

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

**A CHILD'S OWN
BOOK OF VERSE**
BOOK THREE



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

Illustrated by **MAUD S. FULLER**
and **MICHAEL PETERSHAM**

YESTERDAY'S CLASSICS
CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA

Cover and arrangement © 2006 Yesterday's Classics.

This edition, first published in 2006 by Yesterday's Classics, is an unabridged republication of the work originally published by The Macmillan Company in 1917. For a complete listing of books published by Yesterday's Classics, visit www.yesterdaysclassics.com. Yesterday's Classics is the publishing arm of the Baldwin Project which presents the complete text of dozens of classic books for children at www.mainlesson.com under the editorship of Lisa M. Ripperton and T. A. Roth.

ISBN-10: 1-59915-053-0

ISBN-13: 978-1-59915-053-6

Yesterday's Classics
PO Box 3418
Chapel Hill, NC 27515

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THANKS are due to Mr. Bliss Carman for permission to use two of his poems, "The Daisies" and "The Dustman," from "Poems from Vagabondia," published by Small, Maynard Company; to Mr. Richard Le Gallienne and the Century Company for permission to use the poem "The Pine Lady"; to Laura E. Richards for permission to include "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" by Julia Ward Howe; to Katharine Tynan Hinkson for "Daffodil" and "Chanticleer"; to G. P. Putnam & Sons for permission to use "White Horses," by Hamish Hendry; and to The Macmillan Company for permission to use "The Owlet" and "The Song of the Elf" by Madison Cawein. The selection from Frank Dempster Sherman is used by permission of, and special arrangement with, the Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers of his works.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
WHITE HORSES <i>Hamish Hendry</i>	1
THE WORLD OF WONDER <i>William Stanley Braithwaite</i>	2
GAELIC LULLABY	2
THE WINDY NIGHT <i>Thomas Buchanan Read</i>	3
THE BROOK <i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	4
ON THE DESERT <i>William Wetmore Story</i>	5
THE OWLET <i>Madison Cawein</i>	7
A CANADIAN FOLK-SONG <i>William Wilfred Campbell</i>	9
AN OLD SONG RE-SUNG <i>John Masefield</i>	10
ROBERT OF LINCOLN <i>William Cullen Bryant</i>	10
OUT IN THE COLD <i>George MacDonald</i>	13
MILKING SONG <i>Jean Ingelow</i>	15
SCYTHE SONG <i>Andrew Lang</i>	16
WHITE BUTTERFLIES <i>Algernon Charles Swinburne</i>	16
THE GREEN GNOME <i>Robert Buchanan</i>	17
A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA <i>Allan Cunningham</i>	20
CHANTICLEER <i>Katharine Tynan Hinkson</i>	21
VERSE	22
DAFFODIL <i>Katharine Tynan Hinkson</i>	23
THE PINE LADY <i>Richard Le Gallienne</i>	24
SONG OF ILLYRIAN PEASANTS <i>Samuel Taylor Coleridge</i>	25
THE OLD, OLD SONG <i>Charles Kingsley</i>	26
THE EAGLE <i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	26
THE SANDS OF DEE <i>Charles Kingsley</i>	27
THE TIGER <i>William Blake</i>	28

	PAGE
GHOST FAIRIES	<i>Frank Dempster Sherman</i> 29
KENTUCKY BABE	<i>Richard Henry Buck</i> 30
FAIRY DAWN	<i>Joseph Rodman Drake</i> 31
SONG OF THE ELF	<i>Madison Cawein</i> 31
SONG FOR MUSIC	<i>Thomas Hood</i> 33
THE FAIRY QUEEN	<i>From Percy's "Reliques"</i> 34
LULLABY FOR TITANIA	<i>William Shakespeare</i> 36
OVER HILL, OVER DALE	<i>William Shakespeare</i> 37
DIRGE ON THE DEATH OF OBERON,	
THE FAIRY KING	<i>G. Walter Thornbury</i> 37
VERSE 38
ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE	
CRICKET	<i>John Keats</i> 38
TO DAFFODILS	<i>Robert Herrick</i> 39
DAISIES	<i>Bliss Carman</i> 40
THE CLOUD	<i>Percy Bysshe Shelley</i> 40
AULD DADDY DARKNESS	<i>James Ferguson</i> 41
WEE DAVIE DAYLIGHT	<i>Robert Tennant</i> 42
THE SEA	<i>Barry Cornwall</i> 43
OLD WINTER	<i>Thomas Noël</i> 44
THE FIRST SNOW FALL	<i>James Russell Lowell</i> 45
THE UNBROKEN SONG	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> 47
DE SHEEPFOL'	<i>Sarah Platt Greene</i> 47
MARCH	<i>Celia Thaxter</i> 49
HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD	<i>Robert Browning</i> 50
VERSE	<i>Robert Browning</i> 50
HUNTING SONG	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i> 51
THE BUGLE SONG	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i> 52
THE HAG	<i>Robert Herrick</i> 53
THE DUSTMAN	<i>Bliss Carman</i> 54
CUDDLE DOON	<i>Alexander Anderson</i> 56

	PAGE
REQUIEM	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i> 58
LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, O YE GATES	<i>Psalm xxiv</i> 58
THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i> 59
TO AN AUTUMN LEAF 60
THE CAPTAIN STOOD ON THE CAR- RONADE	<i>Frederick Marryat</i> 61
THE WHALE 62
THE CAVALIER'S ESCAPE	<i>Walter Thornbury</i> 65
THE SALCOMBE SEAMAN'S FLAUNT 67
LORD LOVEL	<i>Old Ballad</i> 69
JANE JONES	<i>Benjamin Franklin King</i> 71
SIR PATRICK SPENS	<i>Old Ballad</i> 73
HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE	<i>William Collins</i> 76
THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE	<i>Charles Wolfe</i> 77
THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN	<i>Robert Browning</i> 79
ALLEN-A-DALE	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i> 90
THE BONNETS O' BONNIE DUNDEE	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i> 91
THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN' 94
MY HEART 'S IN THE HIGHLANDS	<i>Robert Burns</i> 95
THE SKELETON IN ARMOR	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> 96
CEREMONIES FOR CHRISTMAS	<i>Robert Herrick</i> 102
THE INCHCAPE ROCK	<i>Robert Southey</i> 103
THE FORSAKEN MERMAN	<i>Matthew Arnold</i> 106
THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i> 112
THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER	<i>Francis Scott Key</i> 114
BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC	<i>Julia Ward Howe</i> 115
PAUL REVERE'S RIDE	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> 117
NATHAN HALE	<i>Francis Miles Finch</i> 122

WHITE HORSES

I saw them plunging through the foam,
I saw them prancing up the shore—
A thousand horses, row on row,
And then a thousand more!

In joy they leaped upon the land,
In joy they fled before the wind,
Prancing and plunging on they raced,
The huntsman raced behind.

When this old huntsman goes to sleep,
The horses live beneath the waves;
They live at peace, and rest in peace,
Deep in their sea green caves.

But when they hear the huntsman's shout
Urging his hounds across the sea,
Out from their caves in frenzied fear
The great white horses flee!

To-day they plunged right through the foam,
To-day they pranced right up the shore,
A thousand horses, row on row,
And then a thousand more.

—HAMISH HENDRY.

THE WORLD OF WONDER

Heart free, hand free,
 Blue above, brown under,
All the world to me
 Is a place of wonder.
Sunshine, moonshine,
 Stars, and winds a-blowing,
All into this heart of mine
 Flowing, flowing, flowing!
 —WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

GAELIC LULLABY

Hush the waves are rolling in,
 White with foam, white with foam;
Father toils amid the din;
 But baby sleeps at home.

Hush the winds roar hoarse and deep,—
 On they come, on they come!
Brother seeks the wandering sheep;
 But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the rain sweeps o'er the knowes,
 Where they roam, where they roam;
Sister goes to seek the cows;
 But baby sleeps at home.

THE WINDY NIGHT

Aloof and aloof,
Over the roof,
How the midnight tempests howl!
With a dreary voice, like the dismal tune
Of wolves that bay at the desert moon;—
Or whistle and shriek
Through limbs that creak,
“Tu-who! tu-whit!”
They cry and flit,
“Tu-whit! tu-who!” like the solemn owl!

Aloof and aloof,
Over the roof,
Sweep the moaning winds amain,
And wildly dash
The elm and ash,
Clattering on the window-sash,
With a clatter and patter,
Like hail and rain
That well nigh shatter
The dusky pane!

Aloof and aloof
Over the roof,
How the tempests swell and roar!
Though no foot is astir,
Though the cat and the cur
Lie dozing along the kitchen floor,

There are feet of air
On every stair—
Through every hall,
Through every gusty door,
There's a jostle and bustle,
With a silken rustle,
Like the meeting of guests at a festival!

Aloof and aloof,
Over the roof,
How the stormy tempests swell!
And make the vane
On the spire complain;
They heave at the steeple with might and main,
And burst and sweep
Into the belfry, on the bell!
They smite it so hard, and they smite it so well,
That the sexton tosses his arms in sleep,
And dreams he is ringing a funeral knell!

—THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

THE BROOK

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,

For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

And out again I curve and flow.
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

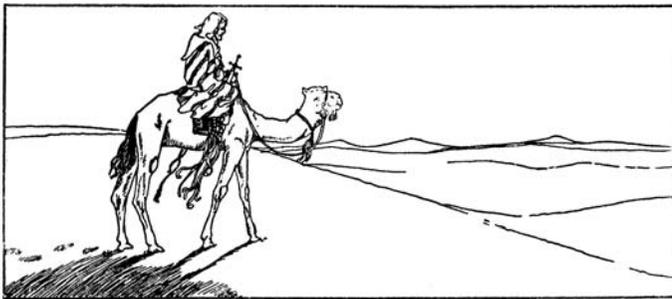
ON THE DESERT

All around,
To the bound
Of the vast horizon's round,
All sand, sand, sand—
All burning, glaring sand—
On my camel's hump I ride,
As he sways from side to side,
With an awkward step of pride,
And his scraggy head uplifted, and his eye
So long and bland.

Naught is near,
In the blear
And the simmering atmosphere,
But the shadow on the sand,
The shadow of the camel on the sand;
All alone as I ride
O'er the desert's ocean wide,
It is ever at my side;
It haunts me, it pursues me, if I flee or if I stand.

Not a sound
All around
Save the paddled heat and bound
Of the camel on the sand
Of the feet of the camel on the sand.
Not a bird is in the air,
Though the sun, with burning stare,
Is prying everywhere,
O'er the yellow thirsty desert, so
Desolately grand.

—WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.



THE OWLET

When dusk is drowned in drowsy dreams,
 And slow the hues of sunset die;
 When firefly and moth go by,
And in still streams the new moon seems
 Another moon and sky:
 Then from the hills there comes a cry,
 The owlet's cry:
A shivering voice that sobs and screams,
 With terror screams:—

“Who is it, who is it, who-o-o?
Who rides through the dusk and dew,
 With a pair of horns,
 As thin as thorns,
And face a bubble-blue?—
 Who, who, who!
Who is it, who is it, who-o-o?”

When night has dulled the lily's white,
 And opened the moonflower's eyes;
 When pale mists rise and veil the skies,
And round the height in whispering flight
 The night-wind sounds and sighs:
Then in the wood again it cries,
 The owlet cries:
A shivering voice that calls in fright,
 In maundering fright:—

“Who is it, who is it, who-o-o?
Who walks with a shuffling shoe
 ’Mid the gusty trees,
 With a face none sees,
And a form as ghostly, too?—
 Who, who, who!
Who is it, who is it, who-o-o?”

When midnight leans a listening ear
 And tinkles on her insect lutes;
 When ’mid the roots the cricket flutes,
And marsh and mere, now far, now near,
 A jack o’lantern foot:
Then o’er the pool again it hoots:
 The owlet hoots:
A voice that shivers as with fear,
 That cries with fear:—

“Who is it, who is it, who-o-o?
Who creeps with his glow-worm crew
 Above the mire
 With a corpse-like fire,
As only dead men do?—
 Who, who, who!
Who is it, who is it, who-o-o?”

—MADISON CAWEIN.

A CANADIAN FOLK-SONG

The doors are shut, the windows fast,
Outside the gust is driving past,
Outside the shivering ivy clings,
While on the hob the kettle sings.

Margery, Margery, make the tea,
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The streams are hushed up where they flowed,
The ponds are frozen along the road,
The cattle are housed in shed and byre,
While singeth the kettle on the fire.

Margery, Margery, make the tea,
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The fisherman on the bay in his boat
Shivers and buttons up his coat;
The traveler stops at the tavern door,
And the kettle answers the chimney's roar.

Margery, Margery, make the tea,
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The firelight dances upon the wall,
Footsteps are heard in the outer hall,
And a kiss and a welcome that fill the room,
And the kettle sings in the glimmer and gloom.

Margery, Margery, make the tea,
Singeth the kettle merrily.

—WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

AN OLD SONG RE-SUNG

I saw a ship a-sailing, a-sailing, a-sailing,
With emeralds and rubies and sapphires in her hold;
And a bosun in a blue coat bawling at the railing,
Piping through a silver call that had a chain of gold;
The summer wind was failing and the tall ship rolled.

I saw a ship a-steering, a-steering, a-steering,
With roses in red thread worked up in her sails;
With sacks of purple amethysts, the spoils
 of buccaneering,
Skins and musky yellow, wine, and silks in bales,
Her merry men were cheering, hauling on the brails.

—JOHN MASEFIELD.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN



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

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest.
Hear him call in his merry note:
 “Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
 Chee, chee, chee!”

Robert of Lincoln’s Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
 “Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
 Chee, chee, chee!”

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note,
Braggart and prince of braggart is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
 “Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
 Chee, chee, chee!”

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There, as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might

“Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,

Spink, spank, spink;

Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.

Chee, chee, chee!”

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.

“Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,

Spink, spank, spink;

Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.

Chee, chee, chee!”

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln’s a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:

“Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,

Spink, spank, spink;

When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.

Chee, chee, chee!”

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

OUT IN THE COLD

Out in the cold,
With a thin-worn fold
Of withered gold
Around her rolled,
Hangs in the air the weary moon.
She is old, old, old;
And her bones all cold,
And her tales all told,
And her things all sold,
She has no breath to croon.

Like a castaway,
She is quite shut out!
She might call and shout
But no one about
Would ever call back, "Who's there?"
There is never a hut
Not a door to shut,
Not a footpath or rut
Long road or short cut,
Leading to anywhere!

She is all alone
Like a dog-picked bone,
The poor old crone
She fain would groan,
But she cannot find the breath.

She once had a fire;
But she built it no higher,
And only sat nigher
Till she saw it expire;
And now she is cold as death.

She never will smile
All the lonesome while.
Oh, the mile after mile,
And never a stile!
And never a tree or a stone!
She has not a tear:
Afar and anear
It is all so drear,
But she does not care,
Her heart is as dry as a bone.

None to come near her!
No one to cheer her!
No one to jeer her!
No one to hear her!
Not a thing to lift and hold!
She is always awake
But her heart will not break:
She can only quake,
Shiver, and shake:
The old woman is very cold.

—GEORGE MACDONALD.



MILKING SONG

“Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!” calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.
“Cusha! Cusha!” all along;
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking song,—

“Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!” calling,
“For the dews will soon be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed.”

—JEAN INGELOW.