

**A CHILD'S OWN BOOK OF
VERSE, BOOK ONE**

A CHILD'S OWN BOOK OF VERSE

BOOK ONE



BY
ADA M. SKINNER 
ST. AGATHA'S SCHOOL
AND
FRANCES GILLESPIE WICKES
ST. AGATHA'S SCHOOL

Illustrated by MAUD S. FULLER
and MICHAEL PETERSHAM

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INTRODUCTION

“I know not how it is that we need an interpreter, but the great majority of men seem to be . . . mutes, who cannot report the conversation they have had with nature.” “The poet is the sayer, the namer, and represents beauty.” “The poets are liberating gods. . . . They are free and make free.”

(Poetry—Emerson.)

THEN let us use the poets, wisely, freely, fully to liberate the souls of our children, to make them free.

Never were we in graver peril of forgetting our poets, of losing their liberating influence, of dulling, benumbing our sense of beauty than at present; for modern education, pressed by economic needs, confronted with industrial exigencies, dominated by the scientific spirit of the age which exults in marvels of mechanical invention, is rapidly tending to extol efficiency as its exclusive pursuit, forgetting the eternal need of beauty in human life, if man is to be more than a human mechanism, unmindful that starvation of the soul is more fatal than starvation of the body.

Poetry rather than prose is the language of childhood, Mother Goose is the child's first “liberating god.” But with Mother Goose the process of liberation is only begun. Systematically

should it be continued, throughout the whole period of education.

To facilitate the systematic use of poetry in the classroom, *A Child's Own Book of Verse* has been compiled. Attention is called to the fact that it is the child's own book, not the teacher's, because the child's interests have been a guiding principle of selection. Variations in taste and in temperament have prompted the inclusion of a wide variety of poems, not always classic in quality, that every "open sesame" to the great world of poetry might be offered.

The earliest appeal is to the ear through sound rhymes, jingles, rhythm. In the next stage sound rhymes and rhythm are connected with personal experience as in imitative poems, such as "The Wind." Next have been added poems in which thought plays an equal part with sound and rhythms as in lullabies and pure lyrics. These are followed by story-telling poems.

A Child's Own Book of Verse consists of three volumes planned for use during the four primary years.

BOOK ONE is made up of sound rhymes, lyrics, and story-telling poems.

BOOK TWO follows much the same plan. Less space is given to sound rhymes and more to lyrics and longer story-telling poems with the addition of a group of short descriptive poems.

BOOK THREE has many of the features of the first and second books, but it contains, in addition, a larger group of descriptive poems, and many of the longer simple ballads are included.

It is hoped that by so constant and so thoughtful a use of verse as these volumes suggest there may result a liberating of the sense of beauty, an instilling of an abiding love of poetry, the interpreter of beauty, and, it may be, a freeing of the power of poetic expression.

EMMA J. SEBRING.

ST. AGATHA



LITTLE WIND

Little wind, blow on the hill top,
Little wind, blow down the plain;
Little wind, blow up the sunshine,
Little wind, blow off the rain.

—KATE GREENAWAY.

WHITE SHEEP

White sheep, white sheep,
On a blue hill,
When the wind stops
You all stand still.

When the wind blows,
You walk away slow.
White sheep, white sheep,
Where do you go?

—*Nursery Rhyme.*

TIME TO RISE

A birdie with a yellow bill
Hopped upon the window-sill;
Cocked his shining eye, and said,
“Ain’t you ’shamed, you sleepy-head?”

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

PUSSY-CAT MEW

Pussy-Cat Mew jumped over a coal
And in her best petticoat burned a great hole.
Pussy-Cat Mew shall have no more milk
Till she has mended her gown of silk.

SEVEN LITTLE CHICKS

Seven little chicks go,
“Peep, peep, peep,”
Hunting where the grasses grow
Deep, deep, deep.

Then the mother hen calls,
“Cluck, cluck, cluck,”
Wishing every little chick
Luck, luck, luck.

—WILHELMINA SEEGMÜLLER.

ONCE I SAW A LITTLE BIRD

Once I saw a little bird
Come hop, hop, hop.
So I cried, "Little bird,
Will you stop, stop, stop?"

I was going to the window
To say, "How do you do?"
But he shook his little tail,
And far away he flew.

BOW-WOW-WOW

Bow-wow-wow!
It's the great watch dog.
I know by his honest bark,
Bow-wow-wow!
Says the great watch dog,
When he hears a foot in the dark.

Not a breath can stir
But he's up with a whirl
And a big bow-wow gives he,
And with tail on end,
He'll the house defend
Far better than lock or key.

—*Scotch Nursery Rhyme*



THE NORTH WIND DOTTH BLOW

The north wind doth blow
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor robin do then?
Poor thing!

He'll sit in a barn,
And to keep himself warm,
Will hide his head under his wing.
Poor thing!

—*Nursery Rhyme.*

SOME LITTLE MICE

Some little mice sat in a barn to spin;
Pussy came by and popped his head in.
“Shall I come in and cut off your threads?”
“Oh, no! kind sir, you will bite off our heads!”

—*Nursery Rhyme.*

BOBBY SHAFTO

Bobby Shafto's gone to sea,
With silver buckles on his knee,
He'll come back and marry me,—
Pretty Bobby Shafto!

Bobby Shafto's fat and fair;
Combing out his yellow hair;
He's my love forever mair,—
Pretty Bobby Shafto!

THE RABBITS

Between the hill and the brook, ook, ook,
Two rabbits sat in the sun, O!
And then they ate the green, green grass,
Till all the grass was gone, O!

And when they had eaten enough, nough, nough,
They sat down to have a talk, O!
When there came a man with a gun, un, un,
And fired at them over the walk, O!

But when they found they were sound, ound, ound,
Nor hurt by the gun, un, un, O!
They picked themselves up from the ground, ound, ound,
And scampered away like fun, O!

—*Nursery Rhyme.*

TWEEDLE-DUM AND TWEEDLE-DEE

Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee
Resolved to have a battle,
For Tweedle-dum said Tweedle-dee
Had spoiled his nice new rattle.

Just then flew by a monstrous crow,
As big as a tar barrel,
Which frightened both the heroes so,
They quite forgot their quarrel.

LITTLE COCK-SPARROW

A little cock-sparrow sat on a green tree,
And he chirruped, he chirruped, so merry was he;
A little cock-sparrow sat on a green tree,
And he chirruped, he chirruped, so merry was he.

A naughty boy came with his wee bow and arrow,
Determined to shoot this little cock-sparrow.
A naughty boy came with his wee bow and arrow,
Determined to shoot this little cock-sparrow.

“This little cock-sparrow shall make me a stew,
And his giblets shall make me a little pie, too.”
“Oh, no!” said the sparrow, “I *won't* make a stew.”
So he flapped his wings, and away he flew.

THERE WAS A LITTLE ROBIN

There was a little robin
Sat singing in a tree;
From early morn till dark he sang—
“The world was made for me.”

—WILHELMINA SEEGMÜLLER.

BLOW, WIND, BLOW

Blow, wind, blow!
And go, mill, go!
That the miller may grind his corn;
That the baker may take it,
And into rolls make it,
And send us some hot in the morn.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY

Daffy-Down-Dilly
Has come up to town,
In a green petticoat
And a bright yellow gown.

THE RAIN

The rain is raining all around;
It falls on field and tree,
It rains on the umbrella here,
And on the ships at sea.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

ROSY POSY

There was a little Rosy,
And she had a little nosy,
And she made a little posy,
All pink and white and green.
And she said, "Little nosy,
Will you smell my little posy?
For of all the flowers that growsy,
Such sweet ones ne'er were seen."

So she took the little posy,
And she put it to her nosy,
On her little face so rosy,
The flowers for to smell;
And which of them was Rosy,
And which of them was nosy,
And which of them was posy,
You really could not tell!

—LAURA E. RICHARDS.

A BONNY BOAT

One, two, three!
A bonny boat I see;
A silver boat, and all afloat
Upon a rosy sea.

One, two, three!
The riddle tell to me.
The moon afloat is the bonny boat,
The sunset is the sea.

—MARGARET JOHNSON.



LOCK THE DAIRY DOOR

“Lock the dairy door!
Lock the dairy door!”
Oh, hark, the cock is crowing proudly,
And all the hens are cackling loudly:
“Chickle! chackle, chee,” they cry,
“We haven’t got the key,” they cry,
“Chickle, chackle, chee! Oh, dear,
Wherever can it be!” they cry.

—CELIA THAXTER.

THE CLUCKING HEN

“Will you take a walk with me,
My little wife, to-day?
There’s barley in the barley field,
And hayseed in the hay.”

“Thank you;” said the clucking hen;
“I’ve something else to do;
I’m busy sitting on my eggs,
I cannot walk with you.”

“Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck,”
Said the clucking hen;
“My little chicks will soon be hatched,
I’ll think about it then.”

The clucking hen sat on her nest,
She made it in the hay;
And warm and snug beneath her breast,
A dozen white eggs lay.

Crack, crack, went all the eggs,
Out dropped the chickens small!
“Cluck,” said the clucking hen,
“Now I have you all.”

“Come along, my little chicks,
I’ll take a walk with *you*.”
“Hallo!” said the barn-door cock,
“Cock-a-doodle-doo!”

—*Aunt Effie’s Rhymes.*

LITTLE BROWN BOBBY

Little Brown Bobby sat on the barn floor,
Little Brown Bossy looked in at the door,
Little Brown Bobby said, “Lack-a-day!
Who’ll drive me this little Brown Bossy away?”

Little Brown Bobby said, “Shoo, shoo, shoo!”
Little Brown Bossy said, “Moo, moo, moo!”
This frightened them so that they both of them cried,
And wished they were back at their mammy’s side!

—LAURA E. RICHARDS.

WHISKY FRISKY

Whisky Frisky,
Hippity hop,
Up he goes
To the tree-top!

Whirly, twirly,
Round and round,
Down he scampers
To the ground.

Furly, curly,
What a tail!
Tall as a feather,
Broad as a sail!

Where's his supper?
In the shell,
Snappy, cracky,
Out it fell!



JACK FROST

Rustily creak the crickets.
Jack Frost came down last night.
He slid to the earth on a star beam,
Keen and sparkling and bright.

—CELIA THAXTER.

SING, LITTLE BIRD

Sing, little bird, when the skies are blue,
Sing, for the world has need of you,
Sing when the skies are overcast,
Sing when the rain is falling fast.

Sing, happy heart, when the sun is warm,
Sing in the winter's coldest storm,
Sing little songs, O heart so true,
Sing, for the world has need of you.

WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you:
But when the leaves hang trembling
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I:
But when the trees bow down their heads
The wind is passing by.

—CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

THREE LITTLE MAIDENS

There were three little maidens as busy as elves,
As busy as elves and as good, O!
They had a wheelbarrow as big as themselves,
And they swept up the leaves in the wood, O!

—*Nursery Rhyme.*