# Types of Children's Literature

## Edited by Walter Barnes



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# TYPES OF CHILDREN'S LITERATURE

A COLLECTION OF
THE WORLD'S BEST LITERATURE
FOR CHILDREN

FOR USE IN COLLEGES, NORMAL SCHOOLS
AND LIBRARY SCHOOLS

COLLECTED AND EDITED

BY

WALTER BARNES, A.M.

Application of the world's knowledge to the world's needs is the guiding aim of this publishing house, and it is in conformity to this aim that _Types of Children's Literature_ is published. There is need of helpful direction for parents and teachers who wish to place within reach of every child the beauty, wisdom, and knowledge stored up in the world's best literature for children. The domain is so vast, so rich, and so varied that a single volume which presents specimens of all the different types for study and analysis by older readers and for reading by the children themselves, may hope to make easy and natural for children the entrance to the pleasant land of books

## PREFACE

This collection of specimens of children's literature has evolved itself naturally and, as it were, inevitably out of the editor's experience in teaching classes in children's literature in normal school and college, and it is published in the belief that other teachers of this subject find the same need of such a book that the editor has experienced. For it is obvious that if we are to conduct classes in children's literature either for general culture or for specific training of teachers, we must have specimens of children's literature readily accessible to the students. We must bring students to a knowledge and appreciation of any author, period, or type by having them study representative selections, and this principle applies as logically to courses in children's literature as to courses in other kinds of literature.

_Types of Children's Literature_ is intended to provide students of the subject with a single-volume anthology of prose and poetry illustrative of the different types, styles, interests, periods, authors, etc., of writings for children. There are, of course, many collections of specimens of children's literature; but they are all

made as reading books for children and, consequently, are unsatisfactory, in some important respect or other, as source books. Moreover, these collections are published in several volumes and contain much that is mediocre and trivial. As far as the editor has been able to discover, there is but a single one-volume collection, and that collection, having been compiled solely for juvenile readers, is impracticable as a text for college and normal school classes. In teaching classes in children's literature the present editor has had to use, as the only possible text, such sets of literary readers as the _Heart of Oak_ series or such miniature libraries as the ten-volume _The Children's Hour_ or the eight-volume _Children's Classics_. This procedure has been both expensive and inconvenient for teacher and students, besides not supplying some of the material desirable in any symmetrical outline of study.

In compiling the book the editor kept in mind several guiding aims. Foremost was the wish to include in the collection at least one selection--and that a masterpiece--of each type and kind of children's literature in the English language. The different species of prose and poetry; the various kinds of stories, such as fables, myths, and fairy stories; the fundamental forms of discourse, such as narration, description, the sketch, the essay, the oration, letters--nearly all the molds, so to speak, into which the molten literary stream has flowed all these types are represented by the choicest specimens in the range of children's literature.

A careful inspection of the selections in this volume will reveal the rich variety of the material. Specimens are to be found of folk literature and modern literature, of the romantic, of the realistic, of the crude and naive, of the artistic and sophisticated, of the humorous and the pathetic. The editor has tried to find specimens presenting as many themes, as many interests, as many emotions as possible, characteristic specimens of the most important authors for children, of all the civilizations that have produced literatures which have become a part of the English-speaking child's heritage. The collection contains literature for the little child and literature for the boy or girl in the early 'teens, and it ranges from primitive times down to this present decade. Moreover, since a considerable part of the body of children's literature is made up of original selections made over for children, a few masterpieces of translations, re-tellings, abridgments, and reproductions have been included.

The editor hopes that he has allotted a proportionate and equitable amount of space and emphasis to each type, department, and section of the collection. He had it in mind, at least, to give as many pages over to poetry, for example, in proportion to prose, as many pages to fairy stories, for example, in proportion to myths, as would indicate roughly the average child's interests. If this proportion is not due and just, as the editor sometimes fears, it is to be hoped that critics will realize the web of difficulties in which such a task as this is entangled.

A word as to the classification and nomenclature. The editor realizes that this is neither original nor accurate. It is certainly not scientific, as the types overlap here and there, and the names are based partly on form and partly on content. But classification and class names were indispensable in a book of this nature, and it

seemed a better policy to employ the classification and the names already firmly established in common use than to attempt to subject to a new system of scientific terms that which is by nature not amenable to scientific laws and scientific precision. The classification appears only in the Contents; it does not stand forth in the book itself.

It should be said, further, that the order in which the different types are placed in the book is more or less arbitrary, having been determined largely by the succession in which children take them up from year to year, beginning with the simpler forms and more childish themes, and somewhat by the principle of similarity and contrast in the types themselves. Needless to say, teachers will change the order in which the species and specimens are studied in accordance with any well-defined plan of their own.

A distinct service has been rendered, the editor hopes, by presenting the definitive and authoritative versions of all the selections given. This has meant a painstaking reading of every line in every selection and the collation with editions that are trustworthy. Every student of children's literature knows that it has been almost impossible to find exact readings, and that most selections have been distorted and garbled to suit the purposes of editors. No changes from the originals have here been made except to abridge in a few instances where it seemed imperative in a book intended for reading and discussion in classes of both sexes. The editions used and the changes made are given in the Notes.

The problems involved in selecting the best versions of certain stories and the best translations from other languages have been difficult. In general, the editor endeavored to choose the form which seemed to have the highest literary value. In cases where two translations seemed to possess equal merit, both are represented.

Every specimen of literature in this collection is a complete unit or is at least a section easily detached--like an Uncle Remus or an Arabian Nights story--from its original setting. This principle precluded the inclusion of extracts from such children's classics as _Gulliver's Travels_, _Robinson Crusoe_, and _Treasure Island_. No survey of children's literature is complete without an examination of such books as these; but they can easily be supplied in inexpensive editions and used as supplementary to this collection.

It is evident that not every masterpiece of writing for children could be included in this volume; but it is believed that no selection has been included that is not a masterpiece. This belief is based primarily on the fact that most of the specimens have been chosen and approved by generation after generation of children, culled out from the light and worthless as by an unerring hand, through the most pragmatic of tests.

The only distinct type of children's literature not represented in this collection is the drama, which is omitted because the editor was not able to find a dramatic unit that would satisfy the ideal he had in mind: that it be dramatic, that it be literary, that it be brief, yet complete within itself, and that it be an original selection, not a dramatization of some classic. For a similar reason no story of American Indian life was put into the collection, though this exclusion does not mean the omission of a type of literature. A large

number of Indian stories, both of Indian folklore and myth, and of adventures with Indians, were carefully read; but not one of them, in the editor's opinion, came up to the standard of a masterpiece and was, at the same time, brief enough to be practicable for this book. Some undoubted masterpieces from literatures lying outside the recognized circle of the American child's "culture"--such, for example, as the Japanese folk stories--also have been omitted. Other splendid specimens of juvenile literature, as stories from Kipling's _Jungle Books_ and essays from Burroughs, have been omitted because of copyright restrictions.

No one realizes more clearly than does the editor of this collection that no single book can include all the material that a class studying children's literature should have before it. There are dozens of children's books, for example, that a class should know or know about. An appendix has therefore been placed at the end of this collection, which lists the reading indispensable to a student of children's literature. These books should be in the school library, easily accessible to the students, and they should be considered as an integral part of the body of children's literature.

As a compendium of good literature for children it is hoped that this book may interest parents and teachers, quite independently of the fact that it was prepared for classes of young men and women studying children's literature, and that it may be put into the hands of children.

There remains but the pleasant duty of acknowledging the advice and encouragement received from many persons interested in this subject. To the publishing houses who have granted permission to use copyrighted material and to the Librarian of Congress thanks are due for courtesies extended. To Mr. David Dale Johnson of West Virginia University for collating; to Mr. Hunter Whiting for a great deal of copying and collating; and especially to Professor Franklin T. Baker of Teachers College, Columbia University, Professor James F. Hosic of the Chicago Normal College, and Mr. John Cotton Dana of the Newark, New Jersey, Free Public Library, for advice and criticism on the manuscript,--to all of these the editor hereby expresses his gratitude.

W. B.
FAIRMONT, WEST VIRGINIA

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TYPES OF CHILDREN'S LITERATURE

NURSERY JINGLES

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
  Eating of curds and whey;
Along came a spider
And sat down beside her,
  Which frightened Miss Muffet away.

*  *  *  *  *

Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John
Went to bed with his stockings on;
One shoe off, the other shoe on,
Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John.

*  *  *  *  *

"Let's go to bed,"
Says Sleepy-head;
  "Let's stay awhile," says Slow;

"Put on the pot,"
Says Greedy-sot,
  "We'll sup before we go."

      *      *      *      *      *

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
  His wife could eat no lean:
And so betwixt them both, you see,
  They licked the platter clean.

      *      *      *      *      *

There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl
  Right in the middle of her forehead;
When she was good,
She was very, very good;
  But when she was bad--she was horrid.

[Footnote:  Attributed to Longfellow.]

      *      *      *      *      *

Jack and Jill went up the hill
  To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
  And Jill came tumbling after.

      *      *      *      *      *

Hickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock.
  The clock struck one,
  And down he run,
Hickory, dickory, dock

      *      *      *      *      *

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe;
She had so many children she didn't know what to do.
She gave them some broth without any bread,
And whipped them all soundly and put them to bed.

      *      *      *      *      *

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her.
He put her in a pumpkin shell,
And there he kept her very well.

      *      *      *      *      *

  Little Jack Horner
  Sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie:
  He put in his thumb
  And pulled out a plum
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

*  *  *  *  *

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
  To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she got there,
The cupboard was bare,
  And so the poor dog had none.

She went to the baker's
  To buy him some bread;
And when she came back,
  The poor dog was dead.

She went to the joiner's
  To buy him a coffin;
And when she came back,
  The doggy was laughin'.

She went to the butcher's
  To buy him some tripe;
And when she came back,
  He was smoking his pipe.

She went to the hatter's
  To buy him a hat;
And when she came back,
  He was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's
  To buy him a wig;
And when she came back,
  He was dancing a jig.

She went to the tailor's
  To buy him a coat;
And when she came back,
  He was riding a goat.

She went to the cobbler's
  To buy him some shoes;
And when she came back,
  He was reading the news.

*  *  *  *  *

Little Bo-peep
She lost her sheep,
  And couldn't tell where to find them.
"Let them alone
And they'll come home,
  Wagging their tails behind them."

Little Bo-peep
Fell fast asleep
  And dreamt she heard them bleating,
But when she awoke,
She found it a joke,

For still they all were fleeting.

Then up she took
Her little crook,
Determined for to find them.

She found them indeed,
But it made her heart bleed,--
For they'd left their tails behind them.

* * * * *

My dear, do you know
A long time ago
Two poor little children,
Whose names I don't know,
Were taken away on a bright summer day
And left in the woods, as I've heard people say.

And when it was night,
How sad was their plight!
The sun it went down
And the stars hid their light.
They sobbed and they sighed and sadly they cried,
Till the poor little things at last lay down and died.

And when they were dead,
The robins so red
Brought beech and oak leaves
And over them spread.
And all the day long, the branches among,
They sang to them softly, and this was their song:
"Poor babes in the woods, poor babes in the woods,
Oh, who will come find the poor babes in the woods?"

* * * * *

Old Dan Tucker was a fine old man;
He washed his face in a frying pan,
He combed his hair with a wagon wheel,
And died with the toothache in his heel.

* * * * *

Old Man John sitting down by the spring;
He's a Jew, he's a ring,
He's a many pretty thing.
He's a hammer with nine nails,
He's a cat with nine tails.
Whip jack, spur Tom,
Blow the bellows for Old Man John.

* * * * *

We're all in the dumps,
For diamonds are trumps;
The kittens are gone to St. Paul's;
The babies are bit,
The moon's in a fit,

And the houses are built without walls.

*  *  *  *  *

I had a little horse, his name was Dapple Gray;
His legs were made of cornstalks, his body made of hay.
I saddled him and bridled him and rode him off to town;
Up came a puff of wind, and blew him up and down.
The saddle flew off, and I let go,--
Now didn't my horse make a pretty little show?

*  *  *  *  *

Georgy-porgy, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry.
When the boys came out to play,
Georgy-porgy ran away.

*  *  *  *  *

April fool, go to school,
Sit on a two-legged stool.
Too wise you are, too wise you be;
You are not too wise for me.

*  *  *  *  *

Johnny's mad, and I am glad,
  And I know what will please him:
A bottle of wine to make him shine,
  And Mary Jones to squeeze him.

*  *  *  *  *

Cry, baby, cry,
Stick your finger in your eye
And tell your mother 'twasn't I.

*  *  *  *  *

Tell-tale-tit,
Your tongue shall be slit,
And all the dogs about the town
Shall have a little bit.

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,
A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked.
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,
Where is the peck of peppers Peter Piper picked?

*  *  *  *  *

Swan swam over the sea,
  Swim, swan, swim;
Swan swam back again,
  Well swum, swan.

*  *  *  *  *

Ickity, pickity, ally gadaw,
Dicks, do, ally gamaw,
Okus, pokus, pelly gaw,
Franz.

* * * * *

One-ery, two-ery, three-ery, thum,
Backsley, Billy, Nicholas, Bum,
One-a-tirry, Dick and Sirry,
Pot ban, riddle man,
Link, Pink, Sink.

* * * * *

Inly, minly, dibbity fig,
Delia, Dolia, dominig,
Otcha, potcha, dominotcha,
Ella Bella boo,
  Out goes you.

* * * * *

Intery, mintery, cutery corn,
Apple seed and apple thorn,
Wire, brier, limber lock,
Three geese in a flock;
Along came Tod,
With his long rod,
And scared them all to Migly-wod.
One flew east, one flew west,
One flew over the cuckoo's nest.--
Make your way home, Jack.

* * * * *

Trit-trot, trit-trot,
  To buy a penny cake;
Home again, home again,
  I met a black-snake.
Pick up a stone
And breaky backy-bone
  Trit-trot, trit-trot
All the way home.

* * * * *

Hippity--hop to the barber shop,
  To buy a stick of candy;
One for you, and one for me,
  And one for Brother Andy.

* * * * *

This little mouse got caught in a trap,
And this little mouse she heard it snap,
This little mouse did loudly squeak out,
And this little mouse did run all about,
This little mouse said, "Do not bewail

And let us take hold and pull him out by the tail."

[Footnote: Recited on the baby's fingers or toes.]

* * * * *

Here we go up, up, up,
  Here we go down, down, down-y;
Here we go up, and here we go down,
  And here we go round, round, round-y.

* * * * *

As I went through the garden gap,
Whom should I meet but Dick Red-cap,--
A stick in his hand,
A stone in his throat,--
If you'll tell me this riddle,
I'll give you a gold fiddle.
(A cherry)

* * * * *

One day I went to my whirly-whicker-whacker, (Fodder field)
I met bow-backer, (A hog)
I called Tom-tacker (A dog)
To drive bow-backer
Out of my whirly-whicker-whacker.

* * * * *

One day I went to Body-tot,
I met three ladies in a trot,
With green heads and yellow toes,--
If you don't tell me this riddle I'll burn your nose.
(Hens)

* * * * *

Big at the bottom and little at the top,
A thing in the middle goes flippety-flop.
(A churn)

* * * * *

Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together again.
(An egg)

* * * * *

I have a little sister, she's called Peep-peep;
She wades the waters deep, deep, deep;
She climbs the mountains high, high, high,--
Poor little thing, she has but one eye.
(A star)

*  *  *  *  *

There was a man who had no eyes,
He went abroad to view the skies;
He saw a tree with apples on it,
He took no apples off, yet left no apples on it.

(The man had _one_ eye, and the tree had _two_ apples on it.)

*  *  *  *  *

(The following catch depends upon the second child repeating the exact words of the first, except that he changes "lock" to "key.")

1. I am a gold lock.
2. I am a gold key.
1. I am a silver lock,
2. I am a silver key.
1. I am a brass lock,
2. I am a brass key.
1. I am a monk lock.
2. I am a monk-key.

*  *  *  *  *

As I was _going_ to St. Ives,
I _met_ a man with seven wives;
Each wife had seven sacks,
Each sack had seven cats,
Each sack had seven kits,--
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were _going_ to St. Ives?

*  *  *  *  *

Star of light, so bright, so bright,
'Tis the first star I've seen tonight;
I wish I may, I wish I might
Have the wish I wish tonight.

*  *  *  *  *

Marble, marble, roll away,
  Go find your brother;
Marble, marble, come back home,
  Bring me another.

[Footnote: If you have lost a marble, take another marble and roll it toward the place you lost the first one, repeating this charm. You will find the lost one near the second marble.]

*  *  *  *  *

Honest and true, black and blue,
You may take your knife and cut me in two.
(An oath)

*  *  *  *  *

Come, butter, come,
Come, butter, come;
Johnny stands at the gate,
Waiting for a butter cake,--
Come, butter, come.

*  *  *  *  *

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John
Guard the bed that I lie on;
One to watch and one to pray,
And two to bear my soul away.

*  *  *  *  *

Mole on the neck,
Money by the peck.

*  *  *  *  *

Rain before seven,
Quit before eleven.

*  *  *  *  *

Evening red and morning gray
Sets the traveler on his way;
Evening gray and morning red,
Brings down rain upon his head.

*  *  *  *  *

When the fog goes up the hill,
Then the rain comes down by the mill.

*  *  *  *  *

When the bees all homeward fly,
Flowers will not long be dry.

*  *  *  *  *

1, 2, 3, 4,
Mary at the cottage door;
5, 6, 7, 8,
Eating cherries off a plate.

*  *  *  *  *

Naught, one,
Work is done;
Two, three,
Jubilee;
Four, five,
Ducks are alive;
Six, seven,
Stars shine up in heaven;
Eight, nine,
Queen, Queen Caroline,

Wash your face in turpentine,
Monkey-shine, monkey-shine,
Queen, Queen Caroline.

* * * * *

In fourteen hundred and ninety-two
Columbus sailed the ocean blue.

* * * * *

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting February alone,
Which has twenty-eight in line,
Till leap-year gives it twenty-nine.

* * * * *

Birds of a feather
Flock together.

* * * * *

He that would thrive
Must rise at five;
He that has thriven
May rise at seven.

* * * * *

Little strokes
Fell great oaks.

* * * * *

See a pin and pick it up,
All the day you'll have good luck.
See a pin and let it lay,
You'll have bad luck all the day.

* * * * *

For every evil under the sun,
There is a remedy, or there is none;
If there be one, try and find it,
If there be none, never mind it.

* * * * *

Pease porridge hot,
  Pease porridge cold,
Pease porridge in the pot,
  Nine days old.

Some like it hot,
  Some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot,

Nine days old.

* * * * *

Hot-cross buns,
Hot-cross buns,
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot-cross buns.

Hot-cross buns,
Hot-cross buns,
If you have no daughters,
Give them to your sons.

## SOME CHILDREN'S POETS

### William Blake

## PIPING DOWN THE VALLEYS WILD

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

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

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
Sing thy songs of happy cheer!"
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

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

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

## THE LAMB

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

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee.
He is called by thy name,
For He calls himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild;
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

## LAUGHING SONG

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

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

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

# CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

## THE WIND

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

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I

But when the trees bow down their heads
  The wind is passing by.

## THE CITY MOUSE AND THE GARDEN MOUSE

The city mouse lives in a house;--
  The garden mouse lives in a bower,
He's friendly with the frogs and toads,
  And sees the pretty plants in flower.
The city mouse eats bread and cheese;--
  The garden mouse eats what he can;
We will not grudge him seeds and stalks,
  Poor little timid furry man.

## LULLABY

  Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Flowers are closed and lambs are sleeping;
  Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Stars are up, the moon is peeping;
  Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
While the birds are silence keeping,
  Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Sleep, my baby, fall a-sleeping,
  Lullaby, oh, lullaby!

## THE SISTERS

Sing me a song--
  What shall I sing?--
Three merry sisters
  Dancing in a ring,
Light and fleet upon their feet
  As birds upon the wing.

Tell me a tale--
  What shall I tell?--
Two mournful sisters,
  And a tolling knell,
Tolling ding and tolling dong,
  Ding dong bell.

# ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

## THE WIND

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass--
  O wind, a-blowing all day long,
  O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all--
  O wind, a-blowing all day long,
  O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold!
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
  O wind, a-blowing all day long,
  O wind, that sings so loud a song!

## WINDY NIGHTS

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
  Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
  A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
  And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
  By at the gallop goes he;
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

## THE WHOLE DUTY OF CHILDREN

A child should always say what's true
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at table;
At least as far as he is able.

## MY BED IS A BOAT

My bed is like a little boat;
  Nurse helps me in when I embark;

She girds me in my sailor's coat
  And starts me in the dark.

At night, I go on board and say
  Good night to all my friends on shore;
I shut my eyes and sail away,
  And see and hear no more.

And sometimes things to bed I take,
  As prudent sailors have to do;
Perhaps a slice of wedding cake,
  Perhaps a toy or two.

All night across the dark we steer;
  But when the day returns at last,
Safe in my room, beside the pier,
  I find my vessel fast.

## THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE

When I was sick and lay abed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bedclothes, through the hills;

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow hill,
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.

## THE LAND OF STORYBOOKS

At evening when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,

All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes;
And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear Land of Storybooks.

LUCY LARCOM

IF I WERE A SUNBEAM

"If I were a sunbeam,
  I know what I'd do;
I would seek white lilies,
  Rainy woodlands through.
I would steal among them,
  Softest light I'd shed,
Until every lily
  Raised its drooping head.

"If I were a sunbeam,
  I know where I'd go;
Into lowliest hovels,
  Dark with want and woe:
Till sad hearts looked upward,
  I would shine and shine;
Then they'd think of heaven,
  Their sweet home and mine."

Art thou not a sunbeam,
  Child, whose life is glad
With an inner radiance
  Sunshine never had?
O, as God hath blessed thee,
  Scatter rays divine!
For there is no sunbeam
  But must die or shine.

THE RIVULET

Run, little rivulet, run!
Summer is fairly begun.
Bear to the meadow the hymn of the pines,
And the echo that rings where the waterfall shines;
Run, little rivulet, run!

Run, little rivulet, run!
Sing to the fields of the sun
That wavers in emerald, shimmers in gold,
Where you glide from your rocky ravine, crystal cold;
Run, little rivulet, run!

Run, little rivulet, run!
Sing of the flowers, every one,--
Of the delicate harebell and violet blue;
Of the red mountain rosebud, all dripping with dew;
Run, little rivulet, run!

Run, little rivulet, run!
Carry the perfume you won
From the lily, that woke when the morning was gray,
To the white waiting moonbeam adrift on the bay;
Run, little rivulet, run!

Run, little rivulet, run!
Stay not till summer is done!
Carry the city the mountain birds' glee;
Carry the joy of the hills to the sea;
Run, little rivulet, run!

## THE BROWN THRUSH

There's a merry brown thrush sitting up in the tree.
He's singing to me! He's singing to me!
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
Don't you hear? Don't you see?
Hush! Look! In my tree
I'm as happy as happy can be!"

And the brown thrush keeps singing, "A nest do you see,
And five eggs, hid by me in the juniper tree?
Don't meddle! Don't touch! little girl, little boy,
Or the world will lose some of its joy!
Now I'm glad! now I'm free!
And I always shall be,
If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,
To you and to me, to you and to me;
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy,
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
But long it won't be,
Don't you know? don't you see?

Unless we are as good as can be!"

ANN AND JANE TAYLOR

## MEDDLESOME MATTY

One ugly trick has often spoiled
The sweetest and the best:
Matilda, though a pleasant child,
One grievous fault possessed,
Which, like a cloud before the skies,
Hid all her better qualities.

Sometimes she'd lift the teapot lid
To peep at what was in it;
Or tilt the kettle, if you did
But turn your back a minute.
In vain you told her not to touch,
Her trick of meddling grew so much.

Her grandmamma went out one day
And by mistake she laid
Her spectacles and snuffbox gay
Too near the little maid.
"Ah! well," thought she, "I'll try them on
As soon as grandmamma is gone."

Forthwith she placed upon her nose
The glasses large and wide;
And looking round, as I suppose,
The snuffbox too she spied:
"Oh! what a pretty box is that;
I'll open it," said little Matt.

"I know that grandmamma would say,
'Don't meddle with it, dear';
But then, she's far enough away,
And no one else is near.
Besides, what can there be amiss
In opening such a box as this?"

So thumb and finger went to work
To move the stubborn lid,
And presently a mighty jerk
The mighty mischief did;
For all at once, ah! woeful case.
The snuff came puffing in her face.

Poor eyes and nose and mouth, beside,
A dismal sight presented;
In vain, as bitterly she cried,
Her folly she repented;
In vain she ran about for ease,

She could do nothing now but sneeze.

She dashed the spectacles away
  To wipe her tingling eyes,
And as in twenty bits they lay,
  Her grandmamma she spies.
"Heyday! and what's the matter now?"
Says grandmamma with lifted brow.

Matilda, smarting with the pain,
  And tingling still, and sore,
Made many a promise to refrain
  From meddling evermore.
And 'tis a fact, as I have heard,
She ever since has kept her word.

## THE VIOLET

Down in a green and shady bed
  A modest violet grew,
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
  As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
  Its color bright and fair;
It might have graced a rosy bower
  Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
  In modest tints arrayed;
And there diffused a sweet perfume
  Within the silent shade.--

Then let me to the valley go
  This pretty flower to see,
That I may also learn to grow
  In sweet humility.

## THE STAR

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveler in the dark,
Thanks you for your tiny spark!
He could not see which way to go,

If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep,
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveler in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

## THE WAY TO BE HAPPY

How pleasant it is at the end of the day,
No follies to have to repent,

But reflect on the past and be able to say,
My time has been properly spent!

When I've done all my business with patience and care,
And been good, and obliging, and kind,
I lie on my pillow and sleep away there,
With a happy and peaceable mind.

Instead of all this, if it must be confest,
That I careless and idle have been,
I lie down as usual, and go to my rest,
But feel discontented within.

Then as I dislike all the trouble I've had,
In future I'll try to prevent it,
For I never am naughty without being sad,
Or good--without being contented.

## ISAAC WATTS

## AGAINST IDLENESS AND MISCHIEF

How doth the little busy bee
  Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
  From every opening flower!

How skillfully she builds her cell!
  How neat she spreads her wax!
And labors hard to store it well
  With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labor or of skill,

I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

## A MORNING SONG

My God, who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies.

When from the chambers of the east
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.

So, like the sun, would I fulfill
The business of the day:
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.

Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

## A CRADLE HYMN

Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber!
Holy angels guard thybed!
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven He descended,
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle;
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When His birthplace was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay.

Lo, He slumbers in His manger,
  Where the horned oxen fed;
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
  Here's no ox a-near thy bed.

Mayst thou live to know and fear Him,
  Trust and love Him all thy days;
Then go dwell forever near Him,
  See His face, and sing His praise!

LEWIS CARROLL

JABBERWOCKY

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
  Did gyre and gimbel in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
  And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
  The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
  The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
  Long time the manxome foe he sought--
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
  And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
  The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
  And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
  The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
  He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
  Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O Frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
  He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
  Did gyre and gimbel in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
  And the mome raths outgrabe.

## YOU ARE OLD, FATHER WILLIAM

"You are old, father William," the young man said
  "And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head--
  Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," father William replied to his son,
  "I feared it might injure the brain;
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
  Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
  And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door--
  Pray, what is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his gray locks,
  "I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment--one shilling the box--
  Allow me to sell you a couple?"

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak
  For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak--
  Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,
  And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw
  Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth; "one would hardly suppose
  That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose--
  What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"
  Said his father; "don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
  Be off, or I'll kick you downstairs!"

## THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

The sun was shining on the sea,
  Shining with all his might;
He did his very best to make
  The billows smooth and bright--
And this was odd, because it was
  The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
  Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
  After the day was done--

"It's very rude of him," she said,
  "To come and spoil the fun!"

The sea was wet as wet could be,
  The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
  No cloud was in the sky;
No birds were flying overhead--
  There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
  Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
  Such quantities of sand--
"If this were only cleared away,"
  They said, "it would be grand!"

"If seven maids with seven mops
  Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
  "That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
  And shed a bitter tear.

"O Oysters, come and walk with us!"
  The Walrus did beseech.
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
  Along the briny beach;
We cannot do with more than four,
  To give a hand to each."

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
  But never a word he said;
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
  And shook his heavy head--
Meaning to say he did not choose
  To leave the Oyster bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
  All eager for the treat;
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
  Their shoes were clean and neat--
And this was odd, because, you know,
  They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
  And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
  And more, and more, and more--
All hopping through the frothy waves,
  And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
  Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
  Conveniently low--
And all the little Oysters stood
  And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
  "To talk of many things:
Of shoes--and ships--and sealing wax--
  Of cabbages--and kings--
And why the sea is boiling hot--
  And whether pigs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,
  "Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
  And all of us are fat!"
"No hurry!" said the Carpenter.
  They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
  "Is what we chiefly need;
Pepper and vinegar besides
  Are very good indeed--
Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,
  We can begin to feed."

"But not on us!" the Oysters cried,
  Turning a little blue.
"After such kindness, that would be
 A dismal thing to do!"
"The night is fine!" the Walrus said.
  "Do you admire the view?

"It was so kind of you to come!
  And you are very nice!"
The Carpenter said nothing but,
  "Cut us another slice.
I wish you were not quite so deaf--
  I've had to ask you twice!"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said.
  "To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
  And made them trot so quick!"
The Carpenter said nothing but,
  "The butter's spread too thick!"

"I weep for you," the Walrus said;
  "I deeply sympathize."
With sobs and tears he sorted out
  Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket handkerchief
  Before his streaming eyes.

"O Oysters", said the Carpenter,
  "You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?"
  But answer came there none--
And this was scarcely odd, because
  They'd eaten every one.

EDWARD LEAR

There was an Old Man of the West,
Who never could get any rest;
So they set him to spin on his nose and his chin.
Which cured that Old Man of the West.

* * * * *

There was an Old Man with a beard,
Who said, "It is just as I feared!--
Two Owls and a Hen, four Larks and a Wren,
Have all built their nests in my beard!"

* * * * *

There was an Old Person of Dean,
Who dined on one pea and one bean;
For he said, "More than that would make me too fat,"
That cautious Old Person of Dean.

* * * * *

There was a Young Lady whose chin
Resembled the point of a pin;
So she had it made sharp, and purchased a harp,
And played several tunes with her chin.

* * * * *

There is a Young Lady whose nose
Continually prospers and grows;
When it grew out of sight, she exclaimed in a fright,
"Oh! Farewell to the end of my nose!"

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
  In a beautiful pea-green boat:
They took some honey, and plenty of money
  Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
  And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
    You are,
    You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,
  How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh! let us be married; too long we have tarried:
  But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away, for a year and a day,
  To the land where the bong-tree grows;

And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,
  With a ring at the end of his nose,
    His nose,
    His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
  Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
  By the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince and slices of quince,
  Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
  They danced by the light of the moon,
    The moon,
    The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

## THE JUMBLIES

They went to sea in a sieve, they did;
  In a sieve they went to sea:
In spite of all their friends could say,
On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,
  In a sieve they went to sea.
And when the sieve turned round and round,
And every one cried, "You'll all be drowned!"
They called aloud, "Our sieve ain't big;
But we don't care a button, we don't care a fig:
  In a sieve we'll go to sea!"

  Far and few, far and few,
    Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
  Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
    And they went to sea in a sieve.

They sailed away in a sieve, they did,
  In a sieve they sailed so fast,
With only a beautiful pea-green veil
Tied with a ribbon, by way of a sail,
  To a small tobacco-pipe mast.
And every one said who saw them go,
  "Oh! won't they be soon upset, you know?
For the sky is dark, and the voyage is long;
And happen what may, it's extremely wrong
  In a sieve to sail so fast."

  Far and few, far and few,
    Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
  Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
    And they went to sea in a sieve.

The water it soon came in, it did;
  The water it soon came in:
So, to keep them dry, they wrapped their feet
In a pinky paper all folded neat;

And they fastened it down with a pin.
And they passed the night in a crockery-jar;
And each of them said, "How wise we are!
Though the night be dark, and the voyage be long,
Yet we never can think we were rash or wrong,
While round in our sieve we spin."

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
And they went to sea in a sieve.

And all night long they sailed away;
And when the sun went down,
They whistled and warbled a moony song
To the echoing sound of a coppery gong,
In the shade of the mountains brown.
"O Timballo! How happy we are
When we live in a sieve and a crockery jar!
And all night long, in the moonlight pale,
We sail away with a pea-green sail
In the shade of the mountains brown."

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
And they went to sea in a sieve.

They sailed to the Western Sea, they did,--
To a land all covered with trees:
And they bought an owl, and a useful cart,
And a pound of rice, and a cranberry tart,
And a hive of silvery bees;
And they bought a pig, and some green jackdaws,
And a lovely monkey with lollipop paws,
And forty bottles of ring-bo-ree,
And no end of Stilton cheese.

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
And they went to sea in a sieve.

And in twenty years they all came back,--
In twenty years or more;
And every one said, "How tall they've grown!
For they've been to the Lakes, and the Torrible Zone,
And the hills of the Chankly Bore."
And they drank their health, and gave them a feast
Of dumplings made of beautiful yeast;
And every one said, "If we only live,
We, too, will go to sea in a sieve,
To the hills of the Chankly Bore."

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
And they went to sea in a sieve.

BALLADS

POPULAR

## BONNY BARBARA ALLAN

It was in and about the Martinmas time,
  When the green leaves were a-falling,
That Sir John Graeme, in the West Country,
  Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down through the town,
  To the place where she was dwelling:
"O haste and come to my master dear,
  Gin ye be Barbara Allan."

O hooly, hooly rose she up,
  To the place where he was lying,
And when she drew the curtain by:
  "Young man, I think you're dying."

"O it's I'm sick, and very, very sick,
  And 'tis a' for Barabara Allan";
"O the better for me ye's never be,
  Tho your heart's blood were a-spilling.

"Do you remember the other day,
  When we were at the tavern drinking,
You drank a health to the ladies all,
  And you slighted Barbara Allan?"

"Yes, I remember the other day,
  When we were at the tavern drinking,
I drank a health to the ladies all,
  And three to Barbara Allan."

"Do you remember the other night,
   When we were at the ballroom dancing,
You gave your hand to the ladies all,
  And slighted Barbara Allan?"

"Yes, I remember the other night,
  When we were at the ballroom dancing,
I gave my hand to the ladies all,
  And my heart to Barbara Allan."

He turned his face unto the wall,
  And death was with him dealing:
"Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all.

And be kind to Barbara Allan."

And slowly, slowly raise she up,
And slowly, slowly left him,
And, sighing, said she could not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

She had not gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the dead-bell ringing,
And every jow that the dead-bell geid,
It cry'd, "Woe to Barbara Allan."

"O mother, mother, make my bed!
O make it saft and narrow!
Since my love died for me today,
I'll die for him tomorrow."

## SIR PATRICK SPENCE

The king sits in Dunferling toune,
Drinking the blude-reid wine;
"O whar will I get a guid sailor
To sail this schip of mine?"

Up and spak an eldern knicht,
Sat at the king's richt kne:
"Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor,
That sails upon the se."

The king has written a braid letter,
And signd it wi' his hand;
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,
A loud lauch lauched he;
The next line that Sir Patrick red.
The teir blinded his ee.

"O wha is this has don this deid,
This ill deid don to me,
To send me out this time o' the yeir,
To sail upon the se!

"Mak haste, mak haste, my mirry men all,
Our guid schip sails the morne."
"O say na sae, my master deir,
For I feir a deadlie storme.

"Late late yestreen I saw the new moone,
Wi' the auld moone in his arme,
And I feir, I feir, my deir master,
That we will com to harme."

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith
To weet their cork-heild schoone;

Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,
  Thair hats they swam aboone.

O lang, lang may their ladies sit,
  Wi' thair fans into their hand,
Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence
  Cum sailing to the land.

O lang, lang may the ladies stand,
  Wi' thair gold kerns in their hair,
Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
  For they'll se thame na mair.

Half owre, half owre to Aberdour,
  It's fiftie fadom deip,
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,
  Wi' the Scots lords at his feit.

## ROBIN HOOD AND ALLIN A DALE

Come listen to me, you gallants so free,
  All you that loves mirth for to hear,
And I will tell you of a bold outlaw,
  That lived in Nottinghamshire.

As Robin Hood in the forest stood,
  All under the greenwood tree,
There was he ware of a brave young man,
  As fine as fine might be.

The youngster was clothed in scarlet red,
  In scarlet fine and gay;
And he did frisk it over the plain,
  And chanted a roundelay.

As Robin Hood next morning stood,
  Amongst the leaves so gay,
There did he espy the same young man
  Come drooping along the way.

The scarlet he wore the day before,
  It was clean cast away;
And at every step he fetcht a sigh,
  "Alack and a well a day!"

Then stepped forth brave Little John,
  And Nick the miller's son,
Which made the young man bend his bow,
  When as he see them come.

"Stand off, stand off," the young man said,
  "What is your will with me?"
"You must come before our master straight,
  Under yon greenwood tree."

And when he came bold Robin before,

Robin askt him courteously,
"O hast thou any money to spare
For my merry men and me?"

"I have no money," the young man said,
"But five shillings and a ring;
And that I have kept this seven long years,
To have it at my wedding.

"Yesterday I should have married a maid,
But she is now from me tane,
And chosen to be an old knight's delight,
Whereby my poor heart is slain."

"What is thy name?" then said Robin Hood,
"Come tell me, without any fail":
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,
"My name it is Allin a Dale."

"What wilt thou give me," said Robin Hood,
"In ready gold or fee,
To help thee to thy true-love again,
And deliver her unto thee?"

"I have no money," then quoth the young man,
"No ready gold nor fee,
But I will swear upon a book
Thy true servant for to be."

"How many miles is it to thy true-love?
Come tell me without any guile":
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,
"It is but five little mile."

Then Robin he hasted over the plain,
He did neither stint nor lin,
Until he came unto the church,
Where Allin should keep his wedding.

"What dost thou do here?" the bishop he said,
"I prithee now tell to me":
"I am a bold harper," quoth Robin Hood,
"And the best in the north countrey."

"O welcome, O welcome," the bishop he said,
"That musick best pleaseth me":
"You shall have no musick," quoth Robin Hood,
"Till the bride and the bridegroom I see."

With that came in a wealthy knight,
Which was both grave and old,
And after him a finikin lass
Did shine like glistering gold.

"This is no fit match," quoth bold Robin Hood,
"That you do seem to make here;
For since we are come unto the church,
The bride she shall chuse her own dear."

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
  And blew blasts two or three;
When four and twenty bowmen bold
  Came leaping over the lee.

And when they came into the church-yard,
  Marching all on a row,
The first man was Allin a Dale,
  To give bold Robin his bow.

"This is thy true-love," Robin  he said,
  "Young Allin, as I hear say:
And you shall be married at this same time,
  Before we depart away."

"That shall not be," the  bishop he said,
  "For thy word shall not stand;
They shall be three times askt in the church,
  As the law is  of our land."

Robin Hood pulld off the bishop's coat,
  And put it upon Little John;
"By the faith of my body," then Robin said,
  "This cloath doth make thee a man."

When Little John went into the quire,
  The people began for to laugh;
He askt them seven times in the church,
  Lest three times should not be enough.

"Who gives me this maid?" then said Little John;
  Quoth Robin, "That do I,
And he that doth take her from Allin a Dale
  Full dearly he shall her buy."

And thus having ended this merry wedding,
  The bride lookt as fresh as a queen,
And so they returned to the merry greenwood,
  Amongst the leaves so green.

## KINMONT WILLIE

O! have ye na heard o' the fause Sakelde?
  O! have ye na heard o' the keen Lord Scroope?
How they hae taen bauld Kinmont Willie
  On Haribee to hang him up?

Had Willie had but twenty men,
  But twenty men as stout as he,
Fause Sakelde had never the Kinmont ta'en,
  Wi' eight score in his companie.

They band his legs beneath the steed,
  They tied his hands behind his back;
They guarded him, fivesome on each side,
  And they brought him ower the Liddel-rack.

They led him thro' the Liddel-rack,
  And also thro' the Carlisle sands;
They brought him to Carlisle castell,
  To be at my Lord Scroope's commands.

"My hands are tied, but my tongue is free,
  And whae will dare this deed avow?
Or answer by the border law?
  Or answer to the bauld Buccleuch?"

"Now baud thy tongue, thou rank reiver!
  There's never a Scot shall set thee free;
Before ye cross my castle yate,
  I trow ye shall take farewell o' me."

"Fear na ye that, my lord," quo' Willie;
  "By the faith o' my bodie, Lord Scroope," he said,
"I never yet lodged in a hostelrie
  But I paid my lawing before I gaed."

Now word is gane to the bauld Keeper,
  In Branksome Ha', where that he lay,
That Lord Scroope has ta'en the Kinmont Willie,
  Between the hours of night and day.

He has ta'en the table wi' his hand,
  He garr'd the red wine spring on hie--
"Now Christ's curse on my head," he said,
  "But avenged of Lord Scroope I'll be!

"Oh is my basnet a widow's curch?
  Or my lance a wand of the willow-tree?
Or my arm a ladye's lilye hand,
  That an English lord should lightly me?

"And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
  Against the truce of the Bordertide?
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
  Is keeper here on the Scottish side?

"And have they e'en ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
  Withouten either dread or fear?
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
  Can back a steed, or shake a spear?

"O were there war between the lands,
  As well I wot that there is none,
I would slight Carlisle castell high,
  Tho it were builded of marble stone.

"I would set that castell in a low,
  And sloken it with English blood!
There's never a man in Cumberland
  Should ken where Carlisle castell stood.

"But since nae war's between the lands,
  And there is peace, and peace should be;
I'll neither harm English lad or lass,

And yet the Kinmont freed shall be!"

He has call'd him forty Marchmen bauld.
I trow they were of his ain name,
Except Sir Gilbert Elliot, call'd
The Laird of Stobs, I mean the same.

He has call'd him forty Marchmen bauld,
Were kinsmen to the bauld Buccleuch;
With spur on heel, and splent on spauld;
And gleuves of green, and feathers blue.

There were five and five before them a',
Wi' hunting-horns and bugles bright,
And five and five came wi' Buccleuch
Like warden's men, array'd for fight;

And five and five, like a mason gang,
That carried the ladders lang and hie;
And five and five, like broken men,
And so they reach'd the Woodhouselee.

And as we cross'd the Bateable Land,
When to the English side we held,
The first o' men that we met wi',
Whae sould it be but fause Sakelde?

"Where be ye gaun, ye hunters keen?"
Quo' fause Sakelde; "come tell to me!"--
"We go to hunt an English stag,
Has trespass'd on the Scots countrie."

"Where be ye gaun, ye marshal men?"
Quo' fause Sakelde; "come tell me true!"--
"We go to catch a rank reiver,
Has broken faith wi' the bauld Buccleuch."

"Where are ye gaun, ye mason lads,
Wi' a' your ladders, lang and hie?"--
"We gang to herry a corbie's nest,
That wons not far frae Woodhouselee."--

"Where be ye gaun, ye broken men?"
Quo' fause Sakelde; "come tell to me!"--
Now Dickie of Dryhope led that band,
And the nevir a word of lear had he.

"Why trespass ye on the English side?
Row-footed outlaws, stand!" quo' he;
The nevir a word had Dickie to say,
Sae he thrust the lance through his fause bodie.

Then on we held for Carlisle toun.
And at Staneshaw-bank the Eden we cross'd;
The water was great and meikle of spait,
But the nevir a horse nor man we lost.

And when we reach'd the Staneshaw-bank,
The wind was rising loud and hie;

And there the laird garr'd leave our steeds,
  For fear that they should stamp and nie.

And when we left the Staneshaw-bank,
  The wind began full loud to blaw,
But 'twas wind and weet, and fire and sleet,
  When we came beneath the castel wa'.

We crept on knees, and held our breath,
  Till we placed the ladders against the wa';
And sae ready was Buccleuch himsell
  To mount the first before us a'.

He has ta'en the watchman by the throat,
  He flung him down upon the lead--
"Had there not been peace between our lands,
  Upon the other side thou hadst gaed!--

"Now sound out, trumpets!" quo' Buccleuch;
  "Let's waken Lord Scroope right merrilie!"
Then loud the warden's trumpet blew--
  "_O wha dare meddle wi' me?_"

Then speedilie to wark we gaed,
  And raised the slogan ane and a',
And cut a hole through a sheet of lead,
  And so we wan to the castle ha'.

They thought King James and a' his men
  Had won the house wi' bow and spear;
It was but twenty Scots and ten,
  That put a thousand in sic a stear!

Wi' coulters, and wi' forehammers,
  We garr'd the bars bang merrilie,
Until we came to the inner prison,
  Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie.

And when we cam to the lower prison,
  Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie--
"O, sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willie,
  Upon the morn that thou's to die?"--

"O, I sleep saft, and I wake aft,'
  It's lang since sleeping was fley'd frae me;
Gie my service back to my wife and bairns,
  And a' gude fellows that spier for me."--

Then Red Rowan has hente him up,
  The starkest man in Teviotdale--
"Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,
  Till of my Lord Scroope I take farewell.

"Farewell, farewell, my gude Lord Scroope!
  My gude Lord Scroope, farewell!" he cried;
"I'll pay you for my lodging maill
  When first we meet on the Border side."

Then shoulder high, with shout and cry,

We bore him down the ladder lang;
At every stride Red Rowan made,
I wot the Kinmont's airns play'd clang.

"O mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,
"I have ridden horse baith wild and wood;
"But a rougher beast than Red Rowan
I ween my legs have ne'er bestrode.

"And mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,
"I've prick'd a horse out oure the furs;
But since the day I back'd a steed
I never wore sic cumbrous spurs!"--

We scarce had won the Staneshaw-bank,
When a' the Carlisle bells were rung,
And a thousand men, on horse and foot,
Cam wi' the keen Lord Scroope along.

Buccleuch has turn'd to Eden Water,
Even where it flow'd frae bank to brim,
And he has plunged in wi' a' his band,
And safely swam them through the stream.

He turn'd him on the other side,
And at Lord Scroope his glove flung he--
"If ye like na my visit in merry England,
In fair Scotland come visit me!"

All sore astonish'd stood Lord Scroope,
He stood as still as rock of stane;
He scarcely dared to trew his eyes,
When through the water they had gane.

"He is either himsell a devil frae hell,
Or else his mother a witch maun be;
I wadna have ridden that wan water,
For a' the gowd in Christentie."

## MODERN

## THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

It was the schooner _Hesperus_,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
  Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
  That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
  His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
  The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
  Had sailed to the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
  For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
  And tonight no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
  And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
  A gale from the Northeast,
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
  And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
  The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
  Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
  And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
  That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
  Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar.
  And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
  O say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast"--
  And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
  O say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
  In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
  O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
  A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
  With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
  On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
  That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
  On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
  Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
  Tow'rds the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
  A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
  On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
  She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
  Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
  Looked soft as carded wool.
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
  Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
  With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
  "Ho! ho!" the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
  A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
  Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
  The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,
  On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
  In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
  On the reef of Norman's Woe!

## LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

John Keats

Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight,
  Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge is wither'd from the lake,
  And no birds sing.

Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight,

So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow,
With anguish moist and fever dew;
And on thy cheek a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads
Full beautiful--a faery's child;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long;
For sideways would she lean, and sing
A faery's song.

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew;
And sure in language strange she said--
"I love thee true."

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she gazed, and sighed deep,
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
So kiss'd to sleep.

And there we slumber'd on the moss,
And there I dream'd--Ah! woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill side.

I saw pale kings, and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all
They cried--"La Belle Dame sans Merci,
Hath thee in thrall!"

I saw their starved lips in the gloam,
With horrid warning gaped wide,
And I awoke, and found me here
On the cold hill side.

And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

## LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

Thomas Campbell

A chieftain to the Highlands bound,
  Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
  To row us o'er the ferry."--

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
  This dark and stormy water?"
"O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
  And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
  Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
  My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;

  Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
  When they have slain her lover?"--

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
  "I'll go, my chief--I'm ready:--
It is not for your silver bright;
  But for your winsome lady:

"And by my word! the bonny bird
  In danger shall not tarry:
So, though the waves are raging white,
  I'll row you o'er the ferry."--

By this the storm grew loud apace,
  The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
  Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
  And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
  Their trampling sounded nearer.--

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
  "Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
  But not an angry father."--

The boat has left a stormy land,
  A stormy sea before her,--
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
  The tempest gathered o'er her.--

And still they rowed amidst the roar
  Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,--
  His wrath was changed to wailing.--

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,

His child he did discover:--
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried, in grief,
"Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! oh, my daughter!"--

'Twas vain:--the loud waves lashed the shore.
Return or aid preventing:--
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

## YOUNG LOCHINVAR

Sir Walter Scott

Oh young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapon had none;
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Esk river where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
Among brid'smen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all;
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"--

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;--
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide--
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,--
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,

And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better by far,
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

## HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX

16--

Robert Browning

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Duffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray;

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,--ever that glance

O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Direk groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"--for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So, we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"--and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate.
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is--friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

## THE REVENGE

### A BALLAD OF THE FLEET

Alfred Tennyson

### I

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from far away:
"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!"
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: "'Fore God I am no coward;
But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?"

II

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no coward;
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

III

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to Spain,
To the thumb-screw and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

IV

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weatherbow.
"Shall we fight or shall we fly?
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die!
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."
And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good Englishmen.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet."

V

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we roar'd a hurrah, and so
The little Revenge ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were seen,
And the little Revenge ran on thro' the long sea-lane between.

VI

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks and laugh'd,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft
Running on and on, till delay'd
By their mountain-like San Philip that, of fifteen hundred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

VII

And while now the great San Philip hung above us like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

VIII

But anon the great San Philip, she bethought herself and went,
Having that within her womb that had left her ill content;
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand to hand.
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and musqueteers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes his ears,
When he leaps from the water to the land.

IX

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her shame.
For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so could fight us no more--
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

X

For he said, "Fight on! fight on!"
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night was gone,
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,
And he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

XI

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over the summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that we still could sting,
So they watch'd what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maim'd for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was all of it spent;
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride:
"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die--does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner--sink her, split her in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!"

XII

And the gunner said, "Ay, ay," but the seamen made reply:
"We have children, we have wives,

And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go;
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow."
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

XIII

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do.
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die!"
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

XIV

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his English few;
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,
But they sank his body with honor down into the deep,
And they mann'd the Revenge with a swarthier alien crew,
And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own;
When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd navy of Spain,
And the little Revenge herself went down by the island crags
To be lost evermore in the main.

LYRICS

OUR COUNTRY

AMERICA

Samuel Francis Smith

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty;
  Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,--
From every mountain side

Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,--
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake!
Let rocks their silence break,--
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God,--to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

## MY NATIVE LAND

Sir Walter Scott

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go mark him well;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concent'red all in self.
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonor'd, and unsung.

## COLUMBUS

Joaquin Miller

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;

Before him not the ghost of shores,
  Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
  For lo! the very stars are gone,
Brave Adm'r'l, speak; what shall I say?"
  "Why, say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
  My men grow ghastly, wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
  Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,
  If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day:
  'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
  Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
  Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
  For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'r'l; speak and say--"
  He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
  "This mad sea shows his teeth tonight.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
  He lifts his teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word:
  What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
  "Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he paced his deck,
  And peered through darkness. Ah, that night.
Of all dark nights! And then a speck--
  A light! A light! At last a light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
  It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
  Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

## THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND

Felicia Browne Hemans

Look now abroad! Another race has fill'd
  Those populous borders--wide the wood recedes,
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are till'd;
  The land is full of harvests and green meads.
--_Bryant_

The breaking waves dash'd high
  On a stern and rockbound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky

Their giant branches toss'd.

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moor'd their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;--
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soar'd
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd,--
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band;--
Why had _they_ come to wither here,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?--
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod.
They have left unstained, what there they found--
Freedom to worship God.

## CONCORD HYMN

SUNG AT THE COMPLETION OF THE BATTLE MONUMENT, APRIL 19, 1836

Ralph Waldo Emerson

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled.
Here once the embattled farmers stood,

And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set today a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

## OLD IRONSIDES

Oliver Wendell Holmes

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;--
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the nood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;--
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

O better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

## O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

Walt Whitman

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,

The ship has wether'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up--for you the flag is flung--for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths--for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult, O Shores, and ring, O Bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

## LOVE LYRICS

### TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS

Richard Lovelace

Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,
As you, too, shall adore;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honor more.

### SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

George Gordon Byron

She walks in beauty, like the night
  Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
  Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
  Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
  Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
  Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
  How pure, how dear their dwelling place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
  So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
  But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
  A heart whose love is innocent!

## A RED, RED ROSE

Robert Burns

O, my luve is like a red, red rose,
  That's newly sprung in June.
O, my luve is like the melodie
  That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonie lass,
  So deep in luve am I,
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
  Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
  And the rocks melt wi' the sun!
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
  While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve,
  And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my luve,
  Tho' it were ten thousand mile!

# POEMS OF NATURE

## THE GREENWOOD TREE

William Shakespeare

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat--
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets--
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

## A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA

Allan Cunningham

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast!
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

"O for a soft and gentle wind!"
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the swelling breeze,
And white waves heaving high:
The white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free;

## LYRICS

The world of waters is our home.
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners!
The wind is wakening loud.
The wind is wakening loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free--
The hollow oak our palace is,

Our heritage the sea.

## I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD

William Wordsworth

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company:
I gazed--and gazed--but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

## THE RHODORA ON BEING ASKED, WHENCE IS THE FLOWER?

Ralph Waldo Emerson

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
  Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
  And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
  I never thought to ask, I never knew;
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose

The selfsame Power that brought me there brought you.

## TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN

William Cullen Bryant

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple drest,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue--blue--as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

## THE EAGLE

Alfred Tennyson

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

## ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET

John Keats

The poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run

From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;
That is the grasshopper's--he takes the lead
  In summer luxury,--he has never done
  With his delights; for, when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never.
  On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
  And seems to one, in drowsiness half lost,
The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

## LESSONS FROM NATURE

### TO A WATERFOWL

William Cullen Bryant

  Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of days,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
  Thy solitary way?

  Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
  Thy figure floats along.

  Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
  On the chafed ocean-side?

  There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,--
The desert and illimitable air,--
  Lone wandering, but not lost.

  All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
  Though the dark night is near.

  And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
  Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

  Thou'rt gone! the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast given,
  And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

## THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

Oliver Wendell Holmes

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,--
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,--
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:--

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

## THE BUGLE SONG

Alfred Tennyson

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O, hark, O, hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O, sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

## SONGS OF LIFE

## THE NOBLE NATURE

Ben Jonson

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make men better be,
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
A lily of a day,
Is fairer far, in May,
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauty see;
And in short measures, life may perfect be.

## THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

Sir Henry Wotton

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth, his utmost skill;

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care

Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of his grace than gifts to lend,
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book, or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

## SAY NOT, THE STRUGGLE NOUGHT AVAILETH

Arthur Hugh Clough

Say not, the struggle nought availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

## FOR A' THAT AN' A' THAT

Robert Burns

Is there for honest poverty
That hings his head, an' a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,--

We dare be poor for a' that!

For a' that, an' a' that,
Our toils obscure, an' a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden gray, an' a' that?
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine--
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their tinsel show, an' a 'that:
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd "a lord,"
Wha' struts an' stares, an' a 'that?
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a cuif for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
His riband, star, an' a' that,
The man o' independent mind
He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that!
But an honest man's aboon his might,--
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities an' a' that,
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
(As come it will for a' that)
That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's comin' yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that.

## INVICTUS

William Ernest Henly

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
  Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
  Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
  How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
  I am the captain of my soul.

## OPPORTUNITY

Edward Rowland Sill

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:--
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel--
That blue blade that the king's son bears,--but this
Blunt thing--!" he snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

## A PSALM OF LIFE

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
  Life is but an empty dream!--
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
  And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
  And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
  Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
  Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each tomorrow
  Finds us farther than today.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,

And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,--act in the living Present,
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;--

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

AESOP

THE DOG AND THE SHADOW

A Dog, crossing a little rivulet with a piece of meat in his mouth, saw his own shadow represented in the clear mirror of the limpid stream; and, believing it to be another dog, who was carrying a larger piece of meat, he could not forbear catching at it; but was so far from getting anything by his greedy design, that he dropped the piece he had in his mouth, which immediately sank to the bottom, and was irrecoverably lost.

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES

A Fox, very hungry, chanced to come into a vineyard, where there hung branches of charming ripe grapes; but nailed up to a trellis so high that he leaped till he quite tired himself without being able to reach one of them. At last, "Let who will take them!" says he; "they are but green and sour; so I will even let them alone."

## THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

A Hare laughed at a Tortoise upon account of his slowness, and vainly boasted her own great speed in running. "Let us make a match," replied the Tortoise; "I will run with you five miles for a wager, and the fox yonder shall be the umpire of the race." The Hare agreed; and away they both started together. But the Hare, by reason of her exceeding swiftness, outran the Tortoise to such a degree, that she made a jest of the matter; and thinking herself sure of the race, squatted in a tuft of fern that grew by the way, and took a nap, thinking that, if the Tortoise went by, she could at any time overtake him with all the ease imaginable. In the meanwhile the Tortoise came jogging on with slow but continued motion; and the Hare out of a too great security and confidence of victory, oversleeping herself, the Tortoise arrived at the end of the race first.

## THE SHEPHERD'S BOY

A certain Shepherd's Boy kept his sheep upon a common, and in sport and wantonness would often cry out, "The wolf! the wolf!" By this means he several times drew the husbandmen in an adjoining field from their work; who, finding themselves deluded, resolved for the future to take no notice of his alarm. Soon after, the wolf came indeed. The Boy cried out in earnest; but no heed being given to his cries, the sheep were devoured by the wolf.

## THE HUSBANDMAN AND THE STORK

The Husbandman set a net in his fields to take the cranes and geese which came to feed upon the new-sown barley. He succeeded in taking several, both cranes and geese, and among them a Stork, who pleaded hard for his life, and, among other apologies which he made, alleged that he was neither goose nor crane, but a poor harmless Stork, who performed his duty to his parents to all intents and purposes, feeding them when they were old, and, as occasion required, carrying them from place to place upon his back. "All this may be true," replied the Husbandman; "but, as I have taken you in bad company, and in the same crime, you must expect to suffer the same punishment."

## THE WIND AND THE SUN

A dispute once arose betwixt the North Wind and the Sun about the superiority of their power; and they agreed to try their strength upon a traveler, which should be able to get his cloak off first. The North Wind began, and blew a very cold blast, accompanied with a sharp, driving shower. But this, and whatever else he could do,

instead of making the man quit his cloak, obliged him to gird it about his body as close as possible. Next came the Sun; who, breaking out from a thick watery cloud, drove away the cold vapors from the sky, and darted his warm, sultry beams upon the head of the poor weather-beaten traveler. The man growing faint with the heat, and unable to endure it any longer, first throws off his heavy cloak, and then flies for protection to the shade of a neighboring grove.

## THE TORTOISE AND THE GEESE

[Footnote: This and the following fable are from _The Tortoise and the Geese, and Other Fables of Bidpai,_ retold by Maude Barrows Button.]

A Tortoise and two Geese lived together in a pond for many years. At last there came a drought and dried up the pond. Then the Geese said to one another,--

"We must seek a new home quickly, for we cannot live without water. Let us say farewell to the Tortoise and start at once."

When the Tortoise heard that they were going, he trembled with fear, and besought them by their friendship not to desert him.

"Alas," the Geese replied, "there is no help for it. If we stay here, we shall all three die, and we cannot take you with us, for you cannot fly."

Still the Tortoise begged so hard not to be left behind that the Geese finally said,--

"Dear Friend, if you will promise not to speak a word on the journey, we will take you with us. But know beforehand, that if you open your mouth to say one single word, you will be in instant danger of losing your life."

"Have no fear," replied the Tortoise, "but that I shall be silent until you give me leave to speak again. I would rather never open my mouth again than be left to die alone here in the dried-up pond."

So the Geese brought a stout stick and bade the Tortoise grasp it firmly in the middle by his mouth. Then they took hold of either end and flew off with him. They had gone several miles in safety, when their course lay over a village. As the country people saw this curious sight of a Tortoise being carried by two Geese, they began to laugh and cry out,--

"Oh, did you ever see such a funny sight in all your life!" And they laughed loud and long.

The Tortoise grew more and more indignant. At last he could stand their jeering no longer. "You stupid..." he snapped, but before he could say more he had fallen to the ground and was dashed to pieces.

## THE PARTRIDGE AND THE CROW

A Crow flying across a road saw a Partridge strutting along the ground.

"What a beautiful gait that Partridge has!" said the Crow. "I must try to see if I can walk like him."

She alighted behind the Partridge and tried for a long time to learn to strut. At last the Partridge turned around and asked the Crow what she was about.

"Do not be angry with me," replied the Crow. "I have never before seen a bird who walks as beautifully as you can, and I am trying to learn to walk like you."

"Foolish bird!" responded the Partridge. "You are a Crow, and should walk like a Crow. You would look silly indeed if you were to strut like a Partridge."

But the Crow went on trying to learn to strut, until finally she had forgotten her own gait, and she never learned that of the Partridge.

JEAN DE LA FONTAINE

## THE FOX AND THE GRAPES

A fox, almost with hunger dying,
Some grapes upon a trellis spying,
To all appearance ripe, clad in
  Their tempting russet skin,
Most gladly would have eat them;
But since he could not get them,
  So far above his reach the vine,--
"They're sour." he said; "such grapes as these
The dogs may eat them if they please."
  --Did he not better than to whine?

## THE WOLF AND THE STORK

The wolves are prone to play the glutton.
  One, at a certain feast, 'tis said,
So stuffed himself with lamb and mutton,
  He seemed but little short of dead.
Deep in his throat a bone stuck fast.
  Well for this wolf, who could not speak,
That soon a stork quite near him passed.

By signs invited, with her beak
    The bone she drew
    With slight ado,
And for this skillful surgery
Demanded, modestly, her fee.
"Your fee!" replied the wolf,
In accents rather gruff;
"And is it not enough
Your neck is safe from such a gulf?
    Go, for a wretch ingrate,
Nor tempt again your fate!"

TRADITIONAL

## THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG

Joseph Jacobs

An old woman was sweeping her house, and she found a little crooked sixpence. "What," said she, "shall I do with this little sixpence? I will go to market, and buy a little pig."

As she was coming home, she came to a stile: but the piggy wouldn't go over the stile.

She went a little further, and she met a dog. So she said to him: "Dog! dog! bite pig; piggy won't go over the stile; and I shan't get home tonight." But the dog wouldn't.

She went a little further, and she met a stick. So she said: "Stick! stick! beat dog! dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home tonight." But the stick wouldn't.

She went a little further, and she met a fire. So she said: "Fire! fire! burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home tonight." But the fire wouldn't.

She went a little further, and she met some water. So she said: "Water! water! quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home tonight." But the water wouldn't.

She went a little further, and she met an ox. So she said: "Ox! ox! drink water; water won't quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home tonight." But the ox wouldn't.

She went a little further, and she met a butcher. So she said: "Butcher! butcher! kill ox; ox won't drink water; water won't

quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home tonight." But the butcher wouldn't.

She went a little further, and she met a rope. So she said: "Rope! rope! hang butcher; butcher won't kill ox; ox won't drink water; water won't quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home tonight." But the rope wouldn't.

She went a little further, and she met a rat. So she said: "Rat! rat! gnaw rope; rope won't hang butcher; butcher won't kill ox; ox won't drink water; water won't quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home tonight." But the rat wouldn't.

She went a little further, and she met a cat. So she said: "Cat! cat! kill rat; rat won't gnaw rope; rope won't hang butcher; butcher won't kill ox; ox won't drink water; water won't quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home tonight." But the cat said to her, "If you will go to yonder cow and fetch me a saucer of milk, I will kill the rat." So away went the old woman to the cow.

But the cow said to her: "If you will go to yonder haystack and fetch me a handful of hay, I'll give you the milk." So away went the old woman to the haystack; and she brought the hay to the cow.

As soon as the cow had eaten the hay, she gave the old woman the milk; and away she went with it in a saucer to the cat.

As soon as the cat had lapped up the milk, the cat began to kill the rat; the rat began to gnaw the rope; the rope began to hang the butcher; the butcher began to kill the ox; the ox began to drink the water; the water began to quench the fire; the fire began to burn the stick; the stick began to beat the dog; the dog began to bite the pig; the little pig in fright jumped over the stile; and so the old woman got home that night.

## THE STORY OF THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

Joseph Jacobs

There was once an old sow with three little pigs, and as she had not enough to keep them, she sent them out to seek their fortune. The first that went off met a man with a bundle of straw, and said to him:

"Please, man, give me that straw to build me a house."

Which the man did, and the little pig built a house with it. Presently came along a wolf, and knocked at the door, and said:

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

To which the pig answered:

"No, no, by the hair of my chiny chin chin."

The wolf then answered to that:

"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in."

So he huffed, and he puffed, and he blew his house in, and ate up the little pig.

The second little pig met a man with a bundle of furze, and said:

"Please, man, give me that furze to build a house."

Which the man did, and the pig built his house. Then along came the wolf, and said:

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

"No, no, by the hair of my chiny chin chin."

"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in."

So he huffed, and he puffed, and he puffed, and he huffed, and at last he blew the house in, and he ate up the little pig.

The third little pig met a man with a load of bricks, and said:

"Please, man, give me those bricks to build a house with."

So the man gave him the bricks, and he built his house with them. So the wolf came, as he did to the other little pigs, and said:

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

"No, no, by the hair of my chiny chin chin."

"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in."

Well, he huffed, and he puffed, and he huffed, and he puffed, and he puffed and huffed; but he could _not_ get the house down. When he found that he could not, with all his huffing and puffing, blow the house down, he said:

"Little pig, I know where there is a nice field of turnips."

"Where?" said the little pig.

"Oh, in Mr. Smith's Home-field, and if you will be ready tomorrow morning, I will call for you, and we will go together and get some for dinner."

"Very well," said the little pig, "I will be ready. What time do you mean to go?"

"Oh, at six o'clock."

Well, the little pig got up at five, and got the turnips before the wolf came (which he did about six), who said:

"Little pig, are you ready?"

The little pig said: "Ready? I have been and come back again, and got a nice potful for dinner."

The wolf felt very angry at this, but thought that he would be up to the little pig somehow or other, so he said:

"Little pig, I know where there is a nice apple tree."

"Where?" said the pig.

"Down at Merry-garden," replied the wolf, "and if you will not deceive me, I will come for you at five o'clock tomorrow and get some apples."

Well, the little pig bustled up the next morning at four o'clock, and went for the apples, hoping to get back before the wolf came; but he had further to go, and had to climb the tree, so that just as he was coming down from it, he saw the wolf coming, which, as you may suppose, frightened him very much. When the wolf came up, he said:

"Little pig, what! are you here before me? Are they nice apples?"

"Yes, very," said the little pig. "I will throw you down one."

And he threw it so far, that, while the wolf was gone to pick it up, the little pig jumped down and ran home. The next day the wolf came again, and said to the little pig:

"Little pig, there is a fair at Shanklin this afternoon. Will you go?

"Oh, yes," said the pig, "I will go; what time shall you be ready?"

"At three," said the wolf. So the little pig went off before the time as usual, and got to the fair, and bought a butter churn, which he was going home with when he saw the wolf coming. Then he could not tell what to do. So he got into the churn to hide, and by so doing turned it round, and it rolled down the hill with the pig in it, which frightened the wolf so much that he ran home without going to the fair. He went to the little pig's house, and told him how frightened he had been by a great round thing which came down the hill past him. Then the little pig said:

"Hah, I frightened you, then. I had been to the fair and bought a butter churn, and when I saw you, I got into it and rolled down the hill."

Then the wolf was very angry indeed, and declared he would eat up the little pig, and that he would get down the chimney after

him. When the little pig saw what he was about, he hung on the pot full of water and made up a blazing fire, and, just as the wolf was coming down, took off the cover, and in fell the wolf; so the little pig put on the cover again in an instant, boiled him up, and ate him for supper, and lived happy ever afterwards.

## HANS IN LUCK

Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm

Hans had served his master seven years, and at last said to him, "Master, my time is up; I should like to go home and see my mother; so give me my wages." And the master said, "You have been a faithful and good servant, so your pay shall be handsome." Then he gave him a piece of silver that was as big as his head.

Hans took out his pocket handkerchief, put the piece of silver into it, threw it over his shoulder, and jogged off homewards. As he went lazily on, dragging one foot after the other, a man came in sight, trotting along gayly on a capital horse. "Ah!" cried Hans aloud, "what a fine thing it is to ride on horseback! he trips against no stones, spares his shoes, and yet gets on he hardly knows how." The horseman heard this, and said, "Well, Hans, why do you go on foot, then?" "Ah!" said he, "I have this load to carry; to be sure it is silver, but it is so heavy that I can't hold up my head, and it hurts my shoulders sadly." "What do you say to changing?" said the horseman; "I will give you my horse, and you shall give me the silver." "With all my heart," said Hans; "but I tell you one thing,--you'll have a weary task to drag it along." The horseman got off, took the silver, helped Hans up, gave him the bridle into his hand, and said, "When you want to go very fast, you must smack your lips loud, and cry 'Jip.'"

Hans was delighted as he sat on the horse, and rode merrily on. After a time he thought he should like to go a little faster, so he smacked his lips and cried, "Jip." Away went the horse full gallop; and before Hans knew what he was about, he was thrown off, and lay in a ditch by the roadside; and his horse would have run off, if a shepherd who was coming by, driving a cow, had not stopped it. Hans soon came to himself, and got upon his legs again. He was sadly vexed, and said to the shepherd, "This riding is no joke when a man gets on a beast like this, that stumbles and flings him off as if he would break his neck. However, I am off now once for all; I like your cow a great deal better; one can walk along at one's leisure behind her, and have milk, butter, and cheese every day into the bargain. What would I give to have such a cow!" "Well," said the shepherd, "if you are so fond of her, I will change my cow for your horse." "Done!" said Hans merrily. The shepherd jumped upon the horse, and away he rode.

Hans drove off his cow quietly, and thought his bargain a very lucky one. "If I have only a piece of bread, I can, whenever I like, eat my butter and cheese with it; and when I am thirsty, I can milk my cow and drink the milk: what can I wish for more?" When he came to an inn, he halted, ate up all his bread, and gave his

last penny for a glass of beer: then he drove his cow towards his mother's village; and the heat grew greater as noon came on, till he began to be so hot and parched that his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. "I can find a cure for this," thought he; "now will I milk my cow and quench my thirst;" so he tied her to the stump of a tree, and held his leather cap to milk into; but not a drop was to be had.

While he was trying his luck and managing the matter very clumsily, the uneasy beast gave him a kick on the head that knocked him down, and there he lay a long while senseless. Luckily a butcher soon came by, wheeling a pig in a wheelbarrow. "What is the matter with you?" said the butcher, as he helped him up. Hans told him what had happened, and the butcher gave him a flask, saying, "There, drink and refresh yourself; your cow will give you no milk, she is an old beast good for nothing but the slaughterhouse." "Alas, alas!" said Hans, "who would have thought it? If I kill her, what would she be good for? I hate cow beef, it is not tender enough for me. If it were a pig now, one could do something with it; it would, at any rate, make some sausages." "Well," said the butcher, "to please you I'll change, and give you the pig for the cow." "Heaven reward you for your kindness!" said Hans. as he gave the butcher the cow, and took the pig off the wheelbarrow, and drove it off, holding it by the string that was tied to its leg.

So on he jogged, and all seemed now to go right with him. The next person he met was a countryman, carrying a fine white goose under his arm. The countryman stopped to ask what o'clock it was; and Hans told him all his luck, and how he had made so many good bargains. The countryman said he was going to take the goose to a christening. "Feel," said he, "how heavy it is, and yet it is only eight weeks old. Whoever roasts and eats it, may cut plenty of fat off it, it has lived so well!" "You're right," said Hans, as he weighed it in his hand; "but my pig is no trifle." Meantime the countryman began to look grave, and shook his head.

"Hark ye," said he, "my good friend; your pig may get you into a scrape; in the village I have just come from, the squire has had a pig stolen out of his sty. I was dreadfully afraid, when I saw you, that you had got the squire's pig; it will be a bad job if they catch you; the least they'll do will be to throw you into the horse pond."

Poor Hans was sadly frightened. "Good man," cried he, "pray get me out of this scrape; you know this country better than I; take my pig and give me the goose." "I ought to have something into the bargain," said the countryman; "however, I will not bear hard upon you, as you are in trouble." Then he took the string in his hand, and drove off the pig by a side path; while Hans went on the way homewards free from care.

As he came to the last village, he saw a scissors grinder, with his wheel, working away, and singing. Hans stood looking for a while, and at last said, "You must be well off, master grinder, you seem so happy at your work." "Yes," said the other, "mine is a golden trade; a good grinder never puts his hand in his pocket without finding money in it:--but where did you get that beautiful goose?" "I did not buy it, but changed a pig for it." "And where did you get the pig?" "I gave a cow for it." "And the

cow?" "I gave a horse for it." "And the horse?" "I gave a piece of silver as big as my head for that." "And the silver?" "Oh, I worked hard for that seven long years." "You have thriven well in the world hitherto," said the grinder; "now if you could find money in your pocket whenever you put your hand into it, your fortune would be made." "Very true: but how is that to be managed?" "You must turn grinder like me," said the other: "you only want a grindstone; the rest will come of itself. Here is one that is a little the worse for wear: I would not ask more than the value of your goose for it;--will you buy?" "How can you ask such a question?" replied Hans; "I should be the happiest man in the world if I could have money whenever I put my hand in my pocket; what could I want more? there's the goose!" "Now," said the grinder, as he gave him a rough stone that lay by his side, "this is a most capital stone; do but manage it cleverly, and you can make an old nail cut with it."

Hans took the stone and went off with a light heart; his eyes sparkled for joy, and he said to himself, "I must have been born in a lucky hour; everything that I want or wish for comes to me of itself."

Meantime he began to be tired, for he had been traveling ever since daybreak; he was hungry, too, for he had given away his last penny in his joy at getting the cow. At last he could go no further, and the stone tired him terribly; he dragged himself to the side of a pond, that he might drink some water and rest awhile; so he laid the stone carefully by his side on the bank: but as he stooped down to drink, he forgot it, pushed it a little, and down it went plump into the pond. For a while he watched it sinking in the deep, clear water, then sprang up for joy, and again fell upon his knees, and thanked heaven with tears in his eyes for its kindness in taking away his only plague, the ugly heavy stone. "How happy am I," cried he: "no mortal was ever so lucky as I am." Then up he got with a light and merry heart, and walked on free from all his troubles, till he reached his mother's house.

## THE VALIANT LITTLE TAILOR

Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm

One summer's morning a little tailor was sitting on his table by the window; he was in good spirits, and sewed with all his might. Then came a peasant woman down the street, crying, "Good jams, cheap! Good jams, cheap!" This rang pleasantly in the tailor's ears; he stretched his delicate head out of the window, and called, "Come up here, dear woman; here you will get rid of your goods." The woman came up the three steps to the tailor with her heavy basket, and he made her unpack the whole of the pots for him. He inspected all of them, lifted them up, put his nose to them, and at length said, "The jam seems to me to be good, so weigh me out four ounces, dear woman, and if it is a quarter of a pound that is of no consequence." The woman, who had hoped to find a good sale, gave him what he desired, but went away quite angry and grumbling. "Now God bless the jam to my use," cried the little

tailor, "and give me health and strength;" so he brought the bread out of the cupboard, cut himself a piece right across the loaf and spread the jam over it. "That won't taste bitter," said he, "but I will just finish the jacket before I take a bite." He laid the bread near him, sewed on, and, in his joy, made