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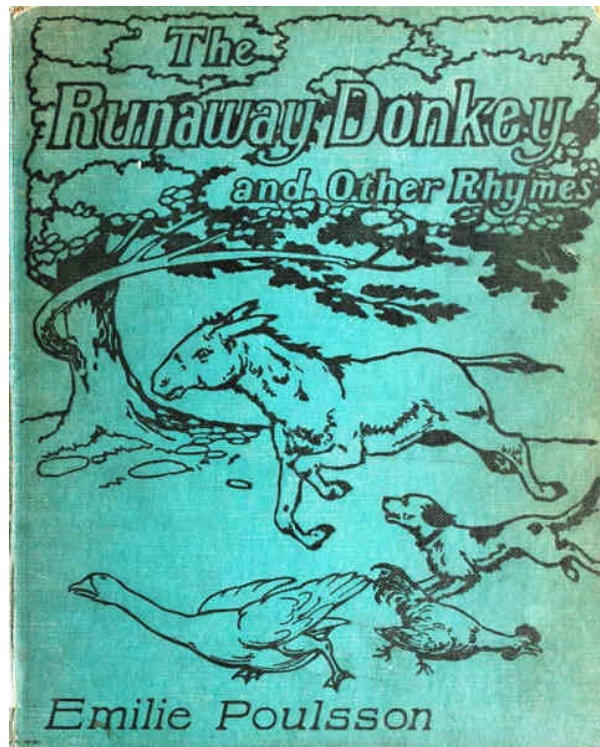
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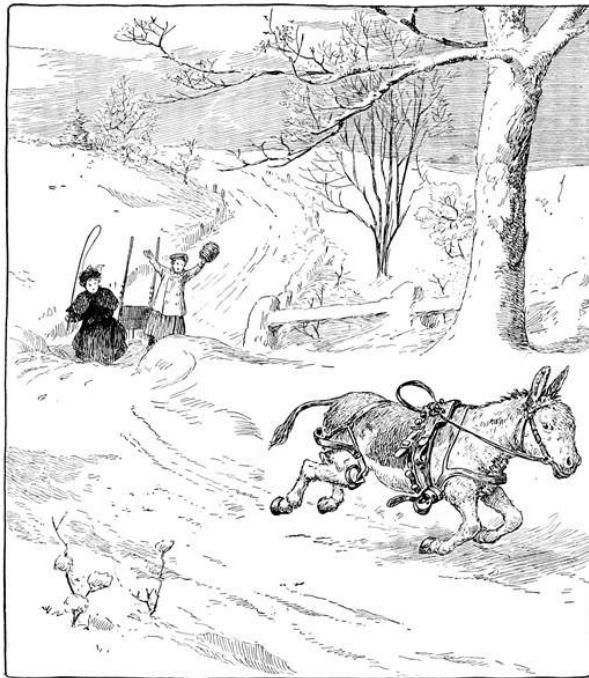
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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE RUNAWAY DONKEY, AND OTHER RHYMES FOR CHILDREN ***





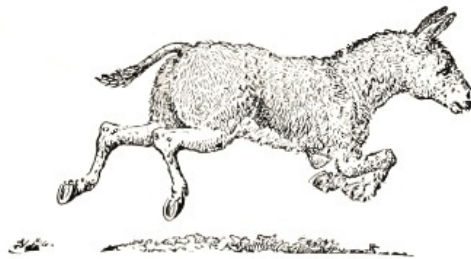
**"Whoa, Barney!" shouted Helen,
When off he dashed, "Whoa, whoa!"
And both the girls chased after him
As fast as they could go. ([Page 81.](#))**

**THE
RUNAWAY DONKEY
AND OTHER
RHYMES FOR CHILDREN**

BY
EMILIE POULSSON

AUTHOR OF "FINGER PLAYS FOR NURSERY AND KINDERGARTEN,"
"THROUGH THE FARMYARD GATE," "CHILD
STORIES AND RHYMES"

ILLUSTRATED BY L. J. BRIDGMAN



BOSTON
LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD COMPANY

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THE RUNAWAY DONKEY.

PREFACE

Several of the rhymed stories in this book are true stories, and children may enjoy them the more for knowing that Barney, a real donkey, did run away and play pranks as the rhymes say; that Midget did ride horseback; that the deer did toss the hay to the hungry pony; and that Queen Victoria did restore the birds' nesting-place in the old round tower at Windsor. Pony Rollo, too, is a real character, clever and lovable, although some liberties have been taken in the portrayal of him and his doings. Barney Gray is still living, petted by his now grown-up owners and enjoyed by all children who visit the farm to which the donkey came about twenty years ago, and a drive with Barney is quite as likely now as in former days to have unexpected features.

The pictures of Barney and some of the other pets have been drawn by Mr. Bridgman from photographs taken expressly for this book.

In the belief that such rhymes as are herein offered gratify and increase in children both the love of animals and the sense of humor, this new volume is sent forth not only to give pleasure, but to contribute what it may to the fostering of these desirable traits.

Kindergartners will find here, as in *Through the Farmyard Gate*, suitable material for kindergarten use; for example, the cumulative rhyme, *The Pigeons*, and the tracing-back rhyme, *Who Gives us Our Thanksgiving Dinner?*

For courteous permission to use such of these rhymes as have already appeared in print, acknowledgments are made to publishers and periodicals as follows: The Century Company, New York (*St. Nicholas*); S. E. Cassino, Salem, Massachusetts (*Little Folks*); and Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Massachusetts (*Kindergarten Review*).

EMILIE POULSSON.

BOSTON, MASS., 1905.

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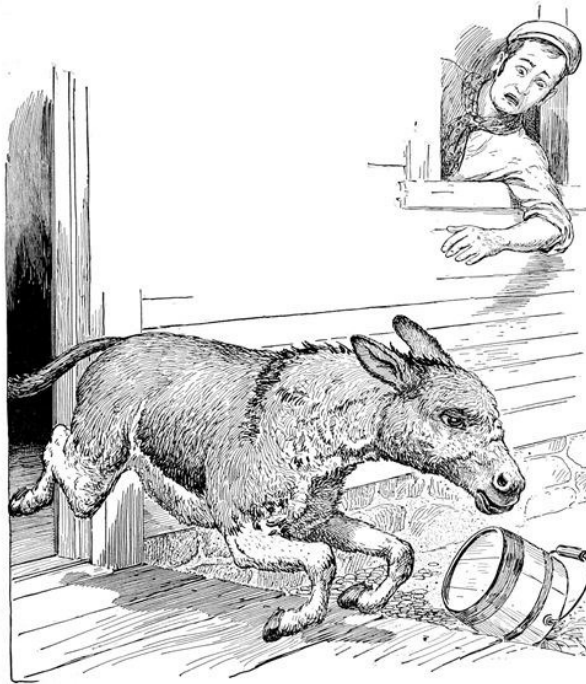
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THE RUNAWAY DONKEY

[Pg 1]

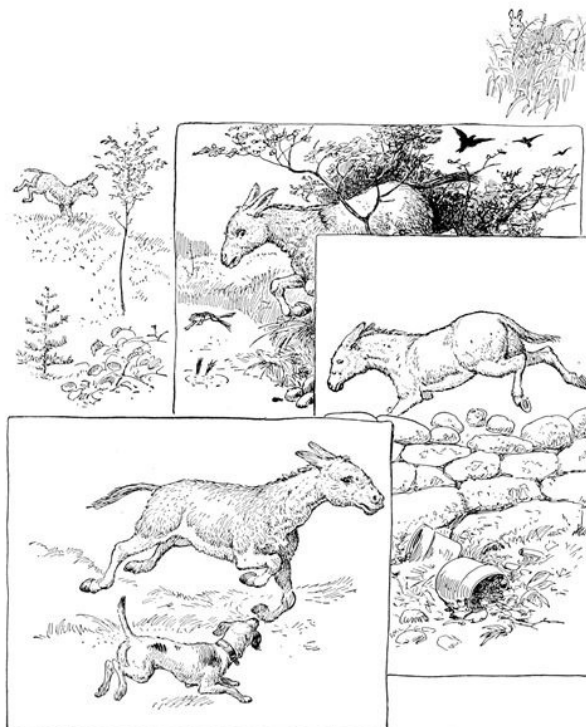
A sturdy little donkey,
 All dressed in sober gray,
 Once took it in his long-eared head
 That he would run away.

So, when a little open
 He saw the stable door,
 He ran as if he never would
 Come back there any more.



Away that donkey galloped
 And ran and ran and ran
 And ran and ran and ran and ran
 And RAN and RAN and **RAN!**

[Pg 2]



Behind him ran the children,
The groom and coachman, too;

[Pg 3]

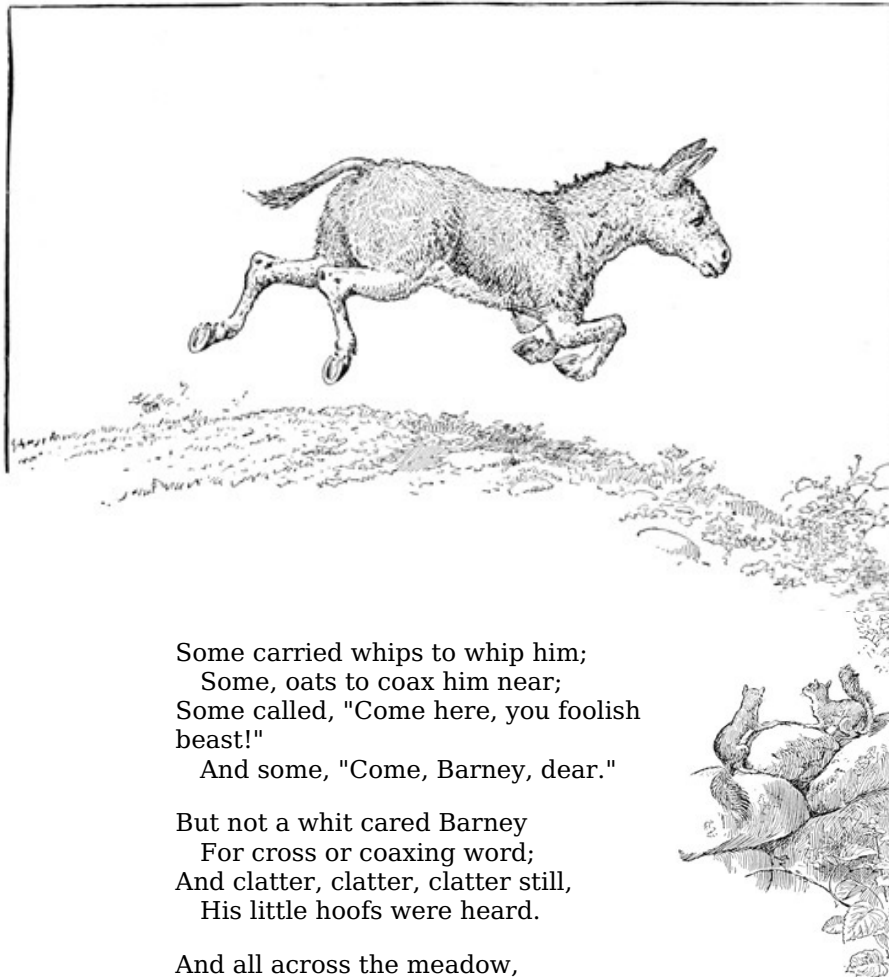


The farmer and the farmer's man,
To see what they could do.

[Pg 4]



[Pg 5]



Some carried whips to whip him;
Some, oats to coax him near;
Some called, "Come here, you foolish
beast!"

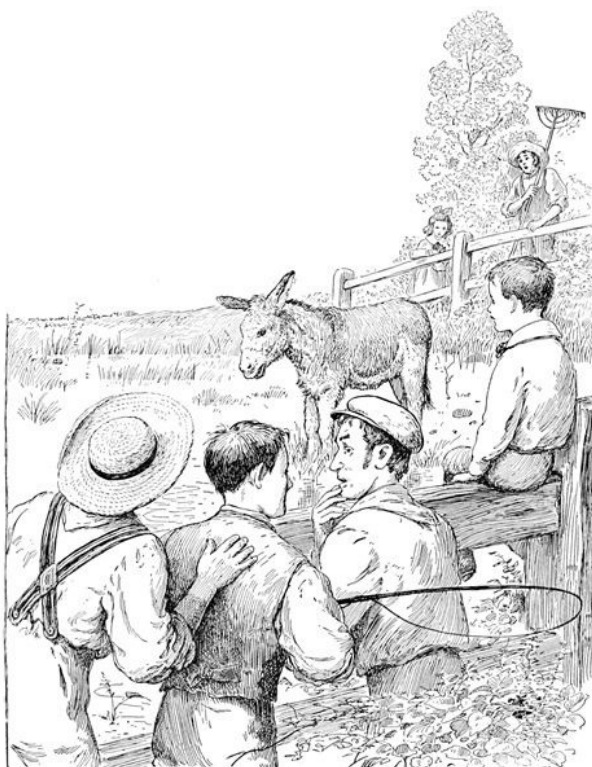
And some, "Come, Barney, dear."

But not a whit cared Barney
For cross or coaxing word;
And clatter, clatter, clatter still,
His little hoofs were heard.

And all across the meadow,
And up and o'er the hill,
And through the woods and down the dale
He galloped with a will.

And into every hay field
And through the swamp and mire
Still Barney ran and ran and ran
As if he'd never tire!

[Pg 6]



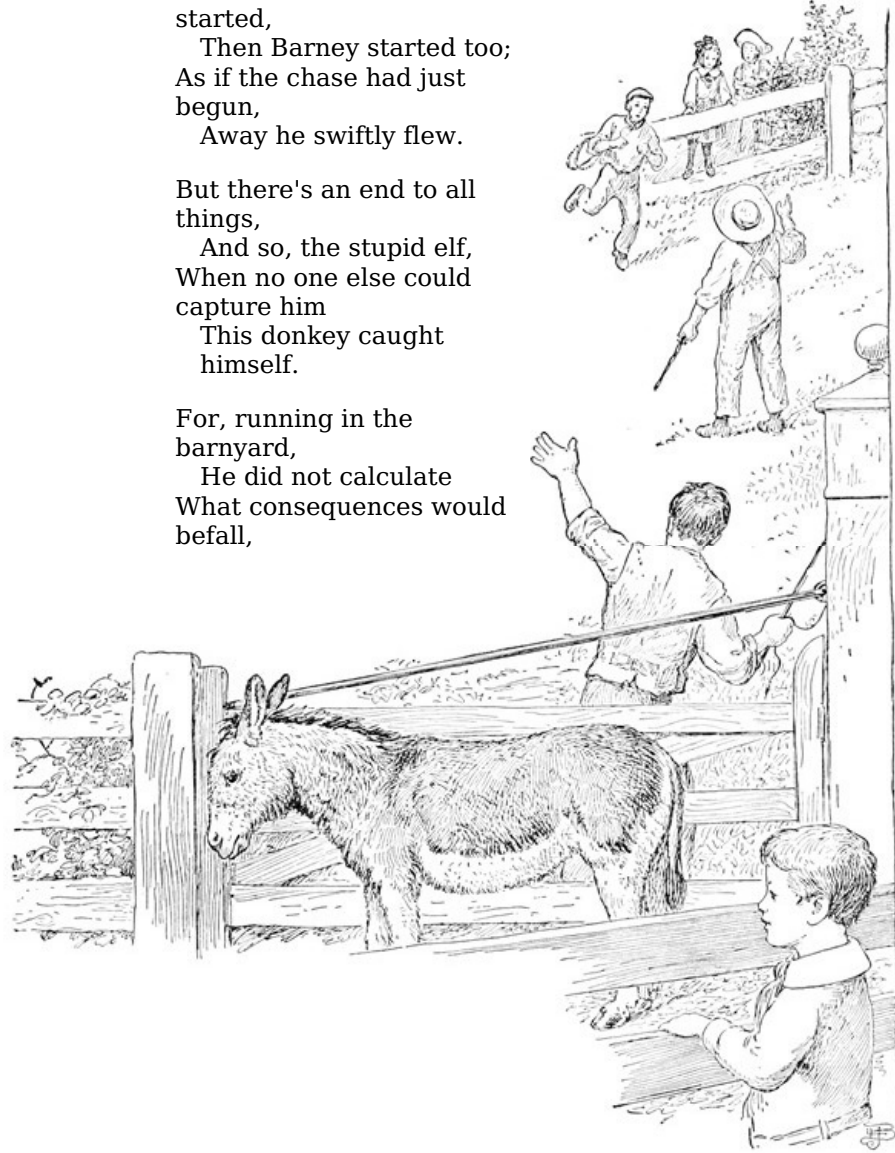
His chasers all stopped running;
Then meek as any lamb
Did Barney stand, as if to say,
"Come catch me! Here I am."

[Pg 7]

But when one of them
started,
Then Barney started too;
As if the chase had just
begun,
Away he swiftly flew.

But there's an end to all
things,
And so, the stupid elf,
When no one else could
capture him
This donkey caught
himself.

For, running in the
barnyard,
He did not calculate
What consequences would
befall,



And hit the swinging gate.

It quickly swung together;
Down dropped the iron latch.
Oh, Barney Gray, to think that you
The runaway should catch!

The children danced with pleasure,
The groom roared with delight,
The others smiled their broadest smiles
Or laughed with all their might.

But Barney, naughty Barney,
Had mischief in him still;
For when the laughing coachman tried
To lead him up the hill,

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[Pg 9]

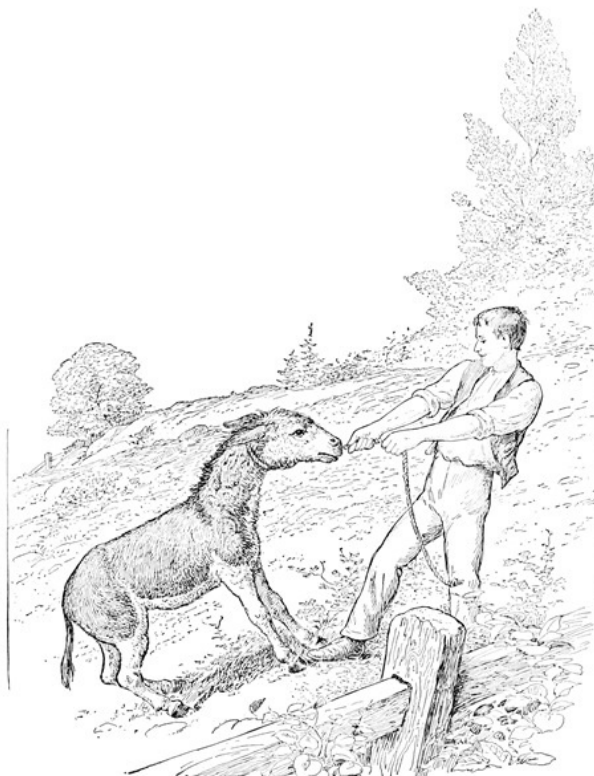


His donkeyship determined
That he would yet have fun,
So braced himself and stood stock still
As if he weighed a ton!

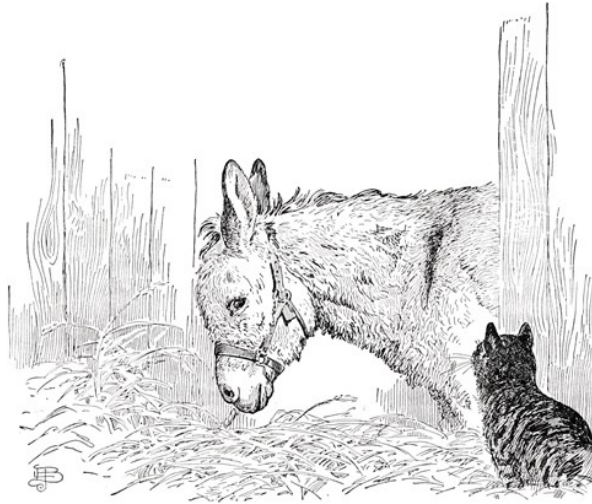
But mighty was the coachman
And pulled with such a will
That Barney soon was being dragged
Full roughly up the hill.

"Well, well!" at last thought Barney,
"The coachman is so strong,
I might as well be good just now,"
And so he walked along.

And when he reached the stable
And stood within his stall
You'd scarce believe so meek a beast
Could run away at all!



Of this meek Barney Gray
Are only of some future time
When he may run away.



PONY ROLLO RHYMES

[Pg 11]

I. THE PONY NEEDED

Barney was the children's donkey,
Full of tricks was he,
But no beast of sober merits
More beloved could be.

Though to tricky little Barney
They were loyal yet,
All the children coaxed and pleaded
For another pet.

Yes, they wanted now a pony,
One which they could ride.
"Ride on Barney?" that suggestion
Shows you never tried.

For with double donkey firmness
Barney's mind is set
That he never will be ridden.
(Never has been yet!)

Barney has a plan of action,
Simple, clear, and bold;
And the fate of would-be riders
Can be well foretold.

Puffing, swelling, artful Barney
Rounds his body out
Till the strap will scarcely fasten,
He has grown so stout!

When at last the girth is buckled
By the coachman's might,
Lo! how freely slips the saddle,
Which was thought so tight.

Since his trick has made the saddle
Loose and insecure,
Barney's face is meek and placid,
Of success he's sure.

When the daring would-be rider
Mounts the donkey's back,
Barney seems resigned: and starting,
Trots along till—Whack!

[Pg 12]

Tableau—Barney standing pensive
With a guileless stare.
In the dust or mud, the rider!
How did he get there?

[Pg 13]

Many riders, big and little,
Many times have tried;
No one ever mastered Barney,—
Ever had a ride.

And since Barney is so stub—well,
Firm, at any rate,
Till a pony comes, the children
Must for riding wait.



II. THE PONY'S ARRIVAL

[Pg 14]

"Here's the pony! here's the pony!"
Fast the tidings flew
As the longed-for pony trotted
Up the avenue.

And the children, such news hearing,
Quickly gathered near;
Saw and loved the pretty creature,
Voted him "a dear."

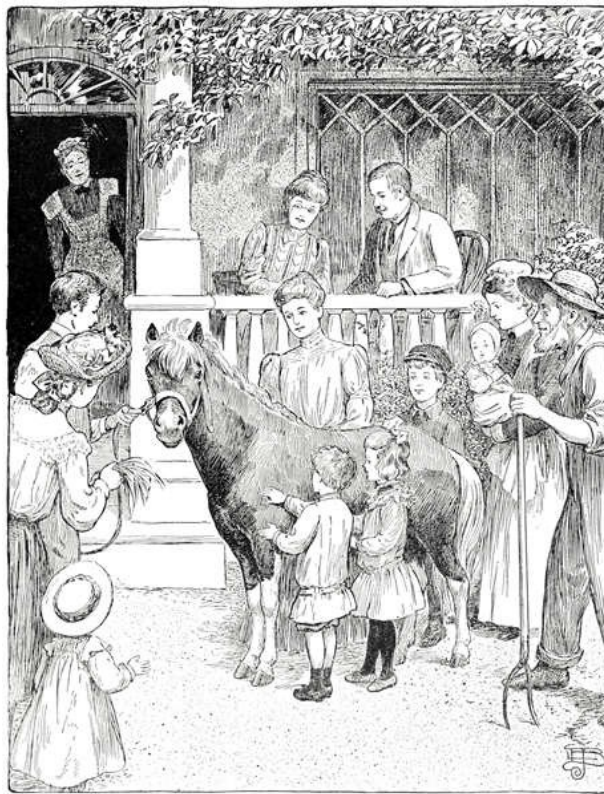
"Father! Mother! Come and see him!"
"Auntie, do come! do!"
"Hurry, nurse, and let the baby
See the pony, too."

"Oh, at last we've got a pony,"
Cried the children all.
"Every one must come to see him,
Call the people! call!"

From the farm and from the garden,
From each household nook,
Men and maids with pleasure hastened
At the pet to look.

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[Pg 16]



[Pg 17]

Close around the gentle pony
Did the children crowd,
Patting, stroking, gazing, praising,
Eager, fond, and proud.

Near them flocked the grown-up people,
With admiring eyes.
For 'twas plain the pretty pony
Was a wondrous prize.

Such a shape! and such a color!
Such a mane and tail!
Legs so slender, hoofs so dainty,
Words to picture fail.

And not only for his beauty
Did he merit praise,
But for all his tricks so clever,
And his gentle ways.

III. THE PONY'S TRICKS

[Pg 18]

"Shake hands, pony," said the coachman.
Quickly, at command,
Pony placed his forefoot gently
In the coachman's hand.

"Pony," said the coachman, slowly,
"I have heard it said
That you're fond of oats for supper;"
Pony bowed his head.

"What! Another trick! Oh, watch him!"
"Pony, show them now
How you like to roll and frolic;
Roll, sir! You know how!"

Down upon the grass went pony,
Rolled from side to side.
And the children watched his capers
With delight and pride.

In the stable pony showed them

He knew one trick more.
With his nose the latch he lifted
Of the stable door.

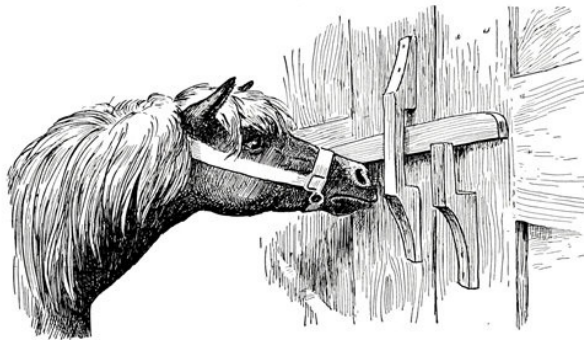
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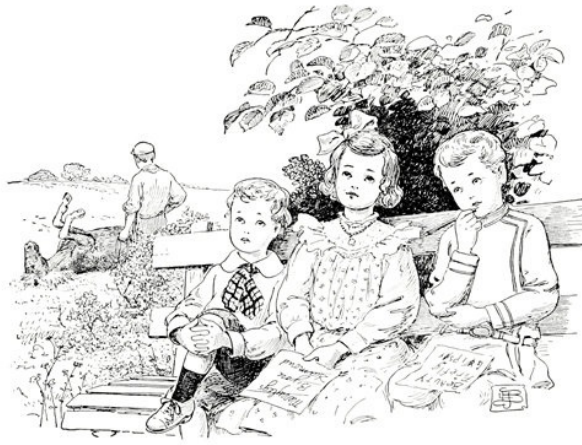
"Ha, ha!" said the coachman, gayly,
"I'll look out for you!
Stable doors by ponies opened?
That would never do!"

[Pg 21]

"Oh! the cunning little fellow!
How much he does know!"
Laughed the children, "He's as funny
As a circus show!"



[Pg 22]



IV. THE PONY NAMED.

With them all, the pretty pony
Was the theme for days;
Parents, children, groom, and coachman
Joined in words of praise.

Soon arose the weighty question
What his name should be,
And the children long debated
Ere they could agree.

"Call him 'Beauty.'" "That's too common!"
"Merrylegs." "Too long!"
Gipsy, Bijou, Firefly, Diamond,
Names in plenty throng.

But, not suited yet, the children
One and all discard.
If the pony were less precious,
Choice would be less hard!

But at last they named him "Rollo,"
Saying, "For you know
One of his best tricks is rolling,
And he loves it so."

And ere long the clever pony
To the children came
From the stall or from the pasture
When they called his name.

[Pg 23]

V. THE PONY AND TEDDY

Pony Rollo was a beauty,
As you've heard before,
But his beautiful behavior
Made him loved the more.

When upon his back he carried
Children large or small,
With what care went Pony Rollo
Lest the child should fall.

Patient, docile Pony Rollo
Did so well his part
That the children very quickly
Gained the rider's art.

But one day not even Rollo
Could a fall prevent,
And the reckless little Teddy
From the saddle went.

[Pg 24]

There he lay beneath the pony,
All in quaking dread.
Oh! those heavy hoofs would surely
On him quickly tread!

[Pg 25]
[Pg 26]



But the knowing little pony,
Wise as he is good,
Lifting not a hoof, nor moving,
Like a statue stood.

[Pg 27]

Waiting, waiting, Pony Rollo
Still as marble kept,
Till the frightened, grateful Teddy
From beneath had crept.

Then was Rollo more than ever
Feasted and caressed,
And pronounced of all good ponies
Wisest, dearest, best.



[Pg 28]

VI. THE PONY AS COWBOY

Oh! the flurry and the bustle!
Weeks of seashore joys
Were in store for all the children.
"Ready, girls and boys!"

But the children lingered, lingered
At the stable door;
"Good-by, Barney," "Good-by, Rollo,"
Saying yet once more.

"Don't forget us, Rollo, Barney,
We'll come back again!
And more fun we'll have together,
Riding, driving then."

[Pg 29]

Then to Barney and to Rollo
Soon there came a change.
With the absence of the children
Life seemed new and strange.

Barney Gray was sent to pasture
With the lambs and sheep,
There to run and roll in freedom,
Kick and prance and leap.

Still more lonely then was Rollo,
But he, too, found joy,
For the care of him was given
To the farmer's boy.

In the golden summer weather,
Happy little Jack
Drove the cows, from pasture daily,
On the pony's back.

Down the road the cattle straggled;—
If they turned aside,
Then would Jack with much halloaing
Toward them quickly ride.

[Pg 30]

"There goes Brindle! At her, Rollo!
Now for Lady Bess!
There! Good pony! We can keep them
In the road, I guess!"

And the pony, clever fellow,
Learned so well the knack,
That to drive the cows he scarcely
Needed help from Jack.

Let a cow but turn a little
From the road to stray,
In an instant Rollo joined her,
And, as if in play.

He would push the truant gently
With his velvet nose,
Till she yielded to his guiding,
And the right way chose.

When the children from the seashore
Back to Rollo came,
As a cowboy had their pony
Won some extra fame.

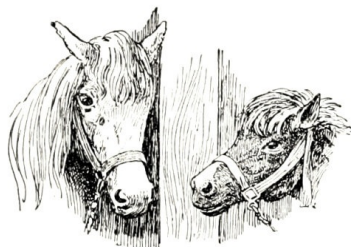
[Pg 31]

[Pg 32]



VII. THE CHECK-REIN STORY

[Pg 33]



Pony Rollo clattered gayly
Through the farmyard gate,
Oh! such news! such news for Dobbin!
Scarcely could he wait.

When at last the barn was fastened
And they were alone,
Pony Rollo told his story
In most joyful tone.

"Oh! this morning as I trotted
I could plainly hear
What they said,—my little lady
And her mother dear.

"They were talking of the check-rein,
And at last they said:
'Pony Rollo need not wear it!'
Then I tossed my head,

"And I shook my mane and whinnied.
'Why, he understands!'
Said my little lady, laughing.
Then with her own hands

"Off she took the check-rein, Dobbin,
Chatting fast the while.
'There! you darling Pony Rollo,
We won't care for style.

"You shan't wear the horrid check-rein,
Little pony mine;
And we'll both be just as happy
If we're not so fine.'

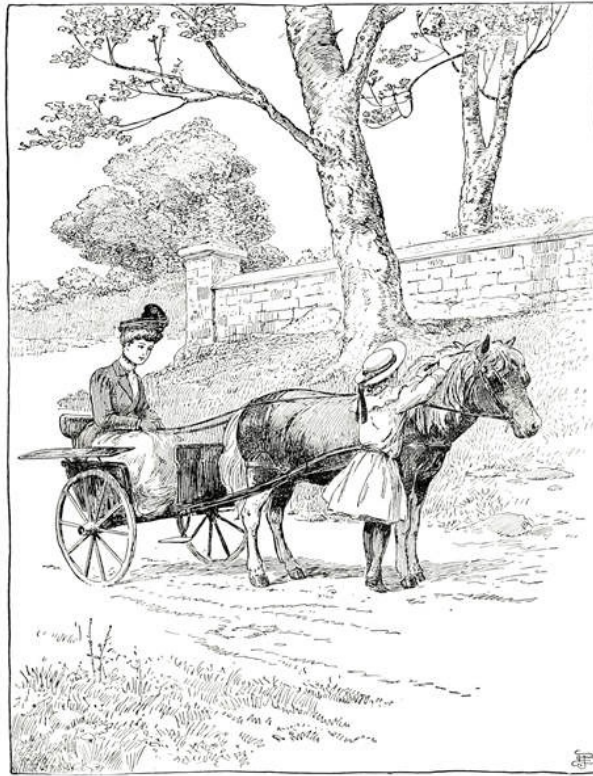
"That I held my head up proudly
As I tried to show
All my joy in this new freedom
You will surely know.

"And I heard them,—Yes, I heard them

[Pg 34]

Say the time was near
When all check-reins should be banished;
And,—now you shall hear!—

"Then they said, old Dobbin's check-rein
No more would they use!
There!" said joyful Pony Rollo,
"Isn't that good news?"



[Pg 35]
[Pg 36]

Boy or girl with horse or pony
Which you love full well,
Has he any check-rein story
Glad as this to tell?

VIII. PONY ROLLO AND LITTLE DOG MIDGET

[Pg 37]

Midget, little Midget,
Was the household pet,
And his pretty cunning ways
Ne'er can we forget.

Trotting legs the nimblest,
Liveliest of tails,
Such a bark for yelps of joy,
Or for saddest wails!

Fluffy little Midget,
When he quiet lay
Seemed a bunch of shaded floss,
Silky, soft, and gray.

But a whispered "Midget,"
Or the merest sound,
And the mop of silken hair
Life and voice soon found.

Midget, little Midget,
Was so bright and quick
That he learned without delay
Many a cunning trick.

Standing up and begging,
Fetching back a ball;

[Pg 38]

Playing dead, but roused to life
At his master's call.

Holding tempting morsels
On his pert black nose;
From the farmer's field of corn
Driving off the crows.

Bringing Father's slippers,
Jumping high in air,
Mother's basket carrying
With a pompous air.

These and all his other
Tricks of doggish skill,
Midget would at any time
Do with eager will.

But his pet performance,
And his greatest pride,
Was to mount the pony's back,
There to sit and ride.



[Pg 39]
[Pg 40]

Proudly on the pony
He would sit in state,
While good Rollo walked about
With a step sedate.

At the signal "Bravo!"
Thank the pony now!"
Down the little dog would jump
With a sharp "Bow-wow!"

Pretty little doggies
Just of Midget's kind,
Lively, clever, full of tricks,
You will often find.

Which of them is Midget
You can surely tell
By this horseback-riding trick
That he does so well.

[Pg 41]

THE END

OF

THE KINDLY DEER

[Pg 42]

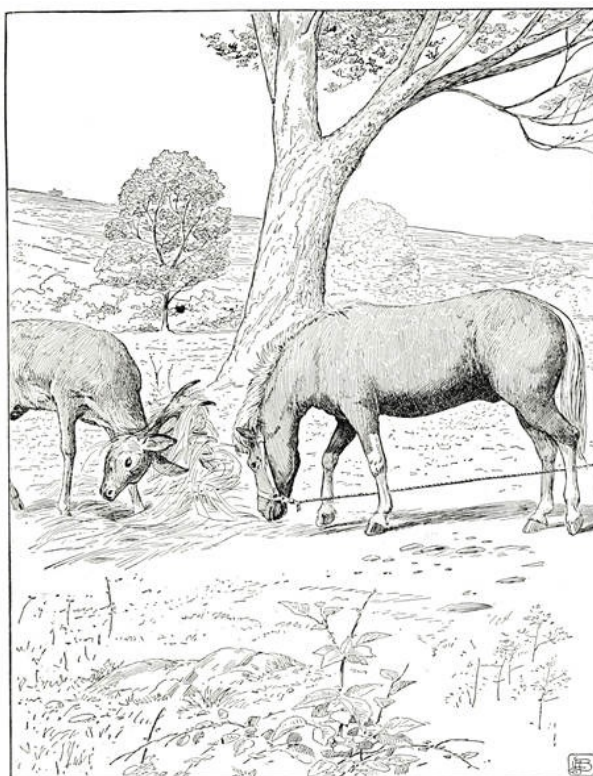
Trottety trot! Oh, the ponies prance
 And gayly their little hoofs sound!
 For they caper and frisk as they trot along,
 Away to the tethering ground.

Stampety stamp! Yes, they must be tied
 Or else they will scamper away;
 For it's "Oh! for a gallop and good free run!"
 These frolicsome ponies would say.

Trampety tramp! Now the master comes!
 Sweet hay he is bringing to each.
 But there's one hungry pony whose share all goes
 Far out of the poor fellow's reach.

Pullety pull! How the pony pulls!
 He stretches and tugs, might and main.
 But the hay, every wisp, so far away lies
 That all Pony's tugging is vain.

Leapety leap! On his four long legs
 Comes bounding a tall stately deer;
 Not a *wild* deer is he, but the master's pet,
 The ponies' friend, many a year.



[Pg 43]
 [Pg 44]

Stridety stride! Then the deer stands still
 And stares with his gentle brown eyes,
 As the poor hungry pony tries, all in vain,
 To reach where the fragrant hay lies.

Tossety toss! With his great big horns
 The deer begins working away;
 And he tosses and lifts till at Pony's feet
 Is lying the long-wished-for hay!

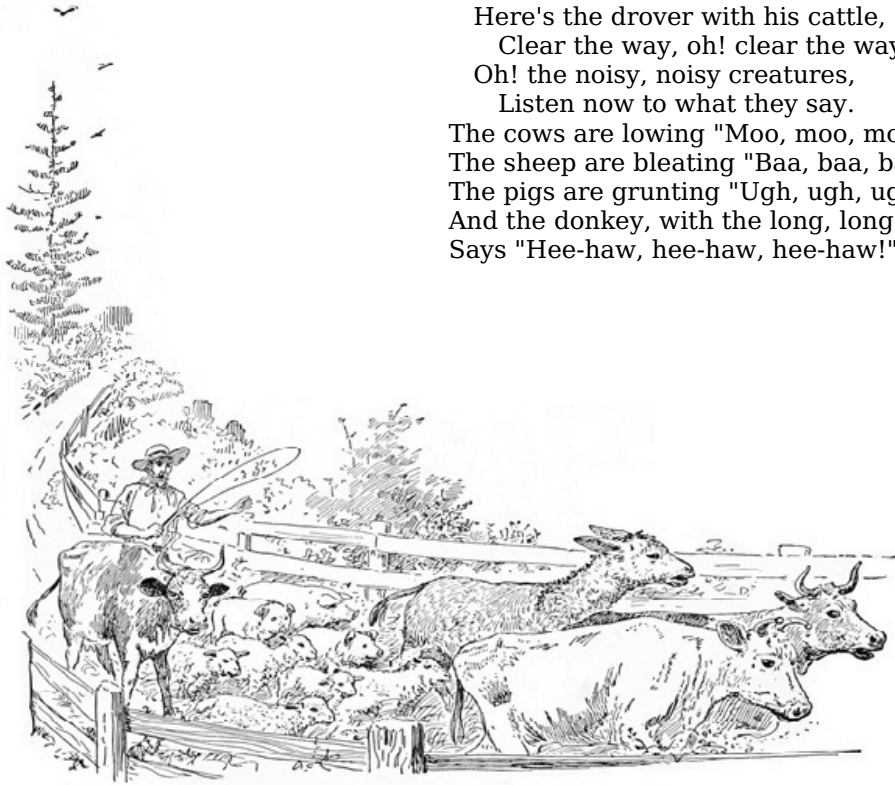
Munchety munch! Oh, the hay is sweet!
 And Pony is happy once more;
 And the beautiful deer for his wise, kind deed,
 Is loved more than ever before.

[Pg 45]



I

Here's the drover with his cattle,
Clear the way, oh! clear the way!
Oh! the noisy, noisy creatures,
Listen now to what they say.
The cows are lowing "Moo, moo, moo!"
The sheep are bleating "Baa, baa, baa!"
The pigs are grunting "Ugh, ugh, ugh!"
And the donkey, with the long, long ears,
Says "Hee-haw, hee-haw, hee-haw!"



II

Here's the farmer with his
poultry,
Clear the way, oh! clear
the way!
Oh! the noisy, noisy
creatures,
Listen now to what they
say.
The geese are hissing "Sss,—sss,—sss!"
The hens are calling "Cluck, cluck, cluck!"
The chickens answer "Peep, peep, peep!"
And the rooster, with the gay red comb,
Says "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"



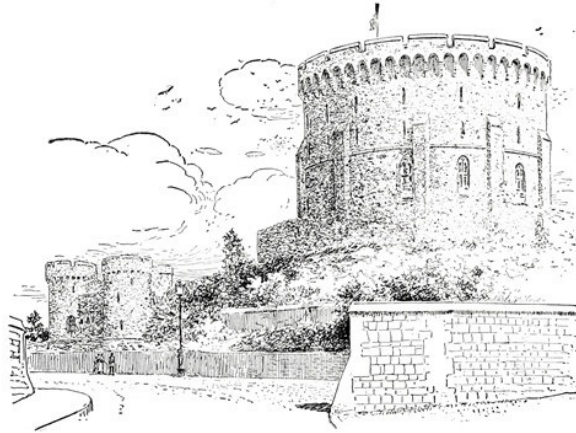
III

Everywhere the birds are flying,
Blithe and gay, oh! blithe and gay.
Merrily their notes are ringing,



Listen now to what they say.
The robins warble "Chirrup, chirrup, chirrup!"
The sparrows twitter "Tweet, tweet, tweet!"
The pigeons murmur "Coo, coo, coo!"
And the bobolink, so full of joy,
Sings "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link!"

[Pg 48]



"BY FAVOR OF THE QUEEN"

Around the walls and towers
Of Windsor, old and gray,
The castle where the noble Queen
Of England loved to stay,
The birds flit gayly through the air
In happy freedom everywhere.

Their nests they build as freely,
Without a thought of fear,
In bush or tree, or castle wall,
All innocently near
To palace pomp and royalty;
For birds know naught of high degree.

[Pg 49]

The sheltered nooks and crannies
Left in the tower wall
Where loosened stones had fallen out,
The birds loved best of all;
And, joyful, in each vacant space
Their little straw-built nests would place.

Once, when the Queen was absent,
The royal gardener saw
The holes that marred the tower wall,
The hanging bits of straw,
And ordered all made right in haste—
The nests destroyed, the stones replaced.

Then stood the lofty tower
In orderly array;
Its crannies snug, its cosey nooks,
Had vanished quite away;
And homeless roved the twittering throng
Once nesting there with happy song.

But when the royal lady
To Windsor came again,
And viewed with fond affection all
This fair and dear domain,
The tower's silent, smooth expanse
Won from her eyes a troubled glance.

[Pg 50]



No birds about the tower?
Their nesting-places filled?
No more those crannies in the wall
Where birds had loved to build?
Such were the questions quick to start
And stir that tender, queenly heart.

[Pg 51]

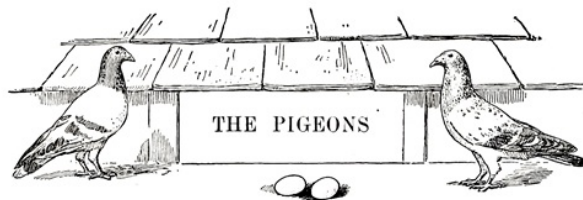
Straightway, in loving pity
For all the little birds
Thus routed, homeless, and forlorn,
Came her commanding words,
"The stones must be removed, and then
Nor birds nor nests disturbed again."

So, on the great round tower
Of Windsor, old and gray,
The palace where the noble Queen
Of England loved to stay,
Those nooks and crannies still are seen—
Bird homes "by favor of the Queen."

Ah! 'tis by more than birthright
This good Queen won renown;
Her deeds of love and mercy shone
Far brighter than her crown.
The whole world mourns that good life's end,
And even the birds have lost a friend.

THE PIGEONS

[Pg 52]



These are the eggs so smooth and round
That held the wonderful secret.



This is the nest where the eggs were found,
The pretty white eggs so smooth and round
That held the wonderful secret.



This is the pigeon with soft gray breast
Who patiently sat on the loose straw nest,
The nest where the pretty white eggs were found,
Her own little eggs so smooth and round
That held the wonderful secret.



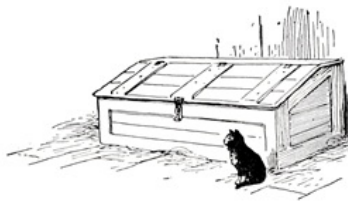
[Pg 53]

This is the pigeon-house safe and high
(Where never a prowling cat could pry)
Where lived the pigeon with soft gray breast
Who patiently sat on the loose straw nest,
The nest where the pretty white eggs were found,
Her own little eggs so smooth and round
That held the wonderful secret.



This is the barn which the farmer had filled
With hay and grain from the fields he had tilled:
The barn near which stood the pigeon-house high
(Where never a prowling cat could pry)
Where lived the pigeon with soft gray breast
Who patiently sat on the loose straw nest,
The nest where the pretty white eggs were found,
Her own little eggs so smooth and round
That held the wonderful secret.

[Pg 54]



This is the bin full of corn so good
(The little gray pigeon's favorite food).
That was in the barn which the farmer had filled
With hay and grain from the fields he had tilled;
The barn near which stood the pigeon-house high
(Where never a prowling cat could pry)
Where lived the pigeon with soft gray breast
Who patiently sat on the loose straw nest,
The nest where the pretty white eggs were found,
Her own little eggs so smooth and round
That held the wonderful secret.



This is the child so thoughtful and kind
Who went to the bin the corn to find;
The bin, full of corn so yellow and good
(The little gray pigeon's favorite food).
That was in the barn which the farmer had filled
With hay and grain from the fields he had tilled;
The barn near which was the pigeon-house high
(Where never a prowling cat could pry)
Where lived the pigeon with soft gray breast
Who patiently sat on the loose straw nest,
The nest where the pretty white eggs were found,
Her own little eggs so smooth and round
That held the wonderful secret.

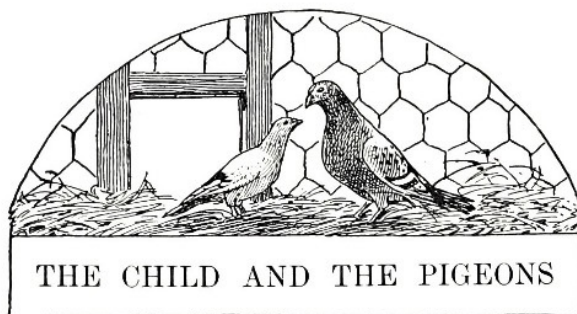
[Pg 55]



And when the child threw the corn about,
The little gray pigeon came fluttering out
From the door of the pigeon-house safe and high,
And the child heard a faint little cooing cry,—
A sweet little, wee little murmuring sound;
For, instead of the eggs so smooth and round,
(Perhaps the wonderful secret you've guessed)
Two baby pigeons were in the nest!

THE CHILD AND THE PIGEONS

[Pg 56]



You dear cooing pigeons,
How gladly you fly
O'er hilltop and meadow
And forest trees high,
Far, far away roaming;
—And that too, would I!

But ever, dear pigeons,
When night shades the sky



And home you are coming,
As gladly you fly
To meet with your loved ones;
—And that, too, would I!

Then, cooing together
So fondly, you try
To tell in what pleasures
The day has passed by,
Your every joy sharing;
—And that, too, would I!



WHO GIVES US OUR THANKSGIVING DINNER?

[Pg 57]



WHO GIVES US OUR THANKSGIVING DINNER?



On Thanksgiving Day little Dorothy
said,
With many a nod of her wise, curly
head,
"The cook is as busy as busy can
be,
And very good, too, for 'tis easy to
see
She gives us our Thanksgiving Dinner."



"Oh, no! little Dorothy," answered
the cook,
"Just think of the trouble your dear
mother took
In planning the dinner and getting
for me
The things that I cook; so, 'tis
Mother, you see,
Who gives us our Thanksgiving
Dinner."



"Of course it is Mother; I ought to
have known,"
Said Dorothy then, in a satisfied
tone.
But Mother said, smiling, "You are
not right yet;
'Tis Father who gives me the
money to get
The things for our Thanksgiving
Dinner."



But Father said: "I earn the money, 'tis true;
But money alone not a great deal can do.
The butcher, the grocer, whose things we must
buy,
Should not be forgotten, for they more than I
Will give us our Thanksgiving Dinner."

[Pg 58]

"Oh! isn't it funny?" said Dorothy, then;
"And now, I suppose, if I asked these two men,
The grocer, the butcher, about it, they'd say
It surely is somebody else and not they
Who gives us our Thanksgiving



Dinner."

And soon little Dorothy heard with
delight
That her guess about grocer and
butcher was right.
The grocer said he only kept in his
store
What miller and farmer had brought in before
To help for the Thanksgiving Dinner.



The jolly old butcher laughed long and laughed
loud,
"My Thanksgiving turkeys do make me feel proud,
And one's for your dinner; but then you must know
The turkeys are raised by the farmer, and so
He gives you your Thanksgiving Dinner."

[Pg 59]

"Oh, yes! 'tis the farmer; at last I've found out,"
Said Dorothy, then, with a glad little shout.
"The miller must go to the farmer for wheat,
The butcher from him gets the turkeys we eat;
Yes!—*he* gives our Thanksgiving Dinner."

"But yet all the others had something to do;
The miller and butcher and grocer helped, too.
And then there was Father and Mother and cook.
I never before knew how many it took
To give us our Thanksgiving Dinner."



So said little Dorothy, full of surprise,
And feeling that now she had grown very wise.
But what do you think? Had she found it all out?
Or was there still more she might learn about
Who gives us our Thanksgiving Dinner?

CLOTHES

[Pg 60]



We people wear so many things,
Almost the whole creation
It takes our clothing to supply,
For use or decoration.

The fishes dress in shining scales
Of every gorgeous color;
The birds wear pretty feather
suits,
Some gayer and some duller.



The cat, the dog, the cow, the horse,
The squirrel and the rabbit,
Wear coats of fur; from small to great,
All have the selfsame habit.



But people wear so many things!
Almost the whole creation
It takes our clothing to supply
For use or decoration.

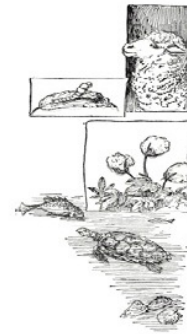


[Pg 61]

A flannel jacket from the sheep
Who spared the wool with pleasure:
And from the silkworm ribbons
gay.
And every silken treasure.



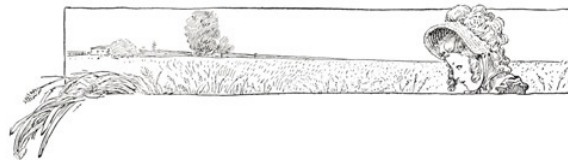
A dress from off the cotton plant.
Spun, woven, colored,
printed:
A breastpin made of fishes' scales.
All delicately tinted.



Of tortoise-shell my lady's comb.
And many another notion;
Her jewels from the mines are brought.
Her pearls from depths of ocean.

The golden straws from humble field
Are plaited for a bonnet,
The feather-coated ostrich gives
The plumes we place upon it.

From tropic trees the milky sap
Men constantly are getting,
And making into rubber shoes
To save our feet a wetting:



While boots and shoes of every sort,
Of thick or thinnest leather,
Are made from skins of animals,
Tanned, cut, and sewed together.



[Pg 62]

Yes, surely, as I said before,
Almost the whole creation
It takes our clothing to supply,
For use or decoration.



AT THE POND

[Pg 63]

A pretty pond there is, all fringed
 With trees and flowers gay,
 Where many happy creatures live
 And many come to play.



The fishes frolic merrily
 Within its waters cool,
 And funny little polliwogs
 Live in the shining pool.



Along the grassy bank the snails
 And turtles slowly creep;
 The frogs go splashing in and out
 With many a sudden leap.



The insects and the merry birds
 Its shining surface skim;
 And thirsty cows and horses drink
 Along its rippling brim.

[Pg 64]



The water lilies' fragrant cups
Upon the wavelets lie,
And near them float the stately swans,
With proud necks curving high.

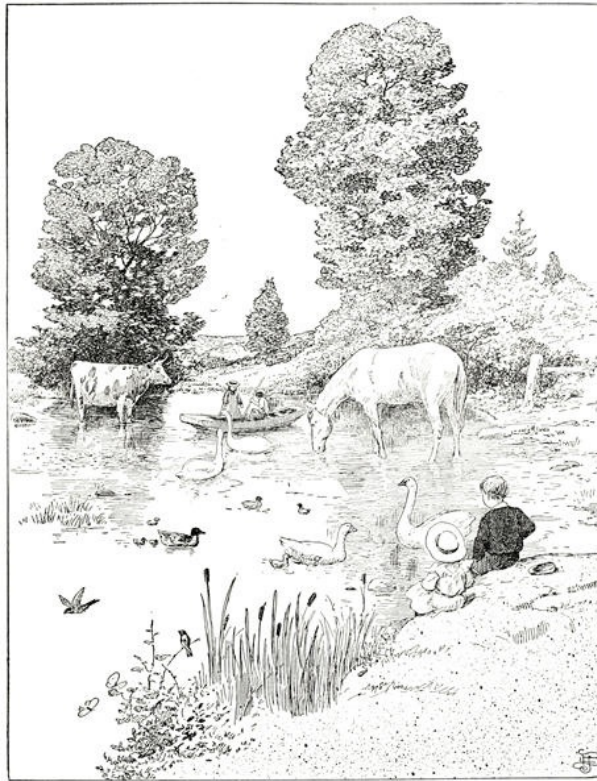
And see! here comes the mother duck
With all her yellow brood;
And here are all the goslings, too,
Behind their mother good.

They hurry, scurry, down the bank
And in the water go.
They dive and splash, and with delight
Go swimming to and fro.



And when the children call to them
And throw them bits of bread,
Geese, ducks, and swans all fearless come
And crowd near to be fed.

Oh, yes! the pond's a merry place,
So busy and so gay,
Where many happy creatures live
And many come to play.



[Pg 65]
[Pg 66]

THE BALLAD OF THE BUMPTIOUS BOY

[Pg 67]

"Those crackers are lighted! Be careful!
They're going off—*don't* stand so near!"
But the Bumptious Boy heeded no



warning,
And this is what happened. O
dear!



"The ice is thin," said the Policeman.
"I advise you, my lad, not to go."
But the Bumptious Boy thought *he* knew better,
And skated off proudly. And so—



"Our donkey will not let you ride him—
He's sure to give you a spill!"
But the Bumptious Boy only pooh-poohed them,
And would not believe them until—

[Pg 68]



"Look out there! That branch will not hold you!
Don't try any higher to climb!"
But the Bumptious Boy laughed and climbed
higher:
That laugh was his last for some time.



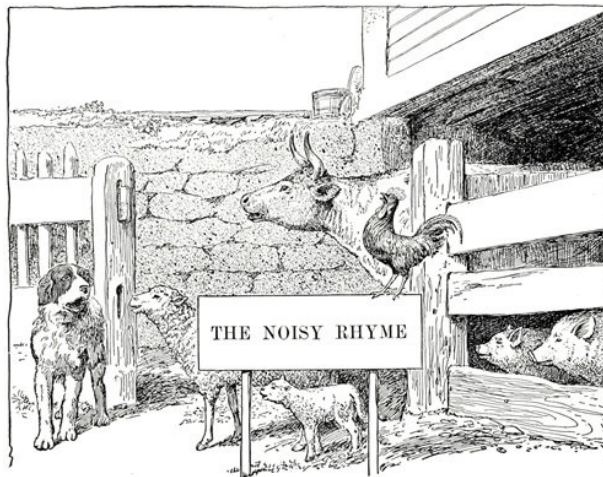
Then during a long convalescence
The Bumptious Boy thoughtfully thought
Of the painful misfortunes and troubles
That he on himself oft had brought.

[Pg 69]



THE NOISY RHYME

[Pg 70]



Oh! the cock was first and he loudly
 crew,
 And his wings he flapped: "Cock a
doodle doo!"
 Then the big dog barked with a "Bow-
 wow-wow!"
 And "Moo-oo! Moo-oo!" bellowed out the
 cow.

And the pigs were as noisy as they could
 be
 With their "Umph, umph, umph!" and their "Wee, wee,
 wee!"
 While the lambkins bleated "Ma-a! Ma-a!"
 And the sheep replied with a "Ba-a-a!"

Then the white geese all, with their necks stretched
 long
 And their "S-s-s!" joined the noisy throng.
 And the sleek old ducks, dressed in green and black,
 Added more noise still as they called "Quack! Quack!"



"Cut-cut *dah* cut-cut! Cut-cut *dah* cut!"

[Pg 71]

cried
 All the hens as they looked at their
 eggs with pride.
 But "Cluck-cluck! Cluck-cluck!" called
 the old black hen
 Till she heard "Peep, peep!" from her
 chicks again.

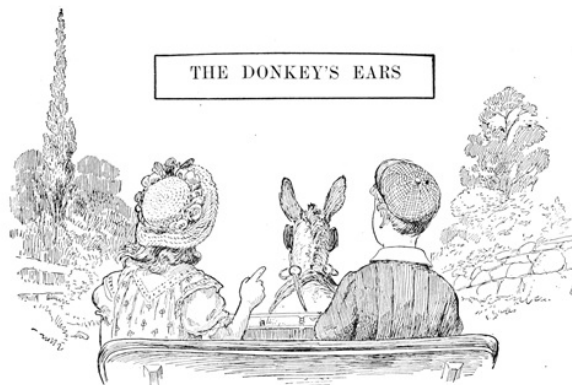


What a noise it was!—from the cock
 that crew,
 From the dog, the cow, and the
 piggies, too,
 From the lambs and sheep, from the geese and ducks,
 From the chicks and hens with their peeps and clucks!

But the baby heard all the sounds with glee.
 The more loud the noise, why! the more pleased he;
 And he clapped and shouted and laughed aloud
 As he heard the noise of the farmyard crowd.

THE DONKEY'S EARS

[Pg 72]

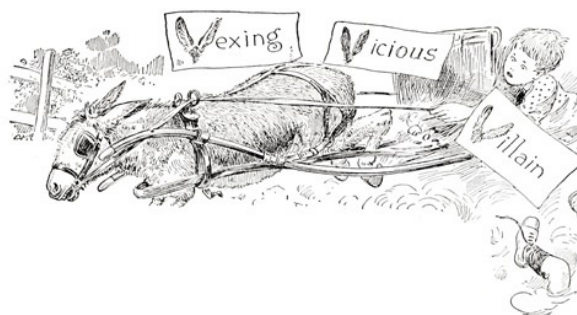


Whenever a drive with the donkey I take,
 I see the big V that his slanting ears make,
 And words that begin with a V come to mind,
 Describing his conduct, no matter what kind.



If Barney is sulky and stubborn and slow,
 Goes poking along or refuses to go,
 Or if he is frisky and capers and kicks,
 Or upsets the cart, or does other bad tricks,
 I say 'tis no wonder he wears a big V,
 So Vexing and Vicious a Villain is he!

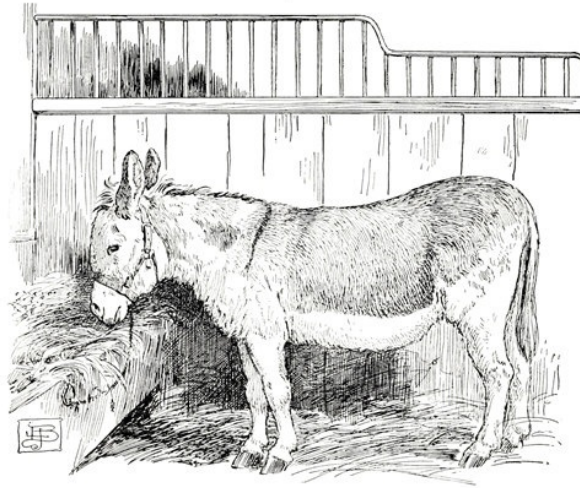
[Pg 73]



But when the dear fellow, so pretty and strong,
 In meek or gay humor trots nimbly along,
 The V seems to stand for the Virtues he shows,
 The Vim and Velocity with which he goes—
 Our Veteran donkey, more Valued each year,
 The Vigorous, Valiant, Vivacious old dear!



[Pg 74]



OLD BARNEY'S LATEST PRANK

One sunny winter morning
 The air was crisp and still,
 And snow on snow lay drifted deep
 On every road and hill.

In cosy stable comfort
 Stood Barney, groomed and fed:
 But wistful thoughts of out-of-doors
 Were in his long-eared head.

"To be a beast of leisure
 Is elegant, no doubt,"
 Thought Barney, "but it's very dull."
 Just then he heard a shout,

A battering and banging,—
 Then doors were opened wide,
 And madcap Helen and her chum
 Rushed noisily inside.

"Where's Barney? Where's the harness?
 And where's the Barney sleigh?
 See, Minna, here's our donkey dear,
 We'll have some fun to-day."

The donkey soon was harnessed,
 And loud their laughter rang,
 As up into the outgrown sleigh
 The jolly comrades sprang.

The sleigh-bells jingled gayly,
 And many a compliment
 Did Barney get as o'er the snow
 At steady pace he went.

"How very good and docile,"

[Pg 75]

Said Minna, "Barney is!
I never thought he'd settle down,
To be as staid as this!"

[Pg 76]

"He does seem tame," said Helen,
"It's very strange to think
That he's too old for playing jokes."
(Here Barney gave a wink.)



"But what a day for coasting!
And isn't this a climb?
Just think how we'll spin down the hill—
We'll have the gayest time."

[Pg 77]

Up, up the hill toiled Barney,
The long, steep, slipp'ry road;
The sleigh with those substantial girls
Was not an easy load.

At last with tugs and straining
He reached the very top,
And Barney to his great delight
Was here allowed to stop.

Here, too, he was unharnessed,
As if to have a rest;
What work the girls had planned for him
Old Barney never guessed.

"He'll follow," said his mistress,
"He loves to follow so.
He'll chase right on behind the sleigh,
As coasting down we go.

"Then when we're at the bottom—"
No more did Barney hear.
They'd let him follow as he liked,
Enough that this was clear.

A push—the sleigh went speeding
Adown the coasting place.
"Come, Barney! Good old fellow! Come!
Come on! You like to chase."

[Pg 78]

Then nothing loth, old Barney
Behind the coasters ran.
Thought he, "For girls and donkey too.
This is a jolly plan."



"They knew I'd like this scamper;
They're kind, I do declare.
Some children would have coasted down
And left me tied up there."

[Pg 79]

Full soon they reached the bottom,
The girls and Barney too;
And Barney learned to his dismay,
What now he had to do.

For speedily they hitched him
Into the sleigh, and then
"Aha! old Barney," shouted they,
"Now drag us up again."

In meekness puzzled Barney
Submitted to their will.
Perhaps this time the girls would drive
Right on beyond the hill.

With pulling, tugging, straining,
Once more he reached the top,
But scarcely long enough to breathe
Was he allowed to stop.

The girls with nimble fingers
Unhitched him from the sleigh;
"Come, Barney! Follow us again,"
He heard his mistress say.

Well, following was pleasant,
So, when they made a start,
He scampered after, gay and free,
With mischief in his heart.

[Pg 80]

Yet when they reached the bottom,
So staid he looked and meek,
That naught seemed farther from his mind
Than joke or prank or freak.

"Oh, this is fun!" said Helen,
"I'll always coast this way;
I hate to trudge back up the hill,
And drag the sled or sleigh."

"Yes, that's the worst of coasting,
That tedious uphill climb;
But Barney saves us all that tug,
Let's coast a long, long time."

They meant to harness Barney,
And start at once uphill;
But Barney thought the time had come
His own plan to fulfil.

So, just before his mistress
The flying rein could seize,
Old Barney gave a sudden leap,
Escaping her with ease.

[Pg 81]

"Whoa, Barney!" shouted Helen,
When off he clashed, "Whoa, whoa!"

And both the girls chased after him
As fast as they could go.

But Barney sped the faster,
With feet as swift and light,
As if he had grown young again;
Soon he was out of sight.

And as he scampered homeward,
He thought with gleeful mind
Of how he'd turned the joke on them,
The girls he'd left behind.



THE END

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE RUNAWAY DONKEY, AND OTHER
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