


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



# A CHILD'S OWN BOOK OF VERSE

## BOOK TWO



BY  
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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





## A SEA SONG FROM THE SHORE

Hail! Ho!  
Sail! Ho!  
Ahoy! Ahoy! Ahoy!  
Who calls to me,  
So far at sea?  
Only a little boy!

Sail! Ho!  
Hail! Ho!  
The sailor he sails the sea:

I wish he would capture  
A little sea-horse  
And send him home to me.

I wish, as he sails  
Through the tropical gales,  
He would catch me a sea-bird, too,  
With its silver wings  
And the song it sings,  
And its breast of down and dew!

I wish he would catch me a  
Little mermaid,  
Some island where he lands,  
With her dripping curls,  
And her crown of pearls,  
And the looking-glass in her hands!

Hail! Ho!  
Sail! Ho!  
Sail far o'er the fabulous main!  
And if I were a sailor,  
I'd sail with you,  
Though I never sailed back again.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.



## THE NIGHT WIND

Have you ever heard the wind go “Yooooo”?  
’T is a pitiful sound to hear!  
It seems to chill you through and through  
With a strange and speechless fear.  
’T is the voice of the night that broods outside  
When folks should be asleep,  
And many and many ’s the time I ’ve cried  
To the darkness brooding far and wide  
Over the land and the deep:  
“Whom do you want, O lonely night,  
That you wail the long hours through?”  
And the night would say in its ghostly way:  
“Yooooooooo!  
Yooooooooo!  
Yooooooooo!”

My mother told me long ago  
(When I was a little tad)  
That when the night went wailing so,  
Somebody had been bad;  
And then, when I was snug in bed,  
Whither I had been sent,  
With blankets pulled up ’round my head,  
I ’d think of what my mother ’d said,  
And wonder what boy she meant!  
And “Who’s been bad to-day?” I ’d ask

Of the wind that hoarsely blew,  
And the voice would say in its meaningful way:

“Yooooooooo!  
Yooooooooo!  
Yooooooooo!”

That this was true I must allow—  
You ’ll not believe it, though!  
Yes, though I ’m quite a model now,  
I was not always so.  
And if you doubt what things I say,  
Suppose you make the test;  
Suppose, when you ’ve been bad some day  
And up to bed are sent away  
From mother and the rest—  
Suppose you ask, “Who has been bad?”  
And then you ’ll hear what ’s true;  
For the wind will moan in its ruefulest tone:

“Yooooooooo!  
Yooooooooo!  
Yooooooooo!”

—EUGENE FIELD.

## **BUMBLE-BEE AND CLOVER**

Came a roaring bumble-bee,  
Pockets full of money.  
“Ah, good morning, Clover sweet,  
What ’s the price of honey?”

“Help yourself, sir,” Clover said,  
“Bumble, you ’re too funny;  
Never Clover yet so poor  
She must sell her honey.”

## **TWINKLING BUGS**

When the sun sinks under the world’s red rim,  
And the river fades till its shores are dim,  
And the trees are dark where the shadows lie,  
Then they go by,  
By,  
By—  
The twinkling bugs go by.

They trim their lamps through the daylight hours,  
For each bug rubs and rubs and scours,  
To have his bright as the stars in the sky,  
When they go by,  
By,  
By—  
The twinkling bugs go by.

They hide so well through the whole long day,  
You never can find one, search as you may;  
You never need look till fades the sky,  
Then they go by,  
By,  
By—  
Then twinkling bugs go by.

## THE SEA SHELL

Sea Shell, Sea Shell,  
Sing me a song, O please!  
A song of ships and sailor-men  
Of parrots and tropical trees;  
Of islands lost in the Spanish Main  
Which no man may see again,  
Of fishes and corals under the waves,  
And sea-horses stabled in great green caves—  
Sea Shell, Sea Shell,  
Sing me a song, O please.

—AMY LOWELL.

## THE TWILIGHT

In her wimple of wind and her slippers of sleep,  
The Twilight comes like a little goose-girl,  
Herding her owls with many “Tu-whoos,”  
Her little brown owls in the woodland deep,  
Where dimly she walks in her whispering shoes,  
And gown of shimmering pearl.

—MADISON CAWEIN.

## THE SING-AWAY BIRD

Have you ever heard of the Sing-away bird,  
That sings where the Runaway River  
Runs down with its rills to the bald-headed hills  
That stand in the sunshine and shiver?  
“Oh, sing! sing-away! sing-away!”

How the pines and the birches are stirred  
By the trill of the Sing-away bird!

'T was a white-throated sparrow, that sped a light arrow  
Of song from his musical quiver,  
And it pierced with its spell every valley and dell  
On the banks of the Runaway River.  
"Oh, sing! sing-away! sing-away!"  
The song of the wild singer had  
The sound of a soul that is glad.

And the bald-headed hills, with their rocks and their rills,  
To the tune of rapture are ringing;  
And their faces grow young, all the gray mists among,  
While the forests break forth into singing!  
"Oh, sing! sing-away! sing-away!"  
And the river runs singing along;  
And the flying winds catch up the song.

And, beneath the glad sun, every glad-hearted one  
Sets the world to the tune of his gladness:  
The swift rivers sing it, the wild breezes wing it,  
Till Earth loses thought of her sadness.  
"Oh, sing! sing-away! sing-away!"  
Oh, sing, happy soul, to joy's Giver,  
Sing on, by Time's Runaway River!

—LUCY LARCOM.

## WHEN THE COWS COME HOME

With klinge, klangle, klinge,  
Way down the dusty dingle  
The cows are coming home;

How sweet and clear, and faint and low,  
The airy tinklings come and go,  
Like chimings from some far-off tower,  
Or patterings of an April shower  
That makes the daisies grow—

Ko-ling ko-clang, koklinge lingle,  
Way down the darkening dingle  
The cows come slowly home.  
With a klinge, klangle, klinge,  
With a loo-oo and moo-oo and jingle  
The cows are coming home:

And over there on Merlin's hill  
Hear the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will,  
The dewdrops lie on the tangled vines,  
And over the poplar Venus shines  
And over the silent mill.

Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolinge lingle  
With a ting-a-ling and jingle  
The cows come slowly home.

Let down the bars, let in the strain  
Of long-gone songs, and flowers and rain;  
For dear old times come back again  
When the cows come home.

—AGNES MITCHELL.



## A LITTLE DUTCH GARDEN

I passed by a garden, a little Dutch garden,  
Where useful and pretty things grew,—  
Heartsease and tomatoes, and pinks and potatoes,  
And lilies and onions and rue.

I saw in that garden, that little Dutch garden,  
A chubby Dutch man with a spade,  
And a rosy Dutch frau with a shoe like a scow,  
And a flaxen-haired little Dutch maid.

There grew in that garden, that little Dutch garden,  
Blue flag flowers lovely and tall,  
And early blush roses, and little pink posies,  
And Gretchen was fairer than all.

My heart 's in that garden, that little Dutch garden,—  
It tumbled right in as I passed,  
'Mid wildering mazes of spinach and daisies,  
And Gretchen is holding it fast.

—HARRIET WHITNEY DURBIN.

## MY LADY WIND

My Lady Wind is very tall,  
As tall as she can be;  
Her hands can shake the tallest bough  
Upon the tallest tree,  
And even reach up to the sky,  
And twirl the clouds about,  
And rattle them for thundering,  
And shake the raindrops out.  
And yet so light, so light she steps  
Upon the flowers and grass,  
They only need to bow their heads  
To let my lady pass.

You cannot see my Lady Wind,  
Though you can hear her plain,  
And watch her tread the clovers down  
That rise so quick again.  
And I know just how she would look,  
So tall and full of grace,  
With bright hair streaming out behind,  
And such a lovely face!

My Lady Wind is grand and strong,  
And yet so full of glee,  
She almost says, "My little maid,  
Come, have a race with me."



## COME OUT TO PLAY

Girls and boys, come out to play,  
The moon is shining as bright as day:  
Leave your supper, and leave your sleep,  
And join your playfellows in the street.  
Come with a whoop and come with a call,  
Come with a good will or not at all.  
Up the ladder and down the wall,  
A halfpenny roll will serve us all.  
You find milk and I 'll find flour,  
And we 'll have a pudding in half an hour.

## ROMANCE

I saw a ship a-sailing,  
    A-sailing on the sea;  
Her masts were of the shining gold,  
    Her deck of ivory;  
And sails of silk, as soft as milk,  
    And silvern shrouds had she.

And round about her sailing,  
    The sea was sparkling white,  
The waves all clapped their hands and sang  
    To see so fair a sight.  
They kissed her twice, they kissed her thrice,  
    And murmured with delight.

Then came the gallant captain,  
    And stood upon the deck;  
In velvet coat, and ruffles white,  
    Without a spot or speck;  
And diamond rings, and triple strings  
    Of pearls around his neck.

And four-and-twenty sailors  
    Were round him bowing low;  
On every jacket three times three  
    Gold buttons in a row;  
And cutlasses down to their knees;  
    They made a goodly show.

And then the ship went sailing,  
    A-sailing o'er the sea;  
She dived beyond the setting sun,  
    But never back came she,  
For she found the lands of the golden sands,  
    Where the pearls and diamonds be.

—GABRIEL SETOUN.



## SWEET AND LOW

Sweet and low, sweet and low,  
    Wind of the western sea,  
Low, low, breathe and blow,  
    Wind of the western sea!  
Over the rolling waters go,  
Come from the dying moon and blow,  
    Blow him again to me;  
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,  
    Father will come to thee soon;  
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,  
    Father will come to thee soon;  
Father will come to his babe in the nest;  
Silver sails all out of the west,  
    Under the silver moon:  
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

