden hair,
Past an iceberg grim and tall, and a great,
white polar bear.

She rowed 'way out on the Daisy Sea, with
a really-truly oar,
Till she came to an island castle, where she
brought her boat ashore.
She entered the castle boldly, and—wonderful
sight to see!—
She had rowed straight home to the dining-room
and the table spread for tea.

APPLE-TREE INN

It stands by the roadside, cool-shuttered and high,
With cordial welcome for all who pass by;
And here's how you enter—you make a quick dash
And scale the steep stair with a bound, in a flash.
You cross the clean threshold and find you a chair.
There's room for all comers and plenty to spare.
You can rock, you can rest, happy lodging you win
Who stop for an hour at Apple-tree Inn.

The walls and the roof and the ceiling are green,
With rifts of light blue that are painted between.
The seats are upholstered in brown and dark gray,
And yet, for it all, not a penny to pay.
Then, when you are hungry, the table is spread
With fare that is dainty, delicious, and red.
Oh, hurry and come if you never have been
A guest in your travels at Apple-tree Inn!

NANCY BYRD TURNER.

AN OUTDOOR GIRL

The wind and the water and a merry little girl—
Her yellow hair a-blowing and her curls all out of curl,
Her lips as red as cherries and her cheeks like any rose,
And she laughs to see the little waves come curling round her toes.

The breezes a-blowing and the blue sky overhead,
A laughing little maiden,—and this is what she said:
"Oh, what's the use of houses? I think it is a sin
To take a lot of boards and bricks and shut the outdoors in!"



An Outdoor Girl

THE BEDTIME STORY-BOOK

There's something very, very queer
About a story-book,
No matter what's the time of year,
Nor where you chance to look;

No matter when it is begun,
How many pages read,
The very best of all the fun
Comes just the time for bed,

When mother whispers in your ear:
"'Tis almost eight—just look!
Now finish up your chapter, dear,
And put away your book."

The minutes almost seem to race
When it is growing late;
The very most exciting place
Is just half after eight.



The Bedtime Story-Book

THE BROWNIES

The little Bad Luck Brownies,
They cry and pout and frown;
They pucker up a crying-mouth,
And pull the corners down;
They blot the smile from every face
And hush the happy song—
The little Bad Luck Brownies
That make the world go wrong!

The little Good Luck Brownies,
They sing and laugh and shout;
If any cloud of trouble comes,
They turn it inside out
To show the silver lining
That's always, always there,—
The little Good Luck Brownies
That make the world so fair!



Bad Luck and Good Luck Brownies

HER ANSWER

It was an easy question and Margie thought it so,
An easy one to answer, as any one would know.
She smiled and smiled again as it hung upon the wall:
"In going to school what do you like the very best of all?"
Then grew a little sober as she began to write,
With wrinkles on her forehead and lips a little tight.
She wrote her answer carefully, with look so grave and wise,
She minded all her capitals and dotted all her I's,
She crossed her T's precisely, she smiled a little more
At all the pleasant images the pleasant question bore
Of all the merry, laughing hours, and all the joyous play—
"The thing I like the best of all in school—a holiday."

SIDNEY DAYRE.

A TROUBLESOME DAUGHTER

Angelica Sue is the carelesst child!
The trouble she makes me is perfectly fearful.
I told her this morning, but she only smiled,
And swung in her hammock, and looked just as cheerful.

I'm sure I should feel I had nothing to do,
If some one adopted Angelica Sue.

It's always Angelica falls in the dust,
Angelica's frock that gets torn on the fences,
The other dolls sit as I tell them they must,
But when she comes out, then the trouble commences.
Wherever I go, or whatever I do,
She's sure to be with me—Angelica Sue.

Oh, nobody knows how I work for that child!
But once, when I spoke of her ways to my brother,
He said, and he looked at us both, and he smiled,
"Angelica Susan takes after her mother!"
I've wondered since then if it really can be
Angelica Sue is a little like me.

HANNAH G. FERNALD.

THE RACE

Across the field and down the hill
I ran a race with Cousin Will,
And lost my shoe, I ran so fast,
And that is why I came in last.

But Cousin Will would try once more
Across the field down to the shore.
This time all would have ended well,
Only I stubbed my toe and fell.

And then we raced across the yard,
And though I ran as swift and hard
As Cousin Will, yet some way he
Got to the place ahead of me.

Will says to lose is no disgrace,
That trying really makes a race.
Twas trying, he says, made the fun,
That all we wanted was the run.

ALICE TURNER CURTIS.

A BIG PLAYFELLOW

It's lots of fun down in the grass,
A-watching all the things that pass!
You won't come too? I wonder why
It's fun a-playing with the sky!

I guess you are too tall to see;
If you would come down here with me,
And just *ungrow* a little, you
Could see just what you wanted to.

Such big cloud-ships with sails spread out
To catch the breeze that's all about!
And big gray birds with soft cloud-wings,
And wolves and bears and tiger things!

Just lying down here in the grass,
I've seen about a million pass;
They creep and run and sail and fly—
It's fun a-playing with the sky!



A Big Playfellow

A Big Playfellow

HAYING TIME

In haying-time my grandpa says
I'm lots of use to him;
I take my nice new wheelbarrow
and fill it to the brim;
The big team comes out, too, and
takes the hay-cocks one by one,
And that and my new wheelbarrow
soon get the haying done.

F. LILEY-YOUNG.

NOBODY

"Nobody b'oke it! It cracked itself;
It was clear 'way up on the toppest shelf.
I—p'rhaps the kitty-cat knows!"
Says poor little Ned,
With his ears as red
As the heart of a damask rose.

Nobody lost it. I carefully

Put my cap just where it ought to be
(No, 't isn't ahind the door),
And it went and hid,
Why, of course it did,
For I've hunted an hour or more.

"*Nobody tore it!* You know things will
Tear if you're sitting just stock stone still!
I was just jumping over the fence—
There's some spikes on top,
And you have to drop
Before you can half commence."

Nobody! Wicked Sir Nobody!
Playing such tricks on my children three!
If I but set eyes on you,
You should find what you've lost!—
But that, to my cost,
I never am like to do!



Nobody

MY GARDEN

I have a little garden
All edged with four-o'clocks;
And some of it is sunflowers,
And some is hollyhocks.

And all around the border
I've planted little stones—

A lot of round beach pebbles—
To keep out Rover's bones.

And then, as plain as daylight,
A sign, "Keep off the grass,"
Warns hens and everybody
That here they shouldn't pass.

But Rover makes his pantry
Right in that garden patch;
And all the hens and chickens
Think that's the place to scratch.

ANNA BURNHAM BRYANT.

MAMMA'S LITTLE HOUSEMAID

I am mamma's little housemaid, don't you see?
They couldn't get along so well if it were not for me;
For every Friday morning I take my little broom,
And sweep and sweep the pretty rugs that lie in mamma's room.
And then I sweep the door-steps off, and do not leave a crumb,
And wipe the dishes, too, and oh, it is the bestest fun!
And then, when mamma starts to bake, she says that maybe I
Can make all by my very self a cunning little pie.
When I am big enough for school I think I'll like to go,
But truly I would rather stay at home, you know,
And help my mamma do the work, and bake a little pie,
For mamma says all little girls, if they would only try,
Can help their mammas very much with willing hands and feet,
By sweeping rugs and door-steps and keeping porches neat.
So I am mamma's housemaid, and she pays me with a kiss,
And papa, when he comes at night, says, "Bless me, what is this!
How bright and clean the rugs do look!" And then I laugh and say
That my little broom and I work for mamma every day.

HARRIET CROCKER LEROY.

TOYS

Toys have a bedtime, too.
Oh, but it's really true!
This is what you should do,—

Just as the sun sinks low,
Off to bed make them go,
Laid in a tidy row.

There let them rest all night,
Sleep until morning light,
Then wake when day shines bright.

ALICE VAN LEER CARRICK.

THE BATH

It always has seemed queer to me,
When I give Bess a bath
In our big, shiny, new, white tub,

She shorter grows by half.

But when I take her out again
She hasn't changed at all.
If you have doubts of what I say,
Just try it with your doll!

REBECCA DEMING MOORE.

NAP-TIME

Rock-a-bye me! Rock-a-bye me!
I'm just as tired as I can be.
We've swung and swung as high as the sky,
Then slower, to let the "old cat die;"
We played we were grasshoppers—hippity-hop
The grasshoppers go, and they never stop;
And then we played kangaroo—just look,
The way they do in the picture-book!
And then—I want to get on your knee!
Rock-a-bye me! Rock-a-bye me!

F. LILEY-YOUNG.

CHUMS

We're chums, and we love it—dear father and I!
He's tall and grown-up, of course—ever so high!
But *you* don't mind that, though you're little as me;
He always stoops down, or you sit on his knee
When you're chums.

We go for long walks—he says, "Now for a hike!"—
With beautiful talks about things that I like;
Some folks do not care about beetles and toads
And little green snakes that you find in the roads,
But we're chums.

Sometimes mother gets into trouble with me;
She tells him about it, and he says, "I see!"
His arm gets around me, and pretty soon, then,
I'm telling him I'll never do it again,
'Cause we're chums.

We tell all our secrets, and when things go bad
And worry-lines come in his face, I look glad
And get him a-laughing, and smooth them away.
He says, "Little Partner, it's your turn today!"
So we're chums.

A TOUCH OF NATURE

A little maid upon my knee
Sighs wearily, sighs wearily;
"I'm tired out of dressin' dolls,
And havin' stories read," says she.

"There *is* a book, if I could see,
I should be happy, *puffickly*!"

My mamma keeps it on a shelf—
'But *that* you cannot have,' says she!"

"But here's your Old Man of the Sea,
And Jack the Giant!" (Lovingly
I tried the little maid to soothe.)
"The *interestin'* one," says she,

"Is that high-up one!—seems to me
The fings you want just has to be
Somethin' you hasn't got; and *that's*
The interestin' one!" says she.

A LESSON IN NATURAL HISTORY

"Now who can tell," the teacher said,
"Who the five members be
(The one who knows may go to the head)
Of the cat family?"

"I guess I know as much as that,"
Cried the youngest child in glee;
"The father cat and the mother cat,
And the baby kittens three!"

PICTURE-BOOK TIME

Whenever the rain-drops come pattering down,
And the garden's too dripping for play,
Whenever poor nursie's determined to frown,
Or mother dear's just gone away,
Then up to the nursery book-shelves we climb,
For trouble time's always a picture-book time!

When some one's been naughty, and some one is sad,
When the new walking bear will not go,
When the kitten is lost or the puppy is bad,
When Mary hates learning to sew,
Then up to the nursery book-shelves we climb,
For trouble time's always a picture-book time!

And there in the pictures the world seems so gay,
And everything always goes right.
The gardens are sunny, the children at play,
There's seldom a picture-book night.
No wonder we love to sit cosily curled,
Forgetting our woes in the picture-book world.

The dear, merry pages! we know them so well,
And when they are folded away,
Our troubles have vanished as if by a spell,
And nothing is wrong with the day.
The nursery book-shelves are easy to climb,
And no time is better than picture-book time!

HANNAH G. FERNALD.

Topsy-Turvy came to me
On our last year's Christmas tree.
She is just the queerest doll,
Much the strangest of them all.
Now you see her, cheeks of red,
Muslin cap upon her head,
Bright blue eyes and golden hair,
Never face more sweet and fair.
Presto! change! She's black as night,
Woolly hair all curling tight,
Coal-black eyes, thick lips of red,
Bright bandanna on her head.
She's not two, as you'd suppose,
When Topsy comes, Miss Turvy goes.
Perhaps it's as it is with me.
Sometimes another child there'll be,
And mother says, "Where is my Flo?
I wish that naughty girl would go."

REBECCA DEMING MOORE.

POOR OLD BOOKS

The poor old books that nobody reads,
How lonely their days must be!
They stand up high on the dusty shelves,
Waiting and wishing, beside themselves,—
And nobody cares but me.
They have no pictures, they are no good,
But I'd read them through, if I only could.

The poor old books! They are fat and dull,
Their covers are dark and queer;
But every time I push the door,
And patter across the library floor,
They seem to cry, "Here, oh here!"
And I feel so sad for their lonely looks
That I hate to take down my picture-books.

The nice new books on the lower shelves
Are giddy in gold and red;
And they are happy and proud and gay,
For somebody reads in them every day,
And carries them up to bed.
But when I am big I'm going to read
The books that nobody else will heed.

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.

SYMPATHY

Sometimes the world's asleep so soon
When all the winds are still,
That I can see the little moon
Come peeping o'er the hill.

It looks so small and scared and white,
The way I feel in bed
When I have just put out the light
And covered up my head.

It half seems wishing it had stayed,
And half creeps softly out.
"Dear moon," I say, "don't be afraid!

No bogies are about."



Sympathy

A SPRING SONG

Out in the woods,
Where the wild birds sing,
It is all alive
With the happy spring.

It gets in my feet,
And the first I know
They are dancing-glad,
And away they go.

I race with the brook
Till my breath is gone,
And it laughs at me
As it races on.

I rock with the trees,
And I sway and swing,
And make believe
I am part of the spring.

I know a man that's big and tall,
With glasses on his nose,
And canes and shiny hats and all
Such grown-up things as those;
But we have secrets I won't tell!
Here in the nursery,
Before they ring the dinner-bells
He's just a boy like me.

He comes home from the office, where
They think he's just a man
The same as they are, with his hair
All slick and spick and span.
Oh, don't I make it in a mess!
It makes us scream for joy.
"Sh—sh!" he says, "they mustn't guess
I'm nothing but a boy!"

And sometimes when the doorbell rings,
The girl knocks at the door.
"An' is the doctor in?" she sings,
A dozen times or more.
"Good-by, old man!" he says. "That bell
Means business. Here's your toy!"
And off he goes. I'll never tell
He's nothing but a boy.



Secrets

SOMEBODY DID IT

Hunting, hunting, high and low,
Where do the caps and "tammies" go?
Ned's—he hung it, he knows he did,
Right on a nail, and it went and hid!
Rob's—"Well, mother, I'm almost sure
I hung it"—"Right on the parlor floor?"
"Where is my 'Tam'?" cried Margery;
And the household echoes, "Where *can* it be?"

"Somebody does it!" Yes, they do!
And not a person to "lay things to!"
Ned will sputter and Rob complain,
And Margery weeps till it looks like rain;
And the family puts its glasses on
And hunts and hunts till the day is gone;
Somebody! wicked old Somebody!
No end of trouble you make for me.

Hunting, hunting, here and there!
Rob's was under the Morris-chair;
Ned's, by a strange coincidence,
Was on a nail—of the garden fence;
And Margery's little pink Tam-o'-shanter
I chanced to spy in a morning saunter
Out through the barn, where 'tis wont to hide
When they've been having a "hay-mow slide."

IN SUMMER

When all the roads are white with dust,
And thirsty flowers complain,
Our little lassie cries, "I must
Go carry round the rain."

As up and down the garden plots
With busy feet she treads,
The pansies and forget-me-nots
Lift up their drooping heads.

She waters all the lilies tall,
The fragrant mignonette,
And hollyhocks beside the wall—
Not one does she forget.

What wonder that her garden grows
And blooms, and blooms again,
When every grateful blossom knows
Who "carries round the rain!"

HANNAH G. FERNALD.

OUR LITTLE BROOK

Our little brook just sings and sings
In such a happy way,
I'd love to sit beside it,
And listen all the day.

In spring it has a merry sound,
I know the reason why—
Because the ice has gone and now
The brook can see the sky.

It loves to glisten in the sun
And sparkle in its light.
I'm sure it loves the silvery moon
And sings to it at night.

The summer song is not so gay,
The brook is now quite still,
With here and there a darling song
Sung by a tiny rill.

I love to watch the bubbles float,
I wonder where they go,
I see the little "skaters"
All darting to and fro.

When leaves are falling from the trees
As fast as they can fall,
I love to sail them in the brook—
Though there's not room for all.

They sail like little fairy boats
And start out merrily,
But sometimes find a stopping place
Before they reach the sea.

The winter brook is soon with ice
All covered up with care,
But I can hear a tiny voice,
I know the brook is there!

EDITH DUNHAM.

THE PINWOOD PEOPLE

When winds are noisy-winged and high,
And crystal-clear the day,
Down where the forest meets the sky
The Pinewood People play.

Far off I see them bow, advance,
Swing partners and retreat,
As though some slow, old-fashioned dance
Had claimed their tripping feet.

Or hand to hand they wave, and so,
With dip and bend and swing,
Through "tag" and "hide" and "touch and go"
They flutter, frolicking.

But when I run to join the play,
I find my search is vain.
Always they see me on the way,
And change to pines again.

ELIZABETH THORNTON TURNER.

THE STUDENTS

I say to Tommy every day,
"Now let us read awhile,"
But Tommy doesn't like to read,
He'd rather be a prancing steed,
And have me drive him many a mile,
And often run away.

I like to do as grown folks do.
Our house is full of books.
My sisters gather every night
About the cheery study light.
I often think how wise it looks,
And wish I could stay, too.

So I coax Tommy every day
To read a little while.
I know my M's and N's and P's
And everything, 'way down to Z's.
When Tommy reads I have to smile,
For Tommy just knows A!

HANNAH G. FERNALD.

THE LADY MOON

There's a lady in the moon,
With a floating gown of white;
You can see her very soon,
When mamma turns out the light.

Tis a lady and she smiles
Through my narrow window way,
As she sails on miles and miles,
Making night as fair as day.

ALICE TURNER CURTIS.

THE JOURNEY

Whither away shall the baby ride?
How many miles shall he fare?
Under the trees whose arms spread wide,
Out to the meadow there.

Down by the brook that flows rippling by,
Bordered by moss and fern.
From flower and bird and tree and sky
How many things shall he learn?

Baby'll journey all safe and sound
Out in the world of green,
Traveling over the grassy ground,
Where wild flowers are seen.

Leaves will whisper and birds will trill,
And all things display their charms,
And, when he's journeyed as far as he will,
He'll ride back to mother's arms.

Then, though he thought the green world good,
He'll gladly come back to rest,
And will drowsily feel, as a baby should,
That mother's arms are the best.

ANNIE WILLIS MCCULLOUGH.

PRETENDING

We played we were lost in the wood,
But home was just over the hill.
With only one cooky for food,
We played we were lost in the wood.
We talked just as loud as we could,
The world seemed so big and so still.
We wished we had always been good,
And we said in our hearts, "Now we will."

We gathered fresh grass for our bed,
And then there was nothing to do.
A robin flew over my head
As we gathered fresh grass for our bed.
"He'll cover us up," brother said,
And then he began to boo-hoo,
And home to our mother we fled,
Or, really, I might have cried too.

HANNAH G. FERNALD.

A LITTLE APRIL FOOL

One day in the midst
Of an April shower.
This dear little girl
Was missed for an hour.

And under the trees
And over the grass,
We all went hunting
The little lost lass.

We found her at last
Where two walls met,
A-looking naughty
And a-dripping wet.

"I was April-fooling,"
She softly said;
And down she dropped
A shamed little head.



A Little April Fool

FROST FIRES

Look! look! look!
The woods are all afire!
See! see! see!
Aflame are bush and brier!
The trees are all unhurt, I know—
Oak, maple, elm and all—
But, oh, they all seem burning up
In red fires of the fall!

WHISTLING IN THE RAIN

Whistle, whistle, up the road,
And whistle, whistle down the lane!
That's the laddie takes my heart,
A-whistling in the rain.
Winter wind may whistle too—
That's a comrade gay!
Naught that any wind can do
Drives his cheer away.

Whistle, whistle, sun or storm;
And whistle, whistle, warm or cold!
Underneath his ragged coat
There beats a heart of gold.

He will keep a courage high,
Bear the battle's brunt;
Let the coward whine and cry!—
His the soldier's front.

Shoes, I know, are out at toe,
And rags and patches at the knee;
He whistles still his merry tune,
For not a fig cares he.
Whistle, whistle, up the road,
Whistle, whistle, down the lane!
That's the laddie for my love,
Whistling in the rain.



Whistling in the rain

THE WOODEN HORSE

I'm just a wooden horsy, and I work hard all the day
At hauling blocks and dollies in my little painted dray.

Sometimes they feed me make-believe, sometimes nothing at all,
And sometimes I'm left standing on my head out in the hall.

I try to be most patient, but 'twas just the other day
I got provoked with Teddy Bear and almost ran away.

REBECCA DEMING MOORE.

AFTER SCHOOL

I've come to you again, my dear. There's no more school today.
Let's cuddle down a little while before we go to play,
And you shall tell me what you've done, and whether you've felt sad.
I always hurry home because I know you'll be so glad.

I had a thought in school today—I quite forgot my book—
I seemed to see you waiting, and how lonely you must look,
And all the other children's dolls, ten thousand, I suppose,
All sitting up so patiently, and turning out their toes.

And then when I was called upon to answer "four times four,"
I failed, and teacher told me that I ought to study more.
She asked if I had done my best. I had to answer, "No'm."
I don't believe she leaves a little lonely doll at home!

HANNAH G. FERNALD.

A SLEEPY-HEAD TOP

My top is just the very best,
But, my! it is the laziest.
It sleeps, and sleeps, and sleeps all day,
And doesn't want to come and play.
Then, when it spins, it sleeps the more.
It stands up straight, but it will snore,
Until it is so sound asleep
It tumbles over in a heap.

SINCLAIR LEWIS.

A CHRISTMAS "TELEPHONE"

"Ullo, Mr. Santa! Ullo! Ullo! Ullo!
If must be 'most to Christmas, and I think you ought to know
About the things we're needing most—of course I'd like a doll,
And Jimmy wants a rocking-horse, and Charlie wants a ball.

"And all of us would like a lot of striped candy sticks
(There's just six boys and girls of us—be sure to make it six),
And gum-drops; and oh, if you could, some red-and-white gibraltars!
I had some once, and half was mine, and half of them was Walter's.

"But, dear old Santa, don't forget, whatever you leave out,
To put in some surprises that we never thought about;
For in the whole long stocking, clear down into the toe,
The presents that are nicest are the ones you didn't know."

A LOST BABY

Baby's hidden all away!
Nobody can find her!

Where's the baby, mamma? Say,
Let's go look behind her!

Baby? No, she isn't there—
Have we lost our baby?
Let's go hunting down the stair,
There we'll find her, maybe.

Papa's lost his little girl!
What will he do for kisses?
What is this? A yellow curl?
And please to say what this is

Inside my coat! "*I 'ant some breff!*
It makes me almost 'oasted!
Next time don't smovver me to deff—
Let's play aden I'm losted!"

VELOCIPEDA

I know of a staid and sober horse
That goes by a great, long name.
The little ones like this trusty steed
That always goes at a proper speed.
They call him the good Velocipede,
And he's never tired or lame.

Ah, he is the horse that gives you fun,
And he is the horse you need!
He's never balky, he eats no hay,
He's ready to either go or stay,
And never was known to run away—
This good horse Velocipede.

ANNIE WILLIS MCCULLOUGH.

A RAINY DAY PLAN

The world's wet and stormy,
The wind's in a rage.
We are shut in the house
Like poor birds in a cage.
There's a sigh in the chimney,
A roar on the wall.
Good-by to "I Spy"
And to swinging and all!
But the child that complains
Cannot better the day,
So the harder it rains,
Why, the harder we'll play!

There are tears on the window
And sighs in the trees,
But who's going to fret
Over matters like these?
If the sky's got to cry,
Then it's better by half
That the longer it weeps,
Why, the louder we'll laugh!
And look! I declare,
There's the sun coming out
To see what on earth
All the fun is about!

NANCY BYRD TURNER.

THE BIRTHDAY ONES

I am the birthday baby,
And this is the birthday horse.
They gave him to me because I was three
And knew how to drive, of course.
He's trotted and walked and galloped,
And traveled the whole birthday;
He's carried a load up the hilly road,
And once he has run away.

I've fed him high in the stable,
I've watered him at the trough,
I've curried him down to a glossy brown,
And taken his harness off.
Now we are resting a little,
Because there has got to be
A long, stiff run before we're done,
For the birthday horse and me!

NANCY BYRD TURNER.

A DUTCH WISH

The little Dutch children,
With little Dutch shoes,
Go clitter-clatter
Wherever they choose.

But we must move lightly,
In slippers, at that,
And walk on our tip-toes,
And go like a cat.

But, oh, noise is lovely!
We wish very much
That we were Dutch children
With shoes that were Dutch.



The Dutch Wish

A SIGN OF SPRING

The blue-bird is a-wing;
 he has heard the call of spring;
And a dozen times this morning
 I have heard a robin sing;
But I know a sign that's surer,
 and I see the twinkling feet
Of a score of little children
 at the corner of the street.

The crocus-bed's abloom;
 in the shadow of my room
Glow a vase of golden jonquils
 like a star amid the gloom;
But the sign that's sure and certain
 is the children's merry feet
Dancing round the organ-grinder
 at the corner of the street.

Song of bird or hum of bee,
 there's no sign of spring for me
Like the jolly little dancers
 and the frolic melody;
And my heart shall catch the rhythm
 of the happy little feet
Dancing round the organ-grinder
 at the corner of the street.

MY DOLLY

There's nothing so nice as dolly!
She comforts me when I'm sad,
She keeps me from getting lonely,
She smiles at me when I'm glad.
She's such a delightful playmate,
And causes me so much joy,
I wouldn't exchange her for all the toys
That people give to a boy.

ANNIE WILLIS MCCULLOUGH.

ONE MILE TO TOYLAND

"One mile, one mile to Toyland!"
Just s'pose, to your intense
Astonishment, you found this sign
Plain written on a fence.
Just one short mile to Toyland,
To happy girl and boy-land,
Where one can play the livelong day!

Now who will hurry hence?
There dollies grow on bushes,
And wooden soldiers stand
With frisky rocking-horses near,
A brave and dauntless band;
And whips and tops and whistles
They grow as thick as thistles,
And every kind of toy you find—
A strange and magic land!

"Only a mile to Toyland!"
How big your eyes would grow,
And how you'd come and stand stock-still
To read it, in a row;
Then, brother, girls, and maybe
The puppy and the baby,
You'd make that mile in little while,
And find that land, I know!

NANCY BYRD TURNER.

A BATH-TUB JOKE

Clean and sweet from head to feet
Is Jerry, but not his twin.
"Now for the other!" says merry mother,
And quickly dips him in.
Jim and Jerry, with lips of cherry,
And eyes of the selfsame blue;
Twins to a speckle, yes, even a freckle—
What can a mother do?
They wink and wriggle and laugh and giggle—
A joke on mother is nice!
"We played a joke,"—'twas Jimmie who spoke,—
"And you've washed the same boy twice!"

HER OWN WAY

When Polly goes into the parlor to play,
She never minds what the little notes say,
Nor peeps at a music-book;
"I play by ear," says the little dear
(When some of us think the music's queer),
"So why should I need to look?"

When Polly goes into the kitchen to cook,
She never looks at a cookery-book,
Nor a sign of a recipe;
It's a dot of this and a dab of that,
And a twirl of the wrist and a pinch and a pat—
"I cook by hand," says she.

THE MONTH OF MAY

It comes just after April,
And right before 'tis June;
And every bird that's singing
Has this same lovely tune:
You needn't ask your mother
To let you go and play;
The very breezes whisper,
"You may! You may! You may!"

There are no frosts to freeze you,
And no fierce winds to blow;
But winds that seem like kisses,
So soft and sweet and slow;
The lovely sun is shining
'Most every single day.
Of course you may go out, dears—
It is the *month* of "May"!

THE BIRTHDAY

Bring the birthday-marker!
That's the way to show
How much I've been growing
Since a year ago.

All my last year's dresses
Are too short for me;
This one—with the tucks out—
Only to my knee!

Grandpa rubs his glasses;
Whispers, "Yes, indeed!
How that child is growing—
Growing like a weed!"

Mother's word is sweetest:
"Yes, in sun and shower
She's been growing, growing,
Growing like a flower!"

BABY'S PLAYTHINGS

Ten cunning little playthings
He never is without—
His little wiggle-waggle toes
That carry him about.

They look so soft and pinky,
And good enough to eat!
How lucky that the little toes
Are fastened to his feet!

Ten little pinky playthings
He cannot eat or lose;
Except when Nursey hides them all
In little socks and shoes.

WHEN IT RAINS

We don't mind rainy days a bit,
my brother Ted and I;
There's such a lot of games to play
before it comes blue sky.
Sometimes we play I'm Mrs. Noah,
and Ted's Methusalem!
I put him in his little box and
hand his little drum
(There has to be some way, you see,
to let the Ark-folks know
That Father Noah expects them all,
and where they are to go)
And then they come by twos and twos,
and twos and twos and *twos*,
Till trotting with them 'cross the floor
'most wears out my new shoes.
They all go in, and when it's time,
we let the flood begin;
The rainier it rains the more
we like it staying in.



Staying In

THE SLEEPING TREES.

I know how the apple-tree went to sleep!
Its fluttering leaves were so tired of play!—
Like frolicsome children when dusk grows deep,
And mother says "Come!" and they gladly creep
To knee and to nest at the end of day.

Its work was all done and it longed to rest;
The reddening apples dropped softly down;
The leaves fell in heaps to the brown earth's breasts
And then, of a sudden, its limbs were dressed
(The better to sleep) in a soft white gown.

The maples and beeches and oaks and all—
When summer was over, each cool green tent
Seemed suddenly turned to a banquet hall,
Pavilions with banners, a flaming wall!
And then all was gone and their glory spent.

Then quickly the sky shook her blankets out,
And robes that were softer than wool to don
She gave all her children the winds to flout—
I wish I knew what they are dreaming about,
So quiet and still with their white gowns on!

A SUMMER HOLIDAY

Can you guess where I have been?
On the hillsides fresh and green!
Out where all the winds are blowing,
Where the free, bright streamlet's flowing
Leap and laugh and race and run
Like a child that's full of fun!—
Crinkle, crinkle through the meadows,
Hiding in the woodland shadows;
Making here and there a pool
In some leafy covert cool
For the Lady Birch to see
Just how fair and sweet is she.

Can you guess where I have been?
By a brook where willows lean;
With a book whereon to look,
In some little shady nook,
If that I should weary grow
Of that lovelier book I know
Whose sweet leaves the wind is turning—
Full of lessons for my learning.
There are little songs to hear
If you bend a listening ear;
And no printed book can be
Half so dear and sweet to me.

TWO POCKETS

There are two bulging pockets that I have in mind.
Just listen and see if the owners you'll find.
In one—it's quite shocking—there's a round wad of gum,
A china doll's head and a half finished sum,
A thimble, a handkerchief—sticky, I fear—
A dolly's blue cap and some jackstones are here.
In the other are marbles and fishhooks and strings,
Some round shiny stones and a red top that sings,
A few apple cores and a tin full of bait,
A big black jack-knife in a sad bladeless state.
And now I wonder how many can guess
Which pocket Bob owns and which one does Bess?

REBECCA DEMING MOORE.

MY HORSE

I give my pony corn and hay,
With oats to tempt him twice a week;
I smooth and curry every day
Until his coat is bright and sleek;
At night he has a cosy stall;
He does not seem to care at all.

I mount him often, hurriedly,
And ride him fast and ride him far;
With whip and spur I make him fly
Along the road where robbers are;
But when I've galloped madly home
He is not wet or flecked with foam.

He does not plunge against the rein,
Nor take a ditch nor clear a rail.
He does not toss his flowing mane,
He does not even switch his tail.
Oh, well, he does his best, of course;
He's nothing but a hobby-horse!

NANCY BYRD TURNER.

MAY-TIME

Sing a song of May-time,
And picnics in the park.
Such a happy playtime!
Birds are singing—hark!
Bluebird calls to bluebird,
Robins chirp between,
And little lads and lasses
Are dancing on the green.

Marigolds are golden
All along the brooks.
Violets are peeping
In the shady nooks.
Out into the fields now!
Choose your happy queen;
For all the lads and lasses
Are dancing on the green.

HANNAH G. FERNALD.

BOOKS

My father's books are made of words,
As long and hard as words can be,
They look so very dull to me!
No pictures there of beasts and birds,
Of dear Miss Muffet eating curds,
And things a child would like to see.

My books have pictures, large and small,
Some brightly colored, some just plain,
I look them through and through again.
Friends from their pages seem to call,
Jack climbs his bean-stalk thick and tall,
I know he will not climb in vain.

Here comes Red-Riding-Hood, and here
The Sleeping Beauty lies in state,
The prince will come ere 'tis too late!
And this is Cinderella dear.
The godmother will soon appear
And send her to her happy fate.

Oh, father's books are very wise,
As wise as any books can be!
Yet he wants stories, I can see;
For really, it's a great surprise
How many picture-books he buys,
And reads the fairy tales to me!

HANNAH G. FERNALD.

THE LITTLE BOOK PEOPLE

At half past eight I say "good night" and snuggle up in bed.
I'm never lonely, for it's then I hear the gentle tread
Of all the tiny book people. They come to visit me,
And lean above my pillow just as friendly as can be!
Sometimes they cling against the wall or dance about in air.
I never hear them speak a word, but I can see them there.
When Cinderella comes she smiles with happy, loving eyes,
And makes a funny nod at me when she the slipper tries.
Dear Peter Pan flies in and out. I see his shadow, too,
And often see his little house and all his pirate crew.
I think they know I love them and that's why they come at night,
When other people do not know that they've slipped out of sight;
But I have often been afraid that while they visit me
Some other little boy, perhaps, may stay up after tea,
And when he tries to find them on the pages of his book
He cannot see them anywhere, though he may look and look!
That's why I never stay awake nor keep them here too long.
I go to sleep and let them all slip back where they belong.

EDNA A. FOSTER.

CHARLOTTE THE CONQUEROR

When Charlotte is playing croquet
It's really refreshing to see.
She wins in the cheerfullest way,
Or loses (but rarely!) with glee.
She chooses the ball that is blue,
And dashes straight into the fray.
I want to be present—don't you?—
When Charlotte is playing croquet.

And Charlotte is playing croquet
From breakfast-time almost till tea.
She coaxes us, "Please, won't you play?"
And somehow, we always agree.
Then oh, for the ball that is blue!
What matter the tasks of the day?
There's something important to do,
For Charlotte is playing croquet!

When Charlotte is playing croquet,
The neighbors come over to see,
The grocer is tempted to stay,
The butcher's boy gives advice free,
The doctor, forgetting his care,
Will linger a bit on his way.
There are partners enough and to spare,
When Charlotte is playing croquet.

HANNAH G. FERNALD.

THE SCARECROW

He doesn't wander up and down
And hoarsely call all day,
"O' clo'! O' clo'!" This old-clothes man
Has not a word to say.

He stands so stiff among the corn,
His one stiff arm stuck out,
And points a musket at the crows
That circle all about.

He doesn't tramp the dusty streets,
Nor travel, ankle-deep,
Through mush and slush, but quiet stands
Where baby corn-cobs sleep.

He's such a funny old-clothes man!
I wonder if it's hard
To stand amid the growing corn
All summer long on guard.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK A JOLLY JINGLE-BOOK ***

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