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POETS AND POETRY

Junior Book II

ARRANGED BY

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GEOGRAPHY, HISTORY, ARITHMETIC," ETC.

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PREFACE

THE use of pupils' books as a means of self-education is now an established practice in most schools. In books of poetry the pupil specially needs some guidance to enable him to make full use of his opportunities for self-instruction. It demands an extraordinary feat of mental adjustment to turn from a lesson, say, on arithmetic, and at a moment's notice to attune the senses to the appreciation of poetry. The teacher has not always the time to prepare the children's minds for the study. These books of *Poets And Poetry* have been prepared to supplement the work of the teacher and to stimulate the mental activities of the children.

The poems are arranged in groups under certain subject headings or with a common thought running through each group. The notes at the beginning of each section are framed with the object of creating a suitable atmosphere for the study of the poems, and the notes and questions at the end of each section will guide the pupil to a fuller appreciation of the beauty of the poetry.

The sketches in the Junior Books are mainly intended as pictorial illustrations of certain words and phrases unfamiliar to children, especially to those children living in cities.

The majority of the poems are from the works of modern poets—Robert Bridges, Patrick Chalmers, Mary E. Coleridge, William Davies, Walter de la Mare, John Drinkwater, Rose Fyleman, Wilfrid Gibson, Thomas Hardy, Rudyard Kipling, John Masefield, Sir Henry Newbolt, Alfred Noyes, J. C. Squire, James Stephens, Dorothy Margaret Stuart, Wilfrid Thorley, William Butler Yeats, etc.

There are in all six books in the series, viz., *Junior Books* I., II., III., and *Senior Books*, I., II., III.

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I. OF BIRDS.



Part 1.

“ Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the skylark sing ;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning !

“ And now 't was like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute ;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.”

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

When we were talking about the music of poetry in our first book, we said that poets will sometimes imitate the songs of birds. Many hundreds of years ago somebody imitated the talk of the bird which we now call a “cuckoo,” and that is how the bird got its name.

William Shakespeare, in the first play of his that we have, makes one of the actors represent Spring and sing a cuckoo song :

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,

OF BIRDS

And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
 Do paint the meadows with delight,
 The cuckoo then on every tree,
 Mocks foolish men ; for thus sings he,
 Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo.

Here is a stanza, a very old one, about the Coo of the dove. A *stanza*, you will remember, is the name for each group of lines, four or more, into which a poem is divided. A *verse* is a line.

The dove says "Coo, coo, what shall I do ?
 I can scarce maintain two."
 "Pooh, pooh," says the wren,
 "I have got ten,
 And keep them all like gentlemen."

In the following stanza William Allingham tries to tell what the thrush says :

"Die ! die !
 Oh, could he do it ? could he do it ? Nay !
 Be quick ! be quick ! Here, here, here !" (went his
 lay)
 "Take heed ! take heed !" then, "Why ? why ?
 why ? why ? why ?
 See-ee now ! see-ee now !" (he drawled). "Back ! back !
 back ! R-r-r-run away !"

Our first poem, *The Cuckoo*, is by a modern poet. All country boys and girls know that the cuckoo comes to England in early spring, flying over the ocean from the warm lands of the south. When we hear the cuckoo we know that summer is near. The next poem, *Spring*, is by Thomas Nash, who lived in the time of Queen Elizabeth, when William Shakespeare wrote his famous plays. Here we have many pleasing pictures of the countryside in spring — flowers, dancing maidens, pretty singing birds, lambs frisking to the shepherds' music, etc.



1. THE CUCKOO.

His voice runs before me ; I follow ; it flies ;
 It is now in the meadow and now in the skies ;
 So blithesome, so lightsome ; now distant, now here ;
 And when he calls " Cuckoo ! " the summer is near.

He calls back the roses, red roses, that went
 At the first blast of winter, so red and forespent,
 With the dew in their bosoms, young roses and dear ;
 And when he calls " Cuckoo ! " the summer is near.

I would twine him a gold cage, but what would he do
 For his world of the emerald, his bath in the blue ?
 And his wee feathered comrades to make him good cheer ?
 And when he calls " Cuckoo ! " the summer is near.

Now, blackbird, give over your harping of gold !
 Brown thrush and green linnet, your music withhold !
 The flutes of the forest are silver and clear,
 But when he calls " Cuckoo ! " the summer is here.

Katharine Tynan Hinkson.

2. SPRING.

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king :
 Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
 Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !

The palm and may make country houses gay,
 Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
 And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
 Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
 In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !
 Spring ! the sweet Spring !

Thomas Nash.



PALM.



MAY.

1. *The Cuckoo* sings as he flies through the air so that his voice is heard “ now in the meadow and now in the skies ; so blithesome, so lightsome ; now distant, now here.” The poet tells us that the cuckoo calls back the roses whose beauty was *forespent*, or *worn out*. An *emerald* is a precious stone of green colour.

What are “ the flutes of the forest ? ” What is the cuckoo’s “ world of the emerald ” ? What is his “ bath in the blue ” ?

2. *Spring*. The refrain in this song is the song of four birds : “ cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo.” The spring *palm* is the name commonly given to the willow catkins. They are oval-shaped and are velvety to the touch. In this poem a word in the middle of each line rhymes with the end-word in each line—*spring* and *king* ; *thing* and *ring* ; *aye* and *lay*. This arrangement of rhyming words helps to make the music. The word *aye* means *always*.

Why is spring called “ the year’s pleasant king ” ? What flowers help to make “ fields breathe sweet ” ? What flowers besides daisies “ kiss our feet ” ? Which bird sings “ to-witta-woo ” ?

Name the call of any other bird of which you know.

Part 2.

Then the little Hiawatha
 Learned of every bird its language,
 Learned their names and all their secrets,
 How they built their nests in Summer,
 Where they hid themselves in Winter,
 Talked with them whene'er he met them,
 Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Longfellow.



James Stephens, another poet of to-day, tells how a man and a bird tried to sing the best they could. Both sang so sweetly and prettily that the man would not listen to the bird, and the bird would not listen to the man. They were *Rivals*. When two children try very hard to reach the same place in a class we call them *rivals*.

Then we have another delightful bird-song by the same poet. The bird sings about himself and his wife Peg, sitting on her eggs. The bird is very happy and the music of the poem has a pleasant lilt.

3. THE RIVALS.

I heard a bird at dawn
 Singing sweetly on a tree,
 That the dew was on the lawn,
 And the wind was on the lea ;
 But I didn't listen to him,
 For he didn't sing to me !

I didn't listen to him,
 For he didn't sing to me
 That the dew was on the lawn
 And the wind was on the lea !
 I was singing at the time
 Just as prettily as he !



OF BIRDS

I was singing all the time,
 Just as prettily as he,
 About the dew upon the lawn
 And the wind upon the lea !
 So I didn't listen to him
 As he sang upon a tree !

James Stephens.

4. A BIRD'S SONG.

I.

I cling and swing
 On a branch, or sing
 Through the cool clear hush of morning O !

Or fling my wing
 On the air, and bring
 To sleepier birds a warning O !

That the night's in flight !
 And the sun's in sight !
 And the dew is the grass adorning O !

And the green leaves swing
 As I sing, sing, sing :
 Up by the river,
 Down the dell,
 To the little wee nest,
 Where the big tree fell,
 So early in the morning O !

II.

I flit and twit,
 In the sun for a bit,
 When his light so bright is shining O !

Or sit, and fit
 My plumes, or knit
 Straw plaits for the nest's nice lining O !

And she, with glee,
 Shows unto me,
 Underneath her wing reclining O !

And I sing that Peg,
 Has an egg, egg, egg !
 Up by the oat-field,
 Round the mill ;
 Past the meadow,
 Down the hill ;
 So early in the morning O !



III.

I stoop and swoop
 On the air, or loop
 Through the trees, and then go soaring O !

To group, with a troop,
 On the skiey poop,
 While the wind behind is roaring O !

I skim and swim
 By a cloud's red rim ;
 And up to the azure flooring O !

And my wide wings drip,
 As I slip, slip, slip,
 Down through the rain-drops,
 Back where Peg
 Broods in the nest
 On the little white egg,
 So early in the morning O !

James Stephens.

3. *The Rivals*. Why wouldn't the man listen to the bird's song ?
What time of the day was it when the bird was singing ? .

4. *A Bird's Song*. The tree in the breeze is compared to a ship rocking in the waves, and a projecting bough on which several birds are swaying is thought of as the ship's *poop*, or stern, with sailors in it. The *azure flooring* is the blue sky. In this poem are many examples of middle rhymes :—*cling* and *swing* ; *fling* and *wing* ; *flit* and *twit*, and so on.

The bird in this poem is spoken of as a person. Can you tell all the things that the bird says he can do ? (Begin like this :—I cling ; I swing ; I fling, etc.)

Part 3.

The *Pigeons* is another poem about birds written by a modern poet, Wilfrid Thorley. You should notice especially the last two lines which tell how the pigeons go up and up till they are lost to sight in Heaven :

The wing-wind of my pigeons seven
Blows open the shut door of Heaven.

There is a bird in America whose song sounds something like "Bob-O-Link," so people call it *Robert of Lincoln*, and an American poet named Bryant wrote a poem about it. In the second half of every stanza he tries to put into words what the bird is singing. He does it so cleverly that you can easily imagine that you see the bird hopping about and singing :

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Nice good wife—never goes out,
Keeping house—I frolic about,
Chee, chee, chee.

5. PIGEONS.

I clap a hand upon a hand,
 And fourteen sudden wings expand,
 And fourteen feet are folded up
 On doves that rim the sky's blue cup ;
 And round they float like blossoms borne
 Upon a floating bough of thorn
 Till down they flutter, one by one,
 Like blossom when the summer's done.

I clap a hand upon a hand,
 And suddenly the air is fanned
 By seven blue birds near as light
 As the blue air whereon they smite.
 I watch them from my window-sill,
 And round they go, and up, until
 The wing-wind of my pigeons seven
 Blows open the shut door of Heaven.

Wilfrid Thorley.

6. ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
 Near to the nest of his little dame,
 Over the mountain-side or mead,
 Robert of Lincoln is telling his name :
 " Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink ;
 Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
 Hidden among the summer flowers.
 Chee, chee, chee ! "



Robert of Lincoln is gaily drest,
 Wearing a bright black wedding-coat ;

OF BIRDS

White are his shoulders and white his crest.

Hear him call in his merry note :

“ Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;

Look what a nice new coat of mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.

Chee, chee, chee ! ”

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,

Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,

Passing at home a patient life,

Broods in the grass while her husband sings :

“ Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;

Brood, kind creature ; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.

Chee, chee, chee ! ”

Modest and shy as a nun is she ;

One weak chirp is her only note.

Braggart, and prince of braggarts, is he,

Pouring boasts from his little throat :

“ Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;

Never was I afraid of man ;

Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can !

Chee, chee, chee ! ”

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,

Flecked with purple, a pretty sight !

There as the mother sits all day,

Robert is singing with all his might :

“ Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;

Nice good wife that never goes out,

OF BIRDS

17

Keeping house while I frolic about
Chee, chee, chee ! ”

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food ;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood :
“ Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee ! ”

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care ;
Off his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air :
“ Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee ! ”

Summer wanes ; the children are grown ;
Fun and frolic no more he knows ;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone ;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee !

William Cullen Bryant.

5. *Pigeons*. If you have watched pigeons you will know that this poem tells *exactly* how they fly. How at the clapping of the hands their "sudden wings expand," their feet fold up, they float round in the air like blossoms, and like blossoms they float down one by one. Poets observe the flowers, the birds, the animals and other creatures of nature very, very carefully; then they can tell us *exactly* what they have seen.

Do you know the name of a *thorn* on which blossoms grow? What does the poet mean by saying that "the air is fanned"? Why does the poet say *sudden wings*?

6. *Robert of Lincoln* looks very gay in the springtime, but his wife is pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings. She is like a Quaker's



wife. A Quaker is one who belongs to a religious family of Friends. Quakers are quiet and earnest, and simply dressed. Robert, now, is a braggart, a *boastful* bird, but his wife is as shy as a nun. A nun belongs to a religious house called a nunnery; a nun, too, like a Quaker, is very modest and quiet. Here are pictures of a Quaker's wife and a nun.

How is Robert of Lincoln dressed for his wedding? When does Robert sing best? When does he work hard? When does he stop playing? What does the poet mean by saying: "off his holiday garment laid"? Which word in the poem rhymes with *crone*? Name other words that rhyme with it.

II. OF FLOWERS.



Part 1.

Do you remember the following words from the Bible? “Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.”

Flowers make us think of pleasant things—of romping games in grassy meadows; of wild roses in shady lanes; of paddling in brooks where blue forget-me-nots grow. It is not surprising that clever men and women have written poems about flowers.

The first poem in this chapter is a little song of welcome to *The Snowdrop*. Tennyson calls the flower “February fair-maid.” Do you not think that *fair-maid* is a very pretty name for the white snowdrop? There is a picture of some snowdrops on the next page.

The next poem is also by Tennyson. It expresses the longing of *The City Child* for the flowers of the gardens and the meadows. You should notice how to pronounce the word anemones—*a-ném-o-nes*.

The third poem is a delightful fancy *Of The Daisies In A Breeze*.

Do you know what the children are doing in the picture?

OF FLOWERS

1. THE SNOWDROP.

Many, many welcomes,
 February fair-maid ;
 Ever as of old time,
 Solitary firstling ;
 Coming in the cold time,
 Prophet of the gay time,
 Prophet of the May time,
 Prophet of the roses ;
 Many, many welcomes,
 February fair-maid !



Lord Tennyson.

2. THE CITY CHILD.

Dainty little maiden, whither would you wander ?

Whither from this pretty home, the home where mother dwells ?

“ Far and far away,” said the dainty little maiden,

“ All among the gardens, auriculas, anemones,
 Roses and lilies and Canterbury-bells.”

Dainty little maiden, whither would you wander ?

Whither from this pretty house, this city-house of ours ?

“ Far and far away,” said the dainty little maiden,

“ All among the meadows, the clover and the clematis,
 Daisies and kingcups and honeysuckle-flowers.”

Lord Tennyson.

3. OF THE DAISIES IN A BREEZE.

The daisies, I think, are a tiny white choir
 Who lead all the other small flowers up higher,
 Whose voices are low, till at evening they sink.
 (Just look at their little wide eyes all a-wink !)

Each daisy, you know, at one time was a star,
 On a very dark night it fell over the bar
 Of Heaven that's farther than ever you'll think.
 (Just look at their little wide eyes all a-wink !)

I think that up there they grew thirsty and bowed
 Their pale little heads to 'sip out of a cloud,
 And as they were drinking fell over the brink.
 (Just look at their little wide eyes all a-wink !)

Wilfrid Thorley.

1. *The Snowdrop.* This poem is so pretty and musical that one does not notice at first how the rhymes are arranged. Here you must take two pairs of words together—*old time* and *cold time* ; *gay time* and *May time*. The word *prophet* is repeated four times. This is a favourite trick of many poets. By repeating certain words poets help us to hear the sound of bells, or the surge of the sea, or the rustling of the trees, or some other sweet music. The delicate snowdrop, the first flower of spring, blooms alone in the cold, but, like a *prophet*, it foretells good things to come—the gay time, the May time and the roses. *Solitary* means *alone* ; *firstling* means *the first-born of the season*.

Why does Tennyson welcome the snowdrop ?

2. *The City Child.* Which of the flowers noted in the poem have the brightest colours ? Which flower has the sweetest scent ?

3. *Of The Daisies In A Breeze.* The poet imagines that the daisies were once the stars, and that they sing in chorus like a *choir* to lead the other flowers of the fields up to heaven. There is a musical refrain in this poem : “ Just look at their little wide eyes all a-wink ! ”

Of what colour are the daisies' eyes ? How did the daisy-stars get to earth ? Why does the poet say *pale little heads* ?

Part 2.

In *The Wood Of Flowers*, by James Stephens, you will notice that the phrase "Wood of Flowers" is repeated three times. The poet tells us that although he was alone he was very happy, and you will readily understand the reason for his happiness when you read the poem.

April Rain is a very jolly poem. It says quite plainly : "Cheer up, never mind the weather, only look how the beautiful flowers are enjoying the rain."

The last poem in this chapter, *Of The Buttercups*, is another delightful fancy by Wilfrid Thorley. The poet imagines that fairy miners are at work like smiths at a forge underneath the ground. There they are beating out the gold to make the yellow petals for the buttercups, and they also make the tiny buttercup seeds from melted gold. The poet calls the fairy miners "such wondrous quaint designers," which means that they are very clever at making curious and beautiful things.

4. THE WOOD OF FLOWERS.

I went to the Wood of Flowers,
 (No one was with me)
 I was there alone for hours ;
 I was happy as could be
 In the Wood of Flowers.

There was grass on the ground,
 There were buds on the tree,
 And the wind had a sound
 Of such gaiety,
 That I was as happy,
 As happy could be,
 In the Wood of Flowers.

James Stephens.

5. APRIL RAIN.

It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils ;
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills.
The clouds of grey engulf the day,
And overwhelm the town—
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining roses down.
It isn't raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom,
Where any buccaneering bee
May find a bed and room.
A health unto the happy,
A fig for him who frets—
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining violets.



Robert Loveman.

6. OF THE BUTTERCUPS.

There must be fairy miners
Just underneath the mould,
Such wondrous quaint designers
Who live in caves of gold.
They take the shining metals,
And beat them into shreds ;
And mould them into petals
To make the flowers' heads.
Sometimes they melt the flowers
To tiny seeds like pearls,
And store them up in bowers
For little boys and girls.

OF FLOWERS

And still a tiny fan 'turns
 Above a forge of gold,
 To keep with fairy lanterns
 The world from growing old.

Wilfrid Thorley.

4. *The Wood Of Flowers.* Do you know the names of any flowers that grow in woods? Why did the poet like to be in the wood of flowers? Can you think of another word that means *gaiety*? When does the wind sound *gay*? When does it sound *sad*?

5. *April Rain.* There are several examples in this short poem of two or more words in a verse beginning with the same letter; for example:—*raining rain*; *dimpled drop*; *buccaneering bee*; *fig for him who frets*. This poet's trick of arranging words with like beginnings is called alliteration. Words so arranged run smoothly and musically. In Book I. there was a stanza by Rose Fyleman which ran:

Crowds of them and crowds of them
 All among the tide,
 On big waves and little waves
 Having such a ride!
 Creeping up the crinkly sand,
 Dancing on the rocks,
 Crowds of them and crowds of them
 In creamy curly frocks.

A *buccaneer* is a bold sea-robber, or pirate, and Robert Loveman thinks of the bee as a bold robber of the flowers' sweet honey.

Why does the poet like April rain? Where does the bee like to wander? Name all the flowers noted in this poem.

6. *Of The Buttercups.* Why do we often speak of *golden* buttercups? How do you play—"Do you like butter?" What do you see when you play the game? What are *pearls*?

III. WILLIAM BLAKE, A CHILDREN'S POET.

WILLIAM BLAKE was born in London, in the year 1757. His father was a hosier. He sold stockings and other woollen goods. William was not very much like other children. While they were playing at their games, he would sit or walk by himself, and, like Joan of Arc, he often saw visions that most other people have never seen. He not only saw fairies, but God and the angels. As a child of four he "saw God put his forehead to the window," and at seven he spoke of a tree full of angels. When he was ten years of age he tried to draw what he saw, and some of his drawings were very clever. Later on, when he was twelve, he began to put his visions into poetry.

One writer says that Blake was the first poet to have the thoughts of a child. That is because he not only wrote poems for children—which nobody else did in those days—but even when he was grown up he saw things as a child sees them. Like Peter Pan he never grew up. So we call Blake the "Children's Poet," and you will see, too, that we might well call him the "Happy Poet," for his poems are full of the laughter and joy of everything that he sees about him :

When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by ;
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it—

Blake was a very clever man. He wrote beautiful music for his own poems. He worked so hard at his drawings that he became a skilful artist. There are pictures by William Blake in the Tate Gallery in London. Most of them try to show in painting the thoughts that he had when reading the Bible.

Blake married a poor girl who had never been to school, but he taught her a great deal, and she afterwards helped him very much in his work. He put together some of his poems about children to

26 WILLIAM BLAKE, A CHILDREN'S POET

make a little book, which he called *Songs of Innocence*. He and his wife drew every letter, with many pictures besides, on thin plates of copper, and they printed them off with their own hands. Then they bound the sheets together into books. If you had one of those little books to-day you would be quite rich, for many people would want to give you hundreds of pounds for it. *Piping Down The Valleys Wild* is the first one in the book, and the next one is the "song about a lamb" that the child on the cloud told him to write.

A shepherd's pipe is a tube of reed or wood on which he plays music while watching his flocks. On the cover of this book is a little piper with his musical pipe, and there is a shepherd with his pipe on page 38.

When you read the poems by William Blake you will see that he must have been a happy man, although he was so poor, for there is so much laughter in his poems. From these six short poems write down all the phrases about laughter and happiness, then you will understand how Blake's love of Nature fills him with joy. For instance, in *Piping Down The Valleys Wild*, we have: songs of pleasant glee; and he, laughing, said to me; with merry cheer; thy happy pipe; song of happy cheer; wept with joy; my happy songs; every child may joy to hear. It is a hundred years since Blake died, but people still talk about his poems and his pictures.

1. PIPING DOWN THE VALLEYS WILD.

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he, laughing, said to me :—

“Pipe a song about a lamb !”
So I piped with merry cheer.
“Piper, pipe that song again ;”
So I piped : he wept to hear.

“ Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe ;
Sing thy song of happy cheer ! ”
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

“ Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read.”
So he vanished from my sight ;
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs,
Every child may joy to hear.

William Blake.

2. THE LAMB.

Little lamb, who made thee ?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead ;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright ;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice ?

Little lamb, who made thee ?
Dost thou know who made thee ?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee ;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee ;
He is callèd by thy name,
For He calls Himself a lamb ;
He is meek and He is mild,
He became a little child.

I a child and Thou a Lamb,
We are callèd by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee !
Little lamb, God bless thee !

William Blake.

3. LAUGHING SONG.

When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by ;
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it ;

When the meadows laugh with lively green,
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene,
When Mary and Susan and Emily
With their sweet round mouths sing " Ha, Ha, He ! "

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread,
Come live, and be merry, and join with me,
To sing the sweet chorus of " Ha, Ha, He ! "

William Blake.



4. THE ECHOING GREEN.

The Sun does arise,
And make happy the skies ;
The merry bells ring
To welcome the Spring ;
The skylark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,

Sing louder around
To the bells' cheerful sound,
While our sports shall be seen
On the Echoing Green.

Old John, with white hair,
Does laugh away care,
Sitting under the oak,
Among the old folk.
They laugh at our play,
And soon they all say :
" Such, such were the joys
When we all, girls and boys,
In our youth-time were seen
On the Echoing Green."

Till the little ones, weary,
No more can be merry ;
The sun does descend,
And our sports have an end.
Round the laps of their mothers
Many sisters and brothers,
Like birds in their nest,
Are ready for rest,
And sport no more seen
On the darkening Green.

William Blake.



5. NURSE'S SONG.

When the voices of children are heard on the green,
 And laughing is heard on the hill,
 My heart is at rest within my breast,
 And everything else is still.

Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,
 And the dews of night arise ;
 Come, come, leave off play, and let us away,
 Till the morning appears in the skies.

No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,
 And we cannot go to sleep ;
 Besides in the sky the little birds fly,
 And the hills are all covered with sheep.

Well, well, go and play till the light fades away,
 And then go home to bed.

The little ones leaped, and shouted, and laughed ;
 And all the hills echoèd.

William Blake.

6. INFANT JOY.

“ I have no name ;
 I am but two days old.”
 —What shall I call thee ?

“ I happy am ;
 Joy is my name.”
 —Sweet joy befall thee !

Pretty joy !
 Sweet joy, but two days old ;
 Sweet joy I call thee :
 Thou dost smile :
 I sing the while,
 Sweet joy befall thee !

William Blake.

IV. OF SPRING.



Part 1.

“Yes, spring is coming. Wood-pigeons, butterflies, and sweet flowers, all give token of the sweetest of the seasons. Spring is coming. The hazel stalks are swelling and putting forth their pale tassels, the satin palms with their honeyed odours are out on the willow, and the last lingering winter berries are dropping from the hawthorn, and making way for the bright and blossomy leaves.”

Mary Russell Mitford.

Poets often like to write about the first beautiful thing that they notice specially when spring comes round again. There are several poems about snowdrops, daffodils, and cowslips, not only because these are graceful and beautiful flowers, but because they are among the first to bloom. Do you remember Tennyson's name for the snowdrop—“February fair-maid”? Our first spring poem is about catkins—those graceful tassels that come on hazel, willow and birch trees in February, before the winter has gone, and when spring is *burking*, or hiding, close at hand. You will see some catkins in the picture at the top of this page.

More than three hundred years after the days of Nash and Shakespeare, who both wrote about birds and flowers of spring, we have

Robert Bridges, our Poet Laureate of to-day, writing *A Child's Poem* about the spring. How wonderful it is! As the countless years go by, the same sweet tunes of birds, and the same pleasing country sights stir anew the hearts of men and women, and age by age they write us songs of spring.

Next is a poem called *Weathers*, written by Thomas Hardy, a famous writer who died in 1928.

1. FEBRUARY.

To-day I saw the catkins blow,
Altho' the hills are white with snow ;

While throstles sang, "The sun is good,"
They waved their banners in the wood.

They come to greet the lurking Spring
As messengers from Winter's King,

And thus they wave while Winter reigns,
While his cold grip still holds the plains.

Altho' the hills are white with snow,
To-day I saw the catkins blow !

Dorothy Una Ratcliffe.

2. A CHILD'S POEM.

Look ! Look ! the spring is come :
O feel the gentle air,
That wanders thro' the boughs to burst
The thick buds everywhere !
The birds are glad to see
The high unclouded sun :
Winter is fled away, they sing,
The gay time is begun.

Adown the meadows green
 Let us go dance and play,
 And look for violets in the lane,
 And ramble far away
 To gather primroses,
 That in the woodland grow,
 And hunt for oxlips, or if yet
 The blades of bluebells show :

There the old woodman gruff
 Hath half the coppice cut,
 And weaves the hurdles all day long
 Beside his willow hut.
 We'll steal on him, and then
 Startle him, all with glee
 Singing our song of winter fled
 And summer soon to be.

Robert Bridges.



3. WEATHERS.

I.

This is the weather the cuckoo likes,
 And so do I ;
 When showers betumble the chestnut spikes,
 And nestlings fly :

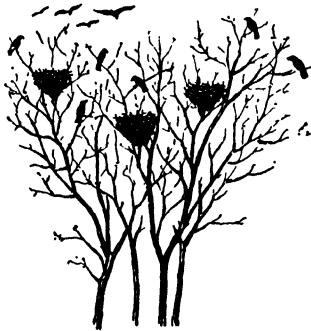
OF SPRING

And the little brown nightingale bills his best,
 And they sit outside at "The Travellers' Rest,"
 And maids come forth sprig-muslin drest,
 And citizens dream of the south and west,
 And so do I.

II.

This is the weather the shepherd shuns,
 And so do I ;
 When beeches drip in browns and duns,
 And thresh, and ply ;
 And hill-hid tides throb, thro on throe,
 And meadow rivulets overflow,
 And drops on gate-bars hang in a row,
 And rooks in families homeward go,
 And so do I.

Thomas Hardy.



1. *February.* The verses in this poem are arranged in twos, or couples, which rhyme, hence they are called rhyming couplets.

While throstles sang, "The sun is good,"
 They waved their banners in the wood.

How do you like the sound of the word *throistles*? And the verse about the catkins: "They waved their banners in the wood"? Who are the "messengers from Winter's King"? What is the difference between the first pair and the last pair of couplets?

2. *A Child's Poem*. Can you name all the spring flowers noted in this poem? How many of them can you draw? Why do the birds and children sing? Where do the violets grow? Where do the primroses grow? Why is the air called *gentle*? and the buds *thick*?

3. *Weathers*. Many verses in this poem present charming pictures of the countryside. Among other scenes are:—the singing nightingale; the wayfarers and workmen enjoying the spring air as they sit outside "The Travellers' Rest"; the girls in their new flowered muslin dresses; the busy people of the city longing for their holidays on or near the warm south and south-west coasts of England. Then we have pictures of the country in stormy weather which the shepherd dislikes:—the beech trees as they *thresh and ply* in the wind, that is, the branches beat the air and bend; the waves as they *throb, throe on throe* (beat continuously as if in pain) on the shore; the overflowing streams; the rain on the gate; the rooks going home to the elm trees.

Which pictures could you draw best?

Part 2.

4. DAISY'S SONG.

The sun, with his great eye,
Sees not so much as I;
And the moon, all silver, proud,
Might as well be in a cloud.

And O the spring—the spring!
I lead the life of a king!

OF SPRING

Couched in the teeming grass,
I spy each pretty lass.

I look where no one dares,
And I stare where no one stares ;
And when the night is nigh,
Lambs bleat my lullaby.

John Keats.

The next poem, *The Barrel Organ*, was written by a modern writer who has composed much fine poetry. His name is Alfred Noyes. This poem is written in such a way that you can almost hear the barrel organ grinding out its tune, but at the same time the poem gives us pictures of the lilac, the cherry-blossom, the "chestnut spires," the trees and birds of spring.

Of course you know that in the country, in springtime, we see *The Little Young Lambs* prancing about in the meadows. This is a poem with dancing music and you will have to read it very lightly if you wish to hear the shepherd playing his pipe to the dancing lambs.

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

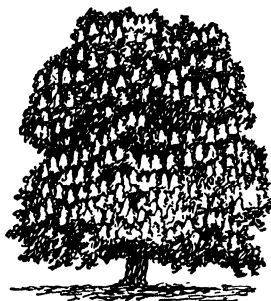
The cherry-trees are seas of bloom and soft perfume and sweet
perfume,
The cherry-trees are seas of bloom (and oh, so near to London !);
And there, they say, when dawn is high and all the world's a blaze
of sky,
The cuckoo, though he's very shy, will sing a song for London.

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 linnet and the throstle, too, and after dark the long halloo,
 And golden-eyed *tu-whit, tu-who* 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 chestnut 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 wonder-
 land ;
 Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London !).

Alfred Noyes.



“All the chestnut spires are out.”

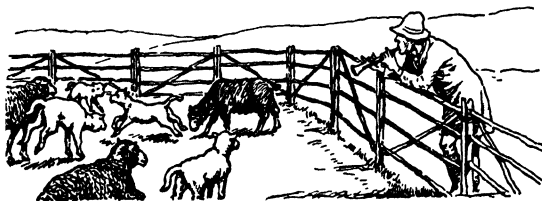
6. THE LITTLE YOUNG LAMBS.

In the fold
 On the wold
 There were little young lambs
 An' the wind blew so cold
 They laid lee o' their dams,
 An' a shepherd old man

OF SPRING

He leaned over the cotes,
 An' a lilt he began
 With a flutter of notes,
 The little young lambs all among ;
 Oh, he piped 'em a derry down derry, he did,
 Since they were so young.

An' they stirred
 When they heard,
 Did the little young lambs,
 Then they hopped, most absurd,
 From a-lee of their dams,
 An' they jumped and they skipped
 With tip-toppetty skips,
 As the little tune tripped
 From the reed at the lips
 Of the crinkled old man o' the wold,
 As he piped 'em a merry down derry, he did,
 Since he was so old.



For he blew
 That he knew
 Why the seasons went round,
 An' why green the wheat grew
 To his pipe's pretty sound ;
 An' why rain follows sun,

An' how sun follows rain,
 An' how everything's done
 To be started again,
 Till the stars like ripe acorns shall fall ;
 An' he piped 'em his derry down derry, he did,
 Along of it all.

Patrick R. Chalmers.

5. *The Barrel Organ.* In this poem is a fine example of repetition that makes one want to dance :

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

Kew, a suburb of London, is in Surrey on the right bank of the river Thames about five miles from Hyde Park Corner. Here are the famous "Kew Gardens," a popular name for the Royal Botanic Gardens, where there are more than 24,000 different species and varieties of plants.

Why is this song called *The Barrel Organ* ? What other name could you give it ? Make a list of all the flowers and birds noted in the poem. How many of each can you draw ?

6. *The Little Young Lambs.* This poem tells how the lambs were snuggled up to their dams or mothers on the *lee* side, that is the side away from the cold wind. Then the old shepherd leaned over the *cotes* (that is the place surrounded by hurdles where the sheep lay), and played pretty music on his pipe. The lambs jumped and skipped with *tip-toppetty skips* when the shepherd piped his tune. Here you will find some more examples of alliteration :—"Oh, he piped 'em a derry down derry, he did." A *wold* is a low grassy hill.

What did the crinkled old shepherd play about ? Which words are used to rhyme with wold ? cotes ? lambs ? heard ? skips ? knew ? sun ?

V. OF THE SEASONS.



Part 1.

MANY thousands of years have passed away since God said to Noah :—
 “ While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease.”

Every season has its own beauties, and its own pleasures, and its own music. The best of it is, that in the course of the year they all come round—spring, summer, autumn, winter—so that we do not get tired of any one of them.

We should tire of Spring if no Summer came.
 We should tire of Summer if it came to remain.
 We should tire of Autumn if it came to stay.
 We should tire of Winter did it not pass away.
 The year is complete, God made it so,
 With bud, and blossom, and fruit, and snow.

Bud for the spring, *blossom* for the summer, *fruit* for the autumn, and *snow* for the winter.

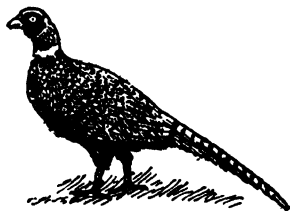
Here we have a poem about the twelve months of the year ; then there are two poems about the wind, and another about the month of September.

1. THE SEASONS.

January brings the snow,
 Makes our feet and fingers glow.

February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.
March brings breezes loud and shrill,
Shakes the dancing daffodil.
April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.
May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
Skipping by their fleecy dams.
June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.
Hot July brings cooling showers,
Apricots and gillyflowers.
August brings the sheaves of corn.
Then the harvest home is borne.
Warm September brings the fruit,
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.
Brown October brings the pheasant,
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.
Dull November brings the blast,
Then the leaves are whirling fast.
Chill December brings the sleet,
Blazing fires and Christmas treat.

Sara Coleridge.



A PHEASANT.

OF THE SEASONS

2. THE FOUR WINDS.

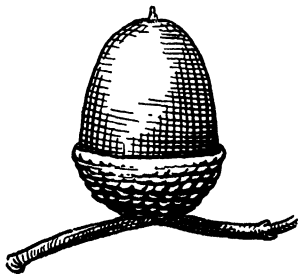
In winter, when the wind I hear,
I know the clouds will disappear ;
For 'tis the wind that sweeps the sky
And piles the snow in ridges high.

In spring, when stirs the wind, I know
That soon the crocus buds will show ;
For 'tis the wind that bids them wake
And into pretty blossoms break.

In summer, when it softly blows,
Soon red, I know, will be the rose ;
For 'tis the wind to her who speaks,
And brings the blushes to her cheeks.

In autumn, when the wind is up,
I know the acorn's out its cup ;
For 'tis the wind who takes it out,
And plants an oak somewhere about.

Frank Dempster Sherman.



3. 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 on 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-not and heart's ease ;
 Jack has sown cherry-pie, marigold,
 Love-that-lies-bleeding and snap-dragons 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 !



HEART'S EASE.

OF THE SEASONS

4. SEPTEMBER.

There are twelve months throughout the year
From January to December ;
And the primest month of all the twelve
Is the merry month of September !
Then apples so red
Hang overhead,
And nuts ripe-brown
Come showering down
In the bountiful month of September !

There are flowers enough in the summer-time,
More flowers than I can remember—
But none with the purple, gold and red
That dyes the flowers of September !
The gorgeous flowers of September !
And the sun looks through
A clearer blue,
And the moon at night
Sheds a clearer light
On the beautiful flowers of September !



The poor too often go scant and bare,
But it glads my soul to remember
That 'tis harvest-time throughout the land
In the bountiful month of September !

Oh, the good, kind month of September !
It giveth the poor
The growth of the moor ;
And young and old,
'Mong sheaves of gold,
Go gleaning in rich September.

Mary Howitt.

1. *The Seasons*. Answer these questions without looking at the poem. What are the names of the months ? What do May, June, and October bring ? Which words rhyme with *feet*, *pleasant*, *treat* ?

2. *The Four Winds* does not give the order—spring, summer, autumn, winter. It begins with winter, and ends with autumn. Perhaps the poet wanted to remind us that the winds of winter clear the sky for the spring sunshine. It is a message of hope, the hope of good things to come. In this poem we are told what the wind does in each of the four seasons.

What does the wind do to the rose ? to the acorn ? to the crocus ?

3. In *Wind's Work* the poet tells us what Kate and Jack can do, but he suggests that no one knows where the wind comes from, where it goes, and what it sows. Nothing can be done without the wind knowing. A *gnome* is a fairy ; a *churn* is a vessel in which milk is stirred into butter ; *sloes* are like tiny plums.

Tell all you can about Kate.

4. *September*. When you have read this poem perhaps you, too, will think that “the primest month of all the twelve” is “the bountiful month of September.” *Primest* means *first*, or *best* ; and *bountiful* means giving good things freely such as fruit, corn and nuts.

Why does the poet think that September is the primest month of all the year ? What colours would you need to paint the apples, nuts, flowers, and sky of September ?

Part 2.

One of the grandest sights of the country in autumn is the colouring of the leaves in a wood. *Autumn Leaves* is a pleasing fancy about little goblins and autumn leaves. The poet was lying "full length upon the grass," when one of the pretty coloured leaves tumbled on to her. But she found that it was not a leaf at all, but a tiny goblin wearing a red jacket, and reddish brown stockings.

Puk-Wudjies, too, is a delightful fancy. *Puk-Wudjies* are the *Little People* whom we call fairies, or gnomes, or pixies, or goblins, or elves. These brown elves love the autumn best because they can then easily hide away among the brown leaves.

Etched In Frost presents us with striking pictures of the countryside in winter. If you are lucky enough to live in the country, you will know the names of all the things of which the poet speaks.

5. AUTUMN LEAVES.

I look for secrets everywhere,
 The biggest one of all,
 I found out quite by accident
 Behind the garden wall.
 You know those rows and rows of trees
 All rusty, when you pass ?
 They dropped a secret on to me
 Full length upon the grass.

I picked It up. It wriggled so,
 Perhaps It could not bear
 The teeniest, weeniest, little pinch,
 Although I took such care.

It wore the dearest little cap
 And jerkin all of red ;
 Its stockings were of russet brown,
 Like apples newly shed.

Then suddenly the wind began
 To shake the leafy trees,
 And scores and scores of russet leaves
 Came tumbling on my knees.
 Like gold and scarlet ships, they sailed
 The fresh October air,
 A little goblin riding each,
 Its saucy passenger.

Flora Sandström.



6. PUK-WUDJIES.

They live 'neath the curtain
 Of fir woods and heather,
 And never take hurt in
 The wildest of weather,
 But best they love Autumn—she's brown as themselves—
 And they are the brownest of all the brown elves ;
 When loud sings the West Wind,
 The bravest and best wind,
 And puddles are shining in all the cart ruts,
 They turn up the dead leaves,
 The russet and red leaves,
 Where squirrels have taught them to look out for nuts !

The hedge-cutters hear them
 Where berries are glowing,
 The scythe circles near them
 At time of the mowing,
 But most they love woodlands when Autumn's winds pipe,
 And all through the cover the beechnuts are ripe,
 And great spiky chestnuts,
 The biggest and best nuts,
 Blown down in the ditches, fair windfalls lie cast,
 And no tree begrudges
 The little Puk-Wudjies
 A pocket of acorns, a handful of mast !



So should you be roaming
 Where branches are sighing,
 When up in the gloaming
 The moon-wrack is flying,
 And hear through the darkness, again and again,



What's neither the wind nor the spatter of rain—
 A flutter, a flurry,
 A scuffle, a scurry,

A bump like the rabbits' that bump on the ground,
A patter, a bustle
Of small things that rustle,
You'll know the Puk-Wudjies are somewhere around !

Patrick R. Chalmers.

7. ETCHED IN FROST.

The corn is down,
The stooks are gone,
The fields are brown,
And the early dawn
Grown slowly behind
Where the mountains frown,
And a thin white sun
Is shivering down.

There isn't a leaf,
Nor anything green,
To aid belief
That summer has been ;
And the puffed-up red-breast
(Ball o' Grief)
Hops at the window
For relief.

The cows are in byre,
The sheep in fold ;
The mare and the sire
Are safe from cold ;
The hens are sheltered,
In wood and wire,
And the sheep-dog snoozes
Before the fire.

The farmer can grin,
And rub his hands,

For his crops are in
 From the resting lands ;
 And his wheat is stored
 In the oaken bin,
 And his buxom wife
 Makes merry within.

James Stephens.

6. In *Puk-Wudjies* are many words which the poet has specially chosen to help us to hear certain sounds, such as :—a flutter, a flurry, a scuffle, a scurry ; a patter, a bustle of small things that rustle ; a bump like the rabbits' that bump on the ground. *Mast* is a name often used for beech nuts. The *moon wrack* is thin flying clouds that often sweep across the moon's face in stormy weather.



There is a drawing on page 48 of the "spiky chestnut" ; inside the spiky cover are the smooth brown nuts which boys call "conkers."

What do the Puk-Wudjies find in the woods ? How will you know when the Puk-Wudjies are somewhere around ? Which lines in this poem make you think of autumn ?

7. *Etched In Frost.* *Stooks* are bundles, or sheaves of grain ; a *byre* is a cow-house ; the *mare* is the female horse, and the *sire* is the male.

Who is "Ball o' Grief" ? Why does the farmer grin ? What is the meaning of "resting lands" ?



VI. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Part 1.

REQUIEM.

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me :
Here he lies where he longed to be ;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

One of the best of the great men who wrote poems for children was Robert Louis Stevenson. He was born at Edinburgh in the year 1850. His father was an engineer who had to look after the lighthouses on the coasts of Scotland, and to see that they were in good order. Robert was a very delicate child, and was never well enough to go to school for many weeks together, so he often went with his father on his journeys to the lighthouses.

Robert wanted to be an engineer like his father, but he was not strong enough. He became a lawyer, but he spent most of his time in reading and writing. Whenever he read a fine book, he would copy out the best passages in a note-book that he carried in one of his pockets. Then he would try hard to write something as good in another little book that he carried in the pocket on the other side of his jacket. In time Stevenson became a great author, and wrote essays and stories and poems. Later on, you will enjoy reading his stories of "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," and others. His poems for boys and girls were published in a little volume called *A Child's Garden of Verses*.

Stevenson spent a very large part of his life in travelling in search of good health. He suffered greatly, but although he was always delicate and ailing, he was ever bright and cheerful and brave. At last he had to leave England and go to a warmer land.

On Christmas Day, 1889, he landed on the little island of Samoa, in the South Seas. Here he settled down and became a sort of chief. The natives loved him very much, and would do anything for him.

When he died, in 1894, sixty sturdy natives carried his body to the top of a lofty peak, where he had wished to be buried, and there they left him to rest, with the Pacific Ocean at his feet. On one side of his tomb, on a bronze plate, is this passage from the story of Ruth, which is told in the Bible :

Whither thou goest, I will go
And where thou lodgest, I will lodge ;

Thy people shall be my people, and
Thy God my God ;

Where thou diest, will I die,
And there will I be buried :

At the head of this chapter is the *Requiem* which Stevenson wrote himself, and which is engraved on the opposite side of his tomb.

Requiem is a Latin word meaning *Rest* ; it was the first word of the Latin hymn sung to bid farewell to the dead,—“ May God give you rest ! ”

R. L. S. (as he is often called) was tall and thin, with dark hair and wonderful brown eyes. He was a very charming man, and everybody who knew him, loved him, and so do many who have read his books and poems.

1. FOREIGN LANDS.

Up into the cherry tree
Who should climb but little me ?
I held the trunk with both my hands
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next door garden lie,
Adorned with flowers, before my eye,
And many pleasant places more
That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass
And be the sky's blue looking-glass ;
The dusty roads go up and down
With people tramping in to town.

If I could find a higher tree
Farther and farther I should see,
To where the grown-up river slips
Into the sea among the ships,

To where the roads on either hand
Lead onward into fairy land,
Where all the children dine at five,
And all the playthings come alive.

Robert Louis Stevenson.



2. FROM A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

Faster than fairies, faster than witches,
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches ;
And, charging along like troops in a battle,
All through the meadows the horses and cattle :
All of the sights of the hill and the plain
Fly as thick as driving rain ;
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,
Painted stations whistle by.
Here is a child who clambers and scrambles,
All by himself and gathering brambles ;
Here is a tramp who stands and gazes ;
And here is the green for stringing the daisies !
Here is a cart run away in the road
Lumping along with man and load ;
And here is a mill and there is a river :
Each a glimpse and gone for ever !

Robert Louis Stevenson.



1. *Foreign Lands.* We are told how Stevenson as a tiny boy climbed up into a cherry tree and looked round on many things that he had never seen before.

Five o'clock would seem an odd time for dinner in these days, but it was not an uncommon time when Stevenson was a child.

Can you tell why he calls this poem *Foreign Lands* ? What are

the strange things that happen in fairy land ? If he had climbed a higher tree what would he have seen ? A *dimpling river* has tiny waves on it, like those you make in your bath. If you put your head near the water of a *dimpling river* what will you see ?

2. *From a Railway Carriage Window.* Stevenson shows us pictures of all the things of which we catch a glimpse when we are looking out of a railway carriage window as the train rushes along. This is *galloping* music. You must read the poem with a swing, or your train will not go “faster than fairies, faster than witches.” In olden days, people believed that witches were old women who rode through the air on broomsticks.

Can you name all the things that can be seen from a railway carriage window ? How fast do the stations whistle by ? How fast do the houses fly by ?

Part 2.

3. THE SUMMER SUN SHONE ROUND ME.

The summer sun shone round me ;
The folded valley lay
In a stream of sun and odour
That sultry summer day.

The tall trees stood in the sunlight
As still as still could be ;
But the deep grass sighed and rustled,
And bowed and beckoned me.

The deep grass moved and whispered,
And bowed and brushed my face ;
It whispered in the sunshine
“ The winter comes apace.”

Robert Louis Stevenson.

4. I WILL MAKE YOU BROOCHES.

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight
 Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night.
 I will make a palace fit for you and me
 Of green days in forests and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,
 Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom.
 And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white
 In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
 The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear,
 That only I remember, that only you admire,
 Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

3. *The Summer Sun Shone Round Me.* The music of this poem is slow and quiet. Notice the first line—The summer sun shone round me. Do you hear how musical all these soft *s* sounds are? *Odour* is “a sweet scent,” and *sultry* summer means “warm and close.” The lines about the deep grass are very pretty; you can easily picture it sighing, rustling, whispering, bowing, brushing.

Can you name some musical words that give the sound made by trees? by birds? What did the grass whisper?

4. *I Will Make You Brooches.* Stevenson promises all sorts of pleasant things if we will only go with him along the broad road and leave the houses behind.

What shall we have instead of brooches and toys? Where will our grand palace be? Where will our kitchen be? What shall we have for music? Whom have you seen with a “roadside fire”?

VII. OF FAIRIES.



Part 1.

“THE fairies are exquisite dancers. . . . They hold their great balls in the open air, in what is called a fairy ring. For weeks afterwards you can see the ring on the grass. It is not there when they begin, but they make it by waltzing round and round. Sometimes you will find mushrooms inside the ring, and these are fairy chairs that the servants have forgotten to clear away. The chairs and the rings are the only tell-tale marks these little people leave behind them, and they would remove even these were they not so fond of dancing that they toe it till the very moment of the opening of the gates.”

Sir J. M. Barrie.

There are hundreds of poems about fairies. William Allingham and William Blake, and even Shakespeare, the greatest poet of all, wrote about fairies. Shakespeare wrote :

Where the bee sucks
 There suck I,
 In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
 On a bat's back do I fly,
 After summer merrily.
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.



Many of the poets who are alive to-day like to sing about fairies,

poets such as Rose Fyleman, and James Stephens. In this chapter we have some charming fairy songs.

1. WHERE DO THE FAIRIES DWELL ?

Where do the fairies dwell, I wonder ?

Where do they dwell ?

Can you tell ?

When the birds awake to greet the sun,
And sing of the day that's just begun,
I search and peep in every nook,
In willows and weeds which guard the brook,
In glistening leaves and nodding flowers,
In shady trees and rosary bowers.

I've never yet seen them : can you tell

Where they dwell ?

Where do the fairies dance, I wonder ?

In glen or dell ?

Can you tell ?

I watch the green in the evening light
While the shadows are melting into night,
And insects lazily wheel along
Droning a drowsy, slumbering song.

I've never yet seen them. Can you say

If I should look by night or by day,
In gloomy forest or moonlight dell ?

Can you tell ?

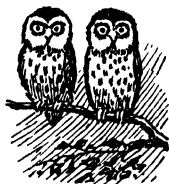
The fairies live in a land of wonder,

Up in the air,

None knows where.

When night descends, and all are asleep,

And the wide-eyed owls their watches keep,



As big, black trees 'gainst the moonlit sky
Bow to the night-winds hurrying by,
The fairies come on gossamer wings ;
With magical wands they make the rings
We see in the grass at break of day—
So they say.

Frank Yerbury.

2. CRAB-APPLE.

I dreamed the Fairies wanted me
To spend my birth-night with them all ;
And I said, " Oh, but you're so wee
And I am so tremendous tall,
What could we do ? "
" Crab-apple stem ! "
Said they, and I was just like them.
And then, when we were all the same,
The party and the fun began ;
They said they'd teach me a new game
Of " Dew-Ponds." " I don't think I can
Play that," I said.
" Crab-apple blue ! "
Said they, and I could play it too.
And then, when we had played and played,
The Fairies said that we would dance ;
And I said, " Oh, but I'm afraid
That I've no shoes," I gave a glance
At my bare toes.
" Crab-apple sweet ! "
Said they, and shoes were on my feet.
And then we danced away, away,
Until my birth-night all was done ;

And I said, " I'll go home to-day ;
 And thank you for my lovely fun,
 I'll come again."
 " Crab-apple red ! "
 Said they, and I woke up in bed.

Ethel Talbot.

1. *Where Do The Fairies Dwell ?* The poet says that the fairies come on " gossamer wings." *Gossamer* is delicate thread made by tiny spiders. It floats in the air, or catches on bushes in fine weather. The rhymes in this poem jingle merrily, and the repetition of words is very pleasing, especially :

Where do the fairies dwell, I wonder ?
 Where do they dwell ?
 Can you tell ?

I've never yet seen them ; can you tell
 Where they dwell ?

On a summer's evening, if you sit at the foot of a tree you will hear the noise of gnats, flies and beetles just as the poet says :

And insects lazily wheel along
 Droning a drowsy, slumbering song.

Where did the poet look to seek for fairies ? Which line in the second stanza makes you feel sleepy ? Where is the fairies' wonderland ? What are wide-eyed owls ? magical wands ?

2. *Crab-Apple.* This poem tells of a lovely dream that the poet had, and it is full of magic. The poem tells, too, of a delightful way to spend a birthday-night. A *crab-apple* is the fruit of a wild apple tree ; it is small, and very sour. How big would you think that a fairy is ? Ethel Talbot tells us that she was " tremendous tall " beside the fairy.

Can you guess what the game of " Dew-Ponds " was like ? What is the magic word to say to a fairy if you want to be made very tiny ? What must you say if you want some fairy dancing shoes ?

Part 2.

3. PICNICS.

If you go a-picnicking and throw your scraps about
You'll never see the little folk go running in and out,
And if you leave your orange-peel all littered on the grass
You'll never go to Fairy Land or see the fairies pass.
For empty tins and tangled strings
And paper bags are not the things
To scatter where a linnet sings.

So if you go a-picnicking remember you're a guest
Of all the tiny people, and you'll really find it best
To leave their ball-room tidy and to clear away the mess,
And *perhaps* you'll see a fairy in her newest dancing dress.
But paper bags and broken combs
Will really wreck the pixie homes
And frighten all the tiny gnomes.

But if you go a-picnicking and you are elfin-wise
You'll maybe hear with fairy ears and see with goblin eyes ;
The little folk will welcome you and they will open wide
The hidden doors of Fairy Land, and you will pass inside,
And maybe see a baby fay
White cradled in a cherry spray
Although it is Bank Holiday.

B. E. Todd.

4. THE FAIRY QUEEN.

Come follow, follow me,
You fairy elves that be :
Which circle on the green,
Come follow Mab, your queen.

OF FAIRIES

Hand in hand let's dance around,
For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest ;
Unheard and unespied,
Through keyholes we do glide ;
Over tables, stools and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And if the house be foul
With platter, dish or bowl,
Upstairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep :
There we pinch their arms and thighs ;
None escapes, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept
We praise the household maid,
And duly she is paid :
For we use before we go
To drop a tester in her shoe.

Upon a mushroom's head
Our tablecloth we spread ;
A grain of rye, or wheat,
Is manchet, which we eat ;
Pearly drops of dew we drink
In acorn-cups filled to the brink.



The grasshopper, gnat, and fly
Serve for our minstrelsy ;
Grace said, we dance awhile,
And so the time beguile ;

And if the moon doth hide her head ;
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewy grass
So nimbly do we pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends when we do walk ;
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

Anon.

3. *Picnics.* You would scarcely expect a fairy poem to be useful would you ? But this one is very useful. It teaches a most important lesson—one that we must never forget. When you have tidied up after your picnic, even if you do not see fairies, you will leave the countryside as beautiful as you found it. The poet has found many names for the fairies. He calls them the tiny people ; pixies ; gnomes ; elves ; little folks ; and baby fay.

Where is the baby fay's cradle hung ?
How small do you think fairies are ?

4. In *The Fairy Queen* there are many of the old ideas which we find in writings of Shakespeare's time. In it are some old-fashioned words, too. A *tester* was sixpence, and *manchet* was the name given to fine white bread. *Sluts* are untidy women. The poet says that the grasshopper, gnat and fly were the minstrels who made the music. It must have been rather curious music !



What is the name of the Fairy Queen ? How do fairies enter a room ? What do fairies do to maids who are dirty and untidy ? What do fairies eat ? drink ?

Part 3.

5. THE CRACKLING TWIG.

There came a satyr creeping through the wood,
His hair fell on his breast, his legs were slim :
His eyes were dancing wickedly, he stood,
He peeped about on every side of him.

He danced ! He peeped ! But, at a sound I made,
A crackling twig, he turned ; and, suddenly,
In three great jumps, he bounded to the shade,
And disappeared among the greenery !

James Stephens.

6. ALMS IN AUTUMN.

Spindle-wood, spindle-wood, will you lend me, pray,
A little flaming lantern to guide me on my way ?
The fairies all have vanished from the meadow and the glen
And I would fain go seeking till I find them once again.
Lend me now a lantern that I may bear a light
To find the hidden pathway in the darkness of the night.

Ash-tree, ash-tree, throw me, if you please,
Throw me down a slender bunch of russet-gold keys.
I fear the gates of Fairyland may all be shut so fast
That nothing but your magic keys will ever take me past.
I'll tie them to my girdle, and as I go along
My heart will find a comfort in the tinkle of their song.

Holly-bush, holly-bush, help me in my task,
A pocketful of berries is all the alms I ask :
A pocketful of berries to thread in glowing strands
(I would not go a-visiting with nothing in my hands)

So fine will be the rosy chains, so gay, so glossy bright
They'll set the realms of Fairyland all dancing with delight.

Rose Fyleman.

5. *The Crackling Twig.* The *satyr* is a curious imaginary creature that is partly a man and partly a goat. He is supposed to be very fond of playing tricks on people.

Why is this poem called "The Crackling Twig"?

6. *Alms In Autumn* means autumn gifts. The spindle-wood, the ash-tree and the holly, each give the poet useful gifts to help her to find the way to fairy land. Pairs of fruits of the ash-tree are called *keys*. They are, when ripe, of a russet-gold colour; *russet* is a reddish brown colour.



VIII. WHIMSICAL POEMS.

Part 1.

SOMETIMES, people who are really very serious will write poetry just to amuse themselves. Some of their whimsical poems are like dreams, and some are only nonsense verses.

These nonsense verses are from *Alice In Wonderland* :

How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail,
And pour the waters of the Nile
On every golden scale.

How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spreads his claws.
And welcomes little fishes in
With gently smiling jaws.

Lewis Carroll is known to all children as the author of *Alice In Wonderland*. His real name was Charles Lutwidge Dodgson. His

first name, Charles, he turned into Latin—Carolus—and from that he got his new name, Carroll. Lewis is another form of Lutwidge.

Alice was a daughter of Dean Liddell, the Dean of Christ Church. With her two sisters, she was very fond of being taken by Lewis Carroll up the River Thames in a rowing boat, and it was to them that Carroll told the story of *Wonderland* :

A boat, beneath a sunny sky
Lingering onward dreamily
In an evening of July—

Children three that nestle near,
Eager eye and willing ear,
Pleased a simple tale to hear—

Our first poem, *The Lobster Quadrille*, also comes from *Alice In Wonderland*. A quadrille is a special sort of dance, hence the verses are arranged in dancing time.

1. 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.



Part 2.

There are some whimsical thoughts, too, in the other poems. They show what a number of different things one can write poetry about if one has a lively imagination, or if one can play a good game of “Let's Pretend.”

The Gymnastic Clock is a clock that is clever at doing exercises. If you are very clever at doing your drill at school your teacher will perhaps call you a *gymnast*.

The Fiddler Of Dooney says that because he is so merry Peter will open the gate of heaven for him at the end of time. Peter is the Saint who is generally spoken of as having the keys of heaven's gate. Of course, this poem is only *fun*; it is meant to make you glad, and it *will* make you glad if you read it as dancing music should be read—lightly and easily.

• You must think hard when you read *The Fly*. Somebody pretends that he is a fly, and thinks how very, very large everything looks. Even a pretty rosebud seems as big as a feather bed for a fly to walk over, and its tiny prickle seems as big as a soldier's spear.

2. THE GYMNASTIC CLOCK.

The little clock is friends with me,
 It talks as plain as plain can be,
 And says, each morning as it rises,
 " Now, don't forget your exercises !
 Both hands above your head, you know !
 Then lower them very slowly, so ;
 Ho, don't get tired and stop, that way !
 I exercise like this, all day ! "

Right in its face then, I say, " Pooh !
 I wouldn't boast of it, like you,
 But I can swing my arms 'round, too ! "
 And so the clock then looks at me,
 And I look back, and I and he
 Each single morning, when we rise,
 Just exercise and exercise !

M. C. Davies.

3. THE FIDDLER OF DOONEY.

When I play on my fiddle in Dooney
 Folk dance like a wave of the sea ;
 My cousin is priest in Kilvarnet,
 My brother in Moharabuiee.

I passed my brother and cousin :
 They read in their books of prayer :
 I read in my book of songs
 I bought at the Sligo fair.

When we come, at the end of time,
 To Peter sitting in state,
 He will smile on the three old spirits,
 But call me first through the gate ;

For the good are always the merry,
 Save by an evil chance,
 And the merry love the fiddle,
 And the merry love to dance ;

And when the folk there spy me,
 They will all come up to me,
 With " Here is the fiddler of Dooney ! "
 And dance like a wave of the sea.

W. B. Yeats.

4. THE FLY.

How large unto the tiny fly
 Must little things appear !—
 A rosebud like a feather bed,
 Its prickle like a spear ;

A dewdrop like a looking-glass,
 A hair like golden wire ;
 The smallest grain of mustard-seed
 As fierce as coals of fire.

A loaf of bread, a lofty hill ;
 A wasp, a cruel leopard ;
 And specks of salt as bright to see
 As lambkins to a shepherd.



Walter de la Mare.

WHIMSICAL POEMS

5. W-O-O-O-O-O-WW !

Away in the forest, all darksome and deep,
 The Wolves went a-hunting when men were asleep ;
 And the cunning Old Wolves were so patient and wise,
 As they taught the young Cubs how to see with their eyes,
 How to smell with their noses and hear with their ears,
 And what a Wolf hunts for and what a Wolf fears..
 Of danger they warned : “ Cubs, you mustn't go there—
 It's the home of the Grizzily-izzily Bear.”

W-o-o-o-o-o-ww !

The Cubs in the Pack very soon understood
 If they followed the Wolf law the hunting was good,
 And the Old Wolves who'd hunted long winters ago,
 Knew better than they did the right way to go.
 But one silly Cub thought he always was right,
 And he settled to do his *own* hunting one night.
 He laughed at the warning—said *he* didn't care
 For the Grizzily-izzily-izzily Bear !

W-o-o-o-o-o-ww !

So, when all his elders were hot on the track,
 “ I'm off now ! ” he barked to the Cubs of the Pack.
 “ I'll have some adventures—don't mind what you say ! ”
 A wave of his paw—and he bounded away.
 He bounded away till he came very soon,
 Where the edge of the forest lay white in the moon,
 To what he'd been warned of—that terrible lair—
 The haunt of the Grizzily-izzily Bear !

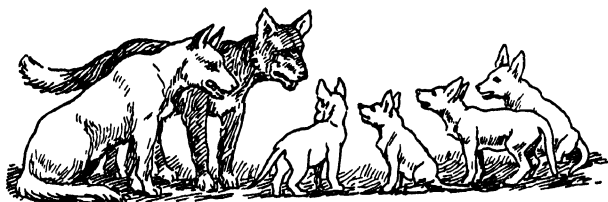
W-o-o-o-o-o-ww !

He came . . . and what happened ? Alas ! to the Pack
 That poor silly Wolf-cub has never come back.

And once, in a neat little heap on the ground,
 The end of a tail and a whisker were found,
 Some fur, and a nose-tip—a bristle or two,
 And the kindly old Wolves shook their heads, for they knew
 It was all of his nice little feast he could spare,
 That Grizzily-izzily-izzily Bear !

W-o-o-o-o-o-ww !

Nancy M. Hayes.



6. THE SHOEMAKER.

One day, beneath the saucepan lid
 I found a tiny workman hid.

He tipped his face to look at me
 And then said, so mysteriously,

“ Oh, may I have some candied peel ?
 The plough-boy’s shoes are down-at-heel,

And candied peel for heavy wear
 Is really splendid. Could you spare ? ”—

So, currants for the football boots
 (And buttons on the Sunday suits),

I gave him ; and for plough-boys’ shoes
 Quite all the peel that he could use.

Flora Sandström.

7. SOME ONE.

Some one came knocking
At my wee, small door ;
Some one came knocking,
I'm sure—sure—sure ;
I listened, I opened,
I looked to left and right,
But nought there was a-stirring
In the still dark night ;
Only the busy beetle
Tap-tapping in the wall,
Only from the forest
The screech-owl's call,
Only the cricket whistling
While the dewdrops fall,
So I know not who came knocking,
At all, at all, at all.

Walter de la Mare.

IX. RUDYARD KIPLING.

Part 1.

SOME of the poets whose beautiful poems we have read in this book lived many years ago. William Shakespeare, the greatest poet of all, lived in the days of Queen Elizabeth. You will read more of his poems when you reach a higher class. William Blake lived during the reign of George III., and Lord Tennyson and Robert Louis Stevenson wrote their poems in the days of Queen Victoria. But there are many noted poets of the time of King George V., such as Robert Bridges, Thomas Hardy, James Stephens, Alfred Noyes, Walter de la Mare and Rudyard Kipling. Thomas Hardy died in 1928. In this chapter are four poems by Rudyard Kipling.

Rudyard Kipling was born in the year 1865. He lived for many years in India, and saw much of the British soldiers there. While you are at school you will be sure to read many of his poems about soldiers and their lives in India. If you have not already enjoyed reading Kipling's *Just So Stories* and *The Jungle Book*, you should get them from the Library.

The first poem, *The Camel's Hump*, is a whimsical poem. When people are cross and ill-tempered they are often said to have the *hump*; Kipling tells us that this is an ugly lump like the hump of the camel; he tells us why we get the *hump*, and what is the best cure for it. The *Djinn of the Garden* is the *magic man* of the garden. Our artist thinks that he comes from nowhere and looks something like this picture.



Binkie is the name of a dog. Kipling tells us why he likes Binkie much better than Pussy.

Crusoe was the sailor who was wrecked on a desert island and who was one day dreadfully frightened when he saw the footprints of a man on the sand. He had a faithful black servant whom he called Friday.

1. THE CAMEL'S HUMP.

The Camel's hump is an ugly lump
Which well you may see at the Zoo;
But uglier yet is the hump we get
From having too little to do.

Kiddies and grown-ups too-oo-oo,
If we have n't enough to do-oo-oo,
We get the hump—
Cameelious hump—
The hump that is black and blue!

We climb out of bed with a frouzly head
And a snarly-yarly voice.

RUDYARD KIPLING

We shiver and scowl and we grunt and we growl
At our bath and our boots and our toys ;

And there ought to be a corner for me
(And I know there is one for you)

When we get the hump—

Cameelious hump—

The hump that is black and blue !

The cure for this ill is not to sit still,

Or frowst with a book by the fire ;

But to take a large hoe and a shovel also,

And dig till you gently perspire ;

And then you will find that the sun and the wind,

And the Djinn of the Garden too,

Have lifted the hump—

The horrible hump—

The hump that is black and blue !

I get it as well as you-oo-oo—

If I haven't enough to do-oo-oo !

We all get hump—

Cameelious hump—

Kiddies and grown-ups too !

Rudyard Kipling.

2. THE CAT THAT WALKED BY HIMSELF.

Pussy can sit by the fire and sing,

Pussy can climb a tree,

Or play with a silly old cork and string

To 'muse herself, not me.

But *I* like *Binkie* my dog, because

He knows how to behave ;

So, *Binkie's* the same as the First Friend was,

And I am the Man in the Cave !

Pussy will play man-Friday till
 It's time to wet her paw
 And make her walk on the window-sill
 (For the footprint Crusoe saw) ;
 Then she fluffles her tail and mews,
 And scratches and won't attend.
 But *Binkie* will play whatever I choose,
 And he is my true First Friend !

Pussy will rub my knees with her head
 Pretending she loves me hard ;
 But the very minute I go to my bed
 Pussy runs out in the yard,
 And there she stays till the morning-light ;
 So I know it is only pretend ;
 But *Binkie*, he snores at my feet all night,
 And he is my Firstest Friend !



Rudyard Kipling.

Part 2.

I hope that you will understand *I Keep Six Honest Serving-Men*. You will have to think hard to find out who these men are, and who is the small person who keeps *ten million serving-men*.

In his lullaby *The White Seal*, Kipling tells how the seal hushes her "weary wee flipperling" to sleep "in the arms of the slow-swinging seas." There is a sleepy, dreamy lilt about this hush-a-bye song. Perhaps you will like to say it once or twice by marking the stresses with your voice, just as you do with your feet when your teacher says: "Mark the right foot!"

Oh! hush thee, my baby, the night is behind us

And black are the waters that sparkled so green.

What a pretty name that is for a baby seal! A seal has flippers instead of arms, so Kipling calls it a *flipperling*. The *combers* of the sea are the white curling waves.

RUDYARD KIPLING

3. I KEEP SIX HONEST SERVING-MEN.

I keep six honest serving-men
 (They taught me all I knew) ;
 Their names are What and Why and When
 And How and Where and Who.
 I send them over land and sea,
 I send them east and west ;
 But after they have worked for me,
 I give them all a rest.
 I let them rest from nine till five,
 For I am busy then,
 As well as breakfast, lunch, and tea,
 For they are hungry men.
 But different folk have different views ;
 I know a person small—
 She keeps ten million serving-men,
 Who get no rest at all.
 She sends 'em abroad on her own affairs,
 From the second she opens her eyes—
 One million Hows, two million Wheres,
 And seven million Whys !

Rudyard Kipling.

4. THE WHITE SEAL.

Oh ! hush thee, my baby, the night is behind us,
 And black are the waters that sparkled so green.
 The moon, o'er the combers, looks downward to find us
 At rest in the hollows that rustle between.
 Where billow meets billow, there soft be thy pillow ;
 Ah, weary wee flipperling, curl at thy ease !
 The storm shall not wake thee, nor shark overtake thee,
 Asleep in the arms of the slow-swinging seas.

Rudyard Kipling.

X. BEDTIME POEMS.



Part 1.

MOON, keep wide the golden ears—
Hearken, stars ! and hearken, spheres !—
Hearken, thou eternal sky !
I sing an Infant's lullaby,
 A pretty lullaby.
Listen, listen, listen, listen,
Glisten, glisten, glisten, glisten,
 And hear my lullaby !

John Keats.

All the best *Bedtime Poems* are very simple. Nobody who is going to sleep wants to hear something that is hard to think about, or something that is noisy. The words must be simple and easy, and the music quiet and soothing.

Do you remember Tennyson's beautiful lullabies, *Cradle Song*, and *Sweet And Low*, which we had in Book I. ? Although Tennyson was a most learned man and could write poems that only men and women can understand, yet he sometimes wrote poems so simple that their gentle music would help to send a baby to sleep. Tennyson's

Lullaby in this chapter is short, simple, soothing and musical. Some of the words are repeated, and that helps to make the music still more soothing, just as the repeated *shoo, shoo* of the waves on the shore, or the repeated *swish, swish* of the leaves of the trees has a soothing pleasant sound.

A *Cradle Song* is another lullaby. It is an Irish song, and when you read it you can imagine that you are in an Irish farm-house, where the mother is watching her baby going to sleep. When reading this poem to your teacher, or your mother, think of the drowsy baby, and try to say it very softly.

Mother Moon is a pretty fancy. The child in bed can see the moon shining through her window, and she watches it walk slowly and quietly through the sky, just as quietly as mother does when she walks on tiptoe. You must notice who are the father, the mother, and the children of the sky.

1. A LULLABY.

Beat upon mine, little heart ! beat, beat !
 Beat upon mine ! you are mine, my sweet !
 All mine from your pretty blue eyes to your feet,
 My sweet.

Sleep, little blossom, my honey, my bliss !
 For I give you this, and I give you this !
 And I blind your pretty blue eyes with a kiss !
 Sleep !

Father and Mother will watch you grow,
 And gather the roses whenever they blow,
 And find the white heather wherever you go,
 My sweet.

Lord Tennyson.

2. A CRADLE SONG.

O, men from the fields !
Come gently within,
Tread softly, softly,
O ! men coming in.

Mavourneen is going
From me and from you,
Where Mary will fold him
With mantle of blue !

From reek of the smoke
And cold of the floor,
And the peering of things
Across the half-door.

O, men from the fields !
Soft, softly come thro'.
Mary puts round him
Her mantle of blue.

Padraic Colum.

3. MOTHER MOON.

The moonlight is shining
So white through my window.
The moon has been walking
All night through the sky.
The way that my mother
Comes walking on tiptoe,
When I'm thinking how slowly
The dark's going by.

The Sun is the father,
The Moon is the mother,

BEDTIME POEMS

And the stars are the children
Awake in the night.
She stoops down to kiss them
And tuck in the covers,
And when she is going
She leaves them her light.

Amelia Josephine Burr.



1. *A Lullaby.* The words at the ends of the stanzas make a sentence of their own—"My sweet—Sleep—My sweet—" and those words tell us what the whole poem means.

Perhaps you have heard of people searching on the moors for a piece of *white heather* because it is supposed to bring the wearer "Good Luck."

What are the pretty names that Father and Mother call their baby?

2. *A Cradle Song.* The word *Mavourneen* is the Irish word for *Darling*. Mary, of course, is the Mother of Jesus. Artists delight in drawing pictures of Mary nursing her Baby, and they generally paint her in a blue robe. The peasant woman thinks of Mary as nursing *her* baby boy to sleep. The *peering of things* refers to the unkind fairies that the child may imagine as looking in over the half-door.

Part 2.

When I am snug and cosy
And all tucked up in bed,
I'm not afraid ; for, when it's dark,
I hear the fairies tread.

Their footsteps softly twinkle
Up the blue velvet sky ;
They're lighting up the fairy lamps—
The little stars on high.

In Mrs. Alexander's *Cradle Song* it is not the baby's mother who is hushing him to sleep, but his sister. This is a longer poem. It is not short and simple enough to be a song. There is more description in it, and you will enjoy looking for the pictures. The last stanza describes the evening so well that you can almost *see* the dark coming on :

In the room corners I watch the dark shadows
Deepening and lengthening as evening comes on ;

Lullaby is an old song with some very musical words—lullaby, darling, golden, slumbers.

4. CRADLE SONG.

Sleep, little brother, you must not waken
Till mother comes home to her baby again ;
Weary and long is the way she has taken,
Over the common and through the green glen,
Up the steep hill, by the path that is nearest,
Thinking of you as she hurries along ;
Sleep then, and dream that she's watching you, dearest,
Rocking your cradle, and singing her song.
In the still room there's no sound to disquiet,
Only the clock ticking even and low ;

BEDTIME POEMS

Only the bird in his cage hanging by it,
Chirping a note as he hops to and fro.
Out in the sunlight the woodbine is stirring,
Filling the air with its fragrance so sweet ;
On the low window-seat pussy sits purring,
Washing her face with her little white feet.

Far down the lane merry voices are ringing,
Comrades have beckoned me out to their play ;—
Why did you start ? It is I that am singing ;
Why did you frown ? I am not going away.
Could I forsake you for play or for pleasure,
Lying alone in your helplessness here ?
How could I leave you, my own little treasure,
No one to rock you, and no one to cheer ?

In the room-corners I watch the dark shadows
Deepening and lengthening as evening comes on ;
Soon will the mowers return from the meadows,
Far to the westward the red sun is gone.
By the green hedgerow I see her now coming,
Where the last sunbeam is just on her track ;
Still I sit by you, love, drowsily humming ;
Sleep, little baby, till mother comes back.

Mrs. Alexander.



5. LULLABY.

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes,
 Smiles awake you when you rise.
 Sleep, pretty darlings, do not cry,
 And I will sing a lullaby.
 Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you,
 You are care, and care must keep you.
 Sleep, pretty darlings, do not cry,
 And I will sing a lullaby.
 Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Thomas Dekker.

6. A PRAYER.

Father, we thank Thee for the night
 And for the pleasant morning light,
 For rest and food and loving care,
 And all that makes the world so fair.
 Help us to do the thing we should,
 To be to others kind and good,
 In all we do, in all we say,
 To grow more loving every day.

Unknown.

4. *Cradle Song.* There are many pictures in this poem. You can see the mother on her journey :

Weary and long is the way she has taken,
 Over the common and through the green glen,
 Up the steep hill.

Then there is a picture of the still room with the clock and the bird cage. Through the window you see the sunlight, the sweet-smelling woodbine, and puss washing her face. Next is a scene of merry

comrades who beckon the sister out to play. You can guess how she longs to go, but she loves her baby brother too well to leave him.

Name *all* the sounds that can be heard in the room where baby is going to sleep. When will Mother come back to her baby? What pictures are there to be seen from the window?

5. *Lullaby*. *Golden* is often used by Shakespeare and the poets of his time to mean *precious* and *delightful*. Shakespeare speaks of "*Golden lads and girls*." Some day you will read a collection of beautiful poems called "*The Golden Treasury*."

XI. MISCELLANEOUS.

Goblin Market is the story of two young girls, Laura and Lizzie, who heard little goblins inviting them to buy their fruit. Only a part of the poem is printed here because it is a very long one, but you will enjoy trying to read it properly, and you will have to read it many times before you can do so. Notice how to say *póme-gran-ates*. Your mouth will water by the time you have said the names of all the luscious fruits that the goblins had.

1. GOBLIN MARKET.

Morning and evening
 Maids heard the goblins cry
 "Come buy, come buy :
 Apples and quinces,
 Lemons and oranges,
 Plump unpecked cherries,
 Melons and raspberries,
 Bloom-down-cheeked peaches.
 Swart-headed mulberries,
 Wild free-born cranberries,

Crab-apples, dewberries,
 Pine-apples, blackberries,
 Apricots, strawberries ;—
 All ripe together,—
 Morns that pass by,
 Fair eves that fly ;
 Come buy, come buy ;
 Our grapes fresh from the vine,
 Pomegranates full and fine,
 Dates and sharp bullaces,
 Rare pears and greengages,
 Damsons and bilberries,
 Taste them and try :
 Currants and gooseberries,
 Bright-fire-like barberries,
 Figs to fill your mouth,
 Citrons from the South,
 Sweet to tongue and sound to eye :
 Come buy, come buy.”



“ Look Lizzie, look Lizzie,
 Down the glen tramp little men.
 One hauls a basket
 One bears a plate,
 One lugs a golden dish
 Of many pounds weight.
 How fair the vine must grow
 Whose grapes are so luscious ;
 How warm the wind must blow
 Through those fruit bushes.”

“ No,” said Lizzie : “ No, no, no ;
 Their offers should not charm us,

MISCELLANEOUS

Their evil gifts would harm us.”
 She thrust a dimpled finger
 In each ear, shut eyes and ran :
 Curious Laura chose to linger
 Wondering at each merchant man.
 One had a cat's face,
 One whisked a tail,
 One tramped at a rat's pace,
 One crawled like a snail,
 She heard a voice like voice of doves
 Cooing all together :
 They sounded kind and full of loves
 In the pleasant weather.

Laura stayed and ate of the strange fruit and then went back home to bed with her sister.

Laura stretched her gleaming neck
 Like a rush-imbedded swan,
 Like a lily from the beck,
 Like a moonlit poplar branch,
 Like a vessel at the launch
 When its last restraint is gone.

.

Golden head by golden head,
 Like two pigeons in one nest.

Evening after evening Laura went with the goblin men and ate the delicious fruits, but they made her very weak and ill, and she would have died, only her sister nursed her back again to life and strength.

For there is no friend like a sister
 In calm or stormy weather ;

To cheer one on the tedious way,
To fetch one if one goes astray,
To lift one if one totters down,
To strengthen whilst one stands.

Christina Rossetti.

Before you read *Rats!* you would like to know that this is part of a poem called *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*.

The piper was a very clever man who wore a *piéd* suit of clothes, that is, clothes having many colours in them. He came to the city of Hamelin where the people were troubled with rats. When he blew curious music from his pipe the rats came out of their holes and followed him. He led them down to the river Weser where all were drowned except one old rat that lived to tell the story. But when the piper asked for the money to pay him for his work the people would not pay. The piper was very angry. He blew some more curious music from his pipe, and this time all the boys and girls of Hamelin (except one lame boy) followed him into a fairy mountain and were never seen again. You can imagine how sorry the people were that they had not paid the piper properly.

Here, again, you will have to read the lines many times before you can read them properly. If you would like to read the whole story, you must borrow a copy of "Poems by Robert Browning" from the Library, or from a friend.

2. RATS.

Rats!

They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,

MISCELLANEOUS

And even spoiled the women's chats,
 By drowning their speaking
 With shrieking and squeaking
 In fifty different sharps and flats.

.....

Into the street the Piper stept,
 Smiling first a little smile,
 As if he knew what magic slept
 In his quiet pipe the while ;
 Then, like a musical adept,
 To blow his pipe his lips he wrinkled,
 And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled
 Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled ;
 And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
 You heard as if an army muttered ;
 And the muttering grew to a grumbling ;
 And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling ;
 And out of the houses rats came tumbling.
 Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
 Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,
 Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
 Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
 Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
 Families by tens and dozens,
 Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
 Followed the Piper for their lives.
 From street to street he piped advancing,
 And step for step they followed dancing,
 Until they came to the river Weser.



Robert Browning.

3. WHY THE ROBIN HAS A RED BREAST.

When all the other Birds flew overseas
The Robin stayed behind
And braved the coldest wildest winter breeze,
Pretending not to mind.
And chirped :—" Of course we can't all go away !
I'll cheer the People up a bit . . . and stay !"
He didn't know—that first night while he slept
Beneath a laurel bush,
That all the Fairy Folk around him crept
And . . . while the Winds crooned " Husssssh !"
That on his breast in turn each laid a kiss . . .
He didn't know : nor dream. But . . . *we* know this !

Ethel Talbot.

4. THE DWARF.

" Now, Jinnie, my dear, to the dwarf be off,
That lives in Barberry Wood,
And fetch me some honey, but be sure you don't laugh,—
He hates little girls that are rude, are rude,
He hates little girls that are rude."
Jane tapped at the door of the house in the wood,
And the dwarf looked over the wall,
He eyed her so queer, 'twas as much as she could
To keep from laughing at all, at all,
To keep from laughing at all.
His shoes down the passage came clod, clod, clod,
And when he opened the door,
He croaked so harsh, 'twas as much as she could
To keep from laughing the more, the more,
To keep from laughing the more.

As there, with his bushy red beard, he stood,
Pricked out to double its size,
He squinted so cross, 'twas as much as she could
To keep the tears out of her eyes, her eyes,
To keep the tears out of her eyes.

He slammed the door, and went clod, clod, clod,
But while in the porch she bides,
He squealed so fierce, 'twas as much as she could
To keep from cracking her sides, her sides,
To keep from cracking her sides.

He threw a pumpkin over the wall,
And melons and apples beside,
So thick in the air that to see them all fall,
She laughed, and laughed, till she cried, cried, cried ;
Jane laughed and laughed till she cried.

Down fell her teardrops a pit-a-pat-pat,
And red as a rose she grew :—
“Kah ! kah !” said the dwarf, “is it crying you're at ?
It's the very worst thing you could do, do, do,
It's the very worst thing you could do.”

He slipped like a monkey up into a tree,
He shook her down cherries like rain ;
“See now,” says he, cheeping, “a blackbird I be,
Laugh, laugh, little Jinnie, again—gain—gain,
Laugh, laugh, little Jinnie, again.”

Ah me ! what a strange, what a gladsome duet
From a house in the deeps of a wood !
Such shrill and such harsh voices never met yet
A-laughing as loud as they could, could, could,
A-laughing as loud as they could.

Come Jinnie, come dwarf, cocksparrow, and bee,
 There's a ring gaudy-green in the dell,
 Sing, sing, ye sweet cherubs, that flit in the tree ;
 La ! who can draw tears from a well, well, well,
 Who ever drew tears from a well !

Walter de la Mare.

5. A CHILD'S GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

(Paddocks are toads ; a benison is a blessing.)

Here a little child I stand,
 Heaving up my either hand.
 Cold as paddocks though they be,
 Here I lift them up to Thee,
 For a benison to fall
 On our meat and on us all.

Robert Herrick.

XII. FOR YOUR NOTEBOOK.

Verses From The Poems.

1. So blithesome, so lightsome ; now distant, now here ;
 And when he calls " Cuckoo ! " the summer is near.
2. Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king :
 Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring.
3. I heard a bird at dawn
 Singing sweetly on a tree.
4. I flit and twit,
 In the sun for a bit,
 When his light so bright is shining O !

5. The wing-wind of my pigeons seven
Blows open the shut door of Heaven.
6. Never was I afraid of man :
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can !
Chee, chee, chee !
7. Many, many welcomes,
February fair-maid.
8. All among the gardens, auriculas, anemones,
Roses and lilies and Canterbury bells.
9. The daisies, I think, are a tiny white choir
Who lead all the other small flowers up higher.
10. I was happy as could be
In the Wood of Flowers.
11. A health unto the happy,
A fig for him who frets.
12. Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee.
13. Little lamb, who made thee ?
Dost thou know who made thee ?
14. Come live, and be merry, and join with me,
To sing the sweet chorus of " Ha, Ha, He ! "
15. The skylark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around
To the bells' cheerful sound.
16. The little ones leaped, and shouted, and laughed ;
And all the hills echoèd.
17. " I happy am
Joy is my name."
—Sweet joy befall thee !

18. While throstles sang, "The sun is good,"
They waved their banners in the wood.
19. Adown the meadows green
Let us go dance and play,
And look for violets in the lane.
20. 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!).
21. Oh, he piped 'em a derry down derry, he did,
Since they were so young.
22. In spring, when stirs the wind, I know
That soon the crocus buds will show.
23. And the primest month of all the twelve
Is the merry month of September!
24. I look for secrets everywhere,
The biggest one of all,
I found out quite by accident
Behind the garden wall.
25. The hedge-cutters hear them
Where berries are glowing,
The scythe circles near them
At time of the mowing.
26. And the puffed-up red-breast
(Ball o' Grief)
Hops at the window
For relief.
27. I saw the dimpling river pass
And be the sky's blue looking-glass.

28. Here is a child who clammers and scrambles,
All by himself and gathering brambles.
29. The deep grass moved and whispered,
And bowed and brushed my face.
30. And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.
31. The fairies come on gossamer wings ;
With magical wands they make the rings
We see in the grass at break of day.
32. And then we danced away, away,
Until my birthnight all was done.
33. For empty tins and tangled strings
And paper bags are not the things
To scatter where a linnnet sings.
34. But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept
We praise the household maid.
35. In three great jumps, he bounded to the shade,
And disappeared among the greenery !
36. Spindle-wood, spindle-wood, will you lend me, pray,
A little flaming lantern to guide me on my way ?
37. 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 ?
38. Each single morning, when we rise,
Just exercise and exercise.

39. For the good are always the merry,
Save by an evil chance,
And the merry love the fiddle,
And the merry love to dance.
40. How large unto the tiny fly
Must little things appear !—
A rosebud like a feather bed
Its prickle like a spear.
41. Of danger they warned : “ Cubs, you musn’t go there—
It’s the home of the Grizzily-izzily Bear.”
W-o-o-o-o-o-ww !
42. I listened, I opened,
I looked to left and right,
But nought there was a-stirring
In the still dark night.
43. The cure for this ill is not to sit still,
Or frowst with a book by the fire ;
But to take a large hoe and a shovel also,
And dig till you gently perspire.
44. Their names are What and Why and When
And How and Where and Who.
45. Where billow meets billow, there soft be thy pillow ;
Ah, weary wee flipperling, curl at thy ease !
46. Sleep, little blossom, my honey, my bliss !
For I give you this, and I give you this !
47. O, men from the fields !
Soft, softly come through !
Mary puts round him
Her mantle of blue.

48. The Sun is the father,
The Moon is the mother,
And the stars are the children
Awake in the night.
49. By the green hedgerow I see her now coming,
Where the last sunbeam is just on her track.
50. Golden slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise.
51. Golden head by golden head,
Like two pigeons in one nest.
52. From street to street he piped advancing,
And step by step they followed dancing.



