

LILLIPUT
LEVEE
ILLUSTRATED
BY
MILLAIS & OTHERS

OSB

P

RAMDS, W.B

LILLIPUT

LEVEE

1868

37131 009 569 757



THE
JOHN SULLIVAN HAYES
COLLECTION

A Bequest to
THE OSBORNE COLLECTION - TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY
in memory of
JOHN SULLIVAN HAYES & JO ANN ELLIOTT HAYES
from their children
ANN ALCIN AND ELLIOTT HAYES

98B12LCC

For my dear Eliza
Kansas 1877 -



*ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. MILLAIS, C. GREEN,
G. F. PINWELL, AND B. BRADLEY*



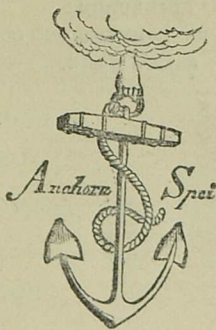


PRINCE PHILLIBERT.

LILLIPUT LEVEE

Poems of

CHILDHOOD, CHILD-FANCY, AND CHILD-LIKE MOODS



STRAHAN & CO., PUBLISHERS

56 LUDGATE HILL, LONDON

1868

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY,
PAUL'S WORK.

CONTENTS.

	Page
LILLIPUT LEVEE	1
PUBLIC NOTICE	9
STALKY JACK	11
THE BOY THAT LOVES A BABY	13
THE STORM CRADLE	15
LITTLE CHRISTEL	19
HAROLD AND ALICE; OR, THE REFORMED GIANT	26
THE CHRIST-CROWN	35
THE BEWITCHED TOYS; OR, QUEEN MAB IN CHILD-WORLD	41
CUCKOO IN THE PEAR-TREE	51
PENITENT ALFRED	53
THE PARABLE OF PETER AND THE CHERRIES	56

	Page
JACK ABROAD, AND JILL AT HOME . . .	59
CUCKOO'S PALACE	60
THE LITTLE BROTHER	61
JUAN DE PAREJA, THE FAITHFUL COLOUR- GRINDER OF VELASQUEZ	63
THE CRICKET IN THE CREVICE	67
THE DISCONTENTED YEW-TREE	70
PUZZLES	73
THE PENANCE OF THE LITTLE MAID	75
PRINCE PHILIBERT	77
THE RISING, WATCHING MOON	80
THE SHIP THAT SAILED INTO THE SUN	81
TOPSYTURVEY-WORLD	83
THE RACE OF THE FLOWERS	85
POLLY	87
THE WINDMILL	90
THE GIRL THAT GARIBALDI KISSED	92
PETRONELLA : THE STONE STRAWBERRY GIRL	96
FAIR LADY, RARE LADY	100
FRODGEDOBBULUM'S FANCY	101

Contents.

vii

	Page
THE CRUISE OF THE CALIBAN	112
THE DOG AND THE PATCH OF MOONSHINE	131
AUTUMN SONG	136
GIPSY JANE	137
A SHOOTING SONG	138
A FISHING SONG	140
SHOCK-HEADED CICELY AND THE TWO BEARS	142
THE SECRET OF THE SUNFLOWER	150
THE WONDERFUL TOY OF THE WHISPERING BOY	151
THE COMING STORM	159
MY BEAUTIFUL HUNTRESS	160
THE DREAM OF A BOY WHO LIVED AT NINE- ELMS	162
THE DREAM OF A GIRL WHO LIVED AT SEVEN- OAKS	163
THE PEDLAR'S CARAVAN	164
THE FIRST TOOTH	166
THE SOLDIER-ANGEL	168
DOLL POEMS	173

	Page
BLACKBERRY HUNTING	180
THE WIND AND HIS ENEMY	183
CLEAN CLARA	186
THE FIRST OF JUNE	189
MADCAP	190
TRUMPETER REDBREAST	193
LINGERING LATIMER	195
AT HARVEST TIME	197
BABY	199
THE ORGAN	204
GOLD-BOY AND GREEN-GIRL	206
EPILOGUE	208
L'ENVOI	210

LILLIPUT LEVEE.

WHERE does Pinafore Palace stand ?
Right in the middle of Lilliput-land !
There the Queen eats bread-and-honey,
There the King counts up his money !

Oh, the Glorious Revolution !
Oh, the Provisional Constitution !
Now that the Children, clever bold folks,
Have turned the tables upon the Old Folks !

Easily the thing was done,
For the Children were more than two to one ;
Brave as lions, quick as foxes,
With hoards of wealth in their money-boxes !

They seized the keys, they patrolled the street,
They drove the policeman off his beat,
They built barricades, they stationed sentries—
You must give the word, when you come to the
entries !

They dressed themselves in the Riflemen's
clothes,
They had pea-shooters, they had arrows and
bows,
So as to put resistance down—
Order reigns in Lilliput-town !

They made the baker bake hot rolls,
They made the wharfinger send in coals,
They made the butcher kill the calf,
They cut the telegraph-wires in half.

They went to the chemist's, and with their feet
They kicked the physic all down the street ;
They went to the school-room and tore the
books,
They munched the puffs at the pastrycook's.

They sucked the jam, they lost the spoons,
They sent up several fire-balloons,
They let off crackers, they burnt a guy,
They piled a bonfire ever so high.

They offered a prize for the laziest boy,
And one for the most Magnificent toy,
They split or burnt the canes off-hand,
They made new laws in Lilliput-land.

Never do to-day what you can
Put off till to-morrow, one of them ran ;
Late to bed and late to rise,
Was another law which they did devise.

They passed a law to have always plenty
Of beautiful things : we shall mention twenty :
A magic lantern for all to see,
Rabbits to keep, and a Christmas-tree.

A boat, a house that went on wheels,
An organ to grind, and sherry at meals,
Drums and wheelbarrows, Roman candles,
Whips with whistles let into the handles,

A real live giant, a roc to fly,
A goat to tease, a copper to sky,
A garret of apples, a box of paints,
A saw and a hammer and no complaints.

Nail up the door, slide down the stairs,
Saw off the legs of the parlour-chairs—
That was the way in Lilliput-land,
The Children having the upper hand.

They made the Old Folks come to school,
All in pinafores,—that was the rule,—
Saying, *Eener-deener-diner-duss*,
Kattler-wheeler-whiler-wuss;

They made them learn all sorts of things
That nobody liked. They had catechisings;
They kept them in, they sent them down
In class, in school, in Lilliput-town.

O but they gave them tit-for-tat!
Thick bread-and-butter, and all that;
Stick-jaw pudding that tires your chin
With the marmalade spread ever so thin!

They governed the clock in Lilliput-land,
They altered the hour or the minute-hand,
They made the day fast, they made the day slow,
Just as they wished the time to go.

They never waited for king or for cat ;
They never wiped their shoes on the mat ;
Their joy was great ; their joy was greater ;
They rode in the baby's perambulator !

There was a Levee in Lilliput-town,
At Pinafore Palace. Smith and Brown,
Jones and Robinson had to attend—
All to whom they cards did send.

Every one rode in a cab to the door ;
Every one came in a pinafore ;
Lady and gentleman, rat-tat-tat,
Loud knock, proud knock, opera hat !

The place was covered with silver and gold,
The place was as full as it ever could hold ;
The ladies kissed her Majesty's hand ;
Such was the custom in Lilliput-land.

His Majesty knighted eight or ten,
Perhaps a score, of the gentlemen,
Some of them short and some of them tall—
Arise, Sir What's-a-name What-do-you-call !

Nuts and nutmeg (that's in the negus) ;
The bill of fare would perhaps fatigue us ;
Forty-five fiddlers to play the fiddle ;
Right foot, left foot, down the middle.

Conjuring tricks with the poker and tongs,
Riddles and Forfeits, singing of songs ;
One fat man, too fat by far,
Tried " Twinkle, twinkle, little star ! "

His voice was gruff, his pinafore tight,
His wife said, " Mind, dear, sing it right,"
But he forgot, and said Fa-la-la !
The Queen of Lilliput's own papa !

She frowned, and ordered him up to bed ;
He said he was sorry ; she shook her head ;
His clean shirt-front with his tears was stained—
But discipline had to be maintained.



PINAFORE PALACE.

The Constitution ! The Law ! The Crown !
Order reigns in Lilliput-town !
The Queen is Jill, and the King is John ;
I trust the Government will get on.

I noticed, being a man of rhymes,
An advertisement in the *Lilliput Times* :—
“ PINAFORE PALACE. This is to state
That the Court is in want of a Laureate.

“ Nothing menial required.
Poets, willing to be hired,
May send in Specimens, at once,
Care of the Chamberlain DOUBLEDUNCE.”

Said I to myself, here's a chance for me,
The Lilliput Laureate for to be !
And these are the Specimens I sent in
To Pinafore Palace. Shall I win ?

PUBLIC NOTICE.—*This is to state,
That these are the specimens left at the gate
Of Pinafore Palace, exact to date,
In the hands of the porter, Curlypate,
Who sits in his plush on a chair of state,
By the gentleman who is a candidate
For the office of LILLIPUT LAUREATE.*

Christmas, 1864.

STALKY JACK.

I KNEW a boy who took long walks,
Who lived on beans and ate the stalks ;
To the Giants' Country he lost his way ;
They kept him there for a year and a day.
But he has not been the same boy since ;
An alteration he did evince ;
For you may suppose that he underwent
A change in his notions of extent !

He looks with contempt on a nice high door,
And tries to walk in at the second floor ;
He stares with surprise at a basin of soup,
He fancies a bowl as large as a hoop ;
He calls the people minikin mites ;
He calls a sirloin a couple of bites !
Things having come to these pretty passes,
They bought him some magnifying glasses.

He put on the goggles, and said, "My eyes !
The world has come to its proper size !"
But all the boys cry, "Stalky John !
There you go with your goggles on !"
What girl would marry him—and *quite* right—
To be taken for three times her proper height ?
So this comes of taking extravagant walks,
And living on beans, and eating the stalks.



STALKY JACK.

THE BOY THAT LOVES A BABY.

GOOD MORROW, Little Stranger,

Good morrow, Baby dear !

Good morrow, too, Mrs. Grainger,

And what do you do here ?

With your boxes, caps, and cap-strings,

Drowsy, hazard-hap things,

And love of good cheer ?

I'm a little boy that goes, ma'am,

Straight to the point ;

You said that my nose, ma'am,

Would soon be out of joint ;

But my nose keeps its place, ma'am—

The middle of my face, ma'am ;

It is a nose of grace, ma'am—

Aroint thee, aroint !

Good morrow, Little Stranger,
A girl, or a boy ?
Good morrow, Mrs. Grainger—
Where are you, ma'am, ahoy !
Here's all things in their proper place,
And people likewise,
The laundry-maid in the copper-place,
The skylark in the skies !
Here's love for Mamma,
And love for Papa ;
Here's a penny for a scavenger,
And a bag for the blooming lavender,
And a rope for Don't Care,
And a kiss for the little baby,
And one for a pretty lady
With a diamond in her hair !

THE STORM-CRADLE.

A MISERLY couple lived by the sea-shore ;
Their motto was Much, their motto was More ;
They had gold in a gallipot under the floor.

The place where the house stood was wild ; it
was lone,
It was cold, it was grey, it was thistle and
stone ;
This miserly couple were all skin and bone.

A traveller came tapping ; they showed him to
bed ;
They crept up at midnight, they smashed in his
head,
They stole all his guineas with hands gory-red.

They murdered a pedlar, with only a pack ;
The bodies they threw down a well at the back ;
Splash, gurgle ; the thistles closed over, all
black.

There once was a ship wrecked in sight of this
shore ;
They heard the wind rave, they heard the sea
roar,
They heard guns of distress, this old pair at
their door.

What is it the waves bear along to the land ?
A babe in a cradle ! Oh, who can withstand
Its little blue eye, and its lily-white hand ?

A beautiful cradle ; and what have we here ?
A diamonded brooch on a shawl of Cashmere ;
The pillows are costly, and all the babe-gear !

This miserly couple, the man and his hag,
Took up the drenched babe, and stripped off
every rag,
And put all the cradle-gear into a bag.

They flung the child into the water away ;
They took up the cradle ; you hear the hag say,
“ Oh ho, here is firewood for many a day ! ”

“ Nay, dame,” says the husband, “ for fuel is
cheap ;
Perhaps it may pay us, the cradle to keep ;
We can swear that the child had been drowned
in its sleep !

“ Some uncle, some lawyer, may give us a pound,
For saying the cradle was all that we found ” —
“ Ah ha ! ” says the hag, “ you are wrong, I’ll
be bound ! ”

They emptied the cradle, they hid it away ;
But that very night, was a-year-and-a-day,
The sailor at sea could not hear himself pray,

The storm blew so loud ! What, what do *they*
hear,
This couple, that makes their bones rattle with
fear ?
The rock of a cradle, a child crying near !

“But how can it be, dame? our wits are beguiled!”

—The rock of the cradle, the voice of the child,
They hear them again, though the wind is so wild!

Rock, rock, 'tis the cradle! Loud thunders the storm!

“Oh, hush-thee-by-baby, lie still, and lie warm!”

Who sings to the child, then? what name, and what form?

Rock, rock; hark, the babe cries! What thoughts are this hag's?

She curses her husband; he clutches his bags;
Without, the red storm rends the rain-cloud to rags!

She threw up her arms, he fell down on his knee;

They went raving-mad, they rushed into the sea!
—By the Murder-Hole still the black thistles grow free!

LITTLE CHRISTEL.

I.

SLOWLY forth from the village church,—

The voice of the choristers hushed overhead,—
Came little Christel. She paused in the porch,
Pondering what the preacher had said.

Even the youngest, humblest child

Something may do to please the Lord :

“Now, what,” thought she, and half-sadly
smiled,

“Can I, so little and poor, afford ?—

“Never, never a day should pass,

Without some kindness, kindly shown,

The preacher said”—Then down to the grass

A skylark dropped, like a brown-winged
stone.

“ Well, a day is before me now ;
Yet, what,” thought she, “ can I do, if I try ?
If an angel of God would show me how !
But silly am I, and the hours they fly.”

Then the lark sprang singing up from the sod,
And the maiden thought, as he rose to the
blue,
“ He says he will carry my prayer to God ;
But who would have thought the little lark
knew ? ”

II.

Now she entered the village street,
With book in hand and face demure,
And soon she came, with sober feet,
To a crying babe at a cottage door.

It wept at a windmill that would not move,
It puffed with its round red cheeks in vain,
One sail stuck fast in a puzzling groove,
And baby's breath could not stir it again.



LITTLE CHRISTEL.

So baby beat the sail and cried,
While no one came from the cottage door ;
But little Christel knelt down by its side,
And set the windmill going once more.

Then babe was pleased, and the little girl
Was glad when she heard it laugh and
crow ;
Thinking, " Happy windmill, that has but to
whirl,
To please the pretty young creature so ! "

III.

No thought of herself was in her head,
As she passed out at the end of the street,
And came to a rose-tree tall and red,
Drooping and faint with the summer heat.

She ran to a brook that was flowing by,
She made of her two hands a nice round
cup,
And washed the roots of the rose-tree high,
Till it lifted its languid blossoms up.

“O happy brook !” thought little Christel,

“You have done some good this summer’s
day,

You have made the flowers look fresh and
well !”

Then she rose and went on her way.

IV.

But she saw, as she walked by the side of the
brook,

Some great rough stones that troubled its
course,

And the gurgling water seemed to say, “Look !
I struggle, and tumble, and murmur hoarse !

“How these stones obstruct my road !

How I wish they were off and gone !

Then I would flow as once I flowed,

Singing in silvery undertone.”

Then little Christel, as light as a bird,

Put off the shoes from her young white feet ;

She moves two stones, she comes to the third,
The brook already sings "Thanks! sweet!
sweet!"

O then she hears the lark in the skies,
And thinks, "What is it to God he says?"—
And she stumbles and falls, and cannot rise,
For the water stifles her downward face.

The little brook flows on as before,
The little lark sings with as sweet a sound,
The little babe crows at the cottage door,
And the red rose blooms, but Christel lies
drowned!

v.

Come in softly, this is the room ;
Is not that an innocent face ?
Yes, those flowers give a faint perfume—
Think, child, of heaven, and Our Lord his
grace.

Three at the right and three at the left,
Two at the feet, and two at the head,

The tapers burn. The friends bereft
Have cried till their eyes are swollen and red.

Who would have thought it when little Christel
Pondered on what the preacher had told ?
But the good wise God does all things well,
And the fair young creature lies dead and
cold !

VI.

Then a little stream crept into the place,
And rippled up to the coffin's side,
And touched the corpse on its pale round face,
And kissed the eyes till they trembled wide :

Saying, " I am a river of joy from heaven,
You helped the brook, and I help you ;
I sprinkle your brows with life-drops seven ;
I bathe your eyes with healing dew."

Then a rose-branch in through the window
came,
And coloured her cheeks and lips with red ;

“I remember, and Heaven does the same,”
Was all that the faithful rose-branch said.

Then a bright small form to her cold neck clung,
It breathed on her till her breast did fill,
Saying, “I am a cherub fond and young,
And I saw who breathed on the baby’s mill.”

Then little Christel sat up and smiled,
And said “Who put these flowers in my
hand?”
And rubbed her eyes, poor innocent child,
Not being able to understand.

VII.

But soon she heard the big bell of the church
Give the hour, which made her say,
“Ah, I have slept and dreamt in the porch,
It is a very drowsy day.”

HAROLD AND ALICE :

OR

THE REFORMED GIANT.

I.

THE Giant sat on a rock up high,
With the wind in his shaggy hair ;
And he said " I have drained the dairies dry,
And stripped the orchards bare ;

" I have eaten the sheep, with the wool on their
backs,"

(A nasty giant was he,)

" The eggs and the shells, the honey, the wax,
The fowls, and the cock-turkáy ;

" And now I think I could eat a score
Of babies so plump and small ;

And if, after that, I should want any more,
Their brothers and sisters, and all.

“To-morrow I’ll do it. Ha ! what was that ?”
Said he, for a sound he heard ;
“Was it fluttering owl or pattering rat,
Or bough to the breeze that stirred ?”

Oh, it was neither rat nor owl,
Giant ! nor shaking leaf ;
Young Harold has heard your scheme so foul,
And it may come to grief !

One thing which you ate has escaped your
mind,—

Young Harold his guinea-pig dear ;
And he has crept up to try and find
His pet, and he shakes with fear ;

He has hid himself in a corner, you know,
To listen and look about ;
And if to the village to-morrow you go,
You may find the babes gone out !

II.

Now, when to the village came Harold back
And told his tale so wild,
Then every mother she cried "Good lack !
My child ! preserve my child !"

And every father took his sword,
And sharpened it on a stone ;
But little Harold said never a word,
Having a plan of his own.

He laid six harrows outside the stile
That led to the village green,
Then on them a little hay did pile,
For the prongs not to be seen.

A toothsome sucking-pig he slew,
And thereby did it lay ;
For why ? Because young Harold knew
The Giant would pass that way.

Then he went in and said his prayers,—
Not to lie down to sleep ;

But at his window up the stairs
A watch all night did keep,
Till the little stars all went pale to bed,
Because the sun was out,
And the sky in the east grew dapple-red,
And the little birds chirped about.

III.

Now, all the village was early awake,
And, with short space to pray,
Their preparations they did make,
To bear the babes away.
The horses were being buckled in,—
The little ones looked for a ride,—
When on came the Giant, as ugly as Sin,
With a terrible six-yard stride.
Then every woman and every child
To scream aloud began ;
Young Harold up at his watch-tower smiled,
And his sword drew every man ;

For now the Giant, fierce and big,
Came near to the stile by the green,
But when he saw that luscious pig
His lips grew wet between !

Now, left foot, right foot, step it again,
He trod on—the harrow spikes ;
And how he raged and roared with pain
He may describe who likes !

At last he fell, and as he lay
Loud bellowing on the ground,
The stalwart men of the village, they
With drawn swords danced around.

“ O spare my life, I you entreat !
I will be a Giant good !
O take out those thorns that prick my feet,
Which now are bathed in blood !”

Then the little village maids did feel
For this Giant so shaggy-haired,
And to their parents they did kneel,
Saying, “ Let his life be spared !”

His bleeding wounds the maids did bind ;
They framed a litter strong
With all the hurdles they could find ;
Six horses drew him along ;

And all the way to his castle rude,
Up high in the piny rocks,
He promised to be a Giant good—
The cruel, crafty fox !

IV.

“ O mother, lend me your largest tub ! ”—
“ Why, daughter ? tell me quick ! ”—
“ O mother, to make a syllabub
For the Giant who is so sick.”

Now in fever-fit the Giant lay,
From the pain in his wounded feet,
And hoping soon would come the day
When he might the babies eat.

“ O mother, dress me in white, I beg,
With flowers and pretty gear !

For Mary and Madge, and Jess and Peg,
And all my playmates dear,

“ We go to the Giant’s this afternoon,
To carry him something nice,—
A custard three times as big as the moon,
With sugar and wine and spice.”

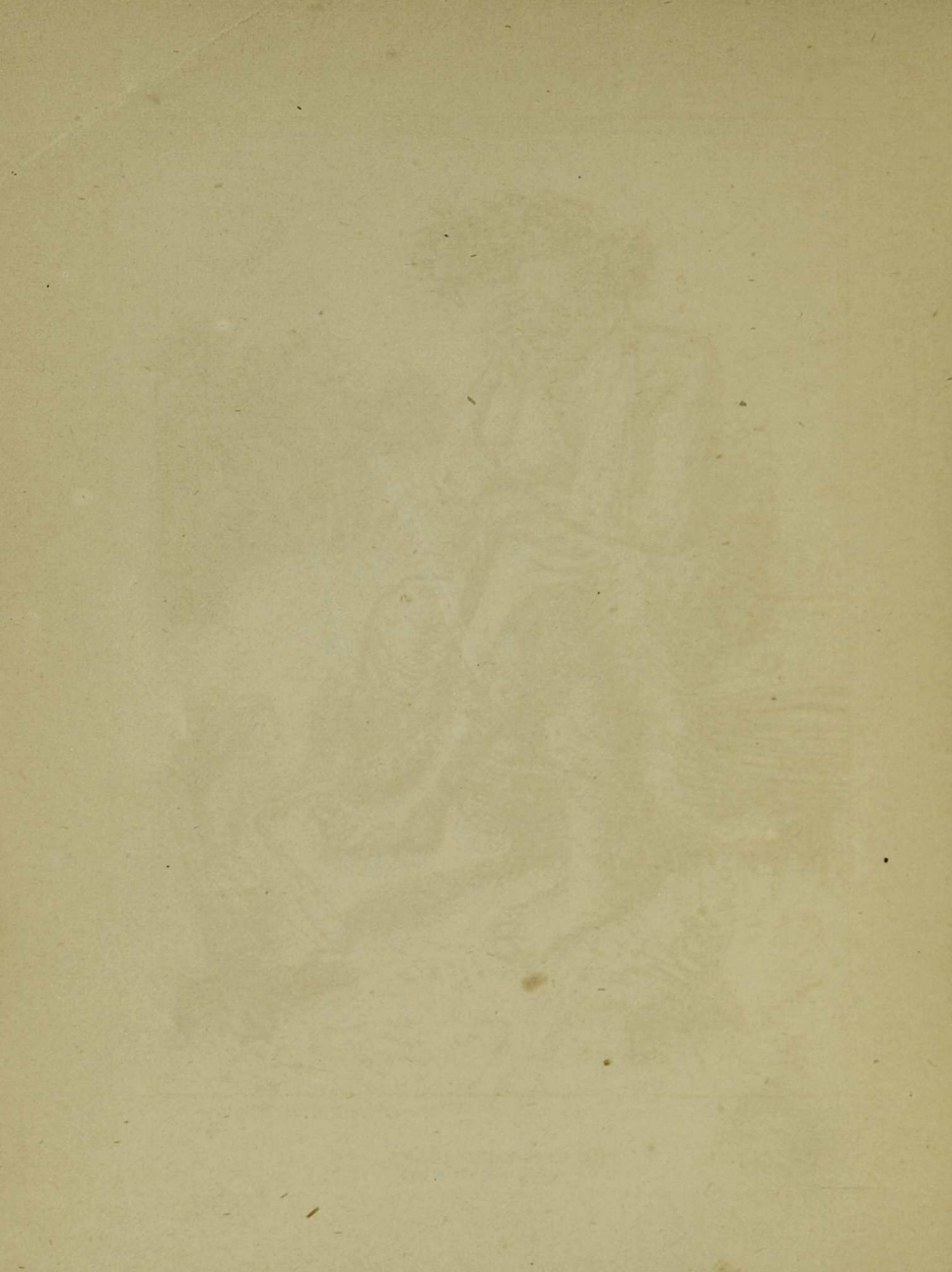
“ O daughter, your father shall go with you ;
Suppose the Giant is well,
And eats you up, what shall we do ?”
Then her thought did Alice tell :—

“ No, mother dear ; we go alone,
And Heaven for us will care :
If the Giant bad has a heart of stone,
We will soften it with prayer !”

Now, when the Giant saw these maids,
Drest all in white, draw near,
He twitched his monstrous shoulder-blades,
And dropped an honest tear !



THE REFORMED GIANT.



“Dear Giant, a syllabub nice we bring,

Pray let us tuck you in !”

The Giant said, “Sweet innocent thing !

“Oh, I am a lump of sin !

“Go home, and say to the man of prayer,

To make the church-door wide,

For I next Sunday will be there,

And kneel, dears, at your side.

“Tell brave young Harold I forgive

Him for the harrow-spikes ;

And I will do, please Heaven I live,

The penance the prayer-man likes.

“Set down, my dears, the syllabub,

And as I better feel,

I'll try and eat a fox's cub

At my next mid-day meal :

“And all my life the village I'll keep

From harmful vermin free ;

But never more will eat up the sheep,

The honey, or cock-turkáy !”

v.

Now Sunday came, and in the isle
Did kneel the Giant tall ;
The priest could not forbear a smile,
The church it looked so small !

And, as the Giant walked away,
He knocked off the roof with his head ;
But he quarried stones on the following day,
To build another instead.

And it was high and broad and long,
And a hundred years it stood,
To tell of the Giant so cruel and strong
That kindness had made good.

And when Harold and Alice were married there,
A handsome sight was seen ;
For the bridegroom was brave, and the bride
was fair—

LONG LIVE OUR GRACIOUS QUEEN !

THE CHRIST-CROWN.

I.

“ His neck droops on the rude cross-bough,
The blood falls fast and red :
A crown of flowers to soothe his brow ! ”
The little maiden said.

“ O flowers, He must not bleed and faint,
Unhelped, who made you all ;
It is the Christ whose fingers paint
The rose and the lily tall.

“ O lily, and rose, and tulip gay,
That shine in the garden-bed,
Weave me a crown this Sabbath-day
For the Christ with the drooping head ! ”

Then tulip, rose, and lily white
Made answer with one accord,
“Here stand we all in the morning-light,
And bloom to praise the Lord ;

But we are heavy, and large, and bold ;
The field-flowers keep the dew ;
The field-flowers light, and small, and cold,
Shall weave a crown for you.”

So into the greenwood the maiden went
While the morning mist was grey ;
But soon the low, cool hours were spent,
And it was high, hot day ;
And, roaming wide in wonderment,
She missed her weary way :

And through the rifts between the bowers
The great sun scorched her head,
As she went filling her lap with flowers,
Purple, and white, and red.

Then, hungry and tired, by a beech-tree broad,
On the grass she sank and slept,

While ugly woodland creatures, awed,
A humble distance kept.

For the turtle-dove guessed why she came,
And told it from her bough—
“Snakes, lizards, and snails, avoid, for shame !
This maid, wide-wandering without blame,
Seeks flowers for her Saviour’s brow.”

So sped the blazing afternoon,
The maid still sleeping there,
Till her face was white in the light of the moon,
And the dew lay on her hair.

For the goblins grey of the dusk wood-bowers
Heard what the nightingale sang—
“Let her sleep, undreaming, a few more hours ;
This is the maid who came for flowers
On her Saviour’s brow to hang.”

Then the goblins grey of the dusk wood-bowers
Came trooping tenderly,
And plaited into a crown the flowers
That lay on the maiden’s knee ;

And beckoned a band of fairies fair,
Who, with many an artful stroke,
Looped up and smoothed her golden hair
All round, against she woke,

And filled their palms with brier-rose dew,
And softly bathed her face.
Sweet child ! all creatures wait on you,
Through our dear Lord his grace.

II.

O crisply stirred the cool dawn breeze,
And shook the acorns down ;
O what comes crashing through the trees ?
It is a stag so brown.

It was an antlered stag so brown
Came, bright-eyed, through the wood,
And, ready to bear her to the town,
Before the maiden stood.

Now kneel, good stag, for she smiles and wakes,
And let her mount thy side ;

The morning breaks, the greenwood shakes,
Dear stag, to thy step of pride !

The maiden held her garland fast,
So light, so cool with dew,
And by-and-by the town at last,
With the good church, came in view.

The stag passed proudly up the street,
The folk were forth for prayers :
“ This antlered creature, brown and fleet,
A maid with a garland bears ! ”

The stag came softly nigh the church,
The folk stood mazed to see ;
The stag stopped conscious at the porch,
And sank upon his knee.

Down stepped the maid, and a prayer she prayed,
And kissed his forehead mild ;
Then up the aisle, with footstep staid,
Passed meekly the fair child

To where her Saviour's image stood,
The folk all wondering round ;
Upon the forehead red with blood
The garland cool she bound ;
The stag fled fleetly to the wood,
And never more was found.

THE BEWITCHED TOYS ;

OR,

QUEEN MAB IN CHILD-WORLD.

I.

HERE comes Queen Mab in her coach-and-six !
Look out for mischievous fairy tricks !
Look out, good girls ! Look out, brave boys !
I know she comes to bewitch your toys !
Hither she floats, like the down of a thistle !—
So mind the peg-top ; and mind the hoop ;
Bring down the kite with a sudden swoop ;
Hide the pop-gun ; and plug up the whistle ;
But don't say Dolly's a-bed with the croup :
For, if you tell her a fib, my dear,
She'll fasten the door-key to your ear !

II.

Then the Kite went flying up to the Moon,
And the Man with the Sticks, who lives up
there,

Kick'd it through with his clouted shoon,
And the tail hung dangling down in the air.

But Harry wouldn't let go the string,
Although it nearly broke with the strain ;
Said he : " Well, this is a comical thing,
But the kite is mine, and I'll have it again ! "

" Now whistle three times," cried cunning Nell,
" And over your shoulder throw your shoe,
And pull once more, and say this spell :
FUSTUMFUNNIDOSTANTARABOO ! "

But Harry made a mistake in the charm,
Saying, " FUSTUMFUNNIDOSTANTABOORACK ! "
And a dreadful pain went all up his arm,
And he fell down, shouting, right on his back.

Then Nell took hold, and pulled the string,
And the kite came down, all safe and sound ;
But a piece of the moon it away did bring,
Which you may have for a silver pound !

III.

Said Thomas, with the round straw hat,
 “ My pop-gun bring to me,
And hey ! to shoot the Tabby Cat
 Up in the Cherry-tree !

“ Last night she stole my supper all,
 She must be better taught ;
And I shall make her caterwaul
 ‘ I’m sorry,’ as she ought.”

Then Thomas, taking hasty aim
 At Tabby on the bough,
Hit Tabby’s mistress, an old Dame
 Who had a Brindled Cow.

The Brindled Cow could not abide
 To see her mistress struck,
And after trembling Thomas hied,—
 Said he, “ It’s just my luck.”

She tossed him once, she tossed him twice,
 When Tabby at her flew,

Saying, "Tom, your custard was so nice
That I will fight for you."

The old Dame flung the pellet back,
And, when Tom picked it up,
He cried, "The pellet has turned, good lack !
To a custard in a cup !"

And so it had ! The Brindled Cow,
The Dame, and Tabby Cat
Were much surprised. "It's strange, I vow,"
Said Tom in the round hat.

But nothing came amiss to him ;
He ate the custard clean—
There was a brown mark round the rim
To show where it had been.

IV.

"Pegtop, pegtop—fast asleep !
Pray, how long do you mean to keep
Humming and droning and spinning away ?
Do you mean to keep on all day ?

Ten minutes have passed since your nap was
begun ;

Pegtop, when will your nap be done ?

“Forty winks, forty, and forty more !
You never slept so long before ;
This is a pretty sleep to take !
Boxer, Boxer, yawn and wake !”

Then said Marian, “Never fear ;
Dolly’s night-cap, Richard dear,
Put on Boxer—perhaps he thinks
He would like forty times forty winks !

Three o’clock, four o’clock, all day long,
Richard’s pegtop hummed so strong,
Hummed away and would not stop—
Dick had to buy another top !
For though this Boxer was certainly clever,
Who wants a pegtop to hum for ever ?

All the Queen’s horses and all the Queen’s men
Couldn’t get Boxer to wake again ;

They made him a house, and put him in ;
The people came to see Boxer spin ;
“A penny a-piece,” said Dick, “and cheap,
To see my Pegtop’s wonderful sleep !”

v.

Kate had quarrelled and would not speak
 To Cousin John,
Who, trying to kiss her on the cheek,
 With her bonnet on,
Had crumpled her bonnet at the border,
And put the trimming in disorder.

“Pray let me kiss you, Katy dear,”
 Said John so gay ;
“Now, Master John,” said Kate severe,
 “Please get away !
And if you don’t, I only hope
You’ll get hit with my skipping-rope !”

Skip, skip
Never trip ;

Round and round !
“ Does it touch the ground ?
Don't I skip well ? ” said sulky Kate ;
But, oh, at last
Her feet stuck fast—
Her pretty feet,
So small and neat,
Were glued by magic to the skipping-cord,
Which turned into a Swing ! And then my lord
Johnny said, “ This is fine, upon my word ! ”

Backwards and forwards Katy swung ;—
To the magic rope, which by nothing hung,
Frightened out of her breath she clung—
An apple for the Queen, and a pear for the
King !
Wasn't that a wonderful swing ?
It kept on going like anything !

“ John ! ” said Katy, turning faint,
And the colour of white paint,
“ Save me from this dreadful swing ! ”
Then our Johnny made a spring

Up to Kate, and held her tight,
And kissed her twice, with all his might,
Which stopped the magic swing; and Katy
then
Said, "Thank you, Jack!" and kissed him back
again.

VI.

Then the Children all said, "She spoils our
play :
We must really get Queen Mab away ;
She musn't bewitch our Toys too much.
Who will speak to her ? Does she talk Dutch ?
John knows Magic, and Greek, and such ;
No one than John can be cleverer—
Perhaps he knows how to get rid of Her !"

VII.

Six White Mice, with harness on,
What do you think of Cousin John,
Who taught them so,
And made them go ?—
Six white mice, with harness on !

A wee coach, gilt like the Lord Mayor's own !
Made by Cousin John alone,
 Bright and gay,—
 On a Lord Mayor's day
Just such a coach is the Lord Mayor's own !

Marian's Doll come out for a ride,
Dressed like a queen in pomp and pride :
 The six wee mice,
 That trot so nice,
Draw Marian's Doll come out for a ride !

Every mouse had a silver bell
Round its neck, as I've heard tell ;
 Tinkle tink !—
 But who would think
Of a harnessed mouse, with a silver bell ?

“What can six white mice intend ?”
Thought Queen Mab, with her hair on end—
 “And silver bells,
 And what-not-else—
What can six white mice intend ?

“ When was such a procession seen ?
It frightens me, as I’m a Queen !”
 So she stopped her tricks,
 And her coach and six
Drove away with the Fairy Queen.



CUCKOO IN THE PEAR TREE.

CUCKOO IN THE PEAR-TREE.

THE Cuckoo sat in the old pear-tree.

Cuckoo !

Raining or snowing, naught cared he.

Cuckoo !

Cuckoo, cuckoo, naught cared he.

The Cuckoo flew over a housetop nigh.

Cuckoo !

“ Dear, are you at home, for here am I ?

Cuckoo !

Cuckoo, cuckoo, here am I.”

“ I dare not open the door to you.

Cuckoo !

Perhaps you are not the right cuckoo ?

Cuckoo !

Cuckoo, cuckoo, the right Cuckoo !

“ I am the right Cuckoo, the proper one.
Cuckoo !

For I am my father's only son,
Cuckoo !

Cuckoo, cuckoo, his only son.”

“ If you are your father's only son—
Cuckoo !

The bobbin pull tightly,
Come through the door lightly—
Cuckoo !

If you are your father's only son—
Cuckoo !

It must be you, the only one—
Cuckoo, cuckoo, my own Cuckoo !
Cuckoo !”

PENITENT ALFRED.

It is Christmas Eve, and a stormy night,
The wind is loud, and the snow lies white,
And little Alfred has sulked to bed,
And these are the thoughts that pass through
his head :—

“ I wish I was good, but I know I am bad :
O the wind, whistle-whew !

I make father angry, and mother sad—
Just then how it blew !

My heart was heavy and hard to-night,
I crept to bed.

I could not say what was soft and right,
I wished I was dead !

But I see, with my eyes shut beneath the
clothes—

It is dark and cold—

I see such sights as nobody knows
And nobody's told.
I see a red robin up in a tree,
Sing, sing !
And a shipwrecked boy on a raft at sea,
Cling, cling !
I see our Rover jumping the brook,
Swift and light ;
I see a new moon, like a reaping-hook,
Sharp and white.
I see the churchyard ; the snow lies deep ;
For ghosts who cares ?
If I were to die to-night in my sleep !—
I'll say my prayers.
I see a grand funeral—there's the hearse,
Black as a coal ;
If I could remember a hymn, or a verse—
Toll, toll !
Perhaps to-morrow I may be good—
Christmas Day ;
But I am too small to be understood,
Whatever I say.
If mother would come up and kiss me once—

Was that the bed broke ?
No, I dropped asleep. But I won't be a
dunce—

I thought some one spoke?—
Mathew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on ;
Four curtains to my bed,
Four angels—— *Our Father, &c.*"

Poor little Alfred ! when morning comes,
And the bells say, " Citron, and spice, and
plums !"

Pray he may find that the angels four
Have carried his hard heart out at the door,
And left underneath his soft pink side,
A heart that is softer, and free from pride !

THE PARABLE OF PETER AND THE CHERRIES.

TOWARD Jericho, at morning-tide,
When Christ the Lord, with disciples three ;
Peter, who walked by the Master's side,
Said, "Lord, what would I not do for Thee ?"

And of many things the Master talked,
While the sun rose higher, and higher yet,
Till it came to pass, as forth they walked,
And came to the road at Olivet,

That Jesus saw a horse's shoe,
In Peter's path, upon the way,
And bade him (what would not Peter do ?)
Take up the horseshoe from where it lay.

But he would not stoop for a thing so small,
Gem nor jewel, silver nor gold !

The Parable of Peter and the Cherries. 57

So He stooped for it, who is Lord of All,
And hid it close in his garment's fold.

And the Lord in the village exchanged the shoe
For a measure of cherries ripe and red,
And gathered them up in his garment too,
As forth from the village now they sped.

And still, as the sun rose high and higher.
Stonier and steeper grew the way,
Where the tall white rocks flung back the fire,
On the travellers' heads, of the fierce
noonday.

And they were weary, the travellers four,
Of the dusty road, and the heat and thirst,
And Peter, the bold, who thirsted sore,
Walked slow behind, and Jesus first.

Then our loving Lord,—who is Lord of all,
Who hungered and thirsted for our sake,
Who bears with the froward, stoops to the small,
And shuns the bruised reed to break,—

Dropped, one by one, in Peter's way,
The little red cherries, cool and moist,
And Peter stooped to them where they lay,
And ate them ; and his heart rejoiced.

Then Jesus said, with a smile in his eyes,
" To little things he who will not bend,
Perhaps to matters of smaller size,—
Nor silver nor gold, nor jewel prize,—
May learn to stoop down before the end."

JACK ABROAD, AND JILL AT HOME.

IF my Treasure you should see,
Say her loved one greets her !
“ How does he get on ? ” says she—
Say, upon my feet, sir !

“ Is he ill ? ” Say, dead am I !
But tell her, when, for sorrow,
She, poor thing, begins to cry,
That I'll come home to-morrow !

CUCKOO'S PALACE.

OH, the Cuckoo, he is a royal bird,
To have seven queens (which seems absurd) !
One cleans his parlour with mop and broom ;
The second one carries the pail from the room ;
The third with a napkin wipes his plate ;
The fourth brings his bread and his wine in
state ;
The fifth stands by to plenish his cup,
The sixth she carries the coal-pan up
At night, to make the sheets feel warm ;
The seventh she sleeps with her head on his
arm.

THE LITTLE BROTHER.

LITTLE brother in a cot,
 Baby, baby !
Shall he have a pleasant lot ?
 May be, may be !

Little brother in a nap,
 Baby, baby !
Bless his tiny little cap,
 Noise far away be !

With a rattle in his hand,
 Baby, baby !
Dreaming—who can understand
 Dreams like this, what they be ?

When he wakes kiss him twice,
 Then talk and gay be ;
Little cheeks soft, and nice,
 Baby, baby !

Pretty little pouting boy,
 Baby, baby !
Let his life, with sweet and toy,
 Pleasure all and play be.

Seven white angels watching here,
 Baby, baby !
Pray be kind to baby dear,
 Pray be, pray be !

Little brother in a cot,
 Baby, baby !
His shall be a pleasant lot—
 Must, not may be !

JUAN DE PAREJA,
THE FAITHFUL COLOUR-GRINDER OF
VELASQUEZ.

I.

"I CLEAN the brushes, the colours I grind,
Prepare the palettes, the studio sweep ;
When my master paints, I stand behind,
And I paint, myself, when he is asleep.

I study the trees, the houses, the men,
The rocks, the rivers, and skies so blue ;
I am a painter's slave,—what then ?
I mean to be a painter too !"

So thought the slave one busy day,
As nigh Velasquez' chair he stood ;
The master said, as he turned that way,
"Juan, my colour-grinder good,

There was never, in all the land,
Such a servant, boy, as you,
Swift of thought and steady of hand,
Ready of will, and always true."

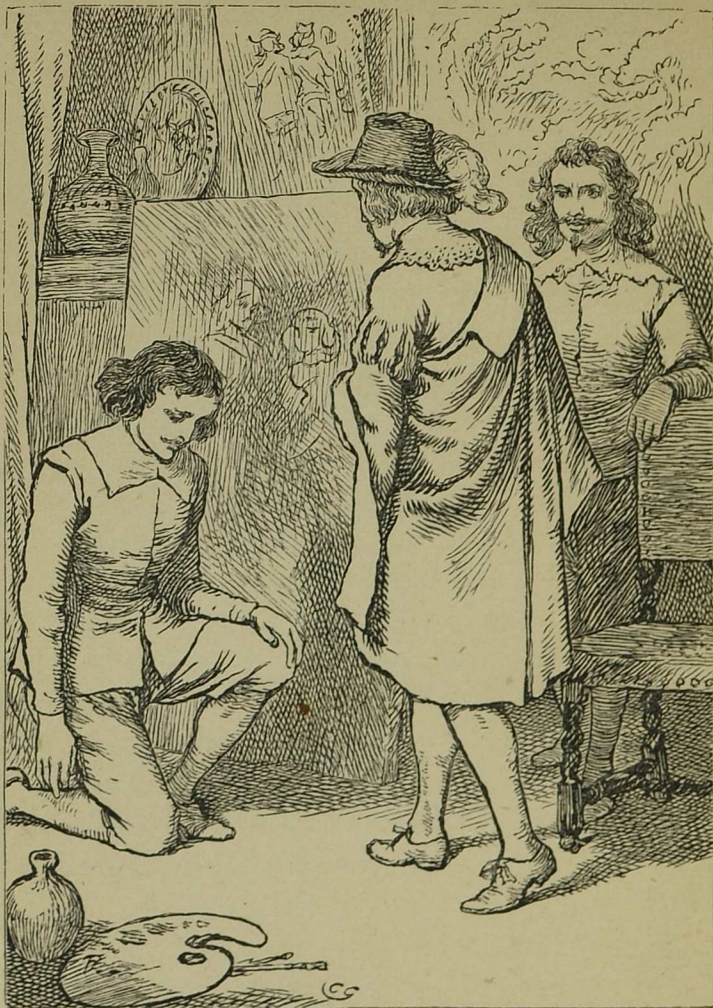
II.

Time, incessant, rolled away,
For master and slave alike it rolled,
To-morrow glided into to-day,
And the new year soon became the old.

And Juan, who held his secret dear,
As a man with a will is apt to do,
Went with his master far and near,
And painted on, while no one knew.

Twice he went to Italy,
Growing in years, and wit, and skill,
And one day he said, "The King shall see,—
To-morrow, to-morrow, I think I will !

I will turn my picture, face to the wall,
That whosoever shall pass thereby,



THE FAITHFUL COLOUR-GRINDER.

Will say, 'What may you this picture call,
Which stands so bashfully all awry ?'"

III.

Philip the Fourth, King of Spain,
Came to the painter's studio,
Walked up the room and down again,
Seeing the pictures all of a row.

But, oh, what moments the slave endures
As King Philip turns *his* picture round ;
"Velasquez mine, this is not yours ?"—
Then down sank Juan, his knees on the
ground,

And told his tale, till, wondering,
Philip said, "Painters should be free !"
And Juan kissed the hand of the King,
And rose, a freeman, from his knee.

IV.

Scholar now, a slave no more,
While his master lived, he stayed at his side,

Then served the daughter, a few years more,
Faithfully, kindly, till he died.

And this is the story, true as truth,
Of Juan, the colour-grinder brave,
Who kept, through a humble and toilsome
youth,
A heart that controlled the lot of a slave !

THE CRICKET IN THE CREVICE.

It was an oldwife in Buckinghamshire,
Gossiped with Madge by a blazing fire ;
The Cricket sang loud and clear ;
His chirrup was glad, his chirrup was strong,
But the spiteful oldwife disliked the song,
And held up her hand to her ear.

‘O ho, Master Cricket!’ quoth she, ‘I trow
’Tis in vain that I speak while ye chirrup so,
And Madge heareth naught that I say ;
I would ye might silence your horrible croak !’
But Cricket struck up a new tune as she spoke—
Sing tira-lira-lay !

‘So, Mistress Madge, as I said to Joan’—
But the kettle began, in an undertone ;
There was Kettle, and Madge’s friend,

Cricket, and Madge, in noisy strife
Beside the fire ; and this oldwife
Resolved the strife should end !

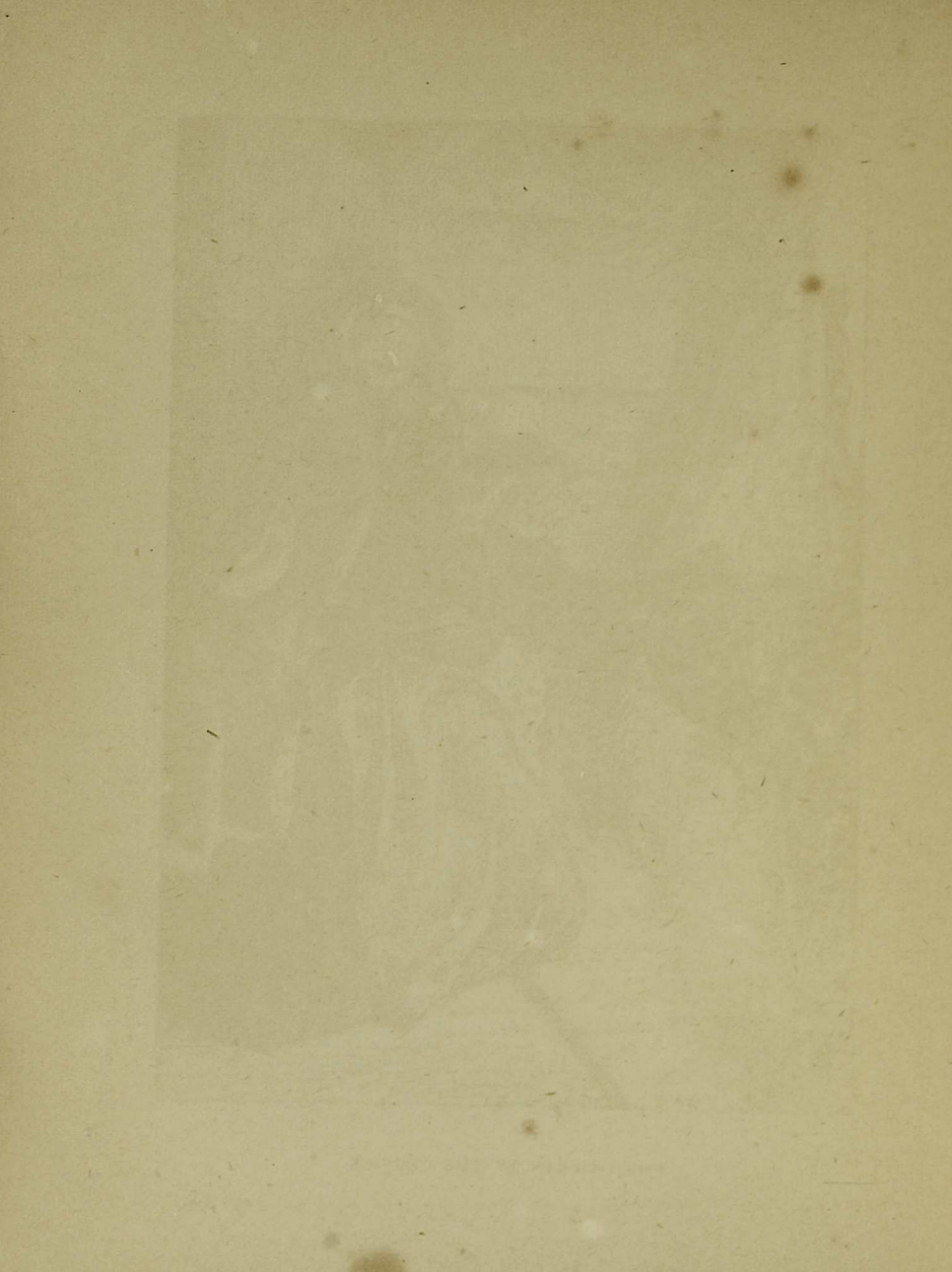
She peered down the crevice, with spectacl'd
face,
That led to Cricket his hiding place ;
The old church clock struck One !
She lifts the great kettle aloft in air ;
Down flows the hot stream—he was scalded
there ;
Poor Cricket, his song was done !

Glad was our gossip, whose clack was free,
And to Madge she finished her history,
Triúmphing o'er Cricket his end ;
But I have been told a cricket is luck,
And with the remark I have been struck,
“ 'Tis easier to mar than mend.”

Next day she was talking, as she did use,
To Madge, and a-sudden, while telling the news,
‘Lackaday ! I’m gone deaf !’ she cried—



THE CRICKET IN THE CREVICE.



So she was ; for a week she was deaf as a post,
Save every night, when Cricket his Ghost,
Came chirping to her bedside !

On Sunday morning, at breakfast time,
She fancied she heard the early chime,
And, pricking up her ear,
Was 'ware of a cricket chirruping,
And leapt for joy to hear him sing,
For joy that she could hear !

THE DISCONTENTED YEW-TREE.

A DARK-GREEN prickly yew one night
Peeped round on the trees of the forest,
And said, '*Their* leaves are smooth and bright,
My lot is the worst and poorest :

I wish I had golden leaves,' said the yew ;
And lo, when the morning came,
He found his wish had come suddenly true,
For his branches were all aflame.

Now, by came a Jew, with a bag on his back,
Who cried, 'I'll be rich to-day !'
He stripped the boughs, and, filling his sack
With the yellow leaves, walked away !

The yew was as vexed as a tree could be,
And grieved, as a yew-tree grieves,

And sighed, 'If Heaven would but pity me,
And grant me crystal leaves !'

Then crystal leaves crept over the boughs ;
Said the yew, 'Now am I not gay ?'
But a hailstorm hurricane soon arose
And broke every leaf away !

So he mended his wish yet once again,—
'Of my pride I do now repent ;
Give me fresh green leaves, quite smooth and
plain,
And I will be content.'

In the morning he woke in smooth green leaf,
Saying, 'This is a sensible plan ;
The storm will not bring my beauty to grief,
Or the greediness of man.'

But the world has goats as well as men,
And one came snuffing past,
Which ate of the green leaves a million and ten,
Not having broken his fast.

O then the yew-tree groaned aloud,
‘What folly was mine, alack !
I was discontented, and I was proud—
O give me my old leaves back !’

So, when daylight broke, he was dark, dark
green,
And prickly as before !—
The other trees mocked, ‘Such a sight to be
seen !
To be near him makes one sore !’

The south wind whispered his leaves between,
‘Be thankful, and change no more !
The thing you are is always the thing
That you had better be’—
But the north wind said, with a gallant fling,
‘The foolish, weak yew-tree !’

What if he blundered twice or thrice ?
There’s a turn to the longest lane ;
And everything must have its price—
Poor faulterer, try again !’

PUZZLES.

I ONCE saw an angel on a white cloud ;
He looked at me, and I spoke out loud ;
The moment I spoke, he went away,
And the cloud broke up into spots of grey.

Angel, angel, on a white cloud !
What was it I meant when I spoke out loud ?
Was it a something, or was it a naught ?
It seemed to be spoken before it was thought !
It fled like a bird that can never be caught !

I once heard a bell ring, sweet and loud ;
It rang overhead up in a white cloud ;
It rang up and down, it rang all the world
round ;
It told me the word I had lost should be found
At the place where the blue sky touches the
ground !

There once was a giant, the giant was tall,
He stood on a steeple, he threw up a ball ;
The steeple was lofty ; the ball went so high,
That it never came down again out of the sky !

Here comes Ellen, majestic miss !
You look so wise, madam, tell me this :—
What was the word that I spoke out loud
To the angel I saw, up on a white cloud ?
How long may the very tall giant complain,
Before he gets back his ball again ?
Who is it rings the wonderful bell,
Up in the clouds, you majestic Nell ?

It's open your eyes, and blink three times ;
It's riddle-my-rede, and repeat the rhymes ;
The path of the ball ; the heavenly chimes ;
And the word that I try for a million times !

Oh, Little Majesty, if we had wings,
We would discover these wonderful things !
A raven to pluck, and a peacock's feather—
Let us make wings, and be off together !

THE PENANCE OF THE LITTLE MAID.

I MET a fair maiden, I saw her plain,
In the five-acre when the corn was mellow,
Counting her fingers again and again,
Her kirtle was green, her hair was yellow.

“Oh, what are you counting, fair maid?” said I,
“Counting, I will be bound, your treasures?”
“Oh no, kind sir,” she made sad reply,
“Counting, for penance, my unshared pleasures.”

Her head was bent low, and slowly went she ;
If she goes on straight, she must come to the
sea !

Blow, blow, south wind, the year's on the turn ;
Creep, little blue-bell, close-under the fern !

I hope that the penance the little maid is doing
Will be finished before winter comes with rattle,
rain, and ruin ?

“ Oh yes, kind sir, my penance will be over,”
(She told me in a dream last night, I know it
will come true,)

“ Come and look for me next summer, when the
bee is in the clover,
And I will share my pleasures then with you,
you, you ! ”

PRINCE PHILIBERT.

OH, who loves Prince Philibert ?

Who but myself ?

His foot's in the stirrup ;

His book's on the shelf ;

His dapple-grey Dobbin

Attends to his whip,

And rocks up and down

On the floor like a ship.

I went to the pond with him,

Just like the sea,

To swim his three-decker,

That's named after me ;

His cheeks were like roses ;

He knew all the rocks ;

He looks like a sailor

In grey knickerbocks.

Oh, where is the keepsake
I gave you, my prince ?
I keep yours in a drawer
That smells of a quince ;
So how can I lose it ?
But you, giddy thing !
Keep mine in your pocket,
Mix'd up with some string.

Remember the riddle
I told you last week !
And how I forgave you
That scratch on the cheek !
You could not have helped it,
You never would strike,
Intending to do it,
The girl that you like !

You call me Miss Stupid,
You call me Miss Prue ;
But how do you like me
In crimson and blue ?

We go partners in findings,
And money, and that,
You help me in ciphering ;
Look at my hat !

I love you, Prince Philibert !
Who, but myself ?
With your foot in the stirrup,
Your book on the shelf !
We call you a Prince, John,
But, oh, when you crack
The nuts we go halves in,
You're my Filbert Jack !

THE RISING, WATCHING MOON.

Ан, the moon is watching me !
Red, and round as round can be,
Over the house and the top of the tree
Rising slowly. We shall see
Something happen very soon ;—
Hide me from the dreadful moon !

Slowly, surely, rising higher,
Soon she will be as high as the spire !
It seems as if something must happen then
To all the world, and all the men !
Oh, I dare not think, for I am not wise—
I must look away, I must shut my eyes !

THE SHIP THAT SAILED INTO THE SUN.

THEY said my brother's ship went down,
Down into the sea,
Because a storm came on to drown
The biggest ships that be ;
But I saw the ship, when he went away ;
I saw it pass, and pass ;
The tide was low, I went out to play,
The sea was all like glass ;
The ship sailed straight into the sun,
Half of a ball of gold—
Onward it went till it touched the sun—
I saw the ship take hold !

But soon I saw them both no more,
The sun and the ship together,
For the wind began to hoot and to roar,
And there was stormy weather.

Yet every day the golden ball
Rests on the edge of the sky ;
The sun it is, with the ship and all,
For the ship sailed into the golden ball
Across the edge of the sky.

TOPSYTURVEY-WORLD.

If the butterfly courted the bee,
And the owl the porcupine ;
If churches were built in the sea,
And three times one was nine ;
If the pony rode his master,
If the buttercups ate the cows,
If the cat had the dire disaster
To be worried, sir, by the mouse ;
If mamma, sir, sold the baby
To a gipsy for half-a-crown ;
If a gentleman, sir, was a lady,—
The world would be Upside-Down !
If any or all of these wonders
Should ever come about,
I should not consider them blunders,
For I should be Inside-Out !

(*Chorus.*) Ba-ba, black wool,
Have you any sheep ?
Yes, sir, a pack-full,
Creep, mouse, creep !
Four-and-twenty little maids
Hanging out the pie,
Out jumped the honey-pot,
Guy-Fawkes, Guy !
Cross-latch, cross-latch,
Sit and spin the fire,
When the pie was opened,
The bird was on the brier !

THE RACE OF THE FLOWERS.

THE trees and the flowers seem running a race,
But none treads down the other ;
And neither thinks it his disgrace
To be later than his brother.
Yet the pear-tree shouts to the lilac-tree,
“ Make haste, for the Spring is late ! ”
And the lilac-tree whispers to the chestnut-tree
(Because he is so great),
“ Pray you, great sir, be quick, be quick.
For down below we are blossoming thick ! ”

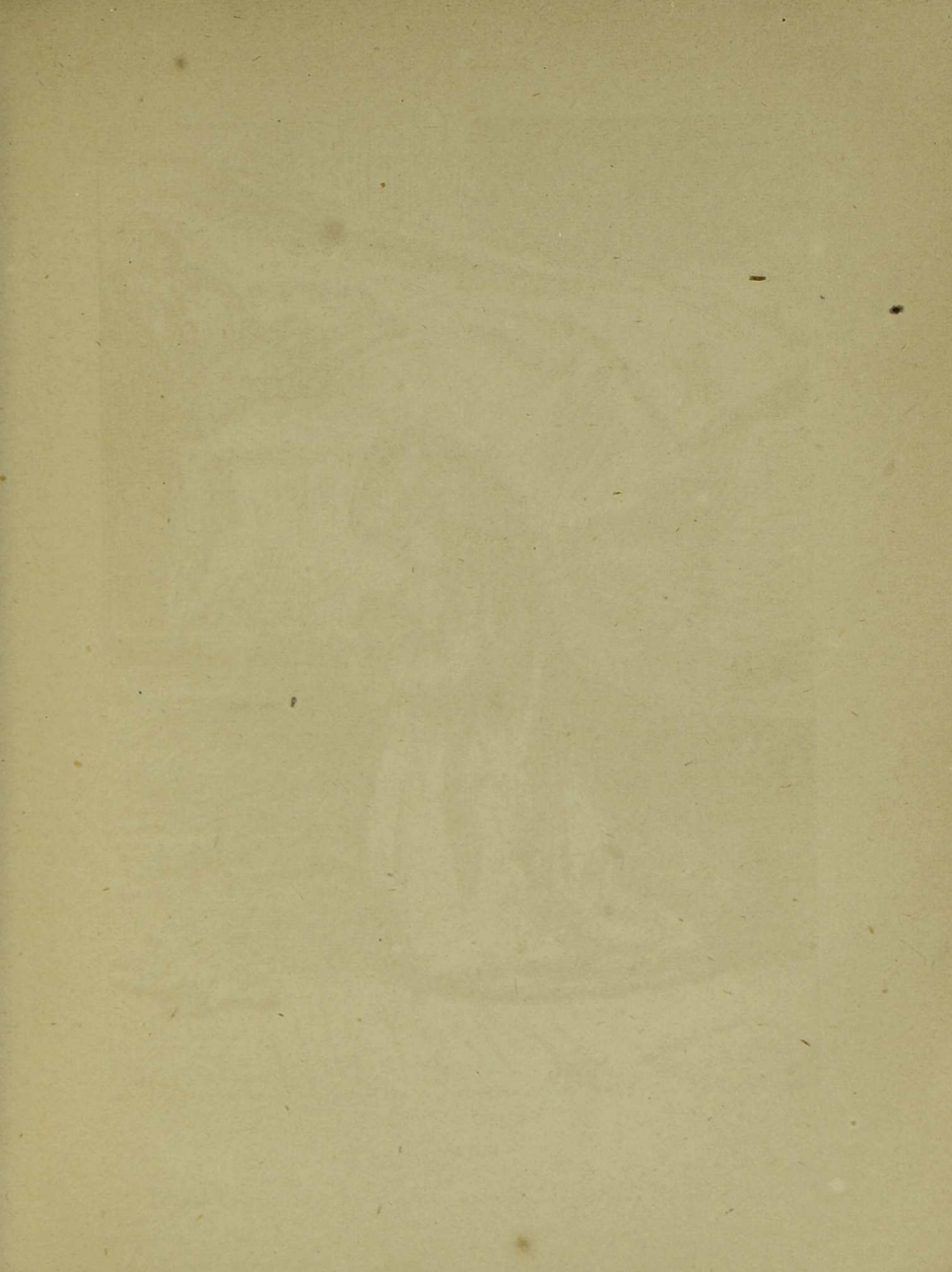
Then the chestnut hears, and comes out in bloom,
White, or pink, to the tip-top boughs—
Oh, why not grow higher, there's plenty of room,
You beautiful tree, with the sky for your
house ?
Then like music they seem to burst out together,
The little and the big, with a beautiful burst ;

They sweeten the wind, they paint the weather,
And no one remembers which was first :

White rose, red rose,
Bud rose, shed rose,
Larkspur, and lily, and the rest,
North, south, east, west,
June, July, August, September !

Ever so late in the year will come
Many a red geranium,

And chrysanthemums up to November !
Then the winter has overtaken them all,
The fogs and the rains begin to fall,
And the flowers, after running their races,
Are weary, and shut up their little faces,
And under the ground they go to sleep.
Is it very far down ? Yes, ever so deep.





POLLY.

POLLY.

BROWN eyes,
Straight nose ;
Dirt pies,
Rumpled clothes ;

Torn books,
Spoilt toys ;
Arch looks,
Unlike a boy's ;

Little rages,
Obvious arts ;
(Three her age is,)
Cakes, tarts ;

Falling down
Off chairs ;
Breaking crown
Down stairs ;

Lilliput Levee.

Catching flies
On the pane ;
Deep sighs,—
Cause not plain ;

Bribing you
With kisses
For a few
Farthing blisses ;

Wide awake,
As you hear,
“ Mercy’s sake,
Quiet, dear ! ”

New shoes,
New frock ;
Vague views
Of what’s o’clock

When it’s time
To go to bed,
And scorn sublime
For what is said ;

Folded hands,
Saying prayers,
Understands
Not, nor cares ;

Thinks it odd,
Smiles away ;
Yet may God
Hear her pray !

Bedgown white,
Kiss Dolly ;
Good night !—
That's Polly,

Fast asleep,
As you see ;
Heaven keep
My girl for me !

THE WINDMILL.

Now, who will live in the Windmill, who.
With the powdery miller-man ?
The miller is one, but who'll make two,
To share his loaf and can ?

“ O I will live with the miller, I !
To grind the corn is grand ;
The great black sails go up on high,
And come down to the land ! ”

Now who will be the miller's bride ?
The miller's in haste to wed
A girl in her pride, with a sash at her side,
A girl with a curly head !

“ O I will be the miller's wife ;
The dust it is all my joy ;

To live in a windmill all my life
Would be a sweet employ !”

Then spake the goblin of the sails,
(You heard, but could not see,)
“The wickedest man of the hills and dales,
The miller-man is he !

None ever dwelt in the mill before
But died by the miller’s steel ;
The whiskered rats lap up their gore,
He grinds their bones to meal !”

O gossiping goblin, my dreams will be bad,
You tell such dreadful tales !
O mill, how secret you seem ! how mad,
How wicked you look, black sails !

THE GIRL THAT GARIBALDI KISSED.

OH, where's the little maid
That Garibaldi kissed ?
She ought to be displayed,
She shall be, I insist,

Command, resolve, determine,—
Beneath a tent of gold,
In swan's-down and in ermine,
If Christmas should be cold !

I am not very rich,
But would give a golden guinea
To see that little witch,
That happy pick-a-ninny !

He bowed to my own daughter,
And Polly is her name ;

She wore a shirt of slaughter,
Of Garibaldi flame,—

Of course I mean of scarlet ;
But the girl he kissed—who knows ?—
May be named Selina Charlotte
And dressed in yellow clothes !

I look for her in church,
I seek her in the crowd ;
Some bellman on a perch
Ought to ask for her out loud !

I would offer a reward,
But I might get cheated then,
And I cannot well afford
To make that guinea ten.

She may live up in Lancashire,
All in her yellow gown,
Or down in Hankypankyshire,
Or here in London town.

She may be on board a steamer
Upon the briny sea—
Oh stewardess ! esteem her,
For a glorious girl is she !

Perhaps at some academy
Her *Telemague* is read—
They would think it very bad of me
To turn her little head !

She may be doing fancy-work,
She may be taking tea ;
But I wish some necromancy-work
Would bring that girl to me !

For I would dress the little girl
That Garibaldi kissed
In a necklace all of precious pearl,
With a bracelet for her wrist,

With diamonds in her stomacher,
And garlands in her hair ;
She should sit, for folks to come at her,
All in a silver chair ;

And no one would be rude
To Garibaldi's pet,—
The sight would do the people good,
They never would forget !

Oh glorious is the girl
Whom such a man has kissed,
The proudest duke or earl
Stands lower in the list !

It would be a happy plan
For everything that's human,
If the pet of such a man
Should grow to such a woman !

If she does as much in her way
As he has done in his,—
Turns bad things topsy-turvey,
And sad things into bliss,—
Oh, we shall not need a survey
To find that little miss,
Grown to a woman worthy
Of Garibaldi's kiss !

PETRONELLA :

THE STONE STRAWBERRY GIRL.

I.

“O HASTEN, fair granddaughter, Petronell !
Follow me quick, by dingle and dell !
It is time for church ; loud rings the bell—
Dong, dong, do you hear the bell ?”

Now why do you linger, sweet maid, this day ?
Your playmates, all in their best array,
Make haste to the church. They sing, they
pray—

The *Quam dilecta* now they say !

Your grandame kneels in the choir alone ;
Soft as a pillow she finds the stone,
For the thoughts that she thinks are not her
own—

Oh, sweetly the choristers intone !

The shepherd-boys that love Petronell
Sit wondering after her. Was it well
That she did not follow the sweet church-bell?
Dong, dong, the happy bell !

II.

As Petronell in her chamber stood,
She had a thought that was not good ;
She longed for the strawberries in the wood—
Strawberries red, in the green wild wood !

To the wood she ran, and lingered there,
Till the people came from the place of prayer ;
They passed, rebuking : “ I do not care ! ”
Petronella says, tossing her hair.

Up came her grandame, tottering lone :
“ Would God the child were an innocent
stone,
And not a sinner ! ” She died with a groan ;
Oh, then, what a wonderful thing was
shown !

For Petronella was seen no more,
And a little stone crag, moss-grown before,
The image of Petronella bore—
Oh, the wild strawberries clasped it o'er !

III.

Now year by year, the people tell
Of the maid that slighted the sweet church-bell,
The Stone Strawberry Girl, Petronell—
Ah, little maid, what a dreadful spell !

But is there a boy who never thought,
At prayer or at psalm, but the thing he ought ?
By him the spell may be unwrought—
Oh, where may that happy boy be caught ?

He must go, to the sound of the sweet church-
bell,
And kiss the little stone Petronell—
That will dissolve the dreadful spell,
And the maid will wake, saying, " Well-a-
day, well ! "

I fear that Petronell must stay
Shut up in stone for many a day;
But if that little boy can find his way
 To the poor Stone Strawberry Girl he
 may !

FAIR LADY, RARE LADY.

FAIR lady, rare lady,
Light on the lea
Wandering, and pondering—
“Oh, bring him to me!”

Gallant knight, valiant knight,
Swift on the sea
Sailing, prevailing,
Thy shallop shall be !

Ringling bells, singing bells,
Chime merrilie !
Brave knight and lady bright
Wedded shall be !

FRODGEDOBBULUM'S FANCY.

I.

DID you ever see Giant Frodgedobbulum,
With his double great-toe and his double great
thumb ?

Did you ever hear Giant Frodgedobbulum,
Saying *Fa-fe-fi*, and *fo-faw-fum* ?

He shakes the earth as he walks along,
As deep as the sea, as far as Hong-kong !

He is a giant, and no mistake ;
With teeth like the prongs of a garden rake !

II.

The Giant Frodgedobbulum got out of bed,
Sighing, " Heigh-ho ! that I were but wed ! "

The Giant Frodgedobbulum sat in his chair,
Saying, "Why should a giant be wanting a
fair?"

The Giant Frodgedobbulum said to his boots,
"The first maid I meet I will wed, if she
suits!"

They were Magic Boots, and they laughed as he
spoke—

"Oh ho," says the giant, "you think it's a
joke?"

III.

So he put on his boots, and came stumping
down,
Clatter and clump, into Banbury town—

He did not fly into Banbury,
For plenty of time to walk had he!

He kicked at the gate—"Within there, ho!"
"Oh, what is your name?" says the porter
Slow.

“Oh, the Giant Frodgedobbulum am I,
For a wife out of Banbury town I sigh !”

Up spake the porter, bold and free,
“Your room we prefer to your company.”

Up spake Frodgedobbulum, free and bold,
“I will build up your town with silver and
gold !”

Up spake Marjorie, soft and small,
“I will not be your wife at all !”

The giant knocked in the gate with his feet,
And there stood Marjorie in the street !

She was nine years old, she was lissome and
fair,
And she wore emeralds in her hair.

She could dance like a leaf, she could sing like
a thrush,
She was bold as the north wind, and sweet as
a blush.

Her father tanned, her mother span,
“But Marjorie shall marry a gentleman,—

Silks and satins, I’ll lay you a crown !”—
So said the people in Banbury town.

Such was Marjorie—and who should come
To woo her but this Frodgedobbulum,

A vulgar giant, who wore no gloves,
And very pig-headed in his loves !

IV.

They rang the alarum, and in the steeple
They tolled the church-bells to rouse the people.

But all the people in Banbury town
Could not put Frodgedobbulum down.

The tanner thought to stab him dead—
“Somebody pricked me ?” the giant said.

The mother wept—“I do not care,”
Said F.—“Why should I be wanting a fair ?”

He snatched up Marjorie, stroked his boot,
And fled ; with Banbury in pursuit !

“ What ho, my boots ! put forth your power !
Carry me sixty miles an hour ! ”

In ditches and dykes, over stocks and stones,
The Banbury people fell, with groans.

Frodgedobbulum passed over river and tree,
Gollopy-gallop, with Marjorie ;—

The people beneath her Marjorie sees
Of the size of mites in an Oxford cheese !

v.

Castle Frodgedobbulum sulked between
Two bleak hills, in a deep ravine.

It was always dark there, and always drear,
The same time of day and the same time of
year.

The walls of the castle were slimy and black,
There were dragons in front, and toads at the
back.

Spiders there were, and of vampires lots ;
Ravens croaked round the chimney-pots.

Seven bull-dogs barked in the hall ;
Seven wild cats did caterwaul !

The giant said, with a smirk on his face,
“ My Marjorie, this is a pretty place ;

As Mrs. F. you will lead, with me,
A happier life than in Banbury !

Pour out my wine, and comb my hair,
And let me to sleep in my easy chair ;

But, first, my boots I will kick away”—
And Marjorie answered, “ *S'il vous plait !* ”

Then the giant mused, “ It befits my station
To marry a lady of education ;

But who would have thought this Banbury
wench

Was so accomplished, and could speak French ? ”

Did you ever hear Frodgedobbulum snore ?

He shook the castle from roof to floor !

Fast asleep as a pig was he—

“ And very much like one ! ” thought Marjorie.

VI.

Then Marjorie stood on a leathern chair,
And opened the window to the air.

The bats flap, the owls hoot—
Marjorie lifted the giant's boot !

The ravens shriek, the owls hoot—
Marjorie got into the giant's boot !

And Marjorie said, “ I can reach the moon,
Before you waken, you big buffoon ! ”

Once, twice, three times, and away,—
“ Which is the road to Banbury, pray ? ”

The Boot made answer, "Hah, hah ! hoh, hoh !
The road to Banbury town I know."

VII.

The giant awoke in his easy chair,
Saying, "Ho, little Marjorie, are you there ?

A stoup of wine, to be spiced the same !—
Exquisite Marjorie, *je vous aime !*"

Now where was Marjorie ? Safe and sound
In the Magic Boot she cleared the ground.

Frodgedobbulum groaned—"I am bereft !
The left boot's gone, and the right is left !—

The window's open ! I'll bet a crown
The chit is off to Banbury town !

But follow, follow, my faithful Boot !
One is enough for the pursuit ;

And back to my arms the wench shall come
As sure as my name's Frodgedobbulum !"

VIII.

Hasty Frodgedobbulum, being a fool,
Forgot of the Magic Boots the rule.

They were made on a right and a left boot-tree,
But he put the wrong leg in the boot, you see !

It was a terrible mistake,
For even a giant in love to make—

Terrible in its consequences,
Frightful to any man's seven senses !

Down came a thunderbolt, rumble and glare !
Frodgedobbulum Castle blew up in the air !

The giant, deprived of self-control,
Was carried away to the very North Pole ;

For such was the magic rule. Poor F.
Now sits on the peak of the Arctic cliff !

The point is so sharp it makes him shrink ;
The northern streamers, they make him blink ;

One boot on, and one boot off,
He shivers and shakes, and thinks, with a
cough,

“ Safe in Banbury Marjorie dwells ;
Marjorie will marry some one else ! ”

IX.

And so Frodgedobbulum, the giant,
Sits on the North Pole incompliant.

He blinks at the snow with its weary white ;
He blinks at the spears of the northern light ;

Kicks out with one boot ; says, “ Fi-fo-fum !
I am the Giant Frodgedobbulum ! ”

But who cares whether he is or not,
Living in such an inclement spot ?

Banbury town is the place for me,
And a kiss from merry Marjorie,

With the clerk in the vestry to see all fair—
For she wears orange-flowers in her hair !

She can dance like a leaf, she can sing like a
thrush,
She is bold as the north wind, and sweet as a
blush ;

Her father he tans, her mother she spins ;
Frodgedobbulum sits on the Pole for his sins ;

But here comes Marjorie, white as milk,
A rose on her bosom as soft as silk,

On her finger a gay gold ring ;
The bridegroom holds up his head like a king !

Marjorie has married a gentleman ;
Who knows when the wedding began ?

THE CRUISE OF THE *CALIBAN*.

I.

THE skipper of the *Caliban*
 Stood whistling for a breeze ;
O, but he was an ugly man,
 Bandy at the knees ;
And the hair that over his shoulders ran,
 Was red like Gloucester cheese !

“ Ho, mine is the wickedest pirate-bark
 That sails the seas, I wis ! ”
He grinned and showed his teeth—a shark
 Has teeth resembling his !

“ Her stern is square, her lovely bows
 Are sharp, her spars are light ”—
The autumn sun fell like a rose
 Into the lap of night.

And a merry mad breeze came sweeping up,
Out of the north it swept :
Like the ghost of a ball in a silver cup
The old in the new moon slept.

“ Ho ! none do know our bark so fleet,
And none our bark annoy ;
Our goodly crew is all complete
But one—and that’s a boy.

To-night we sail before the gale
To plunder, slash, and slay——
Whew, whew ! A boy, and a girl so pale !
And what do you want, I pray ? ”

II.

Now orphan Robert and orphan Rose
Live in this very port ;
Up to their door the water flows
And beats at the wall in sport.

In glee, the horses of the sea
Curved up in windy weather,

Shook their white manes at the window-
panes,
And then ran off together.

Their father he was a sailor man,
A pirate took his life—
The skipper it was of the *Caliban*—
Then, grieving, died the wife.

But little Robert and little Rose
To this skipper now drew near ;
Each had a bundle, tied up close,
And each let fall a tear.

“ O Captain, your Loblolliboy,
As we are told, is dead ;
A nice employ has such a boy ;
Oh, take me in his stead !

But since without my sister dear
I should be much afraid,
I bring my sister ; she stands here,
To be Loblolly-maid ! ”

The skipper growl'd, the skipper grinn'd,
And gave his beard a twirl :
" If ever I heard, may I be skinn'd,
Of a Loblolly *girl* ! "

" O Captain, I on the flute can play,"
Says Bob, with mirthful mien,
" And Rose, my sister, is quite as gay,
She plays the tambourine ;

And she can mend, and she can bake,
Her skin is white as pearl ;
If me Lobloliboy you make,
Make *her* Loblolligirl ! "

Then all the crew were piped to hear—
Three hundred and seventeen !—
And Robert played his flute so clear,
And Rose her tambourine ;

Till all exclaimed, " Avast ! Ahoy !"—
Their heads were in a whirl—
" Captain ! Make *him* Lobloliboy,
And *her* Loblolligirl ! "

Hush ! under the keel the waked seas creep,
The moon on high is hung ;
And Rose and Robert, fast asleep,
Are in their hammocks swung.

The water flows, the false ship goes
Till some true ship shall find her,
With guns that kill, with coffers to fill,
And a furrow of foam behind her !

Now, what *is* a Loblolly Boy ?
I do not know, my dear ;
But what ensued I will tell with joy,
And you with joy shall hear.

III.

A reedy river, half asleep,
On which the barges ride,
Is fair ; and a brook that you may leap,
With innocent flowers beside,
With never a secret it cares to keep,
Nor a pebble it can hide—
But the sea like a dreadful dream is deep,
Like a dreadful dream is wide !

It makes a noise like a dreadful dream,
A blunt, incessant roar—
Oh, I have felt as if I must scream,
When I stood by the shore !

And what is so helpless as a ship,
A thousand miles from land ?
When the wind the sons of the sea lets slip—
Mad waves in many a band !
When the strong sails rend and rip,
And the great masts cannot stand !

The crew say *Our Father*, the mad waves
gather,
They roar both down and up ;
A thousand are meeting, her sides they are
beating,
She breaks like a china cup !

The waves rush along, they think no wrong
In their mad play and their rages ;
The sea has a thousand sons as strong,
And will for a thousand ages !

The mad waves kill, but they think no ill,
They have no more thought of murder
Than the hasty little innocent eddying brook,
With the water-weeds on the border,
The silver sand, and, clear as a book,
The pebbles in their order.

But dead asleep, in the wonderful wide deep,
Wrecks like secrets lie,
With black, heavy guns, and the skeletons
Of the people that made a cry
To the wind and the dark, when the wander-
ing shark
Was there to see them die !

IV.

When Rose and Robert woke next day
And looked down to the floor,
The *Caliban* was leagues away,
And out of sight of shore.

Upon their bundles all the night
Their little heads had lain ;

Those bundles did, you guess aright,
A change of clothes contain.

“O sister, from your hammock leap ;
On deck I hear the crew ;
At a scarlet boy their flesh will creep,
With a pretty girl all in blue !”

“O brother, let us say our prayers,
The morning-glory lies
Along the sea like golden stairs
New-fallen from the skies.”

So, now, their wonderful attire
They from their bundles drew,
And dressed themselves. I could desire
To show them both to you :
Robert was like a flaming fire,
Rose, of a dolphin-blue.

And when they up the hatchway came,
Out on the sunny deck,
And clung together, blue and flame,
Like colours in a check,

Two sailors, as the boards they rasped,
Let fall the holystones ;
The skipper showed his teeth, and gasped,
And called on Davy Jones.

“ Can I believe my precious eyes ?
Here, bo’s’n, bring a cord,
And chuck this pair of butterflies
Together overboard ! ”

Then Rose and Robert, fair and free,
Both to perform began,
They sang a song that praised the sea,
Likewise the sailor-man.

He played his flute, while little Rose
Clashed the tambourine—
Merrily then the vessel goes
Across the waters green.

And to the skipper, and to the crew,
It seemed as if she made
At least an extra knot or two,
While Rose and Robert played !

More sail ! With every stitch unfurl'd,
With proudly plunging bows—
This wind will send her round the world—
Gallopings she goes !

She mounts, she dips, she cuts the sea,
It closes round her form—
“Bo's'n ! we'll give to he and she
A breakfast nice and warm !”

So then they gave to him and her
(The grammar at sea is bad)
Breakfast in a tin porringer,
And they their breakfast had.

For why ? The skipper and all the crew
Began to stand in fear
Of Robert in red and Rose in blue
And the luck that sent them here !

That night the skipper overheard
Them at their little prayers ;
He turned, and growling a bad word,
Strode up the cabin stairs.

The stars are out. He hears the sound
The infinite waters make
At the ship's sides, and all around,
And furrowing in her wake ;

Far out the spaces of the deep
Stretch lonely, black, and bare :
The waves out of the darkness creep,
Sounding everywhere.

v.

Oh, who will sail with the *Caliban*
Into the tropic seas,
To see a small-eyed Chinaman,
Or a berry-brown Cingalese,
A talipat-leaf that's like a fan,
Or a Malayan kreesse ?

Now Rose to Robert said, "I think
We must have crossed the Line ;
The stars, that in our country blink,
Like silver bull's-eyes shine !"

Oh, who will see the coral reefs,
And the men that dive for pearls,
And different sorts of tawny chiefs,
And tawny boys and girls ?

Men that tattoo, that keep taboo,
That shoot with the boomerang,
That have curious names—such as Foo, and
Choo,
And Tsang, and Chang, and Wang !
Who'll visit the islands of Prince Leboo ?
Who'll catch an ourang-outang ?

A paradise bird, or a nautilus,
Or a dolphin by the tail ?
Or dip in the seas of the Southern Cross,
For fireflies, with a pail ?

Then savages come scudding by,
Darkly, in their canoes ;
The flowery shores like pictures lie,
With scarlets and with blues ;
The mate says—"Little 'uns, can't you fly
In these here latitoos ?

You look so natteral to this part
In them there coloured things,
That all you want is, bless my heart,
A couple o' pair o' wings !
And then, why, hey-day, off you start,
Like kites what has no strings !”

VI.

Three times each day this pretty pair
Stand at the vessel's prow,
And play. For why ? The pirates swear
It makes the breeze to blow !

“ What, ho ! what, ho !” the skipper cries,
“ A sail, I spy a sail !”—
The speaking-trumpet he then applies,
And shouts across the gale.

“ Make ready, make ready, my merry men all,
We shall have luck to-day ;
Be steady, be steady, my merry men all,
She's bearing up this way !

Be ready with gun and sword and dirk,
But make a peaceful show ;
Play up, loblollies !”—A bloody work
These pirates think to do !

And now the stranger nears and nears,
It is an English bark,
And little Bob pricks up his ears—
The speaking-trumpet, hark !

“What imps be they, to you who play,
In scarlet and blue attire ?
We should be glad, if such we had ;
To hear them we desire.”—

“O welcome, welcome, captain good !
And welcome, all your crew,
On board my ship, the *Holy Rood*,
They shall perform to you.

Strike up, strike up, you imp of flame,
Strike up, my sky-blue chit !”—
He called his ship by a holy name,
What an artful trick was it !

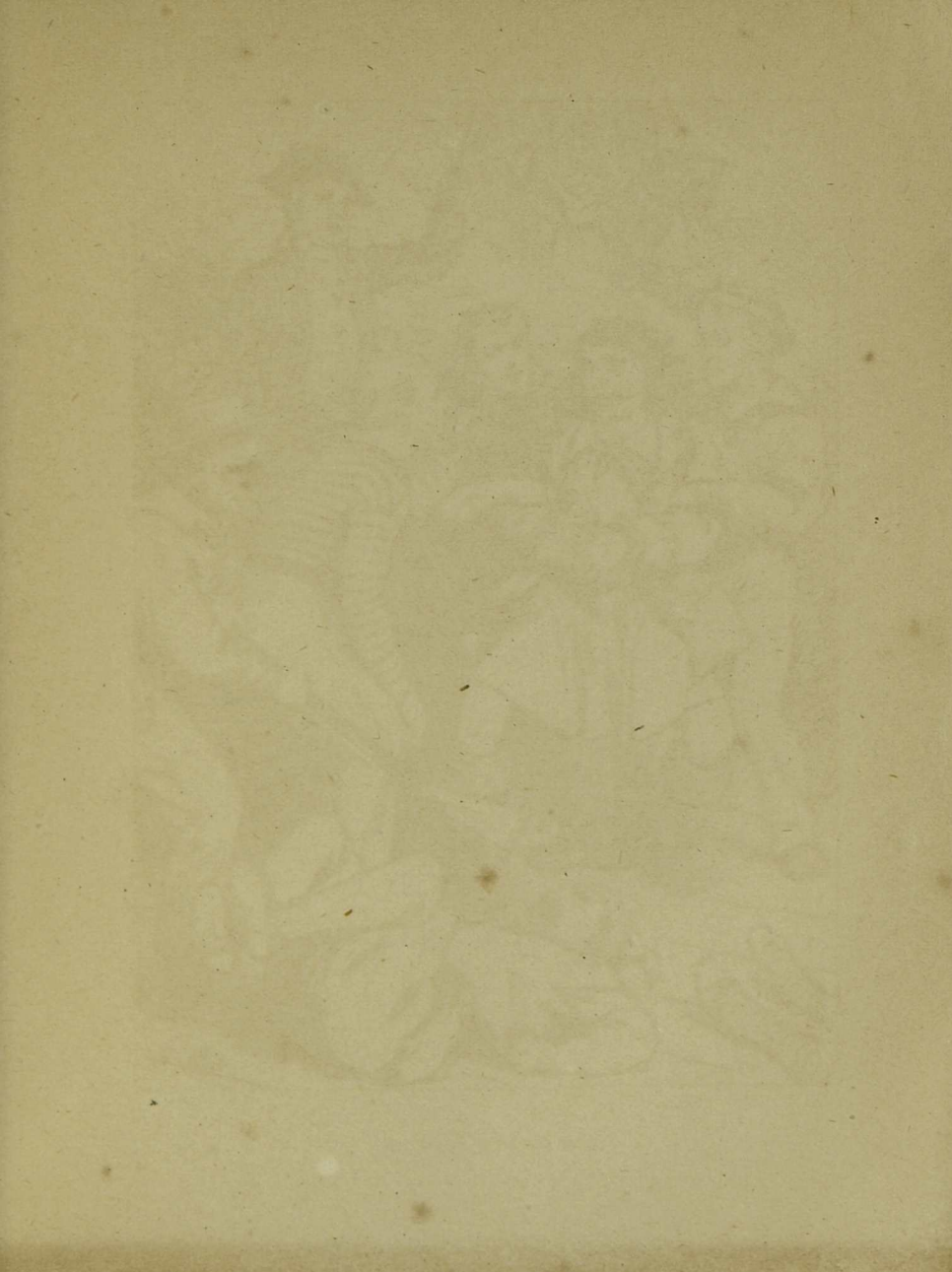
“ O captain, for your courtesies,
We give you thanks right warm,
And we will hear your butterflies
Upon the poop perform.

The *Tit-for-Tat* would be more gay,
With such a pair of elves !”—
Now Robert and Rose their prayers did say,
They said them to themselves.

The captain of the *Tit-for-Tat*
Addressed his trusty bands—
“ That infamous old water-rat
Must not escape our hands.

Bring handcuffs with you, and a gag
To muzzle his black jaws ;
Come on ! and when my head I wag,
Grip him with your claws !

His men will all be panic-struck,
When once their skipper cowers—
Come on, my men, we are in luck,
The *Caliban* is ours !”





THE PIRATE CAPTAIN.

VII.

Now to the music, with his fist,
The skipper goes tap-tap,
But soon a handcuff is on his wrist,
The rat is in the trap,

A muzzle is over his ugly jaws,
And a pistol over that—
A roar of triumph and applause
Goes up from the *Tit-for-Tat* ;

And the sailors bold, with cutlasses
And pistols every man,
Swarm up, with feet and hands and knees,
Into the *Caliban*.

They bind the crew, except a few
Who in the scuffle fall—
Robert and Rose, in red and blue,
Play on amidst it all.

Play up, play up, for a merry breeze,
A homeward breeze to blow,

While the *Tit-for-Tat* doth sail the seas,
With the *Caliban* in tow !

O the green waves curled on the shoulder of the
world,
The winds play with their edges,
And whistle and sigh in the shrouds up high
As they do in the little river-sedges.

VIII.

Two men are singing in a boat,
Out there by Barking Creek,
But something they see that stops their note,
And you may hear them speak :—

“ What skellington, Bill, may it be,
That hangs up theer in chains ?
A gashly sight it is to see
Out bleaching in the rains ! ”—

“ O Jack, that skellington up theer,
He were a desperate man ;
A cruel, gashly pirateer—
You’ve heerd o’ the *Caliban* ? ”

Then he explains how Robert wise,
With pen and paper free,
“ Indited a letter which did surprise
The Admiral-li-ty ;

And told my Lords he know'd the man,
The wicked pirateer,
The skipper of the *Caliban*
(Whose skellington is theer),

And likewise that he had a whim
To go upon the sea,
Quite ventur'some, for a cruise with him
(His sister went with he) ;

And if my Lords would pass it round
To all the ships afloat,
The pirate ship might soon be found
By the means he did denote ;

For a girl and a boy, in a coloured suit,
Would on that ship be seen,
Musicianing upon the flute,
And on the tambourine.

This cirkimstance did much surprise
The Board so grand and bold,
Which caused my Lords to patteronise
Them two when they was old ;

So Bob becomes in order due
The Admiral of the Red ;
While to the Admiral of the Blue
His sister Rose was wed."

O drearily that skeleton
Rattled against the chain ;
You heard the oars splash, one and one,
By Barking in the rain ;
And then those men, the story done,
Began to sing again.

"All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd—
Britannia, rule the waves !—
When Black-eyed Susan came on board—
No, never shall be slaves !"

And you can tell, in time to come,
Of Robert and of Rose,

So musical and so venturesome,
In their blue and scarlet clothes !

And a beautiful sight, with her wings of white,
Is a ship in the daytime flying,
Like an elegant ladie, she curtsies to her knee,
The wind in the shrouds is sighing,
And the waves hang curled on the slopes of the
world,
Rolling and round it lying.

THE DOG AND THE PATCH OF MOONSHINE.

A HARVEST moon ! Was ever seen
A harvest moon so bright ?
The crowded ivy, darkly green,
Was touched with primrose white.

The quiet skies uncovered lay,
And, far as you could see,
The night was like a ghostly day
On road, and field, and tree.

Silence and light ! Will nothing speak
In the light and silence wide ?
O lady moon, your other cheek
Why do you always hide ?

Sweet on the air was the jessamine,
As I stood at my gate ;
Yet I shuddered, and thought, "I will go in,—
The silence is too great !"

I looked to where the hill-tops showed
Behind the poplars green,
When there came trotting down the road
A dog—the dog was lean ;

And you could tell, as he came by,
He had no friend on earth,
Nobody in whose partial eye
He was of any worth.

His tail hung down ; his matted hair
Was like a worn-out thatch ;
This dog came trotting up to where
The moonlight made a patch,

Falling between two poplar trees ;
And there the dog turned round,
Round, and round, by slow degrees—
Then crouched upon the ground.

And I brought forth some broken food,
And cried, " Old dog, get up !
That patch of moonlight may be good,
But on it you cannot sup."

He came away—came many a pace,
And took what I bestowed ;
Then, being refreshed, snuffed all the place,
And up and down the road.

I showed him where the thick grass grew
Against a sheltering wall ;
I said, “ Here is a bed for you,
With half-a-house and all.”

But two hours after—I kept watch
From my bedroom window-pane—
I saw that on that moony patch
He had lain down again !

And in the morning he was gone.—
What charm was it he found
In sleeping where the moonlight shone
In a patch upon the ground ?
He might have slept where he had his bone,
Where the moon shone all around !

I am a superstitious man,
And it is my delight

To think there was a magic plan,
A meaning, in that night !

That magic dog that lay i' the moon,
He will come back to me,
A fairy princess bright and boon,
Whom I that night set free !

There was a mystery in the air,
And in the primrose light ;
The silence seemed to say, " Prepare !
It shall be done to-night ! "

And could that mystery only mean
A dog that was not fat ?
I saw a glint of elfin green
In the moonshine where he sat—

I heard the midnight clocks all round,
In distant falls and swells—
I heard a little silver sound,
The clink of elfin bells—
But will my princess be unbound,
If anybody tells ?

AUTUMN SONG.

THE ash-berry clusters are darkly red ;
The leaves of the limes are almost shed ;
The passion-flower hangs out her yellow fruit ;
The sycamore puts on her brownest suit.

After a silence, the wind complains,
Like a creature longing to burst its chains ;
The swallows are gone, I saw them gather,
I heard them murmuring of the weather.

The clouds move fast, the south is blowing,
The sun is slanting, the year is going ;
O I love to walk where the leaves lie dead,
And hear them rustle beneath my tread !

GIPSY JANE.

SHE had corn-flowers in her ear,
As she came up the lane ;
“ What may be your name, my dear ? ”—
“ O, sir, Gipsy Jane.”

“ You are berry-brown, my dear ”—
“ That, sir, well may be ;
For I live, more than half the year,
Under tent or tree.”

Shine, Sun ! blow, Wind !
Fall gently, Rain !
The year's declin'd ; be soft and kind,
Kind to Gipsy Jane.

A SHOOTING SONG.

To shoot, to shoot, would be my delight,
To shoot the cats that howl in the night ;
To shoot the lion, the wolf, the bear,
To shoot the mad dogs out in the square.

I learnt to shoot with a pop-gun good,
Made out of a branch of elder-wood ;
It was round, and long, full half a yard,
The plug was strong, the pellets were hard.

I should like to shoot with a bow of yew,
As the English at Agincourt used to do ;
The strings of a thousand bows went twang !
And a thousand arrows whizzed and sang !

On Hounslow Heath I should like to ride,
With a great horse-pistol at my side :

It is dark—hark ! A robber, I know !
Click ! crick-crack ! and away we go !

I will shoot with a double-barrelled gun,
Two bullets are better than only one ;
I will shoot some rooks to put in a pie ;
I will shoot an eagle up in the sky.

I once shot a bandit in a dream,
In a mountain-pass I heard a scream ;
I rescued the lady and set her free,
“Do not fear, madam, lean on me !”

With a boomerang I could not aim ;
A poison blow-pipe would be the same ;
A double-barrelled is my desire,
Get out of the way—one, two, three, fire !

A FISHING SONG.

THERE was a boy whose name was Phinn,
And he was fond of fishing ;
His father could not keep him in,
Nor all his mother's wishing.

His life's ambition was to land
A fish of several pound weight ;
The chief thing he could understand,
Was hooks, or worms for ground-bait.

The worms crept out, the worms crept in,
From every crack and pocket ;
He had a worm-box made of tin,
With proper worms to stock it.

He gave his mind to breeding worms
As much as he was able ;

His sister spoke in angry terms
To see them on the table.

You found one walking up the stairs,
You found one in a bonnet,
Or, in the bed-room, unawares,
You set your foot upon it.

Worms, worms, worms for bait !
Roach, and dace, and gudgeon !
With rod and line to Twickenham Ait
To-morrow he is trudging !

O worms and fishes day and night !
Such was his sole ambition ;
I'm glad to think you are not quite
So very fond of fishing !

SHOCKHEADED CICELY AND THE
TWO BEARS.

“O YES ! O yes ! O yes ! ding dong !”
The bellman’s voice is loud and strong ;
So is his bell : “O yes ! ding dong !”

He wears a red coat with golden lace ;
See how the people of the place
Come running to hear what the bellman says !

“O yes ! Sir Nicholas Hildebrand
Has just returned from the Holy Land,
And freely offers his heart and hand—

O yes ! O yes ! O yes ! ding dong !”—
All the women hurry along,
Maids and widows, a chattering throng.

“O sir, you are hard to understand !
To whom does he offer his heart and hand ?
Explain your meaning, we do command !”

“O yes ! ding dong ! you shall understand !
O yes ! Sir Nicholas Hildebrand
Invites the ladies of this land

To feast with him in his castle strong
This very day at three. Ding dong !
O yes ! O yes ! O yes ! ding dong !”

Then all the women went off to dress,
Mary, Margaret, Bridget, Bess,
Patty, and more than I can guess.

They powdered their hair with golden dust,
And bought new ribbons—they said they must—
But none of them painted, we will trust.

Long before the time arrives,
All the women that could be wives,
Are dressed within an inch of their lives.

Meanwhile, Sir Nicholas Hildebrand
Had brought with him from the Holy Land
A couple of bears—oh, that was grand !

He tamed the bears, and they loved him true,
Whatever he told them they would do—
Hark ! 'tis the town clock striking two !

II.

Among the maidens of low degree
The poorest of all was Cicely—
A shabbier girl could hardly be.

“ O I should like to see the feast,
But my frock is old, my shoes are pieced,
My hair is rough ! ”—(it never was greased.)

The clock struck three ! She durst not go !
But she heard the band, and to see the show,
Crept after the people that went in a row.

When Cicely came to the castle gate
The porter exclaimed, “ Miss Shaggypate,
The hall is full, and you come too late ! ”

Just then the music made a din,
Flute, and cymbal, and culverin,
And Cicely, with a squeeze, got in !

Oh what a sight ! full fifty score
Of dames that Cicely knew, and more,
Filling the hall from dais to door !

The dresses were like a garden-bed,
Green and gold, and blue and red—
Poor Cicely thought of her tossy head !

She heard the singing—she heard the clatter—
Clang of flagon, and clink of platter—
But, oh, the feast was no such matter !

For she saw Sir Nicholas himself,
Raised on a dais just like a shelf,
And fell in love with him—shabby elf !

Her heart beat quick, aside she stept ;
Under the tapestry she crept,
Touzling her tossy hair, and wept !

Her cheeks were wet, her eyes were red—
“Who makes that noise?” the ladies said;
“Turn out that girl with the shaggy head!”

III.

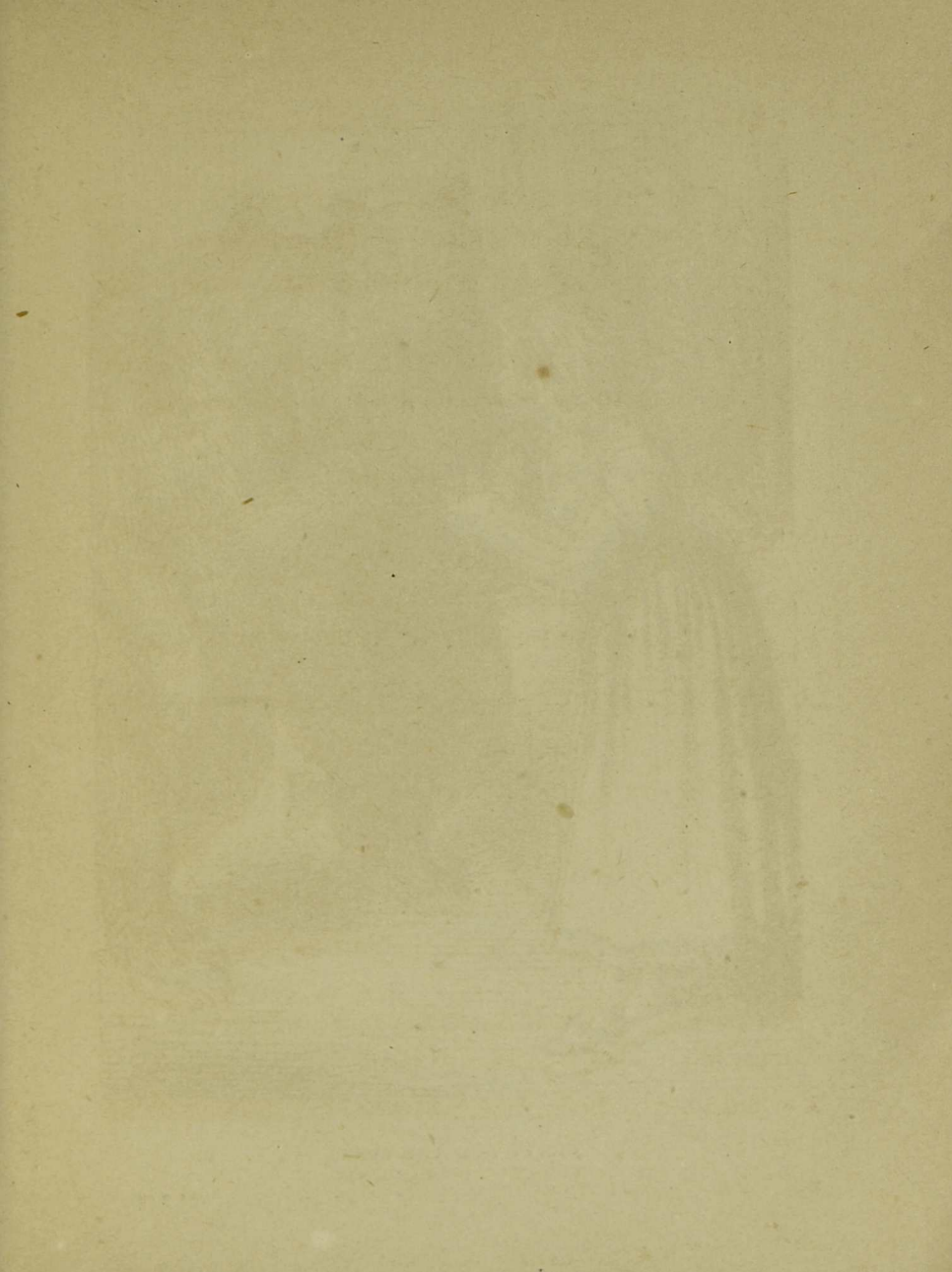
Just then there was heard a double roar,
That shook the place, both wall and floor;
Everybody looked to the door.

It was a roar, it was a growl;
The ladies set up a little howl,
And flapped and clucked like frightened fowl.

Sir Hildebrand for silence begs—
In walk the bears on their hinder legs,
Wise as owls, and merry as grigs!

The dark girls tore their hair of sable;
The fair girls hid underneath the table;
Some fainted; to move they were not able.

But most of them could scream and screech—
Sir Nicholas Hildebrand made a speech—
“Order! ladies, I do beseech!”





CICELY AND THE BEARS.

The bears looked hard at Cicely
Because her hair hung wild and free—
“Related to us, miss, you must be !”

Then Cicely, filling two plates of gold
As full of cherries as they could hold,
Walked up to the bears, and spoke out bold :—

“Welcome to you ! and to *you*, Mr. Bear !
Will you take a chair ? will *you* take a chair ?
This is an honour, we do declare !”

Sir Hildebrand strode up to see,
Saying, “Who may this maiden be ?
Ladies, this is the wife for me !”

Almost before they could understand,
He took up Cicely by the hand,
And danced with her a saraband.

Her hair was as rough as a parlour broom,
It swung, it swirled all round the room—
Those ladies were vexed, we may presume.

Sir Nicholas kissed her on the face,
And set her beside him on the dais,
And made her the lady of the place.

The nuptials soon they did prepare,
With a silver comb for Cicely's hair :
There were bands of music everywhere.

And in that beautiful bridal show
Both the bears were seen to go
Upon their hind legs to and fro !

Now every year on the wedding-day
The boys and girls come out to play,
And scramble for cherries as they may,

With a cheer for this and the other bear,
And a cheer for Sir Nicholas, free and fair,
And a cheer for Cis, of the tossy hair—

With one cheer more (if you will wait)
For every girl with a curly pate
Who keeps her hair in a proper state.

Sing bear's grease ! curling-irons to sell !

Sing combs and brushes ! sing tortoise-shell !

O yes ! ding dong ! the crier, the bell !

—Isn't this a pretty tale to tell ?

THE SECRET OF THE SUNFLOWER.

O SUNFLOWER, what is the secret thing
You hide in your inmost heart,
When you turn to the Sun, like a slave to a
king,
With all your leaves apart ?

The hollyhocks vainly listen round,
They are nearly as tall as you ;
The bee comes away with an angry sound,
For he cannot get the clue.

You hide your secret, day in day out,
But you eagerly watch your king,
And some hot noon, you will speak with a shout,
And tell us that secret thing !

THE WONDERFUL TOY OF THE WHISPERING BOY.

THERE was a Wilful Whispering Boy,
Who whispered in bed, underneath the clothes,
“I will invent a most Wonderful Toy,
Such as not anyone anywhere knows !”

He walked to a Desert, by Wilderness Lane,
And sat down to think, by a clump of furze ;
His sister gave him some elecampane,
With an ever-point pencil that had been hers.

He was still as a stone, he had thought after
thought,
So still that a redpoll perched on his knee :
Fly away, redpoll, you will not be caught !
Oh, what a wonderful boy was he !

So he sat and Invented, from nine to nine ;
Sometimes he felt that his head would burst ;
On the elecampane he had to dine,
With leaves of red sorrel to quench his thirst.

As the clock struck eight, he began to draw ;
As the clock struck nine, he whispered,
“ Joy ! ”

What an invention ! Who ever saw,
Anywhere, such a Wonderful Toy ?

II.

Rap-tap, hammer and nails,
Three cheers for the Prince of Wales !
Planks to plane, and logs to saw ;
Bore, gimlet ! pincers, draw !
A pound and a half of clarified glue,
A T-square, and a plumb-line true ;
Dutch gold-leaf, and paint, and wire,
Work all day, and never tire :
He locked the door on the girls and boys,
He plugged the keyhole, they heard a noise,
But what could they see of the Toy of Toys ?

Rap-tap, hammer and nails,
Three cheers for the Prince of Wales !
He finished the Toy, he took it away—
“ Boys and girls come out to play !
I will hide the Toy in a secret place ! ”
The girls and boys said, “ Oh, disgrace !
Fie for shame on the Whispering Boy,
That will not show us his Wonderful Toy ! ”

III.

The Whispering Boy took up his spade,
And said, “ A cavern must be made ;
It must be deep, it must be wide,
My Wonderful Toy shall go inside.’ ”

Dig, dig, in the morning early !
Silence ! noisy little dog Tray !
His nose was broad, his tail was curly,
He barked while his master dug away.

The cave was dry, the cave was snug,
Who knows where the cave was dug ?
Out in the Wilderness under the furze ?—
You might guess better, you might guess worse.

Hush, hush ! in the morning early,
He took the Toy and hid it away ;
Your nose is broad, your tail is curly—
Where was the place, you clever Tray ?

IV.

There was a hunt, you may be sure,
To find the place where the Toy was put ;
“ This,” said Jane, “ I will not endure !”
O but she stamped with her little foot !

They went alone, they went in a band,
They hunted up and down the land,
In the cellar, and under the sink,
Every place that you can think.

Out in the brickfield, behind the bank,
Somewhere up by the water-tank ;
They opened the cupboards, they broke some
locks,
They looked inside the housemaid’s box !

There was a meeting held at last,
At which this motion was made, and passed :

“Fie for shame on the Whispering Boy
That will not show us his Wonderful Toy !”
All the boys and girls in the nation
Carried the motion by acclamation.
They sent him a copy, it went by post ;
They sent him to Coventry almost ;
He whispered “I do not care a groat,”
And this is the answer that he wrote :—

“ It goes like a windmill, it shines like a candle,
It makes pretty music when I turn the handle ;
You would think it alive, you would think it a
show ;
Is it round ? is it square ? Yes, yes, yes ; no,
no, no !

I shall keep it a secret as long as I choose,
And the more you hold meetings, the more I
refuse ;
It was I who invented the Wonderful Toy ;
I shall take out a patent—

(Signed) WHISPERING BOY.”

V.

Artful Alice said one day,
“Come on tiptoe, come this way !
His eyes are shut, the Whispering Boy
Is talking to himself for joy
All about his Wonderful Toy !”

Four-and-twenty little men
Follow Artful Alice then ;
Four-and-twenty little women
After Alice now are skimming ;
Treading on their ten toes’ tips,
With their fingers at their lips.

“Whispering Boy, are you asleep ?
Your eyes are shut, but your smile is deep.”
“Hush, hush ! the Whispering Boy
Will talk to himself about his Toy !”

*“In the Wilderness I dug a cave,
As wide as a room, as deep as a grave,
Thirty feet from the Elm-tree high,
Where the furze is thick, and the ground is dry.”*

“ Rouse, rouse, Whispering Boy !
Come with us now, and show us your Toy !
You have told your secret, we know the place ! ” —
Then up he jumps, quite red in the face.

VI.

“ Masters and Misses, come with me !
My Wonderful Toy you all shall see !
I am the only patentee ! ”

They took a spade, they took dog Tray ;
The Wilderness was not a very long way ;
They shouted, they didn't know what to say.

They clubbed their money, they made a feast,
With a bushel of walnuts at the least ;
They saw the Toy, they all were pleased.

And you may have, from the Patentee,
A ticket his Wonderful Toy to see —
“ Admit the Bearer, and party, free ” —
The Whispering Boy sent one to me.

He's as proud as a peacock, inventive mite !
And it certainly is a most wonderful sight :
You have to wind it up at night.

THE COMING STORM.

THE tree-tops rustle, the tree-tops wave,
They hustle, they bustle ; and, down in a cave,
The winds are murmuring, ready to rave.

The skies are dimming ; the birds fly low,
Skimming and swimming, their wings are slow ;
They float, they are carried, they scarcely go.

The dead leaves hurry ; the waters, too,
Flurry and scurry ; as if they knew
A storm was at hand ; the smoke is blue.

MY BEAUTIFUL HUNTRESS.

MY love is ruddy, my love is young,
A silver horn to her neck is hung ;
Her eyes are clear as running water ;
And she is as proud as a prince's daughter.

Alone on her pony I saw her ride
One morning up to our country-side ;
She came like a wind from out of a cloud :
—You beautiful girl, you may well be proud !

She is sweeter than sweet-briar after rain,
But she went away like a wind again ;
She lifted her bugle ; her hair flew free ;
Dressed in the Lincoln green was she.

O come like a wind of the sky once more,
You beautiful girl ! as you did before ;

Then pass like a wind !—and I have seen
My beautiful girl in the Lincoln green.

And then, when I kneel for my prayers at night,
And tell my mother I saw the sight,
She smiles and says that my thoughts run wild,
And calls me her fanciful foolish child !

THE DREAM OF A BOY WHO LIVED
AT NINE-ELMS.

NINE grenadiers, with bayonets in their guns ;
Nine bakers' baskets, with hot-cross buns ;
Nine brown elephants, standing in a row ;
Nine new velocipedes, good ones to go ;
Nine knickerbocker suits, with buttons all
complete ;
Nine pair of skates with straps for the feet ;
Nine clever conjurors eating hot coals ;
Nine sturdy mountaineers leaping on their
poles ;
Nine little drummer-boys beating on their
drums ;
Nine fat aldermen sitting on their thumbs ;
Nine new knockers to our front door ;
Nine new neighbours that I never saw before ;
Nine times running I dreamt it all plain ;
With bread and cheese for supper I could dream
it all again !

THE DREAM OF A GIRL WHO LIVED AT SEVEN-OAKS.

SEVEN sweet singing birds up in a tree ;
Seven swift sailing-ships white upon the sea ;
Seven bright weather-cocks shining in the sun ;
Seven slim race-horses ready for a run ;
Seven gold butterflies, flitting overhead ;
Seven red roses blowing in a garden bed ;
Seven white lilies, with honey bees inside them ;
Seven round rainbows with clouds to divide
 them ;
Seven pretty little girls with sugar on their
 lips ;
Seven witty little boys, whom everybody tips ;
Seven nice fathers, to call little maids joys ;
Seven nice mothers, to kiss the little boys ;
Seven nights running I dreamt it all plain ;
With bread and jam for supper I could dream
 it all again !

THE PEDLAR'S CARAVAN.

I WISH I lived in a caravan,
With a horse to drive, like the pedlar-man !
Where he comes from nobody knows,
Or where he goes to, but on he goes !

His caravan has windows two,
And a chimney of tin, that the smoke comes
 through ;
He has a wife, with a baby brown,
And they go riding from town to town.

Chairs to mend, and delf to sell !
He clashes the basins like a bell ;
Tea-trays, baskets ranged in order,
Plates, with the alphabet round the border !

The roads are brown, and the sea is green,
But his house is just like a bathing-machine ;

The world is round, and he can ride,
Rumble and splash, to the other side !

With the pedlar-man I should like to roam,
And write a book when I came home ;
All the people would read my book,
Just like the Travels of Captain Cook !

THE FIRST TOOTH.

THERE once was a wood, and a very thick
wood,
So thick that to walk was as much as you
could;
But a sunbeam got in, and the trees under-
stood.

I went to this wood, at the end of the snows,
And as I was walking I saw a primrose;
Only one! Shall I show you the place where
it grows?

There once was a house, and a very dark house,
As dark, I believe, as the hole of a mouse,
Or a tree in my wood, at the thick of the
boughs.

I went to this house, and I searched it aright,
I opened the chambers, and I found a light;
Only one! Shall I show you this little lamp
bright?

There once was a cave, and this very dark cave
One day took a gift from an incoming wave;
And I made up my mind to know what the sea
gave.

I took a lit torch, I walked round the ness
When the water was lowest; and in a recess
In my cave was a jewel. Will nobody guess?

O there was a baby, he sat on my knee,
With a pearl in his mouth that was precious
to me,
His little dark mouth like my cave of the sea!

I said to my heart, "And my jewel is bright!
He blooms like a primrose! He shines like
a light!"

Put your hand in his mouth! Do you feel?
He can bite!

THE SOLDIER-ANGEL.

A SOLDIER came riding, with a helmet on,
Early in the morning; his breast-plate shone;
A soldier in armour, with his visor down,
Came riding on a coal-black horse, through our
good town:

All round the church-eaves, the icicles did
hang;

Sweetly in the church-choir, the choristers
sang;

Gaily goes the soldier, with his armour cling-
clang—

Loud sounds the church bell, jang-jingle-jang!

All amid the white snow, in a red hood,

All amid the bright snow, a little maiden stood

Her cheeks were of the crimson in the free
December air;

Mellow was the maid's voice, yellow was her
hair.

Then unto the soldier the little maid did
say—

“O, whither are you riding, soldier, I pray?

O, whither are you riding, to cut and to slay,

So early in the morning, upon a Christmas
day?”

“Now, who are ye would stay me, when forth I
do ride?

And why should I delay me for any time or
tide?”

Grimly did the soldier behind his visor speak,
But up spoke the little maid—a tear was on her
cheek:

“O sir, I would but stay you, because of our
good Lord,

Who to be born on Christmas Day in pity did
afford;

And sweet is Christmas music on a merry
harpsichord,
But cruel is the clanging of the sword against
the sword!"

O, in the saddle, angrily, sat up that soldier then,
But the little maid began to sing "Good will
to sinful men!"

He drew his sword from out its sheath, and
flashed it in her face,

But louder sang the little maid of Bethlehem
and its grace:

Then, wondering, she began to look upon that
warrior grim,

For while she stood and sang, a change, a
change came over him,

A shining and a pleasantness that made the
daylight dim—

It was a beautiful angel, all in gold and purple
trim.

"I am the Angel Gabriel, and forth I do ride,
Early in the morning, upon the Christmas-tide ;

And to such as dare to stay me, in the name of
our good Lord,
A comfortable vision I am bidden to afford.”
He lift her to the saddle-tree, he set her up
before,
The horse shone white, and he shone bright,
and terrible no more ;
And all the flaming heaven was bowed, wide
open like a door,
With Christmas music sounding loud, like seas
along the shore,
And the happy Innocents singing there, her
courage to restore.

Now where did they ride to, the angel and the
maid ?
And what was the vision which was unto her
displayed ?
They rode straight into Bethlehem, the Star
was in the sky ;
She saw the shepherds worship there, she saw
the Baby lie ;

The cherubs there and the cherubim had silver
on their wings,
The seraphs there and the seraphim were
crowned with golden rings ;
Glad was the maid when she saw these beautiful
things ;
Loud sounds the church bell, sweet the choir
sings.





DOLLADINE.

DOLL POEMS.

I.

THE PICTURE.

THIS is her picture—Dolladine—
The beautifullest doll that ever was seen!
Oh, what nosegays! Oh, what sashes!
Oh, what beautiful eyes and lashes!

Oh, what a precious perfect pet!
On each instep a pink rosette;
Little blue shoes for her little blue tots;
Elegant ribbons in bows and knots.

Her hair is powdered; her arms are straight,
Only feel, she is quite a weight!
Her legs are limp, though;—stand up, miss!—
What a beautiful buttoned-up mouth to kiss!

II.

THE LOVE STORY.

THIS is the Doll with respect to whom
A story is told that ends in gloom ;
For there was a sensitive little sir
Went out of his mind for love of her !

They pulled a wire, she moved her eye ;
They squeezed the bellows, they made her cry ;
But the boy could never be persuaded
That these were really things which *they* did.

“ My Dolladine,” he said, “ has life ;
I love her, and she shall be my wife ;
Dainty delicate Dolladine,
The prettiest girl that ever was seen ! ”

To give his passion a chance to cool,
They sent the lover to boarding-school,
But absence only made it worse—
He never learnt anything, prose or verse !

He drew her likeness on his slate ;
His grammar was in a *dreadful* state,
With Dolladine all over the edges,
And true-love knots, and vows, and pledges.

What was the consequence ?—Doctor Whack
Begged of his parents to take him back ;
When his condition, poor boy, was seen,
Too late, they sent for Dolladine,

And now he will never part with her :
He calls her lily, and rose, and myrrh,
Dolly-o'-diamonds, precious lamb,
Humming-bird, honey-pot, jewel, jam,

Darling, delicate-dear-delight,
Angel-o'-red, angel-o'-white,
Queen of beauty, and such like names ;
In fact all manner of darts and flames !

Of course, while he keeps up this wooing,
His education goes to ruin :

What are his prospects in future life,
With only a doll for his lawful wife ?

It is feared his parents' hearts will break !
And there 's one remark I wish to make ;
I may be wrong, but it seems a pity
For a moveable doll to be made too pretty.

An old-fashioned doll, that is not like nature,
Can never pass for a human creature ;
It is in a doll that moves her eyes
That the danger of these misfortunes lies !

The lover's name must be suppressed
For obvious reasons. He lives out west,
And if I call him Pygmalion Pout,
I don't believe you will find him out !

III.

DRESSING HER.

THIS is the way we dress the Doll :—
You may make her a shepherdess, the Doll,

If you give her a crook with a pastoral hook,
But this is the way we dress the Doll.

Chorus. Bless the Doll, you may press
the Doll,
But do not crumple and mess
the Doll !
This is the way we dress the
Doll.

First, you observe her little chemise,
As white as milk, with ruches of silk ;
And the little drawers that cover her knees,
As she sits or stands, with golden bands,
And lace in beautiful filagrees.

Chorus. Bless the Doll, you may press
the Doll,
But do not crumple or mess
the Doll !
This is the way we dress the
Doll.

Now these are the bodies : she has two,
One of pink, with ruches of blue,

And sweet white lace ; be careful, do !
And one of green, with buttons of sheen,
Buttons and bands of gold, I mean,
With lace on the border in lovely order,
The most expensive we can afford her !

Chorus. Bless the Doll, you may press
the Doll,
But do not crumple or mess
the Doll !
This is the way we dress the
Doll.

Then, with black at the border, jacket ;
And this—and this—she will not lack it ;
Skirts ? Why, there are skirts, of course,
And shoes and stockings we shall enforce,
With a proper bodice, in the proper place
(Stays that lace have had their days
And made their martyrs) ; likewise garters,
All entire. But our desire
Is to show you her night attire,
At least a part of it. Pray admire

This sweet white thing that she goes to bed in !
It's not the one that's made for her wedding ;
That is special, a new design,
Made with a charm and a countersign,
Three times three and nine times nine :
These are only her usual clothes :
Look, *there's* a wardrobe ! gracious knows
It's pretty enough, as far as it goes !

So you see the way we dress the Doll :
You might make her a shepherdess, the Doll,
If you gave her a crook with a pastoral hook,
With sheep, and a shed, and a shallow brook,
And all that, out of the poetry-book.

Chorus. Bless the Doll, you may press
 the Doll,
But do not crumple and mess
 the Doll !
This is the way we dress the
 Doll ;
If you had not seen, could
 you guess the Doll ?

BLACKBERRY HUNTING.

WHO then a-hunting,
A-hunting will go,
Hunting the blackberry,
Hunting the sloe ?

Thomas, bring Catherine's
Basket, be quick !
Jack-knife for gatherings,
And a hook-stick.

Bright on the bushes
The berries we find ;
Scratches and pushes
Tom does not mind.

Wipe, little Kitty,
That tear from your nose—

Oh, it is pretty,
The bloom on the sloes !

Oh, how the dew-beaded
Gossamers shine !—
Katy, dear stupid-head,
That bunch is mine !

Tom, are you tipsy,
To fall in that ditch ?
Here comes a gipsy,
Who looks like a witch !

Dame, can you tell us
Our fortunes to day ?
“ In reds and in yellows
The woodlands are gay,

“ But you, pretty creature !
As smiling you stand,
Are gayer and sweeter
Than all the woodland ;

“And you, little master,
Shall stand like an oak,
Though storms of disaster
Come, stroke after stroke !”

Now, gipsy most knowing,
What is there to pay ?
For we must be going
The blackberry way—
Sweet winds are blowing
The tree-tops to-day.

THE WIND AND HIS ENEMY.

THE wind shrieks, the wind rages,
It drives, it beats, through the fields and the
streets,

With a whistle, with a dash, as if it were a lash,
A monstrous, invisible thong, avenging a monstrous wrong—

What is it the noise of the wind presages ?

I know, I know, but I fear to tell,

For the secret of the wind is terrible !

There is one whom the wind hates—

Not a devil, not an angel, not a man,

But a creature of the air,

The wildernesses bare—

Where they huddle together in a host ;

They are dumb, like the snow,

And they never change or grow,

Never, since the world began—

Rare, mysterious creatures,

With faces, but no features,

Round and bluntly shapen, white, like a ghost ;
And the wind has been chasing the creature
whom it hates

In the over-world,
Where the clouds are curled,
And the ancient flags of the heaven lie furled,
Chasing it through dim caverns and gloomy
brazen gates,

With a rage that never abates,
And a speed that never waits !
And now—hark again !—it must be, it must be,
That the wind, strong and fierce from the cold
utmost sea,

Has caught, caught, caught its ancient enemy,
In a wold of the middle air,
And holds him by the hair,
And smites him in the face—
Being dumb, like the silly moon, he cannot sue
for grace—

And the wind beats, beats him,
And cruelly entreats him,
And the terrible, successful wind screams
With the noise of a hundred thousand dreams,

In its anger, as it follows, as it flies,
With its enemy before it, underneath the naked
 skies ;
The horrible, successful wind cries,
And leaps up and screams out amain ;
Its revenge is a joy and a pain,
When it smites the hideous creature in the fore-
 head again,
Again : and again : hush, it dies ;
But the wind, unappeased, screams over it as it
 lies
In a wold of the middle air, scarcely visible on
 the plain.
Only the moon in her place will feel for the
 creature dead ;
For she knows what it is to be driven, driven,
 driven
By the passionate wind through heaven ;
She tries to hide in the clouds, but the terrified
 clouds are riven—
Hush, children, let us forget that the secret has
 been said !

CLEAN CLARA.

WHAT ! not know our Clean Clara ?
Why, the hot folks in Sahara,
And the cold Esquimaux,
Our little Clara know !
Clean Clara, the Poet sings,
Cleaned a hundred thousand things !

She cleaned the keys of the harpsichord,
She cleaned the hilt of the family sword,
She cleaned my lady, she cleaned my lord ;
All the pictures in their frames,
Knights with daggers, and stomachered dames—
Cecils, Godfreys, Montforts, Græmes,
Winifreds—all those nice old names !

She cleaned the works of the eight-day clock,
See cleaned the spring of a secret lock,

She cleaned the mirror, she cleaned the cupboard ;
All the books she India-rubbered !

She cleaned the Dutch-tiles in the place,
She cleaned some very old-fashioned lace ;
The Countess of Miniver came to her,
“ Pray, my dear, will you clean my fur ? ”
All her cleanings are admirable ;
To count your teeth you will be able,
If you look in the walnut-table !

She cleaned the tent-stitch and the sampler ;
She cleaned the tapestry, which was ampler ;
Joseph going down into the pit,
And the Shunammite woman with the boy in a
fit ;

You saw the reapers, *not* in the distance,
And Elisha coming to the child's assistance,
With the house on the wall that was built for
the prophet,
The chair, the bed, and the bolster of it ;

The eyebrows all had a twirl reflective,
Just like an eel : to spare invective,
There was plenty of colour, but no perspective.
However, Clara cleaned it all,
With a curious lamp, that hangs in the hall ;
She cleaned the drops of the chandeliers,
Madam in mittens was moved to tears !

She cleaned the cage of the cockatoo,
The oldest bird that ever grew ;
I should say a thousand years old would do—
I'm sure he looked it ; but nobody knew ;
She cleaned the china, she cleaned the delf,
She cleaned the baby, she cleaned herself !

To-morrow morning she means to try
To clean the cobwebs from the sky ;
Some people say the girl will rue it,
But my belief is she will do it.

So I've made up my mind to be there to see :
There's a beautiful place in the walnut-tree ;
The bough is as firm as the solid rock ;
She brings out her broom at six o'clock.

THE FIRST OF JUNE.

THE wind to west is steady,
The weather is sweet and fair ;
Laburnum, slender lady,
Shakes out her yellow hair.

Magnolia, like a stranger,
Stands stiffly all alone ;
I think a word would change her
Into a flower of stone.

The solid Guelder roses
Are white as dairy cream ;
The hyacinths fade, like posies ;
The cloud hangs in a dream,

And dreams of light and shadow
The sleeping meadow shake,
But the king-cup shines in the meadow,
A gold eye wide awake.

MADCAP.

SWIFT, lithe, plastical ;
High-fantastical
In feats gymnastical ;
Enthusiastical ;

She is a glorious
Romp ; victorious ;
Is uproarious
Too censorious ?

She is a mighty,
Elfy, spritey,
Highty-tighty
Ma'mselle Flighty.

The gayest wench, if
Her mood's extensive ;
But full of sense, if
Her mood is pensive.

What resolution
In execution !
“ O mum,” says Susan,
“ She is a Rooshian !”

But when she's graver
No girl is braver
In her behaviour,
As I'm a shaver !

I'd give my rations
And days of patience,
To know the relations
Of her meditations,

When, looking at you,
Or Tom, or Matthew,
She turns a statue—
Hath not, yet hath you,

You, the disguising
Of some horizon
That she sets her eyes on—
It is surprising !

What is that skyland,
That sea, that dry land,
That vale, or highland ?
The Muse is silent,—

Bid Mystery pack again !
With sudden tack again,
My Romp is back again,
Madcap, clack, again !

When I am priming
Myself for rhyming
Of Jove or Hymen,
That girl is climbing,

Athletic, able,
The chairs, the table,
An admirable
Gymnastic Babel !

It makes me shiver
In lungs and liver,
To look ! However,
Three cheers I give her.

TRUMPETER REDBREAST.

I WONDERED this year,—for the harvest was in,
The acacias were dark and the linden-leaves
thin,
And the south-wind in coming and going was
loud,
And odorous, and moist like the breath of a
cloud,—

I wondered, and said, “Then the Autumn is
here ;
God knows how I love the sweet fall of the
year ;
But the joy of the Autumn is not on my
brain—
My God, give me joy in thine Autumn
again !”

I woke in the morning, and, out in the air,
I heard the sweet robin his ditty declare,

And my passion of Autumn came down from
the skies,
And I leapt from my bed with the tears in my
eyes.

O Robin, sweet Robin, do you know the power
That comes to the heart with the fall of the
flower,
The odour of winds, and the shredding of trees,
And the deepening of colour in skies and in
seas ?

LINGERING LATIMER.

LINGERING LATIMER lived up a tree,
Just like a Sloth !
Slackest and slowest of slow-boys was he,
Lazy and loth !

He kept a pet tortoise, and *that* had the gout,—
A very poor goer ;
And Linging Latimer, when they went out
For a walk, was the slower !

There was nothing about him would run—not
his nose,
We are told !
But the secret of *that* was (it's under the rose)
He could not catch—cold !

In his prospects we cannot but own there is
hope

Of a sort ;

He may live by performing upon the slack
rope,

And can never run—short !

AT HARVEST-TIME.

THE tawny sheaves of wheat
Are standing on their feet,
They cuddle together,
They huddle together,
They laugh out bold,
Their tassels of gold
They toss up together ;
They gossip together
In the harvest weather ;
And what may the thing they are whispering
be ?

The trees stand waiting ;
The windmills are prating
And gesticulating—
But what is debating ?
What do they wait to hear or to see ?

We shall soon know, I trust—
Whew, the wind ! just
A soft, rapid gust,
That swirls about the dust
In the serpentine green lane, and the straws
upon the lea !

The light white mill divines ;
I can see him making signs
To his heavy black brother ;
They nod to each other—
“ Hail-fellows-well-met with the Wind are we ! ”

And my lady in her bower,
Or her parlour, or her tower,
Says, “ In about an hour
We shall have a thunder-shower ”——
Shine or storm, pretty lady, keep a kiss for me !

BABY.

I.

O WHEN did Baby come ?
When half the world was dumb,
Babe was dressed in white,
In the black, dead night.

O Baby came from where ?
That place is very fair ;
The middle of the skies,
The heart of Paradise.

O who sent Baby here ?
It was an angel dear,
A spirit of purple flame ;
Love is that angel's name.

O who was Baby's shield
Down from the heavenly field

Along the pathway dim ?
—One of the cherubim ;
His sword he took with him.

His golden head he bowed
To cleave the hindering cloud :
A seraph shone behind
Singing through the wind.

Singing and shining thus,
They brought the gift to us,
And in the dead of night,
The child was wrapt in white.

O God,—who art the Lord
Of the cherub with the sword,
And the seraph with the lamp,—
Let both of them encamp

Beside the hushing tent
Of the creature that is sent
From the middle of Thy sky,—
To guard, to beautify ;

To make the inaudible breath
More terrible than Death,
And light the unconscious face
As from a heavenly place
With the wonder of Thy ways!

II.

Oh, why are your beautiful eyes so red,
Fair Lady?
They have taken my baby out of my bed,
My Baby!

Speak sooth, your babe has gone up to God,
Fair Lady.
His little feet, little feet were not shod,
My Baby.

But the road that leads to the heavenly town
Is all over clouds as soft as down,
Fair Lady.
The way of the clouds is long and dim,
I would I were there to carry him,
My Baby.

He will be holpen by cherubs bright,
A fair new star for a lamp they light,
Sweet Lady!

The way to the heavenly town is long,
I would I could sing him a cradle song,
My Baby.
Our Lord stands waiting at heaven's door,
And Mary Mother runs on before,
Sweet Lady.

O he will feel strange in the heavenly street,
My Baby.
But the happy Innocents he will meet,
Fair Lady.

For the comely food he will cry, and gays,
My Baby.
They make him a feast in the heavenly place,
Our Lord will be there to speak the grace,
And Mary Mother, with godly gays,
Fair Lady.

The heavenly town will grow so dear,
He will forget his mother here,

My Baby.

He shall think of his mother in all the cheer,
He shall not forget in a thousand year,

Fair Lady.

THE ORGAN.

I KNOW the Organ is a living thing :
He speaks on Sundays, when they sing,
And when the choristers intone ;
But all the week he stays alone,
And meditates with a patient mind
On the thoughts the people have left behind,
Thousands and thousands, in their breath,
Though the Church is empty, and still as death.

I should like to creep into the Church at night,
And visit him there, alone in his might,
When the Moon through the picture-window
gleams,
And paints the wonderful creature's dreams.

Sometimes when I sit and look at him,
My heart beats thick and the Church grows
dim ;

He speaks ; I look at the pipes on his face,
And I think he will move, move, move from his
place ;

And I think the roof of the Church will rise ;
The cold floor shakes with fear as it lies ;
My body seems to have lost its weight,
We all shall float, like clouds in the skies,
When the beautiful Organ comes marching
down,

And the Church will be larger than any town ;
For his voice is a lifting voice, and great,
The voice of a creature that moves on straight,
Like a driving light in an awful dream,
Or a ghostly ship on a ghostly stream.

GOLD-BOY AND GREEN-GIRL.

THERE was a little jackdaw
Lived on a vane ;
He was a very black daw,
Shiny in the rain.

THERE was a boy in gold ;
There was a girl in green ;
The lad was very bold ;
The maid was more serene.

THERE was a little church ;
It had a little steeple ;
The jackdaw on his perch
Cawed at the people.

THIS little golden boy,
And green damosel
Did make it their employ,
Their loves for to tell.

And early in the morning,
It came into their head
Themselves to be adorning
And go for to be wed.

The girl in green did stammer
At saying *I take thee*;
Gaffer said, and Gammer,
“What a pair they be!”

The yellow boy was bolder,
And spoke up like a king,
As if he had been older—
Hark, the bells ring!

In pops the jackdaw
At the belfry-door;
“Caw!” says the jackdaw,
“One peal more!”

EPILOGUE.

FAIRER than Folly when Folly is fair,
But wise with a wisdom that comes unaware ;
Pleasant as May-wine, but harmless as milk ;
Variously gay, like the shot in the silk ;
Fresh as a hazel-bough after a shower ;
Lofty, but free, like a flag on a tower ;
In and out, round about, like a wind in a tree,
But no more perplexed than an arrow might be
In the air, or the river that runs to the sea ;
Soft lights of homeliness painting her brows,
Warm, like the fire in a cottager's house ;
Inaccessible now as a sound that has ceased,
Then frank as the white cloth spread out for a
feast ;
Like a landscape, made up of irrelevant things,
But with nothing to spare, from the runnel that
sings
In the populous grass to the oaks that are
kings ;—

This is my daughter. She stands by my chair,
Harmlessly plucking the grey in my hair;
Thinking with awe of the wisdom of men,
She longs to be older, my Polly of ten;
Nothing she knows of the glory that lies
In youth, with the triumphing, on-looking eyes,
And the land of the promise beneath the new
skies;

But I, with a thought like a gonfalon furl'd,
That waits for the hour when the bells shall
be rung,
Sit pondering the gleam on the brow of the
world
Flash'd from the fields that for ever are
young.

L'ENVOI.

*Versification,
Likewise illustration;
Flowers of my growing
From seed up to blowing;
Flowers of my finding,
Gathering, and binding;
Home-flower and heather,
Mingled together;—
Take these confusions,
Ye dear LILLIPUTIANS !*

THE END.

Books for the Young

PUBLISHED BY

STRAHAN & COMPANY.

STORIES TOLD TO A CHILD.

By the Author of "Studies for Stories."

With Illustrations by HOUGHTON, LAWSON, and ELTZE.

32mo, cloth, gilt, 3s. 6d.

THE GOLD THREAD:

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG.

By NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

With Illustrations by J. D. WATSON, GOURLAY STEEL, and
J. MACWHIRTER.

Square 8vo, cloth, gilt extra, 3s. 6d.

THE MAGIC MIRROR:

A ROUND OF TALES FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

By WILLIAM GILBERT.

With Illustrations by W. S. GILBERT.

Crown 8vo, 5s.

THE POSTMAN'S BAG:

A STORY BOOK FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

By JOHN DE LIEFDE.

With Illustrations by J. PETTIE, R. BELL, and others.

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

—

WORDSWORTH'S POEMS FOR THE YOUNG.

With Illustrations by J. PETTIE and J. MACWHIRTER.

Square 8vo, 3s. 6d.

—

DEALINGS WITH THE FAIRIES.

By GEORGE MAC DONALD.

With Illustrations by ARTHUR HUGHES.

32mo, cloth, gilt, 2s. 6d.

—

LILLIPUT LEVEE:

POEMS OF CHILDHOOD, CHILD-FANCY, AND CHILDLIKE MOODS.

With Illustrations by J. E. MILLAIS, G. J. PINWELL, and others.

32mo, cloth, gilt, 2s. 6d.

"THE WILL-O'-THE-WISPS ARE IN TOWN;"

AND OTHER TALES.

By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

With Illustrations by M. E. EDWARDS, ELTZE, and others.

32mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

THE WASHERWOMAN'S FOUNDLING.

By WILLIAM GILBERT

With Illustrations by W. SMALL.

32mo, cloth, gilt, 2s. 6d.

EDWIN'S FAIRING.

By EDWARD MONRO, M.A.

With Illustrations by W. JONES.

32mo, cloth, gilt, 2s. 6d.

ÆSOP'S FABLES.

A NEW EDITION.

With 100 Illustrations by WOLF, ZWECKER, and DALZIEL.

32mo, cloth, gilt, 2s. 6d.

PAPERS FOR THOUGHTFUL GIRLS;
WITH ILLUSTRATIVE SKETCHES OF SOME GIRLS' LIVES.

By SARAH TYTLER.

Illustrated by J. E. MILLAIS. Crown 8vo, 5s.

DAYS OF YORE.

By SARAH TYTLER.

Uniform with "Papers for Thoughtful Girls.

Crown 8vo, 5s.

STUDIES FOR STORIES FROM GIRLS' LIVES.

By the Author of "Stories told to a Child."

Crown 8vo, Illustrated, 5s.

A SISTER'S BYE-HOURS.

By the Author of, and Uniform with, "Studies for Stories."

Crown 8vo, 5s.

A FRENCH COUNTRY FAMILY.

By MADAME DE WITT, *née* GUIZOT.

Translated by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

Crown 8vo, Illustrated, 5s.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR A CHILD.

By TWO FRIENDS.

With Illustrations.

32mo, cloth, gilt, 3s. 6d.

DAILY DEVOTIONS FOR CHILDREN.

By MRS G. HINSDALE.

32mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR CHILDREN.

By MRS G. HINSDALE.

32mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

STORIES TOLD TO A CHILD.

With Illustrations by HOUGHTON, LAWSON, and ELTZE.

In 32mo, cloth, gilt, 6d. each.

I.

THE GRANDMOTHER'S SHOE.

II.

THE GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

III.

THE SUSPICIOUS JACKDAW, AND MR JOHN SMITH.

IV.

THE MOORISH GOLD, AND THE ONE-EYED SERVANT.

V.

LITTLE RIE AND THE ROSEBUDS, AND CAN AND COULD.

VI.

DEBORAH'S BOOK, AND THE LONELY ROCK.

VII.

THE MINNOWS WITH THE SILVER TAILS, AND
TWO WAYS OF TELLING A STORY.

VIII.

THE WILD DUCK SHOOTER, AND I HAVE A RIGHT.

STRAHAN & COMPANY, 56 LUDGATE HILL.

