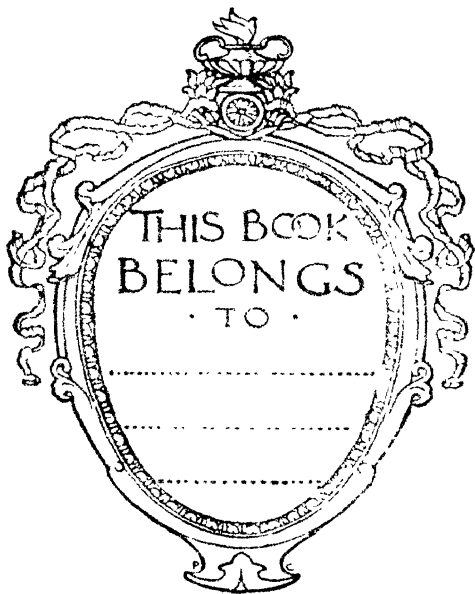


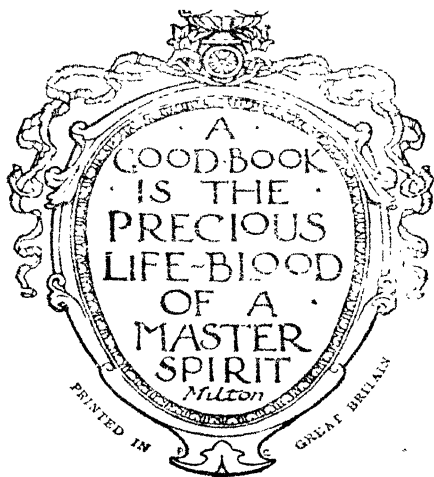
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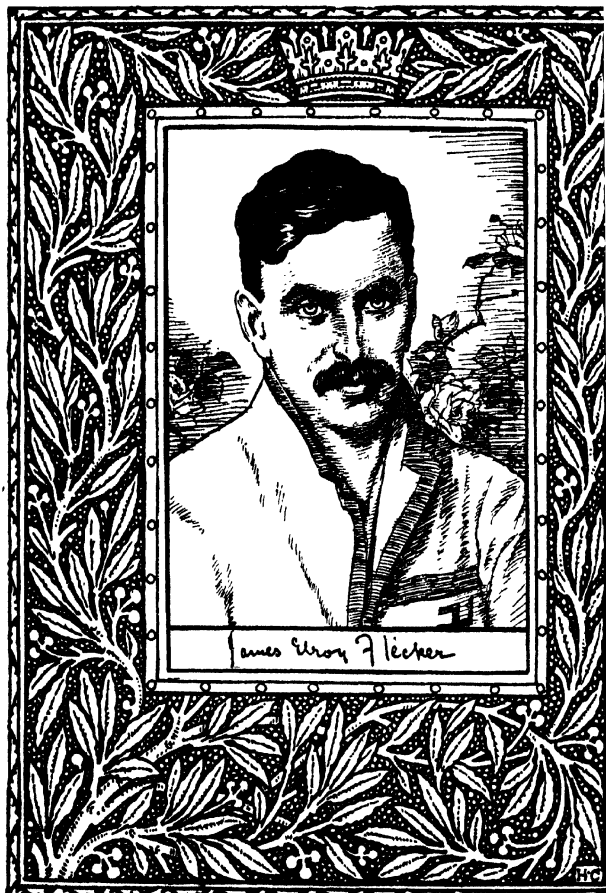
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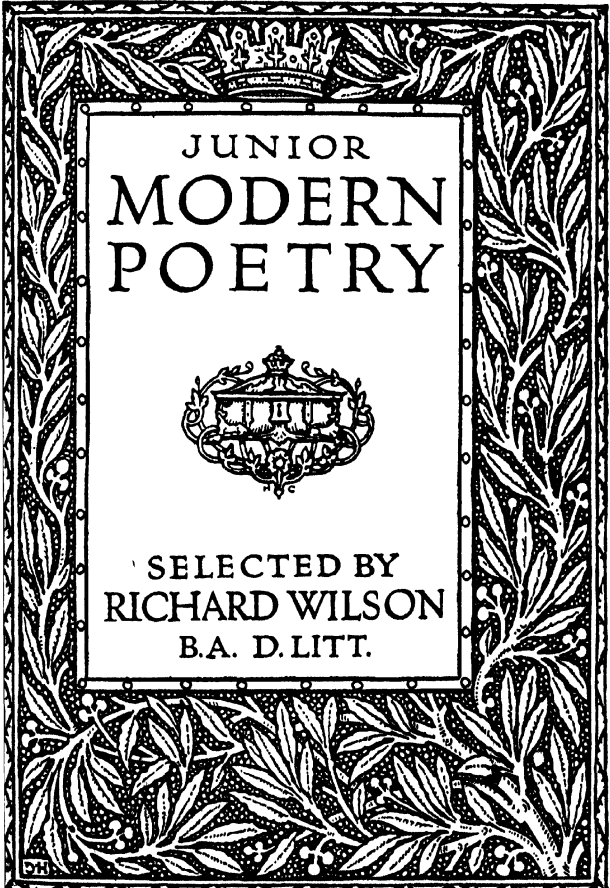
The KINGS TREASURIES
OF LITERATURE



GENERAL EDITOR
SIR A. T. QUILLER COUCH.



NEW YORK E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY



JUNIOR
MODERN
POETRY



SELECTED BY
RICHARD WILSON
B.A. D. LITT.

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THIS LITTLE BOOK
IS DEDICATED
TO PAMELA
WITHOUT THE FORMAL PERMISSION
WHICH, AS YET, SHE CANNOT UNDERSTAND.

*He made Him small fowl out of clay
And blessed them—till they flew away!*





HERE is a collection of more or less modern verses which certain children have liked. The book illustrates no theory but is merely a record of affectionate brooding on the likes and dislikes of a few boys and girls who have been left free to express their own preferences, and who were in no sense special or peculiar, but merely healthy.

A few children are moved to write poetry on their own account. For myself I am fearful of adult interference in this matter, for we grow so clumsy when we grow up. The only definite conviction I have about juvenile poets is that those who write for praise ought to be gently discouraged. At the end of this book I have printed a number of sets of verses which are the genuine work of children, while in the collection itself I have included a bird song by a girl of sixteen (Marjorie Christmas) that seemed to me to be lifted out of apprentice effort.

Owners of copyrights have been very kind to me. The editor of the *Poetry Review* allowed me to raid his pages for poems by boys and girls, and Mr. H. Caldwell Cook willingly gave me the use of three

pieces from the *Perse Play Books*. Acknowledgments are also due and are hereby tendered to:

Messrs. John Lane and Co., for Dean Beeching's *God Who Created Me*, Gabriel Setoun's *The World's Music* and *Jack Frost*, and Mrs. Wood's *A Child Alone*.

Mr. F. Anstey Guthrie for *The Wreck of the Steamship "Puffin,"* from "Mr. Punch's Young Reciter."

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The owners of the copyright of *The Burial of the Linnet*, by Mrs. Ewing.

Miss Eleanor Farjeon for *St. John's Wood* and *Primrose Hill*, from "Nursery Rhymes of London Town" and for *The Green Cap*, from "Singing Games for Children," published by Messrs. J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd.

Messrs. Duckworth for concurrence in Miss Farjeon's permission with regard to the pieces from "Nursery Rhymes of London Town" and for permission to use four poems by Hilaire Belloc, namely *The Lion*, *The Elephant*, *The Rhinoceros* and *The Birds*.

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Mr. R. L. Gales for *The Ballad of St. Christopher*.

Mr. James Bowden for *The Wonderful World*, by W. B. Rands.

- Mr. William Canton for *Carol*, from "The Invisible Playmate" (J. M. Dent and Sons Ltd.).
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- Mr. E. V. Lucas for *Snow in Town*, by Rickman Mark, from "A Book of Verses for Children."
- Mr. Wilfrid Meynell for *Little Jesus*, by Francis Thompson.
- Miss Winifred Letts and Mr. John Murray for *Pensioners*.
- Mr. Robert Bridges and Mr. John Murray for *The Windmill*.
- Mr. Walter de la Mare for *The Pedlar, Berries* and *The Lost Shoe*, from "Peacock Pie," published by Messrs. Constable and Co.
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- The Editor of the "Poetry Review" for *The Blackbird's Song*, by Marjorie Christmas.
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- Messrs. Blackwood and Sons, Mr. Alfred Noyes and the Frederick A. Stokes Co. of New York for *The Barrel-Organ*.
- Professor Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch for *Sage Counsel*.
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- Messrs. Grant Richards Ltd. for *Wind's Work*, from "The Little School," by T. Sturge Moore.
- Mr. Patrick Macgill for *The Farmer's Boy*.
- Mr. Percy H. Ilott for *The Witch*.
- Messrs. E. P. Dutton and Co. and the author of *Grace and Omniscience*, from "Youngsters," by Burges Johnson; and to the same publishers and the author for *The Witch and the Truant Boys*, from "Lazy Matilda and Other Tales," by Katharine Pyle.

INTRODUCTION

I have been unable to get into touch with "John Halsham" whose *Lullaby* I consider one of the best of its kind in our language; indeed I do not know another so beautiful. He has on two previous occasions given me generous leave to use his children's poems, and if this little book should come into his hands I trust he will forgive me for making further use of verses which have charmed both young and old. One or two other poems are used without express permission owing to inability after repeated efforts to trace the owners of copyrights, and I ask for pardon and correction from anyone interested.

R. W.

LONDON.



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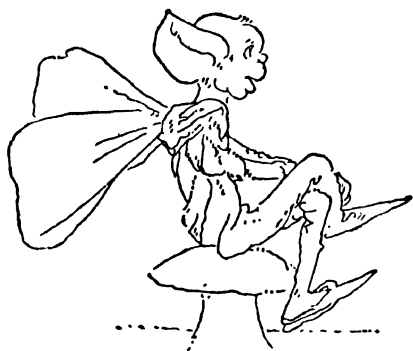
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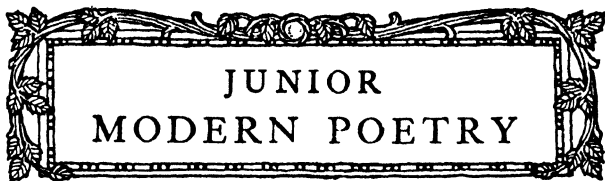
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JUNIOR
MODERN POETRY

OLD AND YOUNG

THERE was an Old Man with a beard,
Who said, "It is just as I feared!—
Two Owls and a Hen,
Four Larks and a Wren,
Have all built their nests in my beard!"

There was a Young Lady whose bonnet
Came untied when the birds sate upon it;
But she said, "I don't care!
All the birds in the air
Are welcome to sit on my bonnet!"

There was an Old Person of Dover,
Who rushed through a field of blue Clover:
But some very large bees,
Stung his nose and his knees,
So he very soon went back to Dover.

There was a Young Lady of Bute,
Who played on a silver-gilt flute;
She played several jigs,
To her uncle's white pigs,
That amusing Young Lady of Bute.

EDWARD LEAR.

THE WORLD

GREAT, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast—
World, you are beautifully drest.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree,
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You friendly Earth! how far you go,
With the wheat-fields that nod, and the rivers that
 flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles!

Ah! you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say,
“You are more than the Earth, though you are such
 a dot:

You can love and think, and the Earth cannot!”

W. B. RANDS.

CHARLES'S WAIN

IN the early spring, as the nights grow shorter,
Some clear cold eve when the clouds are high,
Just as your're going to bed, my daughter,
Linger, and look at the northern sky;

There you will see, if the stars you're wise in,
Over the edge of the darkened plain
One by one in the heaven's uprising
The seven bright beacons of Charles's Wain.

All the night long you may watch them turning,
Round in their course by the polar star;
Slowly they sink, and at dawn are burning
Low on the line of the world afar.

Often they guide me, by dim tracks wending,
In the evenings late, to an Indian tent,
Or the stars, as I wake, are to earth descending;
Just as they touch it, the night is spent.

Then, as they dip, I may take their warning,
Saddle and ride in the silent air;
Swiftly they vanish, and cometh the morning,
Cometh the day with its noise and glare.

But the Wain's last lustre fitfully glances
O'er shadowy camels, who softly pace,
On the watchman's fire, and the horsemen's lances,
Or a wayside mere with a still wan face.

Thus when you look at the seven stars yonder
Think, nor in years that will come, forget,
Here in the dark how often I wander,
Sleep when they rise, and start as they set.

In the West there is clanging of clocks from the steeple,
Ringing of bells and rushing of train;
In the East the journeys of simple people
Are timed and lighted by Charles's Wain.

SIR ALFRED LYALL.



HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS

DEAR Uncle Jim, this garden ground
That now you smoke your pipe around,
Has seen immortal actions done
And valiant battles lost and won.

Here we had best on tip-toe tread,
While I for safety march ahead,
For this is that enchanted ground
Where all who loiter slumber sound.

Here is the sea, here is the sand,
Here is simple Shepherd's Land,
Here are the fairy hollyhocks,
And there are Ali Baba's rocks.

But yonder, see! apart and high,
Frozen Siberia lies; where I,
With Robert Bruce and William Tell,
Was bound by an enchanter's spell.

There, then, awhile in chains we lay,
In wintry dungeons, far from day;
But ris'n at length, with might and main,
Our iron fetters burst in twain.

Then all the horns were blown in town;
And to the ramparts clanging down,
All the giants leaped to horse
And charged behind us through the gorse.

On we rode, the others and I,
Over the mountains blue, and by
The Silver River, the sounding sea,
And the robber woods of Tartary.

A thousand miles we galloped fast,
And down the witches' lane we passed,
And rode amain, with brandished sword,
Up to the middle, through the ford.

Last we drew rein—a weary three—
Upon the lawn, in time for tea,
And from our steeds alighted down
Before the gates of Babylon.

R. L. STEVENSON.



THE LAND OF STORY-BOOKS

At evening when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

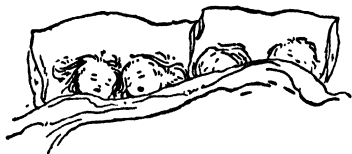
There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes;
And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowl about.

So when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear land of Story-books.

R. L. STEVENSON.



THE LOBSTER QUADRILLE

“WILL you walk a little faster?” said a whiting to a snail.

“There’s a porpoise close behind us, and he’s treading on my tail.

See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!

They are waiting on the shingle—will you come and join the dance?

Will you, won’t you, will you, won’t you, will you join the dance?

Will you, won’t you, will you, won’t you, won’t you join the dance?

“You can really have no notion how delightful it will be,

When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters, out to sea!”

But the snail replied, “Too far, too far!” and gave a look askance—

Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the dance,

Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the dance,

Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not join the dance.

“What matters it how far we go?” his scaly friend replied.

“There is another shore, you know, upon the other side.

The further off from England the nearer is to France—
Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join
the dance.

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you
join the dance?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you
join the dance?”

LEWIS CARROLL.



ECHO AND THE FERRY

Ay, Oliver! I was but seven, and he was eleven;
He looked at me pouting and rosy. I blushed where
I stood.

They had told us to play in the orchard (and I only
seven!

A small guest at the farm); but he said, "Oh, a girl
was no good,"

So he whistled and went, he went over the stile to
the wood.

It was sad, it was sorrowful! Only a girl—only seven!
At home in the dark London smoke I had not found
it out.

The pear-trees looked on in their white, and blue
birds flashed about;

And they, too, were angry as Oliver. Were they
eleven?

I thought so. Yes, every one else was eleven—
eleven!

So Oliver went, but the cowslips were tall at my feet,
And all the white orchard with fast-falling blossom
was littered,

And under and over the branches those little birds
twittered,

While, hanging head downwards, they scolded because
I was seven.

A pity. A very great pity. One should be eleven.
But soon I was happy, the smell of the world was so
sweet.

And I saw a round hole in an apple-tree rosy and
old.

Then I knew! for I peeped, and I felt it was right
they should scold!

Eggs small and eggs many. For gladness I broke
into laughter;

And then some one else—oh, how softly! came after,
came after

With laughter—with laughter came after.

And no one was near us to utter that sweet mocking
call,

That soon very tired sank low with a mystical fall.
But this was the country—perhaps it was close under
heaven;

Oh, nothing so likely; the voice might have come
from it even.

I knew about heaven. But this was the country, of
this

Light, blossom, and piping, and flashing of wings not
at all.

Not at all. No. But one little bird was an easy
forgiver:

She peeped, she drew near as I moved from her
domicile small,

Then flashed down her hole like a dart—like a dart
from a quiver.

And I waded atween the long grasses and felt it was
bliss.

So this was the country; clear dazzle of azure and
shiver

And whisper of leaves, and a humming all over the tall
White branches, a humming of bees. And I came to
the wall—

A little low wall—and looked over, and there was the
river,

The lane that led on to the village, and then the
sweet river,

Clear-shining and slow, she had far, far to go from
her snow;

But each rush gleamed a sword in the sunlight to
guard her long flow,

And she murmured methought, with a speech very
soft, very low—

“The ways will be long, but the days will be long,”
quoth the river,

“To me a long liver, long, long!” quoth the river—
the river.

I dreamed of the country that night, of the orchard,
the sky,

The voice that had mocked coming after and over
and under.

But at last—in a day or two namely—Eleven and I

Were very fast friends, and to him I confided the wonder.

He said that was Echo. "Was Echo a wise kind of bee

That had learned how to laugh: could it laugh in one's ear and then fly,

And laugh again yonder?" "No; Echo"—he whispered it low—

"Was a woman, they said, but a woman whom no one could see

And no one could find; and he did not believe it, not he,

But he could not get near for the river that held us asunder.

Yet I that had money—a shilling, a whole silver shilling—

We might cross if I thought I would spend it," "Oh, yes, I was willing"—

And we ran hand in hand, we ran down to the ferry, the ferry,

And we heard how she mocked at the folk with a voice clear and merry

When they called for the ferry; but oh! she was very—was very

Swift-footed. She spoke and was gone; and when Oliver cried,

"Hie over! hie over! you man of the ferry—the ferry!"

By the still water's side she was heard far and wide—she replied,

And she mocked in her voice sweet and merry, "You
man of the ferry!
You man of—you man of the ferry!"
"Hie over!" he shouted. The ferryman came at his
calling,
Across the clear reed-bordered river he ferried us fast;—
Such a chase! Hand in hand, foot to foot, we ran on;
it surpassed
All measure her doubling—so close, then so far away
falling,
Then gone, and no more. Oh! to see her but once
unaware,
And the mouth that had mocked, but we might not
(yet sure she was there!),
Nor behold her wild eyes and her mystical coun-
tenance fair.
We sought in the wood, and we found the wood-wren
in her stead;
In the field, and we found but the cuckoo that talked
overhead;
By the brook, and we found the reed-sparrow deep-
nested, in brown—
Not Echo, fair Echo! for Echo, sweet Echo! was
flown.
So we came to the place where the dead people wait
till God call.
The church was among them, grey moss over roof,
over wall.
Very silent, so low. And we stood on a green grassy
mound

And looked in at a window, for Echo, perhaps in her
round
Might have come in to hide there. But no; every
oak carven seat
Was empty. We saw the great Bible—old, old, very
old,
And the parson's great Prayer-book beside it; we
heard the slow beat
Of the pendulum swing in the tower; we saw the
clear gold
Of a sunbeam float down to the aisle and then waver
and play
On the low chancel step and the railing, and Oliver said,
“Look, Katie! Look, Katie! when Lettice came here
to be wed
She stood where that sunbeam drops down, and all
white was her gown;
And she stepped upon flowers they strewed for her.”
Then quoth small Seven,
“Shall I wear a white gown and have flowers to walk
upon ever?”

All doubtful: “It takes a long time to grow up,”
quoth Eleven;
You're so little, you know, and the church is so old,
it can never
Last on till *you're* tall.” And in whispers—because
it was old,
And holy, and fraught with strange meaning, half
felt, but not told,

Full of old parson's prayers, who were dead, of old
days, of old folk
Neither heard nor beheld, but about us, in whispers
we spoke.
Then we went from it softly, and ran hand in hand
to the strand,
While bleating of flocks and birds piping made
sweeter the land.
And Echo came back e'en as Oliver drew to the
ferry,
"O Katie!" "O Katie!" "Come on, then!" "Come
on, then!" "For, see,
The round sun, all red, lying low by the tree"—"by
the tree."

"By the tree." Ay, she mocked him again, with her
voice sweet and merry:
"Hie over!" "Hie over!" "You man of the ferry"
—"the ferry—
You man of—you man of—the ferry."

Ay, here—it was here that we woke her, the Echo
of old;
All life of that day seems an echo, and many times
told.
Shall I cross by the ferry to-morrow, and come in
my white
To that little low church? and will Oliver meet me
anon?

Will it all seem an echo from childhood passed over
—passed on?
Will the grave parson bless us? Hark, hark! in the
dim failing light
I hear her! As then the child's voice clear and high,
sweet and merry
Now she mocks the man's tone with "Hie over! Hie
over the ferry!"
"And Katie." "And Katie." "Art out with the
glow-worms to-night,
My Katie?" "My Katie." For gladness I break into
laughter
And tears. Then it all comes again as from far-away
years;
Again, some one else—Oh, how softly!—with laughter
comes after,
Comes after—with laughter comes after.

JEAN INGELOW.



IN THE NIGHT

“ WHO is crying in the night
At my nursery door?
What’s that pretty shining light
On the nursery floor? ”

Mary in her little bed
Rises up to see.
“ Jesus, is it you? ” she said:
“ Come and talk to me.”

Nothing stirred: then out she creeps,
Down the winding stair.
All is dark: the household sleeps.
Jesus isn’t there.

Out into the winter night,
Barefoot she must go,
In her cotton night-gown white,
Through the glistening snow.

Through the garden fast she goes,
Through the stable yard:
Yes, the manger’s here, she knows.
Oh! the door is barred!

Then there came an Angel bright,
Drew away the pin;
All the place was full of light,
As she fitted in.

There, within the stall, he lay!
And the Ox and Ass
Gently moved a little way
Just to let her pass.

And on little Mary, sweet
Mother Mary smiled,
As she kissed the hands and feet
Of the Holy Child.

Ah! He fades! He is not here!
Whither has He flown?
Wake, Miss Mary, wake my dear!
Mary's all alone.

Nurse is standing by the bed,
In the morning grey:
"You've been dreaming, dear," she said,
"And it's Christmas Day."

C. BAIN.

THE FAIRY SHOEMAKER

LITTLE cowboy, what have you heard,
Up on the lonely rath's green mound?
Only the plaintive yellow bird
Sighing in sultry fields around,
Chary, chary, chary, chee-ee?
Only the grasshopper and the bee?
"Tip-tap, rip-rap,
Tick-a-tack-too!
Scarlet leather sewn together,
This will make a shoe.
Left, right, pull it tight;
Summer days are warm;
Underground in winter,
Laughing at the storm!"

Lay your ear close to the hill.
Do you not catch the tiny clamour,
Busy click of an elfin hammer,
Voice of the Lapracaun singing shrill
As he merrily plies his trade?
He's a span
And a quarter in height.
Get him in sight, hold him tight,
And you're a made
Man!

You watch your cattle the summer day,
Sup on potatoes, sleep in the hay;
How would you like to roll in your carriage,
Look for a duchess's daughter in marriage?
Seize the shoemaker—then you may!

“Big boots a-hunting,
Sandals in the hall,
White for a wedding feast,
Pink for a ball.
This way, that way,
So we make a shoe;
Getting rich every stitch,
Tick-tack-too!”

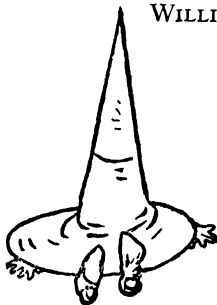
Nine-and-ninety treasure crocks
This keen miser-fairy hath,
Hid in mountains, woods, and rocks,
Ruin and round-tower, cave and rath,
And where the cormorants build;
From times of old
Guarded by him,
Each of them filled
Full to the brim
With gold!

I caught him at work one day myself,
In the castle ditch where foxglove grows;
A wrinkled, wizened and bearded elf,
Spectacles stuck on his pointed nose,
Silver buckles to his hose,

Leather apron, shoe in his lap.
"Rip-rap, tip-tap,
Tick-tack-too!
(A grasshopper on my cap!
Away the moth flew)
Buskins for a fairy prince,
Brogues for his son;
Pay me well, pay me well,
When the job is done!"

The rogue was mine, beyond a doubt;
I stared at him, he stared at me.
"Servant, sir!" "Humph!" says he,
And pulled a snuff-box out.
He took a long pinch, looked better pleased,
The queer little Lepracaun;
Offered the box with a dainty grace—
Pouf! he flung the dust in my face!
And while I sneezed,
Was gone!

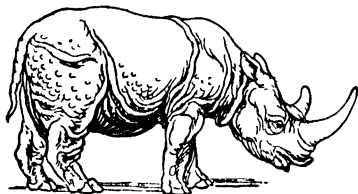
WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.



ODE TO A RHINOCEROS

RHINOCEROS, your hide looks all undone,
You do not take my fancy in the least:
You have a horn where other brutes have none:
Rhinoceros, you are an ugly beast.

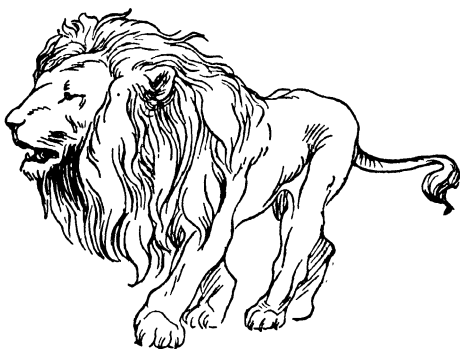
HILAIRE BELLOC.



THE LION

THE LION, the Lion, he dwells in the waste,
He has a big head and a very small waist;
But his shoulders are stark, and his jaws they are grim,
And a good little child will not play with him.

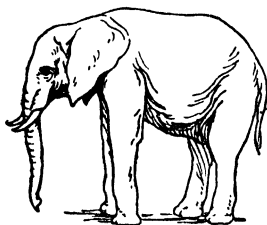
HILAIRE BELLOC.



THE ELEPHANT

WHEN people call this beast to mind,
They marvel more and more
At such a LITTLE tail behind,
So LARGE a trunk before.

HILAIRE BELLOC.



SAGE COUNSEL

THE lion is the beast to fight:

He leaps along the plain,
And if you run with all your might,
He runs with all his mane.

I'm glad I'm not a Hottentot,
But if I were, with outward cal-lum
I'd either faint upon the spot
Or hie me up a leafy pal-lum.

The chamois is the beast to hunt:

He's fleeter than the wind,
And when the chamois is in front
The hunter is behind.

The Tyrolese make famous cheese
And hunt the chamois o'er the chazzums
I'd choose the former, if you please,
For precipices give me spaz-zums.

The polar bear will make a rug

Almost as white as snow:
But if he gets you in his hug,
He rarely lets you go.

And Polar ice looks very nice,
With all the colours of a prissum:
But, if you'll follow my advice,
Stay home and learn your catechissum.

A. T. Q.-C.

THE WRECK OF THE STEAMSHIP
"PUFFIN"

TELL you a story, children? Well, gather around
my knee,
And I'll see if I cannot thrill you (though you're
torpid after your tea),
With a moving tale of a shipwreck; and—should you
refrain from sleep,
For the cake was a trifle heavy—I flatter yourself
you'll weep!

You all know Kensington Gardens, and some of you,
I'll be bound,
Have stood by the level margin of the Pond that's
entitled "Round";
'Tis a pleasant spot on a summer day, when the air
is laden with balm,
And the snowy sails are reflected clear in a mirror of
flawless calm!

Well, it isn't like that in the winter, when the gardens
are shut at four,
And a wind is lashing the water, and driving the ducks
ashore.
Ah! the Pond can be black and cruel then, with its
waves running inches high,
And a peril lurks for the tautest yacht that pocket-
money can buy!

Yet, in weather like this, with a howling blast and a
sky of ominous gloom,
Did the good ship "Puffin" put out to sea, as if
trying to tempt her doom!
She was a model steamer, on the latest approved
design,
And her powerful ten-slug engines were driven by
spirits of wine.

And a smarter crew (they were sixpence each!) never
shipped on a model bark,
While her Captain, "Nuremberg Noah," had once
commanded an ark;
Like a fine old salt of the olden school, he had stuck
to his wooden ship,
But lately, he'd been promoted—and this was his
trial trip.

Off went the "Puffin" when steam was up, with her
crew and commander brave!
And her screw was wizzing behind her as she breasted
the foaming wave;
Danger? each sixpenny seaman smiled at the notion
of that!
But the face of the skipper looked thoughtful from
under his broad-brimmed hat.

Was he thinking of his children three—of Japheth,
and Ham and Shem?
Or his elephants (both with a trunk unglued!), was
he sad at the thought of them?

Or the door at the end of his own old ark—did it
give him a passing pain
To reflect that its unreal knocker might never deceive
him again?

Nay, children, I cannot answer—he had passed
inquiry beyond:
He was far away on the billowy waste of the wild
and heaving Pond,
Battling hard with the angry crests of the waves,
that were rolling in
And seeking to overwhelm and swamp his staggering
vessel of tin!

Suddenly, speed she slackened, and seemed of her
task to tire . . .
Aye! for the seas she had shipped of late had ex-
tinguished her engine fire!
And the park-keeper, watching her, shook his head
and in manner unfeeling cried:
“’Twill be nothing short of a miracle now if she
makes the opposite side!”

Think of it, children—that tiny ship, tossed in the
boiling froth,
Drifting about at the wild caprice of the elements’
fitful wrath!
Her screw-propeller was useless now that the flickering
flame was out,
And the invalids gazed from their snug bath chairs,
till they almost forgot the gout.

Help for the gallant vessel! she is overborne by the
blast!

She is shipping water by spoonfuls now, I tell you
she's sinking fast!

"Hi!" cried one of her owners to a spaniel, liver and
black,

"Good dog, into the water, quick!" . . . But the
park-keeper held it back!

Yes, spite of indignant pleadings from the eager
excited crowd,

He quoted a pedant bye-law: "No dogs in the water
allowed."

Then shame on the regulations that would hinder an
honest dog

From plunging in to assist a ship that is rolling a
helpless log!

Stand by all! for she'll ride it out—though she's
left to do it alone.

She was drifting in, she was close at hand—when
down she went like a stone!

A few feet more and they had her safe—and now,
it was all too late

For the "Puffin" had foundered in sight of port, by
a stroke of ironical Fate!

But the other owner was standing by, and, tossing
her tangled locks,

Down she sat on the nearest seat—and took off her
shoes and socks!

“One kiss, brother!” she murmured, “one clutch of
your strong right hand—
And *I’ll* paddle out to the ‘Puffin’ and bring her in
safe to land!”

What can a barefooted child do? More than the
pampered cur,
With his chicken-fed carcass shrinking, afraid from
the bank to stir!
More than a baffled spaniel—aye, and more than the
pug dog pet,
That wrinkles his ebony muzzle, and whines if his
paws are wet!
“Come back!” the park-keeper shouted—but she
merely answered, “I won’t!”
And into the water she waded—though the invalids
whimpered, “Don’t!”
Ah! but the Pond struck chilly, and the mud at the
bottom was thick:
But in she paddled, and probed it with the point of
a borrowed stick!

“Don’t let go of me, darling!” “Keep hold of my
fingers tight,
And I’ll have it out in a minute or two. . . . I
haven’t got up to it quite;
A minute more, and the sunken ship we’ll safe to
the surface bring,
Yes, and the sixpenny sailors, too, that we lashed to
the funnel with string!”

Up to the knees in the water, Ethel and brother
Ralph
Groped, till they *found* the "Puffin" and her sailors,
soppy—but *safe!*
All the dear little sailors! . . . but, Children, I can't
go on!
For poor old wooden-faced Noah was—*how* shall I
tell you?—gone!

He must have fallen over, out of that heeling boat,
Away in the dim grey offing, to rise and to fall like
a float,
Till the colour deserted his face and form, as it might
at an infant's suck,
And he sank to his rest in his sailor's tomb—the maw
of a hungry duck!

You are weeping? I cannot wonder. Mine is a
pathetic style.
Weep for him, children, freely. . . . But, when you
have finished, smile
With joy for his shipmates, rescued as though by a
Prospero's wand,
And the "Puffin" snatched from the slimy depths of
the Round but treacherous Pond!

F. ANSTEY.

THE BURIAL OF THE LINNET

FOUND in the garden dead in his beauty—

Oh, that a linnet should die in the spring!
Bury him, comrades, in pitiful duty,
Muffle the dinner-bell, solemnly ring.

Bury him kindly, up in the corner;
Bird, beast and goldfish are sepulchred there.
Bid the black kitten march as chief mourner,
Waving her tail like a plume in the air.

Bury him nobly—next to the donkey;
Fetch the old banner, and wave it about;
Bury him deeply—think of the monkey,
Shallow his grave and the dogs get him out.

Bury him softly—white wool around him,
Kiss his poor feathers—the first kiss and last;
Tell his poor widow kind friends have found him:
Plant his poor grave with whatever grows fast.

Farewell, sweet singer! dead in thy beauty,
Silent through summer, though other birds sing.
Bury him, comrades, in pitiful duty,
Muffle the dinner-bell, mournfully ring.

MRS. EWING.

THE WINDMILL

THE green corn waving in the dale,
The ripe grass waving on the hill:
I lean across the paddock pale
And gaze upon the giddy mill.

Its hurtling sails a mighty sweep
Cut thro' the air: with rushing sound
Each strikes in fury down the steep,
Rattles, and whirls in chase around.

Beside his sacks the miller stands
On high within the open door:
A book and pencil in his hands,
His grist and meal he reckoneth o'er.

His tireless merry slave the wind
Is busy with his work to-day:
From whencesoe'er he comes to grind;
He hath a will and knows the way.

He gives the creaking sails a spin,
The circling millstones faster flee,
The shuddering timbers groan within,
And down the shoots the meal runs free.

The miller giveth him no thanks,
And doth not much his work o'erlook:
He stands beside the sacks, and ranks
The figures in his dusty book.

ROBERT BRIDGES.



THE BIRDS

WHEN Jesus Christ was four years old,
The angels brought him toys of gold,
Which no man ever had bought or sold.

And yet with these he would not play.
He made him small fowl out of clay,
And blessed them till they flew away:

Tu creasti Domine.

Jesus Christ, Thou child so wise,
Bless mine hands and fill mine eyes,
And bring my soul to Paradise.

HILAIRE BELLOC.



THE CHILD ALONE

'Tis a pleasant thing to be free.
Nobody knows, nobody guesses
What I am doing, where I am straying.
"Where is Marjorie?" mother is saying.
Julie, who loves to sit making her dresses,
Says, "She is playing
Under the tree."

No—through the jungle Marjorie passes.
Sometimes I run, sometimes I stand
Still in a covert of high-waving grasses,
Over my head.
Wilderness ways, uninhabited land,
Lone I explore.

Hares in the grass, mice where I tread,
Look up and wonder;
Or the squirrel flashes
Red as he dashes
Over the leafy forest floor,
Then in the tree
High sits he
And mocks me under;
While all of them wonder, wonder
What I can be.

M. A. WOODS.

FRANCIS THOMPSON

LITTLE JESUS

LITTLE Jesus, wast Thou shy
Once, and just so small as I?
And what did it feel like to be
Out of Heaven, and just like me?
Didst Thou sometimes think of *there*,
And ask where all the angels were?
I should think that I would cry
For my house all made of sky;
I would look about the air,
And wonder where my angels were;
And at waking 'twould distress me—
Not an angel there to dress me!
Hadst Thou ever any toys,
Like us little girls and boys?
And didst Thou play in Heaven with all
The angels that were not too tall,
With stars for marbles? Did the things
Play *Can you see me?* through their wings?
And did Thy Mother let Thee spoil
Thy robes, with playing on *our* soil?
How nice to have them always new
In Heaven, because 'twas quite clean blue!

Didst Thou kneel at night to pray,
And didst Thou join Thy hands this way?

And did they tire sometimes, being young,
And make the prayer seem very long?
And dost Thou like it best that we
Should join our hands to pray to Thee?
I used to think, before I knew,
The prayer not said unless we do.
And did Thy Mother at the night
Kiss Thee, and fold the clothes in right?
And didst Thou feel quite good in bed,
Kissed, and sweet, and Thy prayers said?

Thou canst not have forgotten all
That it feels like to be small:
And Thou know'st I cannot pray
To Thee in my father's way—
When Thou wast so little, say,
Couldst Thou talk Thy Father's way?

So, a little Child, come down
And hear a child's tongue like Thy own;
Take me by the hand and walk
And listen to my baby-talk.
To Thy Father show my prayer
(He will look, Thou art so fair)
And say, "O Father, I, Thy Son,
Bring the prayer of a little one."

And He will smile, that children's tongue
Has not changed since Thou wast young.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

CAROL

WHEN the herds were watching
In the midnight chill,
Came a spotless lambkin
From the heavenly hill.

Snow was on the mountains,
And the wind was cold,
When from God's own garden
Dropped a rose of gold.

When 'twas bitter winter,
Houseless and forlorn
In a star-lit stable
Christ the Babe was born.

Welcome, heavenly lambkin,
Welcome, golden rose;
Alleluia, Baby
In the swaddling clothes!

WILLIAM CANTON.

SNOW IN TOWN

NOTHING is quite so quiet and clean
As snow that falls in the night;
And isn't it jolly to jump from bed
And find the whole world white?

It lies on the window ledges,
It lies on the boughs of the trees,
While sparrows crowd at the kitchen door,
With a pitiful "If you *please*?"

It lies on the arm of the lamp-post,
Where the lighter's ladder goes,
And the policeman under it beats his arms,
And stamps to feel his toes;

The butcher's boy is rolling a ball
To throw at the man with coals,
And old Mrs. Ingram has fastened a piece
Of flannel under her soles;

No sound there is in the snowy road
From the horse's cautious feet,
And all is hushed but the postman's knocks
Rat-tatting down the street,

Till men come round with shovels
To clear the snow away,—
What a pity it is that when it falls
They never let it stay!

And while we are having breakfast
Papa says "Isn't it light?"
And all because of the thousands of geese
The Old Woman plucked last night.

"And if you are good," he tells us,
"And attend to your A B C,
You may go in the garden and make a snowman
As big or bigger than me!"

RICKMAN MARK.



THE WORLD'S MUSIC

THE world's a very happy place,
Where every child should dance and sing,
And always have a smiling face,
And never sulk for anything.

I waken when the morning's come,
And feel the air and light alive
With strange sweet music, like the hum
Of bees about their busy hive.

The linnets play among the leaves
At hide and seek, and chirp and sing:
While, flashing to and from the eaves,
The swallows twitter on the wing.

The twigs that shake, and boughs that sway;
And tall old trees you could not climb;
And winds that come, but cannot stay,
Are gaily singing all the time.

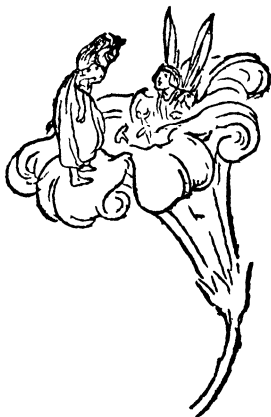
From dawn to dark the old mill-wheel
Makes music, going round and round;
And dusty-white with flour and meal,
The miller whistles to its sound.

And if you listen to the rain
When leaves and birds and bees are dumb,
You hear it pattering on the pane,
Like Andrew beating on his drum.

The coals beneath the kettle croon,
And clap their hands and dance in glee;
And even the kettle hums a tune
To tell you when it's time for tea.

The world is such a happy place,
That children, whether big or small,
Should always have a smiling face,
And never never sulk at all.

GABRIEL SETOUN.



JACK FROST

THE door was shut, as doors should be,
 Before you went to bed last night;
But Jack Frost has got in, you see
 And left your window silver white.

He must have waited till you slept;
 And not a single word he spoke,
But pencilled o'er the panes and crept
 Away again before you woke.

And now you cannot see the hills
 Nor fields that stretch beyond the lane;
But there are fairer things than these
 His fingers traced on every pane.

Rooks and castles towering high;
 Hills and dales and streams and fields;
And knights in armour riding by,
 With nodding plumes and shining shields.

And here are little boats, and there
 Big ships with sails spread to the breeze;
And yonder, palm trees waving fair
 On islands set in silver seas.

And butterflies with gauzy wings ;
And herds of cows and flocks of sheep ;
And fruit and flowers and all the things
You see when you are sound asleep.

For creeping softly underneath
The door when all the lights are out,
Jack Frost takes every breath you breathe
And knows the things you think about.

He paints them on the window pane
In fairy lines with frozen steam ;
And when you wake you see again
The lovely things you saw in dream.

GABRIEL SETOUN.



BABY'S SONG

Is it the apple-blossom, or is it the whole blue sky?
What would you have, then, baby, reaching from
mother's breast?

See, shall I get you the moon from the east, the sun
from the west?

If you'd the morning star in your crib with you,
would you rest?

If you'd the little white clouds with a string to hold
them by?

Tired is it, then? Aye, turn thee, reaching to mother's
breast.

You took the flowers of the earth, and all the stars
in the sky,

And the sun and the moon in your hands for a
minute and threw them by:

And, lost like drops in the sea, in the deep of her
heart they lie,

The heart of her love, that folds you, and holds you
and rocks you to rest.

JOHN HALSHAM.

THE SHIP OF SPRING

I

LAST night the wind went sweet south-west,
Rocking and singing the world to rest.
But when the meadow floor was dark,
Up in the sunset sang the lark,
Calling across the cloudy hills
To the wind—the merry wind that fills,
Betimes or lazy-lingering,
The magic sail that bears the Spring.

II

Over the hills the call was heard,
Ripples ran as the land-wind stirred
In southern havens white and clear,
Where April slumbers half the year.
And a fairy ship in a sapphire bay
Slipped her cable and stood away
Into the North, that lies so far,
As she dipped to the surge we thought her a star
Dipping under a sunset bar.

III

For she is a ship of the sky, and rides
Still to the set of the airy tides.

The little white moon betwixt her shrouds
Silters the spray of the tumbling clouds,
In halcyon watches her keelson creeps
From belt to belt of the starry deeps,
Till the broad red moon at set shall stoop,
To hang for a lantern on her poop.

IV

An hour ere the day-star raised her flame,
Into the happiest vale she came,
And down the warm, soft-blowing dark
Dropped with music the magic bark;
Slid by woodland wharf and quay,
Where primrose companies stood to see,
Furled her sails like a mist uprolled,
And moored where a reef of cowslips shoaled.

V

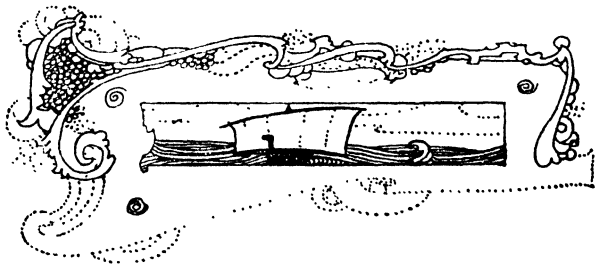
Then they unloaded her merchandise;
Tossed from the hatches clouds of spice,
That drifted away through holt and lane;
Next they flung from the hold, like rain,
Jacinth, emerald, amethyst;
And the woodland turned, where the shower kist,
Purple under a greening mist.
Then they opened a thousand bales,
Each of a thousand Bagdad frails,
Each of a thousand nightingales.
Next, from silken sacks untied,

They shook the cuckoos over the side;
And tenderly loosed from crystal coops
Butterfly squadróns and moths by troops;
The dawn on the dew was coming grey,
When the last of the swallows was sent away.

VI

And when the hold was empty and clear,
The ship sailed back till another year.
And only Alice, who woke at dawn
To hear the cuckoo across the lawn,
Saw in the sunrise rose and grey
A sail like a rose-leaf far away,
And waved, at her window lingering,
Good-bye to the ship that brought the Spring.

JOHN HALSHAM.



THE GREAT BEAR

THE Lion and the Scorpion
They hide for half the year,
And then across the sky they run:
The Bear is always here.

The Lion and the Scorpion,
Upon all fours they go,
Their tails behind them, one by one,
So steady and so slow.

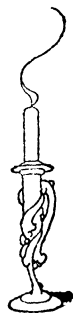
The Bear is sometimes on his back,
And sometimes on his knees;
He peeps above the chimney-stack,
He hides behind the trees.

In summer, when it's daylight yet,
Long after you're in bed,
The Bear has turned a summerset,
And stands upon his head.

When long before it's time for tea
The light begins to fail,
The Bear, as anyone can see,
Is balanced on his tail.

The Lion and the Scorpion,
They glitter bright and fair;
Of all the stars behind the sun,
The finest is the Bear.

JOHN HALSHAM.



A STAR FANCY

WHEN summer nights are warm and dry
The Scorpion with his flaming eye,
Down in the South as twilight grows,
Watches the lily and the rose.

He sees the poppies and the stocks,
The sunflowers and the hollyhocks,
Though all the trees are thick and green,
With his red eye he looks between.

But when the nights begin to freeze,
Eastwards behind the naked trees,
Orion lifts his head to spy
Those stars that in the garden lie.

The Scorpion told him how they grew,
Purple and pink and white and blue,
So night by night Orion goes
To find the lily and the rose.

Night after night you see him stride
Across the South at Christmas-tide;
Though all the fields are white with snow,
He watches for those stars to blow.

But when 'tis near his time to rest,
Leaning his head towards the West,
When April nights are sharp and clear
He sees those garden stars appear.

For just before he sinks from sight,
He sees the borders strewn with light,
And looking back across the hills,
Beholds the shining daffodils.

JOHN HALSHAM.



ST. JOHN'S WOOD

SAINT JOHN walked in a wood
Where elm-trees spread their branches,
And squirrels climbed and pigeons cooed,
And hares sat on their haunches.
He built him willow huts
Wherever he might settle,
His meat was chiefly hazel-nuts,
His drink the honey nettle.
His wood that grew so green
Is now as grey as stone ;
His Wood may any day be seen,
But where's the good Saint John.

ELEANOR FARJEON.



PRIMROSE HILL

PRIMROSE HILL is green,
Primrose Hill is yellow.
As I walked over Primrose Hill
I met a pretty fellow.
We went up the Hill,
We went down the Valley,
We went through the Primroses,
And he said, " Will you marry? "

He gave me a silver clasp
And a golden ring.
We sat in the Primroses,
And heard the thrushes sing.
The month it was April,
The day it was sunny,
I plucked him a Primrose
And the moon came up like honey.

ELEANOR FARJEON.

THE GREEN CAP

THE PEOPLE IN THE GAME

A Girl A Boy Angus Ogue

One of the Little People

Many of the Little People

The Spring moon is golden on the Irish hills, and in its light the Little People, green-capped and green-shod, dance in a green ring. But One, who has no cap, sits woeful under a spotted toadstool, his chin on his knees.

The Little People sing :

Greencaps in the moonshine,
 Green shoes on the hill,
 And till the sun spins out o' the sea
 We will dance our fill,
 And whoso lights upon our dance
 He shall do our will.

A young Girl in a red petticoat comes wandering from the left as though already half under a spell, and finds herself, between fear and wonder, in the middle of the green ring. The Little People sing :

Human, little human,
 Barehead and unshod,
 Why tread you now the hill o' the hills
 Where man has never trod?
 You were best a Stay-at-Home
 When Greencaps are abroad.

The Girl sings :

I came to find the Sword-blade
Of some dead Irish King,
I came to find a magic Harp
With a golden string,
I came to find the Heart of Wonder
Beating in the Spring.

The Little People sing :

O, you shall get no sword-blade,
No Harp shall sing for you,
You shall not find Spring's melting Heart
That turns the stars to dew,
Forever you a captive are
The Greencaps' will to do!

The Little People dance around the Girl, who sinks to the ground with her face in her hands.

From the right a young Lad now strays among them, with dreams in his eyes. The Little People close about him singing :

Human, hardy human,
Coming here by chance,
Got you no warning of the wind
That wailed on your advance?
You were best a Stay-at-Home
When Greencaps tune their dance.

The Boy sings :

I came to find the Moon-bird
Does in the midnight sing,

I came to find an olden Dream
 Does haunt my slumbering,
 I came to find the Blossom of Fire
 Is hidden in the Spring.

The Little People sing :

O, you shall hear no Moon-bird,
 No shape of Dream shall see,
 You shall not pluck the flaming Rose
 From Spring's enchanted Tree,
 Forever you are caught and bound
 The Greencaps' slave to be!

The Boy drops to his knee with his arm across his eyes, and the Little People resume their dance about the two bewitched ones. Over the hill-brow comes an Old Man in a tattered cloak, with wild white hair and beard ; but his eyes are as bright as fire, and under his rags he is clothed in green flame ; for he is Angus Ogue. But the Little People do not know him in his disguise, and threaten him :

Human, ancient human,
 In rags and tatters dight,
 Sure, wisdom never dimmed your eyes
 Or turned your hair so white!
 O, rue the folly brought you out
 Upon the Greencaps' night.

Angus Ogue sings :

O, I will rue no folly,
 No spell upon me lies,

Because a thousand thousand years
Have made my white hairs wise,
And a thousand thousand years to come
I see with my dim eyes.

The Little People sing :

Begone before we charm you!

Angus Ogue sings :

Your charm would idly blow.—
Set free your little captives.

The Little People sing :

We will not let them go!

Angus Ogue sings :

O Fairy Folk, I think you will!

The Little People sing :

And why will we do so?

Angus Ogue sings :

Because I found a Green Cap
Lost upon the hill,
And he of you that owned it
Must henceforth do my will,
And nothing shall avail him
Of all his fairy skill.

*The Little Bare-headed One patters from under the toadstool,
and kneels at the feet of Angus Ogue.*

The Capless One sings :

O give me back my Green Cap!

Angus Ogue sings :

And wherefore should that be?

The Capless One sings :

O you shall have a treasure of gold!

Angus Ogue sings :

What good is gold to me?

All the Little People kneel, singing :

O give him back his Green Cap!

Angus Ogue sings :

Then set your captives free.

The Little People sing to the Boy and Girl :

Humans, little humans,

Ye shall not come to harm!

The moon is cooling in the West,

The East is growing warm,

And we will take our charm off you,

But not the Spring-tide's charm!

The old cloak and the long white hair fall away from Angus Ogue, and, bright-haired and clothed in green fire, he stands in the middle of the ring and sings to the Girl and the Boy :

O you shall be his fiery Rose,

And you her Sword shall seem,

And you shall hear the songs of Harps
And Birds about you stream,
And the ancient Wonder-Heart of Spring
Shall be your living Dream!

While Angus Ogue sings the Little People break their ring and form a spreading line behind him. The light begins to come up the sky, and the Little People disappear over the hill-brow singing :

The ancient Wonder-Heart of Spring
Shall be your living Dream!

The Little Capless One crouches by Angus Ogue, plucking at his sleeve. The God gives him his cap, he sticks it on his head, and capers away jauntily all by himself.

For a moment the Boy and the Girl remain kneeling with hidden faces while Angus Ogue stands over them on the hill-brow. He stretches one green arm towards them, and then he also vanishes ; and as he does so they lift their heads and look at one another, and their hands go out and meet.

The sun comes up over the Irish hills, and a bird sings.

ELEANOR FARJEON.



PENSIONERS

My pensioners who daily
Come here to beg their fare,
For all their need dress gaily
And have a jaunty air.
With "Tira-lira-lira—
Now of your charity,
Pray help the little brethren
Of noble poverty."

One shines in glossy sable,
One wears a russet coat,
And one who seeks my table
Has red about his throat.
With Tira-lira-lira,
Gay waistcoat, speckled vest,
Black cap and fine blue bonnet,
They come so bravely dressed.

To all I gladly scatter
In this their time of need,
Heap bread upon their platter
And ask not for my meed,
But in the jocund spring-time
Their songs give back to me
A thousandfold—my brethren
Of noble poverty.

W. M. LETTS.

IF

IF no one ever marries me—
And I don't see why they should,
For nurse says I'm not pretty,
And seldom very good.

If no one ever marries me
I shan't mind very much,
I shall buy a squirrel in a cage,
And a little rabbit-hutch;

I shall have a cottage near a wood,
And a pony all my own,
And a little lamb, quite clean and tame,
That I can take to town;

And when I'm getting really old—
At twenty-eight or nine—
I shall buy a little orphan girl
And bring her up as mine.

L. ALMA TADEMA.
(With acknowledgments.)

CHRISTMAS

A BOY was born at Bethlehem
that knew the haunts of Galilee.
He wandered on Mount Lebanon,
and learned to love each forest tree.

But I was born at Marlborough,
and love the homely faces there;
and for all other men besides
'tis little love I have to spare.

I should not mind to die for them,
my own dear downs, my comrades true.
But that great heart of Bethlehem,
he died for men he never knew.

And yet, I think, at Golgotha,
as Jesus' eyes were closed in death,
they saw with love most passionate
the village street at Nazareth.

E. HILTON YOUNG.

PRAYERS

GOD who created me
Nimble and light of limb,
In three elements free,
To run, to ride, to swim:
Not when the sense is dim,
But now from the heart of joy,
I would remember Him;
Take the thanks of a boy.

Jesu, King and Lord,
Whose are my foes to fight,
Gird me with Thy sword,
Swift and sharp and bright.
Thee would I serve if I might,
And conquer if I can;
From day-dawn till night,
Take the strength of a man.

Spirit of Love and Truth
Breathing in grosser clay,
The light and flame of youth,
Delight of men in the fray,
Wisdom in strength's decay;
From pain, strife, wrong to be free,
This best gift I pray,
Take my spirit to Thee.

HENRY CHARLES BEECHING.

DECEMBER COLOUR

RED, blood-red, with an orange rim,
Flushing the toadstool-tops;
Bronze of bracken where blue mists dim
Depths of the chestnut copse;
Bramble lit to a burning bush,
Winter's torch, to light her;
Over the cottage the creeper's blush,
Bright and ever brighter.

Silver of rain on the emerald moss,
Flame on the robin's breast;
Opal and amethyst clouds that cross,
Gold of the warming west;
Pearls of mistletoe (Santa Claus
Soon shall his rites remember!)
Rubies rained from the hips and haws—
Who said "Pale December"?

S. GERTRUDE FORD.
(With grateful acknowledgments.)

MORNING THANKSGIVING

THANK God for sleep in the long quiet night,
For the clear day calling through the little leaded
panes,
For the shining well-water and the warm golden light,
And the paths washed white by singing rains.

We thank Thee, O God, for exultation born
Of the kiss of Thy winds, for life among the leaves,
For the whirring wings that pass about the wonder of
the morn,
For the changing plumes of swallows gliding up-
wards to their eaves.

For the treasure of the garden, the gilly-flowers of
gold,
The prouder petalled tulips, the primrose full of
spring,
For the crowded orchard boughs, and the swelling
buds that hold
A yet unwoven wonder, to Thee our praise we
bring.

Thank God for good bread, for the honey in the comb,
For the brown-shelled eggs, for the clustered
blossoms set

Beyond the open window in a pink and cloudy foam,
For the laughing loves among the branches set.

For the kind-faced women we bring our thanks to
Thee,
With shapely mothering arms and grave eyes clear
and blithe,
For the tall young men, strong-thewed as men may
be,
For the old man bent above his scythe.

For earth's little secret and innumerable ways,
For the carol and the colour, Lord, we bring
What things may be of thanks, and that Thou hast
lent our days
Eyes to see and ears to hear and lips to sing.

JOHN DRINKWATER.



RIOUPÉROUX

HIGH and solemn mountains guard Rioupéroux,
Small untidy village where the river drives a mill:
Frail as wood anemones, white and frail were you,
And drooping a little, like the slender daffodil.

Oh I will go to France again, and tramp the valley
through,
And I will change these gentle clothes for clog and
corduroy,
And work with the mill-hands of black Rioupéroux,
And walk with you, and talk with you, like any
other boy.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER.



JOSEPH AND MARY

JOSEPH

MARY, art thou the little maid
Who plucked me flowers in Spring?
I know thee not: I feel afraid:
Thou'rt strange this evening.

A sweet and rustic girl I won
What time the woods were green;
No woman with deep eyes that shone,
And the pale brows of a Queen.

MARY (*inattentive to his words*)

A stranger came with feet of flame
And told me this strange thing,—
For all I was a village maid
My son should be a King.

JOSEPH

A King, dear wife. Who ever knew
Of Kings in stables born!

MARY

Do you hear, in the dark and starlit blue
The clarion and the horn?

JOSEPH

Mary, alas, lest grief and joy
Have sent thy wits astray;
But let me look on this my boy,
And take the wraps away.

MARY

Behold the lad.

JOSEPH

I dare not gaze:
Light streams from every limb.

MARY

The winter sun has stored his rays,
And passed the fire to him.

Look Eastward, look! I hear a sound.
O Joseph, what do you see?

JOSEPH

The snow lies quiet on the ground
And glistens on the tree;

The sky is bright with a star's great light,
And clearly I behold
Three Kings descending yonder hill,
Whose crowns are crowns of gold.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

O Mary, what do you hear and see
With your brow toward the West?

MARY

The snow lies glistening on the tree
And silent on Earth's breast;
And strong and tall, with lifted eyes
Seven shepherds walk this way,
And angels breaking from the skies
Dance, and sing hymns, and pray.

JOSEPH

I wonder much at these bright Kings;
The shepherds I despise.

MARY

You know not what a shepherd sings,
Nor see his shining eyes.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER.



THE WITCH

I SAW her plucking cowslips,
And marked her where she stood,
She never knew I watched her
While hiding in the wood.

Her skirt was brightest crimson,
And black her steeple hat,
Her broom-stick lay beside her,
I'm positive of that.

Her chin was sharp and pointed,
Her eyes were—I don't know—
For, when she turned towards me—
I thought it—best to go.

PERCY H. ILOTT.



THISBE

THE garden within was shaded,
And guarded about from sight;
The fragrance flowed to the south-wind,
The fountain leaped to the light.

And the street without was narrow,
And dusty, and hot, and mean;
But the bush that bore white roses,
She leaned to the fence between:

And softly she sought a crevice
In that barrier blank and tall,
And shyly she thrust out through it
Her loveliest bud of all.

And tender to touch, and gracious,
And pure as the moon's pure shine,
The full rose paled and was perfect,—
For whose lips, for whose lips, but mine!

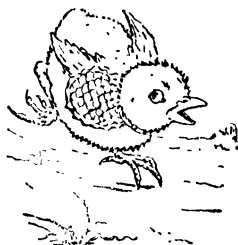
HELEN GRAY CONE.

CHILD'S SONG

I KNOW the sky will fall one day,
The great green trees will topple down,
The spires will wither far away
Upon the battlemented town;
When winds and waves forget to flow
And the wild song-birds cease from calling,
Then I shall take my shoes and go
To tell the King the sky is falling.

There's lots of things I've never done,
And lots of things I'll never see;
The nearest rainbow ever spun
Is much too far away from me;
But when the dark air's lost in snow
And the long quiet strikes appalling,
I learn how it will feel to go
To tell the King the sky is falling.

GERALD GOULD.



JACK FROST

ON my window, sir, you are sketching lightly
Feathery cows with your impish hand.
You draw in diamonds, sparkling brightly,
Folk who invite me to Goblin-Land.

But the bees you sketch are so very funny;
They seem to be swimming in coats of fur;
While fish are flying, collecting honey
From buttercups bigger than I am, sir!

Your frost-tailed ponies are sweetly pretty;
But they gallop on claws, while the cats have hoofs!
Then who dare live in a Goblin City
When the houses are standing upon their roofs?

Why, the glaring pavements are ugly faces!
Over them web-footed Ogres roam!
Oh, I can't visit such Goblin places.
Thank you, I think, sir—I'll stay at home.

OLIVE CHANDLER.

WIND'S WORK

KATE rose up early as fresh as a lark,
Almost in time to see vanish the dark;
Jack, rather later, bouncing from bed,
Saw fade in the dawn's cheek the last flush of red:
Yet who knows
When the wind rose?

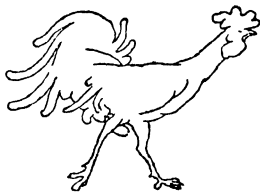
Kate went to watch the new lambs at their play
And stroke the white calf born yesterday;
Jack sought the woods where trees grow tall
As who would learn to swarm them all:
Yet who knows
Where the wind goes?

Kate has sown candy-tuft, lupins and peas,
Carnations, forget-me-nots and heart's-ease;
Jack has sown cherry-pie, marigold,
Love that lies bleeding, and snap-dragon bold:
But who knows
What the wind sows?

Kate knows a thing or two useful at home,
Darns like a fairy, and churns like a gnome;
Jack is a wise man at shaping a stick,
Once he's in the saddle the pony may kick.

But hark to the wind, how it blows!
None comes, none goes,
None reaps or mows,
No friends turn foes,
No hedge bears sloes,
And no cock crows,
But the wind knows!

T. STURGE MOORE.



THE DARKENING GARDEN

WHERE have all the colours gone?

Red of roses, green of grass,
Brown of tree-trunk, gold of cowslip,
Pink of poppy, blue of cornflower,
Who among you saw them pass?

They have gone to make the sunset;

Broidered on the western sky,
All the colours of our garden,
Woven into a lovely curtain,
O'er the bed where Day doth lie.

ANON.



THE BARREL ORGAN

Go down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time,

Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!);

And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's wonderland;

Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!).

The cherry trees are seas of bloom and soft perfume and sweet perfume,

The cherry trees are seas of bloom (and oh! so near to London!);

And there they say, when dawn is high, and all the world's a blaze of sky,

The cuckoo, though he's very shy, will sing a song for London.

The nightingale is rather rare and yet they say you'll hear him there,

At Kew, at Kew, in lilac-time (and oh! so near to London!);

The linnets and the throstles, too, and after dark the long halloo,

And golden-eyed tu-whit, tu-whoo of owls that ogle London.

For Noah hardly knew a bird of any kind that isn't
heard

At Kew, at Kew, in lilac-time (and oh! so near to
London!);

And when the rose begins to pout, and all the chest-
nut spires are out,

You'll hear the rest without a doubt, all chorusing
for London:

Come down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in
lilac-time,

Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from
London!);

And you shall wander hand in hand with love in
summer's wonderland;

Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from
London!).

ALFRED NOYES.



SONG OF SUMMER DAYS

SING a song of hollow logs,
Chirp of cricket, croak of frogs,
Cry of wild bird, hum of bees,
Dancing leaves and whisp'ring trees;
Legs all bare, and dusty toes,
Ruddy cheeks and freckled nose,
Splash of brook and swish of line,
Where the song that's half so fine?

Sing a song of summer days,
Leafy nooks and shady ways,
Nodding roses, apples red,
Clover like a carpet spread;
Sing a song of running brooks,
Cans of bait and fishing hooks,
Dewy hollows, yellow moons,
Birds a-pipe with merry tunes.

Sing a song of skies of blue,
Eden's garden made anew,
Scarlet hedges, leafy lanes,
Vine-embowered sills and panes;
Stretch of meadows, splash'd with dew,
Silver clouds with sunlight through,
Call of thrush and pipe of wren,
Sing and call it home again.

J. W. FOLEY.

OF ST. FRANCIS AND THE ASS

OUR father, ere he went
Out with his brother, Death,
Smiling and well-content
As a bridegroom goeth,
Sweetly forgiveness prayed
From man or beast whom he
Had ever injured
Or burdened needlessly.

“ Verily,” then said he,
“ I crave before I pass
Forgiveness full and free
Of my little brother, the ass,
Many a time and oft,
When winds and ways were hot,
He hath borne me cool and soft,
And service grudged me not.

“ And once it did betide
There was, unseen of me,
A gall upon his side
That suffered grievously.
And once his manger was
Empty, and bare, and brown.
(Praise God for sweet, dry grass
That Bethlehem folk shook down).

“ Consider, brethren,” said he,
“ Our little brother, how mild,
How patient, he will be.
Though men are fierce and wild,
His coat is gray and fine,
His eyes are kind with love;
This little brother of mine
Is gentle as the dove.

“ Consider how such an one
Beheld our Saviour born,
And carried him, full-grown,
Through Eastern streets one morn.
For this the Cross is laid
Upon him for a sign.
Greatly is honoured
This little brother of mine.”

And even while he spake,
Down in his stable stall,
His little ass 'gan shake
And turned its face to the wall.
Down fell the heavy tear,
Its gaze so mournful was,
Fra Leo, standing near,
Pitied the little ass.

That night our father died,
All night the kine did low,

The ass went heavy-eyed
With patient tears and slow,
The very birds on wings
Made mournful cries in the air.
Amen! All living things
Our father's brethren were.

KATHERINE TYNAN HINKSON.



A SONG FOR THE CHRISTMAS SEASON

THE Kings to the Stable
They brought sweet spice,
The gold and the silver,
And jewels of price.

But the Dove by the manger
She would not cease
Mourning so softly:
Bring Him Peace; bring Him Peace!

The Kings from the Orient
Brought nard and clove.
The Dove went mourning:
Bring Him Love; bring Him Love.

What would content Him
In silver and gold,—
A new-born Baby
But one hour old?

Not myrrh shall please Him,
Nor the ambergris,
What hath sweet savour
Of His Mother's kiss?

There is clash of battle,
And men hate and slay:
From the noise and the tumult
She hides Him away.

But His sleep is fitful
In His Mother's breast,
The Dove goes mourning:
Give Him rest; give Him rest!

KATHERINE TYNAN HINKSON.



THE BALLAD OF SEMMERWATER

NORTH COUNTRY LEGEND

DEEP asleep, deep asleep,
Deep asleep it lies,
The still lake of Semmerwater
Under the still skies.

And many a fathom, many a fathom,
Many a fathom below,
In a king's tower and a queen's bower
The fishes come and go.

Once there stood by Semmerwater
A mickle town and tall;
King's tower and queen's bower
And the wakeman on the wall.

Came a beggar halt and sore:
" I faint for lack of bread."
King's tower and queen's bower
Cast him forth unfed.

He knocked at the door of the herdman's cot,
The herdman's cot in the dale.
They gave him of their oatcake,
They gave him of their ale.

He had cursed aloud that city proud,
He had cursed it in its pride;
He had cursed it into Semmerwater
Down the brant hillside;
He has cursed it into Semmerwater,
There to bide.

King's tower and queen's bower,
And a mickle town and tall;
By glimmer of scale and gleam of fin,
Folk have seen them all.

King's tower and queen's bower,
And weed and reed in the gloom;
And a lost city in Semmerwater,
Deep asleep till Doom.

WILLIAM WATSON.



A FAIRY WENT A-MARKETING

A FAIRY went a-marketing—
She bought a little fish;
She put it in a crystal bowl
Upon a golden dish.
An hour she sat in wonderment
And watched its silver gleam,
And then she gently took it up
And slipped it in a stream.

A fairy went a-marketing—
She bought a coloured bird;
It sang the sweetest, shrillest song
That ever she had heard.
She sat beside its painted cage
And listened half the day,
And then she opened wide the door
And let it fly away.

A fairy went a-marketing—
She bought a winter gown
All stitched about with gossamer
And lined with thistledown.
She wore it all the afternoon
With prancing and delight,
Then gave it to a little frog
To keep him warm at night.

A fairy went a-marketing—
She bought a gentle mouse
To take her tiny messages,
To keep her tiny house.
All day she kept its busy feet
Pit-patting to and fro,
And then she kissed its silken ears,
Thanked it, and let it go.

ROSE FYLEMAN.



MRS. BROWN

As soon as I'm in bed at night
And snugly settled down,
The little girl I am by day
Goes very suddenly away,
And then I'm Mrs. Brown.

I have a family of six,
And all of them have names,
The girls are Joyce and Nancy Maud,
The boys are Marmaduke and Claude
And Percival and James.

We have a house with twenty rooms
A mile away from town;
I think its good for girls and boys
To be allowed to make a noise,
And so does Mr. Brown.

We do the most exciting things,
Enough to make you creep,
And on and on and on we go—
I sometimes wonder if I know
When I have gone to sleep.

ROSE FYLEMAN.

THE PEDLAR

THERE came a Pedlar to an evening house ;
Sweet Lettice, from her lattice looking down,
Wondered what man he was, so curious
His black hair dangled on his tattered gown:
Then lifts he up his face with glittering eyes,—
“ What will you buy, sweetheart?—Here’s honey-
comb,
And mottled pippins and sweet mulberry pies,
Comfits and peaches, snowy cherry bloom,
To keep in water for to make night sweet.
All that you want, sweetheart—come, taste and eat! ”

Mocking, yet winsome, knelled that low voice on,
And Lettice looked and listened, sighed and smiled ;
Her eyes with lustre lit, her round cheek wan,
Her small heart beating, by such wares beguiled.
Yet in that same small heart a whisper went,—
“ Heed not the stranger and his sugared song!
Only on evil are such pedlars bent ;
His sweets are death.” Yet still how she doth long
But just to taste, then shut the lattice tight,
And hide her eyes from the delicious sight!

“ What must I pay? ” she whispered. “ Pay! ” says
he,
“ Pedlar I am who through this wood do roam,

One lock of hair is gold enough for me,
For apple, peach, comfit, or honeycomb! ”
But from her bough a drowsy squirrel cried,
“ Trust him not, Lettice, trust, oh trust him not! ”
And many another woodland tongue beside
Rose softly in the silence—“ Trust him not! ”
Then cried the Pedlar in a bitter voice,
“ What, in the thicket, is this idle noise? ”

A late, harsh blackbird smote him with her wings,
As through the glade, dark in the dim, she flew;
Yet still the Pedlar his old burden sings,—
“ What, pretty sweetheart, shall I show to you?
Here's orange ribands, here's a string of pearls,
Here s silk of buttercup and pansy glove,
A pin of tortoiseshell for windy curls,
A box of silver, scented sweet with clove:
Come now,” he says, with dim and lifted face,
“ I pass not often such a lonely place.”

“ Pluck not a hair! ” a hidden rabbit cried,
“ With but one hair he'll steal thy heart away,
Then only sorrow shall thy lattice hide:
Go in! all honest pedlars come by day.”
There was dead silence in the drowsy wood;
“ Here's syrup for to lull sweet maids to sleep;
And bells for dreams, and fairy wine and food
All day thy heart in happiness to keep ”;—
And now she takes the scissors on her thumb,—
“ O, then, no more unto my lattice come! ”

Sad is the sound of weeping in the wood!
Now only night is where the Pedlar was;
And bleak as frost upon a quickling bud
His magic steals in darkness, O alas!
Why all the summer doth sweet Lettice pine?
And, ere the wheat is ripe, why lies her gold
Hid neath fresh new-pluckt sprigs of eglantine?
Why all the morning hath the cuckoo tolled,
Sad to and fro in green and secret ways,
With solemn bells the burden of his days?

And in the market-place, what man is this
Who wears a loop of gold upon his breast,
Stuck heartwise; and whose glassy flatteries
Take all the townsfolk ere they go to rest.
Who come to buy and gossip? Doth his eye
Remember a face lovely in a wood?
O people! hasten, hasten, do not buy
His woful wares; the bird of grief doth brood
There where his heart should be; and far away
There mourns long sorrowfulness this happy day.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

BERRIES

THERE was an old woman
Went blackberry picking
Along the hedges
From Weep to Wicking.
Half a pottle—
No more she had got,
When out steps a Fairy
From her green grot;
And says, " Well, Jill,
Would 'ee pick 'ec mo? "
And Jill, she curtseys,
And looks just so.
" Be off," says the Fairy,
" As quick as you can,
Over the meadows
To the little green lane,
That dips to the hayfields
Of Farmer Grimes:
I've berried those hedges
A score of times;
Bushel on bushel
I'll promise 'ee, Jill,
This side of supper
If 'ee pick with a will."

She glints very bright,
And speaks her fair;
Then lo, and behold!
She had faded in the air.

Be sure Old Goodie
She trots betimes
Over the meadows
To Farmer Grimes.
And never was queen
With jewellery rich
As those same hedges
From twig to ditch;
Like Dutchmen's coffers,
Fruit, thorn and flower—
They shone like William
And Mary's bower.
And be sure Old Goodie
Went back to Weep,
So tired with her basket
She scarce could creep.
When she comes in the dusk
To her cottage door,
There's Towser wagging
As never before,
To see his Missus
So glad to be,
Come from her fruit-picking
Back to he.

As soon as next morning
Dawn was grey,
The pot on the hob
Was simmering away;
And all in a stew
And a hugger-mugger
Towser and Jill
A-boiling of sugar,
And the dark clear fruit
That from Faërie came,
For syrup and jelly
And blackberry jam.

Twelve jolly gallipots
Jill put by;
And one little teeny one
One inch high;
And that she's hidden
A good thumb deep,
Half way over
From Wicking to Weep.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

THE LOST SHOE

POOR little Lucy
By some mischance,
Lost her shoe
As she did dance.
'Twas not on the stairs,
Not in the hall;
Not where they sat
At supper at all.
She looked in the garden
But there it was not,
Henhouse or kennel,
Or high dovecote.
Dairy and meadow,
And wild woods through
Showed not a trace
Of Lucy's shoe.
Bird nor bunny
Nor glimmering moon
Breathed a whisper
Of where 'twas gone.
It was cried and cried,
Oyez and Oyez!
In French, Dutch, Latin
And Portuguese.

Ships the dark seas
Went plunging through,
But none brought news
Of Lucy's shoe;
And still she patters
In silk and leather,
O'er snow, sand, shingle,
In every weather;
Spain and Africa,
Hindustan,
Java, China
And lamped Japan;
Plains and desert
She hops—hops through
Pernambuco
To gold Peru;
Mountain and forest
And river too,
All the world over
For her lost shoe.

WALTER DE LA MARE.



A BALLAD OF ST. CHRISTOPHER

THERE dwelt at the court of a good king
A giant huge and black,
He could take up Gedney Church
And carry it on his back;
A giant fierce and grim as he
No king had in his giantry.

This paynim wight was dull of wit,
But he held fast one thing,
That the strongest man in all the world
Should serve the strongest king,
A purpose firm he had in mind,
The mightiest king on earth to find.

A minstrel sang a song of the Devil,
The giant gasped to see
That the king made at the Devil's name
A sign with fingers three.
"Ho! ho!" said the giant, "I stay not here
To serve a king who goes in fear."

The giant found the great black Devil,
And did him homage true,
To be his faithful bondservant,
His bidding aye to do;

With his new master night and morn
He fired farmsteads and trampled corn.

They went on a lonely road one day,
Plotting great harm and loss;
"I must turn back," the Devil said sudden,
"For here I see a Cross."
"Ho! ho!" said the giant, "is here the sign
Of a king whose power is more than thine?"

"Gallows of God!" the Devil said,
And white with rage went he,
"He took the gallows for Himself,
That, sure, belonged to me;
He took the gallows, He took the thief,
He stole my harvest sheaf by sheaf.

"He broke my gates, He harried my realm,
He freed my prisoned folk,
He crowned His Mother for Eve discrowned,
My kingdom went like smoke;
Where'er I go by night or day
That sign has power to bar my way.

"Great is my might, but against the clan
Of this King I have no charm;
If they touch water, if they touch wood,
I cannot work them harm;
I go a wanderer without rest
Where fingers three touch brow and breast!"

“ God keep thee, Devil,” the giant said,
“ Thy riddle I cannot read,
But from thy company here and now
I must depart with speed;
I hold thee but as a beaten knave,
To find that mightiest King I crave.”

The giant came to an old, old man
That worked among his bees,
He gathered wax for the altar lights
In white beneath green trees;
The sun shone through him and he, too, shone,
For he was the blessed Apostle John.

He asked the old man of that king,
Whose bondslave he would be,
“ Thro’ wood,” said St. John, “ there is healing
in water,
His servants all are free,”
He christened him and straightway then
Told of the tasks of christened men.

“ Some wear the stone with their bent knees,
Some holy pictures limn,
Some bear the news of Christ to lands
That have not heard of Him.”
The giant said, “ If I had the will
For this, I have no wit nor skill.”

“ To ford,” St. John said, “ yonder river,
Poor wayfarers essay,
And by the great swiftness of the stream
Many are swept away;
Who carries them over will do a thing
To pleasure greatly the Strong King.”

The giant came to that wild water,
And on its brink did dwell,
He saved the lives of wayfarers
More than a man may tell;
And there it chanced one midnight wild
He heard the cry of a little child.

The child held a globe in his hand,
He begged to cross that night;
The giant set him on his shoulder
As a burden sweet and light;
Into the stream with a careless laugh
He stepped with a palm tree for a staff.

But the child grew heavier and his globe
Until they weighed like lead,
“ *Deus meus et omnia,*
What child is this? ” he said;
It seemed as the waves swelled and whirled
He felt the weight of all the world.

Sure, all the churches upon earth
He bore with tottering feet,

Rouen, Amiens, Bourges and Chartres,
Long Sutton, Gedney, Fleet;
So sweet, so terrible the load,
It was as though he carried God.

The bells of all those churches rang
When they had gained the shore,
He saw no child, but a great King
Of might unguessed before;
The King on Whom the world is stayed,
That is the Son of the pure Maid.

“ I thank thee, Christopher, that thou
So well hast kept My rule;
Thou hast borne Me with Heaven My throne
And the earth My footstool.”
He felt strange joy within him stir
As the King called him “ Christopher.”

On fair days and on market-days,
Where men to fiddles sing,
They tell of the strongest man on earth
Who served the mightiest King,
For that great King he served so well,
He loves the song and the fiddél.

RICHARD LAWSON GALES.

THE GREEN LADY

A LOVELY Green Lady
Embroiders and stitches
Sweet flowers in the meadows,
On banks and in ditches.

All day she is sewing—
Embroidering all night;
For she works in the darkness
As well as the light.

She makes no mistake in
The silks which she uses,
And all her gay colours
She carefully chooses.

She fills nooks and corners
With blossoms so small,
Where none but the fairies
Will see them at all.

She sews them so quickly,
She trims them so neatly,
Though much of her broidery
Is hidden completely.

She scatters her tapestry
Scented and sweet,
In the loneliest places,
Or 'neath careless feet;

For bee, or for bird folk,
For children like me,
But the lovely Green Lady,
No mortal may see.

CHARLOTTE DRUITT COLE.

THE CLOTHES-LINE

HAND in hand they dance in a row,
Hither and thither, and to and fro,
Flip! Flap! Flop! and away they go—
Flutt'ring creatures as white as snow.
Like restive horses they caper and prance;
Like fairy-tale witches they wildly dance;
Rounded in front, but hollow behind,
They shiver and skip in the merry March wind.
One I saw dancing excitedly,
Struggling so wildly till she was free,
Then, leaving pegs and clothes-line behind her,
She flew like a bird, and no one can find her.
I saw her gleam, like a sail, in the sun,
Flipping and flapping and flopping for fun.
Nobody knows where she now can be,
Hid in a ditch, or drowned in the sea.
She was my handkerchief not long ago,
But she'll never come back to my pocket I know.

CHARLOTTE DRUITT COLE.

FALLING ASLEEP

Oh, sometimes when I'm put to bed,
I wish it weren't so early!
For everything inside my head
Feels somehow stretched and whirly.

I feel so wide awake and strong,
I think that I feel—busy—
But then it isn't very long
Before my thoughts get dizzy.

I lie and look at my big tree,
The moonlight makes it glisten;
It whispers hushy things to me;
I like to lie and listen.

And then I hear the crickets sing;
A bird says something cheepy . . .
And I don't care 'bout anything,
I feel so still and sleepy.

And then I feel as light as air,
Exactly like a feather,
And everything and everywhere
Just seem to run together!

EDNA KINGSLEY WALLACE.

CHRISTMAS EVE

ON Christmas Eve my mother read
The story once again,
Of how the little Child was born,
And of the Three Wise Men.

And how by following the Star
They found Him where He lay,
And brought Him gifts, and that is why
We keep our Christmas Day.

And when she read it all, I went
And looked across the snow,
And thought of Jesus coming
As He did so long ago.

I looked into the East and saw
A great star blazing bright;
There were three men upon the road
All black against the light.

I thought I heard the angels sing,
Away upon the hill . . .
I held my breath . . . it seemed as if
The whole great world were still.

It seemed to me the little Child
Was being born again . . .
And very near . . . that Then somehow
Was Now . . . or Now was Then.

EDNA KINGSLEY WALLACE.



THE WISE PLAYMATE

I LIKE to play by my lonesome self,
Because I know *how* to play—
And when other children come around
I have to *show* them the way.

I can be a princess with golden hair,
And a jailer, cruel and grim,
And as for the prince you'd better believe
I know *just* how to act like *him*!

I talk to myself, and scare the cook,
Because I know what to say—
The other children say stupid things
Not at all in the story way.

I can be a soldier, all full of cuts,
And a doctor to sew him up,
And a pretty nurse, in a snowy cap
With medicine in a cup.

So I play by myself, and talk to myself,
And when I am grown quite big
I shall be a cook, *and* a captain bold
Like the crew of the *Nancy* brig.

MARY FANNY YOUNGS.

THE DEAR OLD GRAN'

THE dear old Gran' is very black,
And Mar'gret is her name—
I wouldn't care if she was *pink*,
I'd love her just the same!
She takes me up into her lap,
And calls me "po' Miss Mame."

The dear old Gran' makes ginger cakes
And sugar cookies too.
She lets me help her grease the pans
And stick a broomstraw through
The cakes, to see if they are done.
I love her; wouldn't you?

The dear old Gran' ties up her head
In a white turban thing.
She wears long-sleeved red flannel shirts
Both Summer-time and Spring,
Because of mis'ry in her back
Which hurts like anything.

The dear old Gran' gets awful cross
If I forget to show
All my new clo'es, and shoes, and hats,

It hurts her feelin's so—
She says, " Miss Mame is gittin' proud "—
But she knows better, though.

The dear old Gran' is very old—
She says she has a plan
To go away and leave us soon—
I don't see how she *can* !
I don't see quite how we could *live*
Without the dear old Gran'!

MARY FANNY YOUNGS.



KATIE

THERE is no one like Katie that ever I saw,
For she makes all my dresses and hats,
She knows all about flowers, and the queer-looking
stones,
And she helps me find names for the cats.

When I'm sick, she takes care of me, daytimes and
nights,
And she knows how to drive like a man,
And she knows how to row, and she knows how to
sail,
And catch fiddlers for bait in a can.

She tells wonderful stories of horses and things,
And a crow that she had for a pet,
And her beau is named Peter, but lucky for me,
He hasn't come after her yet.

I'm afraid I'm too big for a regular nurse,
But she'll stay with me, always, I hope,
For I love her for ever, although when I'm bad
She washes my mouth out with soap.

MARY FANNY YOUNGS.

THE DAFFODIL'S LULLABY

DAFFADOWNDILLY is sad to-night,
Heigh Ho, Daffadowndilly!
Sad for the sun and his golden light,
For the moon is pale and the stars are white
And the kiss of the dew falls chilly.

Daffadowndilly is nodding his head,
Shedding a tear as he turns to his bed.
Heigh Ho!
Night winds blow
Over my Daffadowndilly.

Daffadowndilly, the day will rise,
Peep Bo, Daffadowndilly!
Lighting his lamp in the eastern skies,
Fighting the slumber from drowsy-droop eyes,
Warming my Lenten Lily.

Daffadowndilly in robe of gold,
King of the meadow, his court will hold.
Peep Bo!
Sunbeams glow,
Waking my Daffadowndilly.

W. GRAHAM ROBERTSON.

THE DANCING FAIRIES

SHE comes from the Western Garden,
The Isle of the Evening Star
That drifts in light through the seas of night
Like a rose-flushed nenuphar.
The garden that's dragon-guarded
To-day as in days of old;
The stars in her pathway fall and shoot,
The Hesper Tree is dropping its fruit,
Dropping its burden of gold.

What gift from the Queen of the Fairies?
What boon for this earth of ours?
What treasure-hoard in that Garden stored,
What fragrance of mystic flowers?
The glint of an Apple that's Golden,
The scent of a Rose that's Blue,
And the spray from the Fountain of Youth that clings
In May's first dew to her whispering wings,
These are the gifts that our Lady brings
From the Land where dreams come true.

W. GRAHAM ROBERTSON.

THE SAD STORY OF A LITTLE BOY
THAT CRIED

ONCE a little boy, Jack, was, oh! ever so good,
Till he took a strange notion to cry all he could.

So he cried all the day, and he cried all the night,
He cried in the morning and in the twilight;

He cried till his voice was as hoarse as a crow,
And his mouth grew so large it looked like a great O.

It grew at the bottom and grew at the top;
It grew till they thought that it never would stop.

Each day his great mouth grew taller and taller,
And his dear little self grew smaller and smaller.

At last, that same mouth grew so big that—alack!—
It was only a mouth with a border of Jack.

ANON.—From *St. Nicholas*.

THE TWELVE GARDENERS

I KNOW twelve gardeners good
To make my garden grow
In all the multitude
Of all the blooms that blow;

Sunflower and rose and pink,
The big flowers and the small,
Yes, any sort you think,
My gardeners serve them all.

They work in shifts of three,
And when one shift is gone
(All gardeners want their tea)
Another shift comes on.

Three gardeners to a shift,
Four shifts of gardeners three,
To make my beds uplift
And burgeon joyously.

One shift to ripe the seed;
And one to tend the flowers
And give them steadfast heed
Throughout the golden hours;

One shift to drop them down,
Tender and reverent,
Upon Earth's kindly brown,
When all the gold is spent;

And one to watch and wait
And blow upon its thumbs,
Till through the garden gate
Again the first shift comes.

I know twelve gardeners good
That watch and serve and sow
Of their solicitude
For all the flowers that blow.

Punch.



ON SUNDAY EVENING

SOMETIMES on Sunday evening, when it is very cold,
And Jane is out, my mother puts the table you unfold
Before the fire in Daddy's den, and spreads it there
for tea;
(I don't have tea, so Mother makes the cambric kind
for me).

And we go out and look around for odds and ends to
eat;
Then Mother makes the toast before the fire, and as a
treat
For Father, makes some cheesy thing—the pepper
makes me sneeze;
She does it in the chafing dish, and lets me grate the
cheese.

Then Father turns around and roars, "O Woman,
give me Food!"
Of course, that's only just his fun, for father's never
rude.
And when we've eaten all we want, we clear up every
scrap,
Then Father sits in his big chair, and I sit on his lap.

And Mother perches on the arm, and snuggles down,
and Oh!

We see all sorts of pictures when the fire is burning
low . . .

And when we hear the wind go by, and then our fire
goes "Sizz—z!"

And Father hugs us both, why—Home seems all the
place there is!

EDNA KINGSLEY WALLACE.



THE FARMER'S BOY

WHEN I went o'er the mountains a farmer's boy to
be,
My mother wept all morning when taking leave of
me,
My heart was heavy in me, but I thrept that I was
gay;
A man of twelve should never weep when going far
away.

In the country o'er the mountains the rough roads
straggle down,
There's many a long and weary mile 'twixt there and
Glenties town;
I went to be a farmer's boy to work the season
through
From Whitsuntide to Hallowe'en, which time the rent
came due.

When virgin pure, the dawn's white arm stole o'er
my mother's door,
From Glenties town I took the road I never trod
before;

Come Lammas-tide I would not see the trout in
Greenan's Burn,
And Hallowe'en might come and go, but I would not
return.

My mother's love for me is warm, her house is cold
and bare,
A man who wants to see the world has little comfort
there;
And there 'tis hard to pay the rent, for all you dig
and delve,
But there's hope beyond the mountains for a little
man of twelve.

When I went o'er the mountains I worked for days
on end,
Without a soul to cheer me through or one to call me
friend;
With older mates I toiled and toiled, in rain and heat
and wind,
And kept my place. A Glenties man is never left
behind.

The farmer's wench looked down on me, for she was
spruce and clean,
But men of twelve don't care for girls like lads of
seventeen;
And sorrow take the farmer's wench! Her pride
could never hold
With mine when hoeing turnip fields with fellows
twice as old.

And so from May to Hallowe'en I wrought and felt
content,
And sent my wages through the post to pay my
mother's rent ;
For I kept up the Glenties' name, and blest, when all
was done,
The pride that gave a man of twelve the strength of
twenty-one.

PATRICK MACGILL.



THE THRUSH'S SONG

I

COME and kiss me! Come and kiss me!
 Dō it! Dō it!
 Sēe to it! Sēe to it!
 Nor rūe it—rūe it!

Sūch a pretty Dick!
 Pretty Dick! Pretty Dick!
 Pretty! Pretty! Pretty!
 Be quick! Be quick!

Churl! Churl! Churl! Churl!
 TSCHURL! ! !—not to dō it!
 Pōōr—y Dick! Pōōr—y Dick!
 Dō—oo—ōō it!

II

Kiss me! Kiss me! Kiss me! Kiss me!
 Dō it! Dō it!
 Sweet! Sweet! Sweet! Sweet!
 You're through it—through it!

Pretty! Pretty! Pretty!
 Be quick! Be quick!
 Sūch a pretty Dick!
 Pretty Dick! Pretty Dick!

Luck! Luck! Luck! Luck!
 Luck that you dō it!
 Sweet! Sweet! Sweet of you!
 Swēēt it is to dō it!

III

Tell me that you'll marry me!
 Dō it! Dō it!
 Sweet! Sweet! Sweet! Sweet!
 I knēw it—knēw it!

Sūch a pretty Dick!
 Pretty Dick! Pretty Dick!
 Pretty! Pretty! Pretty!
 Be quick! Be quick!

Chuck! Chuck! Chuck! Chuck!
 Chuck! Let us dō it!
 Mārry me! Mārry me!
 Pretty girl! Dō it!

MARJORIE CHRISTMAS.

AT NIGHT

ON moony nights the dogs bark shrill
Down the valley and up the hill.

There's one is angry to behold
The moon so unafraid and cold,
Who makes the earth as bright as day,
But yet unhappy, dead, and grey.

Another in his strawy lair
Says: "Who's a-howling over there?
By heavens I will stop him soon
From interfering with the moon."

So back he barks with throat upthrown:
"You leave our moon, our moon alone!"
And other distant dogs respond
Beyond the fields, beyond, beyond.

FRANCES CORNFORD.

HAY HARVEST

I MET a man mowing
A meadow of hay;
So smoothly and flowing
His swathes fell away,
At break of the day
Up Hambleden way;
A yellow-eyed collie
Was guarding his coat—
Loose-limbed and lob-lolly,
But wise and remote.

The morning came leaping
'Twas four o' the clock,
The world was still sleeping
At Hambleden Lock—
As sound as a rock
Slept village and Lock;
“ Fine morning! ” the man says,
And I says, “ Fine day! ”
Then I to my fancies
And he to his hay!

And lovely and quiet,
And lonely and chill,

Lay river and eyot,
And meadow and mill—
I think of them still—
Mead, river and mill;
For wasn't it jolly
With only us three—
The yellow-eyed collie,
The mower and me?

P. R CHALMERS.



GRACE

DEAR Lord, bless my bread and meat,
And everything I drink and eat,
And let them make me well and strong
To keep from ever doing wrong.
I thank Thee, Lord, each day again
For guarding little boys. Amen.

BURGES JOHNSON.



OMNISCIENCE

I'VE been to school at least a hundred days
Or, maybe, more;
My brother, he just stays at home and plays,—
He's only four.

I'm old. I know that gnomes and elves and such
Are just a fraud.
There's no one 'cept my daddy knows so much,
And, maybe, God.

BURGES JOHNSON.



THE WITCH AND THE TRUANT BOYS

PETER and John, against the rule,
Are playing truant from their school.
With eager steps away they go
To seek a fishing pool they know.

But see a witch is hiding there—
She'll catch them if they don't take care.
Oh boys! make haste and hurry past!
No—she has caught them tight and fast.

And now away with them she hies,
In spite of all their kicks and cries.
She hurries home and shuts the door
And then she drops them on the floor.

“ These boys are plump and soft,” says she,
“ A fine fat meal they'll make for me.
I'll fill my very biggest pot,
And cook them when the water's hot.”

But while her pot she's getting out,
The frightened Peter looks about.
He sees the bread-trough open wide,
And into it he jumps to hide;

Then with a bump he shuts the lid,
And there he lies all safely hid.
But the old witch has heard the sound,
And quick she turns herself around.

She peers about with blinking eyes,
“ Where is that other boy? ” she cries.
“ He can’t have run away so quick.
He must be hiding for a trick.”

“ You haven’t treated me so well
That you can think I want to tell,
But if you look outside,” says John,
“ Maybe you’ll see which way he’s gone.”

The old witch throws the window wide
And leans to look about outside.
But while she’s peering all around
John creeps up close without a sound,

And shuts the window on her tight,
And holds it down with all his might.
’Tis vain for her to kick and bawl,
John does not heed her cries at all.

“ Quick, Peter! Bring me from the shelf
Hammer and nails. Bestir yourself.”
Out from the dough-trough Peter springs;
Quickly he fetches John the things.

“ Here they are, brother! ” Now, tap-tap!
John drives the nails with many a rap.
He has the window nailed at last
So tight 'twill hold the old witch fast.

No matter how she squirms and cries,
She can't get loose howe'er she tries.
But now the little boys are free
To run on home, as you may see.

I'm sure it will be many a day
Before again from school they stay.
As for the witch, if she's stuck tight
Until this day it serves her right.

KATHARINE PYLE.





POETRY BY BOYS
AND GIRLS

Adrian Tuffield, aged 12 years 3 months, wrote this :

HE clears his voice with a sip of the dew
That lies on the grass when the day is new;
Then spreads his wings and soars on high,
Till he's naught but a speck in the vast blue sky.

His musical notes come fast and free,
In a strain of sweetest melody;
He pours them out so rich and clear,
That his thrilling song the world may hear.

To guard the nest his mate must stay,
But her heart is cheered by his roundelay;
When sunset comes with its rosy glow,
He'll leave his heaven for his love below.

Ronald Burn, aged 13 years 3 months, wrote this :

EMELIE

THERE was a maid most beautiful,
Her name was Emelie;
Her hair was braided down her back
And fell down to her knee.

There were two men in the great stone tower
Who gazed on Emelie,
Picking sweet flowers both white and red
To deck her head with glee.

Eric Eunion, aged 12 years 5 months, wrote this :

THE CONDOR

IN the heart of purple Andes
 Sails upon majestic wings
 The mighty Condor. None but he
 Can sail into the cloudless heavens
 Half so high and far.
 He seems like to the honey-bee
 Upon the golden crownèd sunflower,
 A little speck in the blue fastnesses of heaven.
 And yet, with piercing eye
 He watches every movement of a hare upon the mountain,
 He scans each deep ravine, each rocky steep,
 Each lonely lake, each primrosed wood
 Wherein the mouse and squirrel play and gambol.
 He sees each antler'd stag,
 Each dapplèd fawn, that lurks
 Within the resinous pine-tree's shade,
 Skipping and leaping o'er its joyous mother.

Hugo Gwynn Jones, aged 8 years, wrote this :

Down in the woodland
 I saw a little Elf;
 I said to him, " What
 Dost thou make ? "
 He said, " I make a shelf."
 " For the Fairy Queen ? " I asked,
 And he winked.
 And went on with his work
 With a chink, chink, chink.

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Mollie Panter-Downes, aged 12 years, wrote this about the Skylark :

GOD who made the breeze
Whisp'ring through the trees
In rippling symphonies,
Made my feathered throat
The home of melodies.

Frances M. Buss, aged 17, wrote this about Morgan le Fay :

HER face gleamed pale amidst her heavy hair,
As on a stormy night the crescent moon
Shines wanly from the dusk of rifted clouds.
While all the terror and the gloom of night
Were gathered in the splendour of her eyes.

Master Channon Collinge wrote this :

I HAVE a little teddy bear
It sleeps with me at night,
And in the morning when I wake
It always hugs me tight.

I have a little rabbit too,
It also sleeps with me,
And in the middle of the night
They fight,
And wake me up you see.

Bessie Griffiths, aged 11, wrote this :

SUNSET

THE sun sank low,
The heavens were aglow
With the sweet splendour
Of an autumn sunset.
Clouds purple and gold
Lay on the hills old,
And to their full height
Into the ruddy light
Rose tapering peaks
Silver and white,
Shining like spires airy
Of some Celestial City.

Diana Bridgeman, aged 9, wrote this :

SPRING

CAN'T you see the Spring a-coming
Decking flowers and trees?
She has flowers all around her
And a basket full of bees.
Which she scatters as she passes
To fly where'er they please.

Where she touches small buds open
And flowers pink and blue:
She's a bottle full of sunshine
And a bottle full of dew:
Then she studies from the hill-top
And she paints the view.

Her green garments trail behind her
 As a river flows,
 Catching on the trees and branches
 Where, as leaves, it grows.
 She has flowers all around her
 Which she scatters as she goes.

Spring is young and ne'er grows older,
 She comes every year,
 Decking all the trees and bushes
 With her garment long and fair.
 She has bees and dew and sunshine
 Which she scatters everywhere.

Joan Cross Druce wrote this :

AUTUMN IN LONDON

It's October now in London and the year is growing
 mellow,
 A soft blue mist is rising from the water over there.
 Down away in Kensington, the leaves are falling yellow
 Where the West Wind swoops along the paths to stir
 the babies' hair.

It's October now in London, and the early twilight's
 falling,
 Through the foggy Autumn evening the lights shine
 blurred and red,
 When, somewhere in the distance, you can hear a woman
 calling,
 "Lavender, sweet Lavender," then summer's really dead.

Oh! it's Autumn in the City and the yellow day is
 dying,
 Myriad lights and lamps are shining in the haunts of
 man;
 But down away in Kensington the golden leaves are
 flying,
 Swirling down the Broad Walk to the pipes of Peter Pan.

E. Neal, aged 13 years, wrote this :

FAIRYLAND

In fairyland, in fairyland,
 Clear waters glide on every hand,
 And blushing rosebuds starred with dew
 An ecstasy of perfume strew.
 Sweet zephyrs breathe melodious notes,
 On lightest wing the sunbeam floats,
 And bowers with leafy screens o'er-falling
 The weary to repose seem calling:
 Cool nooks where fairies circling, gleaming,
 Entice the minstrel into dreaming.

E. Nelson, aged 15 years, wrote this :

THE WRECK OF THE "TYNDAREUS"

I DON'T know exactly the route the *Tyndareus* then was
 taking,
 Nor do I know the port for which the gallant ship was
 making,
 We were under secret orders bound for lands across the
 sea,
 To fight for King and Country, for Faith and Liberty.

POETRY BY BOYS AND GIRLS 161

Agulhas Head was on our beam; the Atlantic swelled
 ahead,
And on each side an angry waste like a campos of the
 dead,
Stretched on and ever onward still, as far as eye could
 see,
Unbroken by a single sail, to windward or to lee.

A hundred sailors were on board, and a thousand soldiers
 too,
Who were known to fame as the "Die-Hards," and were
 to earn the name anew,
But not this time on the battle field, in the glamour of
 the fray,
But out on the ravening waters in the light of the parting
 day.

Remember they were landsmen all, with a dread of the
 angry sea,
And without a weapon to fight it but English Chivalry.
The ship cut through the crested waves leaving a milky
 trail,
Though the wind had veered from South to West, and
 freshened to a gale.

And little she recked as she saucily tossed the angry
 spume from her prow
Of the danger that lurked like a demon in leash, not a
 dozen feet from her bow.
But hidden beneath the surface and fashioned by
 Hunni-h gall,
To make of the ship a coffin, the waves her covering
 pall.

162 POETRY BY BOYS AND GIRLS

Unconscious of ill, the ship sailed on, until with a sullen
 roar,
A leaping flame, and grinding crash that shook her to
 the core,
She listed right over to starboard, and settled down by
 the head.
It seemed as if nothing could save her now from finding
 a watery bed.

But the wireless flashed that signal dire, the mariner's
 signal of need,
Which humanity teaches must ne'er be ignored, and
 only the Hun does not heed.
Then the Captain cried out, "To your stations, my
 boys, and prepare to lower the boats,
But here on the bridge I'll stick, my boys, as long as the
 vessel floats."

And the Colonel himself also mounted the bridge, and
 spoke to the soldiers below:
"Remember, my men, you are Englishmen all, and
 although you are fighting no foe,
And the glory of battle has left you alone, your honour's
 at stake just the same.
If death be our fate we will meet it like men; an English-
 man always dies game."

And every man lined up in the ranks, and the roll was
 called once more,
The while the waves were mounting higher, and the ship
 was sinking lower.
Though death seemed cruel and life was fair, and hope
 was beginning to fade,
They stood at attention lining the decks, as if they were
 on parade.

POETRY BY BOYS AND GIRLS 163

Then all at once upon the air there broke the strains of
song

That spoke of "Mary of Tipperary," and of "the way
that's long."

And each soldier joined in the chorus loud, while he
gazed on the angry foam,

And thought of the wife he might ne'er see again, or the
lass he had left at home.

And though hearts beat fast, and in many an eye there
shone an unshed tear,

Not a cry went up, not a sound was heard, that spoke
of panic or fear.

But meanwhile the flash from the wireless had been
caught by a ship on patrol

And the song that surged o'er the ocean guided it straight
to its goal.

And as the vessel hove in sight there went up a mighty
cheer

From the throats of men who had gazed on death: the
death they did not fear.

This tale I'm glad I need not end upon a tragic note,

For every soul on board was saved; and the ship was
kept afloat.

But English hearts will glow with pride whene'er the
tale is told,

Of the gallant men of Middlesex, and of their Colonel
bold,

Whose speech—though speech is of silver, as taught by
a maxim of old—

Should be written on tablets of marble and blazoned in
letters of gold.

F. I. Shields wrote this :

COBWEBS

I HAVE found the fairies' country
 And I know now where they dwell,
 For I rose one misty morning
 And they laid on me a spell,
 Till there before my wond'ring eyes
 I saw their shining households rise.

In the morning sun's pale glowing,
 Gilding every bush and tree,
 There were flashing, flaunting bowers
 Where the fairy-folk live free;
 And floating with the sunbound haze
 I saw aerial pathways blaze.

To my half-awakened vision
 Every scintillating thread
 Had its fairy population
 Which at my approach had fled.
 'Tis said that fairies are no more,
 But fairyland that morn I saw.

Yvonne Cresswell, aged 15 years 6 months, wrote this :

I HAVE PICKED THIS DAFFODIL . . .

I HAVE picked this daffodil
 For you, underneath the hill
 Where the pine trees grow;
 There I found it, half in bloom,
 Where the thicket casts a gloom,
 Where the south winds blow.

Where the early morning mist
Wraps its folds of amethyst
Emerald and blue
Round the trees, that silent lie
Underneath the dawn-flushed sky—
There this blossom grew.

Like a flash of yellow light,
Like a splash of colour bright,
In the woods it seemed;
Like a glimpse of coming day,
Like the sun's first golden ray
In the shade it gleamed.

Where the drooping violet,
Where the primrose, pale and wet,
Perfumed fragrance shower;
Where the linnets sometimes sings,
By the bubbling water springs,
There I found this flower.

So I picked this daffodil,
In the evening, cool and still,
Wet with falling dew;
When the shadows wandered by,
In the deepening twilight I
Gathered it for you.

Mollie Panter-Downes wrote this :

WOODNOTES WILD

FOOTSTEPS of the creatures wild
Go to where in groves unseen
Pan the wonder forest-child
Pipes his notes on rushes green;

Rabbits with their coats of down,
Noble deer that haunt the wood,
Squirrels in their golden brown,
Came to Pan, who understood.
There he sat upon a mound
With his rushy pipe so sweet,
Tall and slender, ivy-crowned,
With the creatures at his feet.
Some creatures at Pan's music wept,
For all his notes had haunting sound.
The deer with joy and gladness leapt,
The birdies felt a joy profound.
But Pan went on with fluting sweet
And wove soft magic as he could
On creatures gathered round his feet,
There in the shady charmed wood.

ADDITIONAL POEMS

The remaining pages of this book are intended for the insertion of new short poems from newspapers, periodicals or new volumes of verse. Select carefully and write neatly.
