

Schnitzel, Schnatzel & Schnutzel



Wisdom and Poetry, Original and Quoted, Selected from the Repertoire of Virginia M. T. H. Sicking

DECEMBER 25, 2010



THE SUGAR-PLUM TREE *by Eugene Field*

Have you ever heard of the Sugar-Plum Tree?
'T is a marvel of great renown!
It blooms on the shore of the Lollipop sea
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town;
The fruit that it bears is so wondrously sweet
(As those who have tasted it say)
That good little children have only to eat
Of that fruit to be happy next day.

When you 've got to the tree, you would have a hard time
To capture the fruit which I sing;
The tree is so tall that no person could climb
To the boughs where the sugar-plums swing!
But up in that tree sits a chocolate cat,
And a gingerbread dog prowls below--
And this is the way you contrive to get at
Those sugar-plums tempting you so:

You say but the word to that gingerbread dog
And he barks with such terrible zest
That the chocolate cat is at once all agog,
As her swelling proportions attest.
And the chocolate cat goes cavorting around
From this leafy limb unto that,
And the sugar-plums tumble, of course, to the ground--
Hurrah for that chocolate cat!

There are marshmallows, gumdrops, and peppermint canes,
With stripings of scarlet or gold,
And you carry away of the treasure that rains
As much as your apron can hold!
So come, little child, cuddle closer to me
In your dainty white nightcap and gown,
And I 'll rock you away to that Sugar-Plum Tree
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town.



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"Good morning Mrs. Applesauce,
And how are you today?"

"I thank you kindly, Mr. Kraut,
I feel like Christmas Day."



{ "Good morning, good morning, good morning! It's time that you got up." }

RONALD AND DONALD

by Virginia Mary Theresa Heidemann Sicking

Ronald and Donald were two little boys,
Two little boys,
Two little boys.
They liked to play with all of the toys
Of the girls who lived down the street.

But the girls got so angry at Ronald and Donald,

Ronald and Donald,
Ronald and Donald.
They got so angry at Ronald and Donald,
They knocked them right off of their feet.

So, Ronald and Donald went home to their mother,
Home to their mother,
Ronald and Donald went home to their mother
And told her the story complete.

Well, she felt so sorry for Ronald and Donald,
Ronald and Donald,
Ronald and Donald,
She felt so sorry for Ronald and Donald,
She gave them a quarter with which
They could buy something sweet.

So, Ronald and Donald went down to
the corner,
Bought lots of candy.
Gave some to Tommy,
Gave some to Andy.
But they gave none to the girls down
the street
Who had knocked them right off of
their feet.





GERMS

The antiseptic baby and the prophylactic pup
Were playing in the garden when a bunny ambled up.
They looked upon the creature with a loathing undisguised.
He wasn't disinfected and he wasn't sterilized.



HUGGIN' AND CHALKIN'

by Hoagy Carmichael

LUCY

Lucy saw the train
But the train
Didn't see Lucy.
The track was juicy.
The juice was Lucy.
And they picked her
up with a blotter.

Oh gee, but ain't it grand to have a girl so big and fat
That when go to hug her, you don't know where you're at?
You have to take a piece of chalk in your hand
And hug a bit and chalk a bit
To see where you began
One day, I was a-huggin' and a-chalkin'
And a-chalkin' and a-huggin' away
When I met another fella with some chalk in his hand
Comin' around the other way, over the mountain,
Comin' around the other way.

Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief;
Taffy came to my house and stole a piece of beef.
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy wasn't home;
Taffy came to my house and stole a marrow bone.
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy wasn't in;
Taffy came to my house and stole a silver pin.
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed;
I picked up the marrow bone and hit him in the head.

"Now, my dears, said old Mrs. Kookalatch..."

From LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

by James Whitcomb Riley

Once there was a little boy
Who wouldn't say his prayers.
And when he went to sleep at night
A way upstairs,
His pappy heard him holler
And his mammy heard him bawl
And when they pulled the covers back



He wasn't there at all.

They seeked him in the rafters and
the cubbyhole and press.
They seeked him in the chimney flue
And everywheres I guess.
But all they ever found
Was his coat and roundabout.
And the goblins will get you
If you don't WATCH OUT!!!



ALMA MATER

Traditional

Beers, beers for old Notre Dame!
Bring on the cocktails, we want champagne.
Send the freshmen out for gin,
Don't let a sober sophomore in.
We never stagger, we never fall,
We sober up on wood alcohol,
While the loyal faculty
Lie drunk on the bar room floor!



Whistling girls and crowing hens
All come out to no good ends.

“One cockalorwitch, two cockalorwitch....Holy cockalorwitch!”

POOR JOHN

According to Groucho Marx, this was first sung by Vesta Victoria in 1910

John took me home to meet his mother, his mother, his mother.
And when he introduced us to each other
She eyed up everything that I had on.
She put me through a cross examination
I nearly died of aggravation
Then she shook her head,
Looked at me and said,
“Poor John, poor John.”

Snow on the mountain,
Sun can't melt it.
I love you and
I can't help it.

First grade babies.
Second grade tots.
Third grade ladies.
Fourth grade snots.
Fifth grade peaches.
Sixth grade plums.
Seventh grade angels,
And eighth grade bums.

When asked by her six girls (Aunt Mary, Grandma Jinny, Aunt Ronnie, Aunt Rosemary, Aunt Ruthie and Aunt Alice) to tell them a story, Grandma Mae had two favorites in her repertoire. They were:

Once upon a time a cat ate nine.

AND....

Once upon a time there was a little girl.
Now look how many there are.



More of Grandma Mae's favorites:

Come on ye fellas if you want to flirt,
Here comes _____ in a hobble skirt.
It's tight around the ankles and it's loose around the knees
And she looks like a peanut in a slot machine.

Her clothes were so wrinkled they looked like
they had just come out of a cow's behind.

THEY WERE ALL OUT OF STEP

BUT JIM

by Irving Berlin

Did you see my little Jimmy marching
With the soldiers up the avenue?
There was Jimmy just as stiff as starch
Just like his Daddy on the seventeenth of March.
Did you notice all the lovely ladies
Casting their eyes on him?
Away he went
To live in a tent
Over in France with his regiment .
Were you there, and tell me, did you notice?
They were all out of step but Jim.

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BEN HUR MARCH

by ET Paull

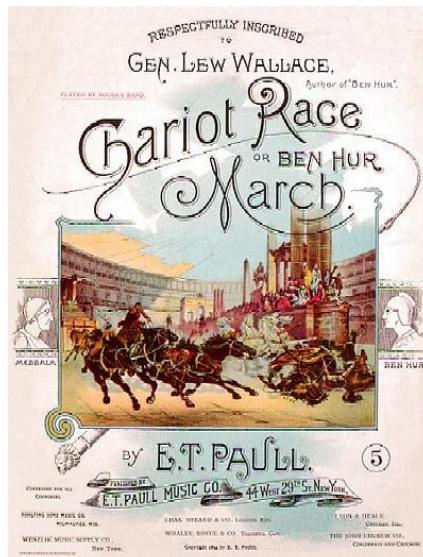
Mid dust and din and rattle
Six gallant steeds give battle
As round the circus dashing
Six chariots go crashing
The crowd with wild rejoicing
Their exaltation voicing
Greet with cheer these charioeteers
For win they must or die.

In front rides proud Mesalla
A haughty Roman brawler
But fairer still and taller
Ben Hur contests them all.
He's gaining, he's gaining.
Ben Hur now leads.

Great Ben Hur, prince of his race
Godlike in form, godlike in grace
See his steeds fly like the wind
See all the rest trailing behind
Now the goal stand clear outlined
And the race is done.

And the crowds go wild
And shout their fierce applause,
And greet with mad huzzahs
The champion of their cause.
For Ben Hur has laid the proud patrician low,
And Mesalla lies struck – a heap of bleeding pain and woe.

For the prince of Judah, idol of the town
Has struck the Roman down
And gained the victor's crown
And the race is done and the victory is won
The grandest race the sun e'er shone upon.



Ferdy Beckmann was Grandma Mae's cousin. It was his mother, Aunt Maggie Beckmann, who was always telling people to "Save some of that for Ferdy's lunch", inspiring this immortal ditty.

FERDY'S LUNCH

by Virginia Heidemann Sicking
and Veronica Heidemann Zich

Save some of that for Ferdy's lunch
'Cause Ferdy likes to eat.
He takes ten sandwiches each day
And a bit of something sweet....
Like a half a chocolate cake,
Or a lemon meringue pie.

Mom and Aunt Ronnie also composed this love song—why it never made the Hit Parade, who knows. It has recently enjoyed a revival at 10319 St. Dolores. Mom and Katie sing it all the time.

CALENDAR OF LOVE

by Virginia Heidemann Sicking
and Veronica Heidemann Zich

I love you because you look like April.
I love you; you're gentle as the May.
Your temperament has ever been so June-like,
And just like July you are so gay, gay, gay gay.

I have seen your temper flare as hot at August,
But it cools off quickly, you're September bound.
When someone begins to get too forward,
You're as frosty as October when the goblins go around.

I cannot compare your warmth to cold November
It's so dull and you're the brightest thing I know.
You're the gayest holiday in all December.
You're the one I'll love and cherish,
Through our life of happy marriage,
My calendar of love, I love you so.



GRANDFATHER

Great-Grandfather is very old
Nearly a hundred years, I'm told
Once, when no one else was there,
I tiptoed up to the old man's chair,
And heard him whisper soft and low,
"Mary, dear Mary, I loved you so."
I left as quietly as I came.
Mary wasn't Great-Grandmother's name.



"My grandfather was stupid. He walked like this."

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

by Henry Clay Work

My grandfather's clock
Was too large for the shelf,
So it stood ninety years on the floor;
It was taller by half
Than the old man himself,
Though it weighed not a pennyweight more.
It was bought on the morn
Of the day that he was born,
And was always his treasure and pride;
But it stopped short
Never to go again,
When the old man died.

In watching its pendulum
Swing to and fro,
Many hours had he spent while a boy;
And in childhood and manhood
The clock seemed to know,
And to share both his grief and his joy.
For it struck twenty-four
When he entered at the door,
With a blooming and beautiful bride;
But it stopped short
Never to go again,
When the old man died.

CHORUS

It rang an alarm
In the dead of the night,
An alarm that for years had been dumb;
And we knew that his spirit
Was pluming for flight,
That his hour of departure had come.
Still the clock kept the time,
With a soft and muffled chime,
As we silently stood by his side.
But it stopped short
Never to go again,
When the old man died.

CHORUS:

Ninety years without slumbering,
Tick, tock, tick, tock,
His life seconds numbering,
Tick, tock, tick, tock,
It stopped short
Never to go again,
When the old man died.



CHORUS

My grandfather said
That of those he could hire,
Not a servant so faithful he found;
For it wasted no time,
And had but one desire,
At the close of each week to be wound.
And it kept in its place,
Not a frown upon its face,
And its hand never hung by its side.
But it stopped short
Never to go again,
When the old man died.

JENNY

by Leigh Hunt

Jenny kissed me when we met.
Jumping from the chair she sat in.
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in!
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed
me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jenny kissed me.

ONCE IN LOVE WITH AMY

by Frank Loesser

I caught you sir, having a look at her
As she went strolling by.
Now didn't your heart go boom,
boom, boom, boom, boom
And didn't you sigh a sigh?

I warned you sir, never to dream of her
Just bid such thoughts be gone
Or it'll be boom, boom, boom,
boom, boom, boom, boom
From then on.

Once in love with Amy,
Always in love with Amy.
Ever and ever fascinated by her,
Sets your heart a fire to stay.

Once you're kissed by Amy,
Tear up your list, it's Amy.
Ply her with bon-bons, poetry, and
flowers
You'll moon a million hours away.

You might be quite the fickle hearted rover,
So carefree and bold,
Who loves a girl and later thinks it over
And just quits cold.

But once in love with Amy,
Always in love with Amy
Ever and ever sweetly you'll romance her
Trouble is the answer will be—

That Amy'd rather stay in love with me.

“Half the people in the world are girls. Half are boys.
You’re to play with the ____.”



THE LILAC TREE

by George H. Gartlan

A little boy met a little girl in an ecstasy of bliss.
Said the little boy to the girl, “Pray give me just one kiss.”
The girl drew back in great surprise, “You’re a stranger, sir,” said she.
“And I will give you just one kiss, when the apples grow on the lilac tree.”
The boy grew very sad at heart, she was the only one.
The girl felt quite remorseful for the terrible wrong she had done.
But bright and early the very next morn, he was quite surprised to see
His little maiden, standing in the garden, tying apples on the lilac tree.

THE TWINS

by Henry Sambrooke Leigh

In form and feature, face and limb,
I grew so like my brother,
That folks got taking me for him,
And each for one another.
It puzzled all our kith and kin,
It reached a fearful pitch;
For one of us was born a twin,
Yet not a soul knew which.

One day, to make the matter worse,
Before our names were fixed.
As we were being washed by nurse,
We got completely mixed;

And thus, you see, by fate’s decree,
Or rather nurse’s whim,
My brother John got christened me,
And I got christened him.

This fatal likeness even dogged
My footsteps when at school,
And I was always getting flogged,
For John turned out a fool.
I put this question, fruitlessly,
To everyone I knew,
“What would you do if you were me,
To prove that you were you?

Our close resemblance turned the tide
Of my domestic life,
For somehow, my intended bride
Became my brother’s wife.
In fact, year after year the same
Absurd mistakes went on,
And when I died the neighbors came
And buried brother John.

WOODLAND

by Virginia Heidemann Sicking

I.

Once I wandered in a woodland
Where my love was wandering, too
On a path that paralleled mine
Yet completely lost to view.
All his words were as a phantom's
In that far off, forest field
And the live, green wall between us
Thicker grew, and would not yield.



II.

To Perpetual Help we pleaded
As we fell down at her feet:
"Mother, must this love of ours
Walk on ways that never meet?"
While the days dragged into evening
Prayed together, though apart—
We two children in the woodland
To our Mother's tender heart.

III.

Then the war drums called my lover
To the world, from whence he came.
Long I wandered in the woodland
Calling Holy Mary's name,
Till against a giant oak tree
I leaned back and took my rest;
Bent my head in slow submission,
"Since God wills it, it is best."



IV.

Through the tangle of the treetops
Came the sunshine, warm and cheering
And my footsteps through the forest
Found the long awaited clearing.
All the world was blue and golden
All my green-glade days were past
With his arms outstretched to meet me
Ran my lover, home at last.

V.

All my thoughts were blue and golden
Like the smiling sky above
Like the blue and golden picture
Of the Lady whom we love.

THE GUARDSMAN by Virginia Heidemann Sicking

Once there was a wondrous Treasure
Hidden in a chalice fair
In a cup that had no equal,
In a cup beyond compare.
God Himself had set the Treasure
Lovingly, within the cup,
With a love that knew no measure
He had placed It in the cup.

Then with wisdom and with justice
God decreed one man should be
Sole Custodian of the chalice
Which now held Infinity.
Singular vessel of devotion,
Never to be used again,
And God chose as guardian, Joseph,
Just one in the sight of men.



Guard my treasures, good St. Joseph,
I present them, one by one.
First, my well-beloved husband,
Then each daughter and each son.
How I hope, that, high in heaven
When you gaze down on our home,
You and Mary and sweet Jesus
Are reminded of your own.

Mom wrote this for Nancy's First Communion, May 13, 1956

St. Patrick's church was a century old
And Nancy was just nine days,
When her sponsors stood there and renounced for her
The devil, his pomps and his ways.

Then we brought her home our little lamb,
The first-born of our flock.
And it was amusingly wonderful
An angel to feed and to rock.

Our Nancy has grown tremendously.
She's doubly tripled in size.
Once more baptismal innocence
Shines from her bright brown eyes.

Today she was so elated.
She awoke with the rapturous dawn.
She made her first confession.
Now all of her sins are gone.

The hours go slow until Sunday,
But joyously we state
At 7 o'clock in the morning,
At the church of St Gregory the Great,



Our Nancy in white veil and slippers,
Our Nancy in nylon and lace,
Will receive the true Body of Jesus.
Oh, Incomprehensible grace!

And when the day is half over,
Back at the altar she'll stand.
And receive at the word of the bishop,
Writ by invisible hand,

A mark remaining forever.
Most humbly her family can boast:
Her heart which held Jesus this morning
Is now home to the great Holy Ghost.

Eight years have we had our Nancy.
Eight years with our eldest daughter.
Eight years since the priest at St. Patrick's
Poured the baptismal water.

Soon four sacraments will be Nancy's.
How surely she grows in God's grace.
May she ever increase in all virtue,
And enjoy God's eternal embrace.

BABIES, BIRTHDAYS AND BEADS

by Virginia Mary Theresa Heidemann Sicking

Ten minutes to H-hour,
The birthdate of Nancy,
I lay in my labor still counting my beads.
The sorrowful mysteries, my baby, and Mary
In all of creation were my only needs.
And one thought with me, constant, devoid of all bliss:
Nothing, no nothing was ever worth this.
But of all false opinions, this one most untrue,
The price was a bargain, dear Nancy, for you.

Ten minutes to H-hour,
The doctors, the nurses and I wearing grins
The delivery room rocking with seldom heard laughter
Contingent upon the arrival of twins.
My rosary reflections were of Mary's joys
A fine way to welcome a fine pair of boys.
The arrival of Mark and of Matthew his brother
Gave professional status to an amateur mother.

Ten minutes to H-Hour,
This time with the strictest of schedules to meet
For the priest brought communion at five in the morning
No Corpus Christi without is complete.
But the baby was slow about being alive
And checked in exactly at fifteen past five.
So my tears marked the start of Paul Oliver's history
While my fingers held fast to the fifth glorious mystery.

Ten minutes to H-Hour,
Three days have I labored
The delivery nurse takes my rosary away.
I am wrapped in my work and of course vice versa
Till I hear "There's her Mary" on Mary's feast day.
Those words, oh so welcome, I long shall remember
Mary Regis was born on the twelfth of September.
Then they tucked me in bed, a luxurious thing,
While the nurse tied my rosary together with string.

The month is October
This birthday is mine.
Four children are standing, there's one on my knee
They sing Happy Birthday, then hand me a present
It's something I needed – a new rosary.
But Nancy is shaking her brown curly head
While the twins tumble madly about.
"I don't understand how you manage", they said,
"To wear a strong rosary out."

The mites are amazed at the answer they hear
Though their father protests it is true.
It wasn't your mother who wore out the beads,
Indeed it was each one of you.



SING A SONG FOR NANCY

Sing a song for Nancy, nine years old.
Neither plain nor fancy, shy nor bold.
Nine's an in-between year, gangly-limbed.
A yearning very green year, question-brimmed.

Temperatures not normal, smiles and tears.
Awkward and informal is nine years.
Somber-eyed and dancy, dreams take hold.
Little girl still, Nancy, nine years old.



MARKIE & MATTIE

Markie and Mattie were
Two little boys,
And they sure were slops.

They scattered their clothes and
They scattered their toys,
And they sure were slops.

Their floor was so loaded,
Their mother exploded.
She got out her brooms and her mops.

Then she set them to work,
Because she was no jerk
And they sure were slops!



Paulie is my darling, my
darling, my darling.
Paulie is my darling,
The only one for me.

God bless the dear baby,
God keep the dear baby,
God guard the dear baby
God love the dear one.

God bless my precious one,
God keep my precious one,
God guard my precious one,
Till all of her days are done.

God bless the dear baby,
God keep the dear baby,
God guard the dear baby
God love the dear one.

*“Who do you think you are, Daniel Boone?
You’re leaving a trail all over the house!”*

I have Regie in my arms,
Regie, with her baby charms,
I have Regie in my arms today.

Oh Lainie dear, when you appear,
Our outstretched arms all greet you here.

How she gurgles and she coos,
Here's a love I'll never lose.
We put ChiChi in our hearts to stay.

Oh, Julie dear, you are so sweet
From your head down to your feet

Oh, Laura dear, I love you so,
From your head down to your toe.

Life has never been so sweet
With our Lainie, it's complete
That's the reason why we are so gay,

I have ChiChi in my arms
I have Julie in my arms
I have Laura in my arms
Hooray!

One for Nancy,
One for Markie,
One for Mattie,
One for Paul,
One for Regie,
One for Lainie,
One for ChiChi,
That is all.

I love Elaine the lovable,
I love Elaine the fair.
No one was ever so lovable.
Who could I find to compare
With Elaine the fair, the lovable,
Elaine, Elaine, Elaine.
I love Elaine, the fair fair Elaine.
Yes, I love Elaine the fair Elaine.
Yes, I love Elaine the fair.

Laura is the face in the misty light,
Footsteps that you hear down the hall,
The laugh that floats on a summer night,
That you can never quite recall.
And you see Laura on a train that is passing through.
Those eyes, how familiar they seem
She gave your very first kiss to you
That was Laura, but she's only a dream.



THE HIGHWAYMAN

by Alfred Noyes

Part One

The wind was a torrent of darkness upon the gusty trees,
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
The road was a ribbon of moonlight looping the purple moor,
And the highwayman came riding,
Riding, riding,
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door.

He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at his chin;
A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of fine doe-skin;
They fitted with never a wrinkle; his boots were up to the thigh!
And he rode with a jeweled twinkle,
His pistol butts a-twinkle,
His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jeweled sky.

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark inn-yard,
And he tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was locked
and barred,
He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be waiting
there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

And dark in the dark old inn-yard a stable-wicket creaked
Where Tim, the ostler listened; his face was white and peaked;
His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair like mouldy hay,
But he loved the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's red-lipped daughter,
Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard the robber say:

"One kiss, my bonny sweetheart; I'm after a prize tonight,
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morning light;
Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry me through the day,
Then look for me by moonlight,
Watch for me by moonlight,
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way."

He rose upright in the stirrups; he scarce could reach her hand,
But she loosened her hair i' the casement! His face burnt like a
brand
As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling over his breast;
And he kissed its waves in the moonlight,
(Oh sweet black waves in the moonlight!)
Then he tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and galloped away
to the West.

Part Two

He did not come in the dawning; he did not come at noon;
And out o' the tawny sunset, before the rise o' the moon,
When the road was a gypsy's ribbon looping the purple moor,
A red-coat troop came marching,
Marching, marching,
King George's men came marching, up to the old inn-door.

They said no word to the landlord, they drank his ale instead,
But they gagged his daughter and bound her to the foot of her
narrow bed;
Two of them knelt at her casement, with muskets at their side!
There was death at every window;
And hell at one dark window;
For Bess could see, through her casement, the road that *he* would
ride.

They had tied her up to attention, with many a sniggering jest;
They had bound a musket beside her, with the barrel beneath her
breast!
"Now keep good watch!" and they kissed her. She heard the dead
man say—
 *"Look for me by moonlight,
 Watch for me by moonlight,
 I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way!"*

She twisted her hands behind her, but all the knots held good!
She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with sweat or
blood!
They stretched and strained in the darkness, and the hours
crawled by like years,
 Till, now, on the stroke of midnight,
 Cold, on the stroke of midnight,
The tip of one finger touched it! The trigger at least was hers!

The tip of one finger touched it; she strove no more for the rest!
Up, she stood up at attention, with the barrel beneath her breast.
She would not risk their hearing! she would not strive again;
 For the road lay bare in the moonlight,
 Blank and bare in the moonlight,

And the blood in her veins in the moonlight throbbed to her
love's refrain.

*And still of a winter's night, they say, when the wind is in the trees,
when the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
when the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
 A highwayman comes riding,
 Riding, riding,
A highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn-door.*

*Over the cobbles he clatters and clangs in the dark inn-yard;
He taps with his whip on the shutters, but all is locked and barred;
He whistles a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there
 But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
 Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.*

*Tlot tlot, tlot tlot! Had they heard it? The horse-hoofs, ringing
clear;
Tlot tlot, tlot tlot, in the distance? Were they deaf that they did
not hear?
Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the hill,
 The highwayman came riding,
 Riding, riding!*

The redcoats looked to their priming! She stood up, straight
and still!

*Tlot tlot, in the frosty silence! Tlot tlot, in the echoing night!
Nearer he came and nearer! Her face was like a light!
Her eyes grew wide for a moment! she drew one last deep
breath,*

*Then her finger moved in the moonlight,
 Her musket shattered the moonlight,*

Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warned him--with
her death.

He turned; he spurred to the West; he did not know she stood
Bowed, with her head o'er the musket, drenched with her own
red blood!

Not till the dawn he heard it; his face grew grey to hear
 How Bess, the landlord's daughter,
 The landlord's black-eyed daughter,

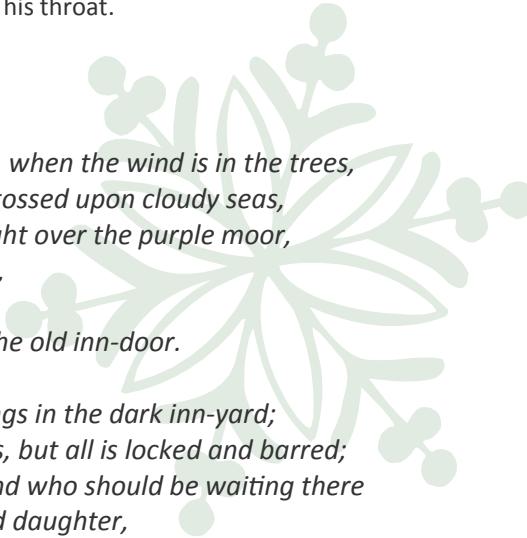
Had watched for her love in the moonlight, and died in the
darkness there.

Back, he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse to the sky,
With the white road smoking behind him and his rapier bran-
dished high!

Blood-red were his spurs i' the golden noon; wine-red was his
velvet coat,

*When they shot him down on the highway,
 Down like a dog in the highway,*

And he lay in his blood on the highway, with the bunch of lace
at his throat.



THE HOUSE WITH NOBODY IN IT

by Joyce Kilmer

Whenever I walk to Suffern along the Erie track
I go by a poor old farmhouse with its shingles broken and black.
I suppose I've passed it a hundred times, but I always stop for a minute
And look at the house, the tragic house, the house with nobody in it.

I never have seen a haunted house, but I hear there are such things;
That they hold the talk of spirits, their mirth and sorrows.
I know this house isn't haunted, and I wish it were, I do;
For it wouldn't be so lonely if it had a ghost or two.

This house on the road to Suffern needs a dozen panes of glass,
And somebody ought to weed the walk and take a scythe to the grass.
It needs new paint and shingles, and the vines should be trimmed and tied;
But what it needs the most of all is some people living inside.

If I had a lot of money and all my debts were paid
I'd put a gang of men to work with brush and saw and spade.
I'd buy that place and fix it up the way it used to be
And I'd find some people who wanted a home and give it to them free.

Now, a new house standing empty, with staring window and door,
Looks idle, perhaps, and foolish, like a hat on its block in the store.
But there's nothing mournful about it; it cannot be sad and lone
For the lack of something within it that it has never known.

But a house that has done what a house should do, a house that has sheltered life,
That has put its loving wooden arms around a man and his wife,
A house that has echoed a baby's laugh and held up his stumbling feet,
Is the saddest sight, when it's left alone, that ever your eyes could meet.

So whenever I go to Suffern along the Erie track
I never go by the empty house without stopping and looking back,
Yet it hurts me to look at the crumbling roof and the shutters fallen apart,
For I can't help thinking the poor old house is a house with a broken heart.



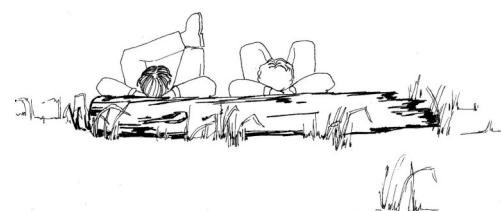
ME AND JIM

We was both brought up in a country town,
was me and Jim,
And somehow, the whole world seemed to frown
on me and him.
In school we was never given a chance
To learn that Africa wasn't in France.
Patches we wore on the seats of our pants, did me
and Jim.

But we grew up hearty and hale and strong, that's
me and Jim.
We knowed every note of the thrush's song, did
me and him.
We knew where nightingales built their nests,
When spring tripped over the mountain's crest,
Why the robins all wore their scarlet vests, did me
and Jim.

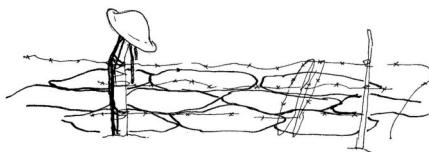
Then we fell in love, just as most chaps do, that's
me and Jim.
We was after the same gal, though, we two, that's
me and him.
And she treated us both alike, did she,
Whether walkin', or dancin', or drinkin' tea,
We was even up in the race, do ya see, was me
and Jim.

I asked her first – but she answered me no. Jim
followed suit –
She wouldn't have him and told him so. Forbidden fruit.
We left her then, and I'm rather afraid that
We cussed a little. And then we prayed
That she'd live and she'd die just a plain old maid,
did me and Jim.



Then the war broke out, and over the seas went
me and Jim.
We both of us fought for the flag, do you see,
that's me and him.
And we knew the screechin' of shot and shell,
The blood of the trenches, and the German's yell.
We went all through the battle's hell, did me and
Jim.

Twas the day we stormed the Mau-beuge Oaks, death came for Jim.
And forgive me please, bit I sorta chokes talkin' 'bout him,
For his rugged brown hand I held in mine,
Till his soul passed out through the picket line,
Where an angel waited – the counter-sign to get from Jim.



Then I fought on and on till the war was done, but not with Jim.
Was given a sword instead of a gun and thought of him.
And I wore a star when I mustered out, On my shoulder strap, and faced about
For the starting point of my whole life's route, without Jim.

I was quite a man in that country place I'd left with Jim.
She give me a smile with a blushing face and asked 'bout him.
And I told her how, as she sat 'longside,
Like a soldier brave, he had fought and died.
And then, well, I kissed her, because she cried – kissed her for Jim.

Then I married her one bright day in June, for me and Jim.
Oft under the light of the stars and moon, we talked of him.
And after awhile, when a youngster came,
A boy, and we looked for a proper name,
His memory coming up fresh again, we called him Jim.

DAVE LILLY

by Joyce Kilmer

There's a brook on the side of Greylock that used to be full of trout, But there's nothing there now but minnows; they say it is all fished out. I fished there many a Summer day some twenty years ago, And I never quit without getting a mess of a dozen or so. There was a man, Dave Lilly, who lived on the North Adams road, And he spent all his time fishing, while his neighbors reaped and sowed.

He was the luckiest fisherman in the Berkshire hills, I think. And when he didn't go fishing he'd sit in the tavern and drink. Well, Dave is dead and buried and nobody cares very much; They have no use in Greylock for drunkards and loafers and such. But I always liked Dave Lilly, he was pleasant as you could wish; He was shiftless and good-for-nothing, but he certainly could fish.

The other night I was walking up the hill from Williamstown And I came to the brook I mentioned, and I stopped on the bridge and sat down. I looked at the blackened water with its little flecks of white And I heard it ripple and whisper in the still of the Summer night. And after I'd been there a minute it seemed to me I could feel The presence of someone near me, and I heard the hum of a reel. And the water was churned and broken, and something was brought to land By a twist and flirt of a shadowy rod in a deft and shadowy hand.

I scrambled down to the brookside and hunted all about; There wasn't a sign of a fisherman; there wasn't a sign of a trout. But I heard somebody chuckle behind the hollow oak And I got a whiff of tobacco like Lilly used to smoke. It's fifteen years, they tell me, since anyone fished that brook; And there's nothing in it but minnows that nibble the bait off your hook.

But before the sun has risen and after the moon has set I know that it's full of ghostly trout for Lilly's ghost to get. I guess I'll go to the tavern and get a bottle of rye And leave it down by the hollow oak, where Lilly's ghost went by. I meant to go up on the hillside and try to find his grave And put some flowers on it -- but this will be better for Dave.



AUGUST 15

by Virginia Heidemann Sicking

Dark was the tomb
Wherein Our Lady lay,
Dark as the womb
Where her Blessed Son would stay,
But He could not bear
To let His Mother there
So He sent His angels down
And He held a royal crown.

Swift was their flight
As He drew her heavenward,
Then Eternal Light
And the Handmaid of the Lord
Met in an embrace
In that eternal place
While the joyous angels sang
And the bells of heaven rang.

Now she is our Queen
And she remains our Mother still.
Obediently serene
(She has always done God's will).
Since they brought her there
The Blessed breathe this prayer
"What a wondrous mystery:
Heaven is more heavenly."

FATHER KIRCHER

by Virginia Heidemann Sicking

I.
Of course, you know the chili sauce
Will not be cooked today.
The tomatoes to the basement,
Are sent, as in disgrace.
For a special guest's arriving
Who has been too long away.
He is passing through St. Louis
And is coming here to stay.
(I am dusting; I am sweeping;
I am shining up the place!)

II.
His hands, which hold the Holy Host
Will hold our silverware.
His voice, which brings Our God to earth
Will be within these walls.
No recipe's too difficult,
Too lengthy to prepare,
For are not priests "another Christ"?
Of this we're so aware,
And "Siclinden" * shouts its welcome
Through its rooms and through its halls.

III.
My menus, most meticulous
Are merely mem'ries stored.
All welcome guests revive the thought:
How quickly time departs!
But when he took my fresh-baked bread
And graced our family board—
'Twas Easter in Emmaus
And within us "burned our hearts".

*Mom's note: "Siclinden was the fancy name I used for the Sicking house with the linden trees."

"If you tell a lie, your toes will grow out of your pajamas."

IT COULDN'T BE DONE

by Edgar Albert Guest

Somebody said that it couldn't be done
But he with a chuckle replied
That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.
So he buckled right in with the trace of a grin
On his face. If he worried he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it!

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that;
At least no one ever has done it;"
But he took off his coat and he took off his hat
And the first thing we knew he'd begun it.
With a lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,
Without any doubting or quiddit,
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.

Mom says that Edgar Guest used to write poems that appeared in the *Globe Democrat* everyday. Grandpa Heidemann liked the *Globe* and Grandpa Gus bought him one on his way home from work everyday. He also brought a paper home for Grandma Mae who preferred the *Post Dispatch*. Mom had to sit around waiting until Grandpa Heidemann had finished every word of his paper before she could get her hands on the funny paper and the poetry. Here is one she liked by Edgar Guest.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done,
There are thousands to prophesy failure,
There are thousands to point out to you one by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you.
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
Just take off your coat and go to it;
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
That "cannot be done," and you'll do it.

VIRTUE

There's so much good in the worst of us,
And so much bad in the best of us,
That it ill behoves any of us
To talk about the rest of us.

THE LAMPLIGHTER

by Robert L Stevenson

My tea is nearly ready and the sun has left the sky.
It's time to take the window to see Leerie going by;
For every night at teatime and before you take your seat,
With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up the street.
Now Tom would be a driver and Maria go to sea,
And my papa's a banker and as rich as he can be;
But I, when I am stronger and can choose what I'm to do,
O Leerie, I'll go round at night and light the lamps with you!
For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door,
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so many more;
And oh! before you hurry by with ladder and with light;
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him tonight!

“If you stick out your tongue, the devil will sit on it.”

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, o blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!



MY SHADOW

by Robert L Stevenson

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.
The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow--
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes goes so little that there's none of him at all.
He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close behind me, he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!
One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

MANNERS

Politeness is do and say
The kindest thing
In the kindest way.

THE LITTLE CAT ANGEL by Leontine Stanfield

The ghost of a little white kitten
Crying mournfully, early and late,
Distracted St. Peter, the watchman,
As he guarded the heavenly gate,

"Say, what do you mean," said his saintship,
"Coming here and behaving like that?"
"I want to see Nellie, my missus,"
Sobbed the wee little ghost of a cat,

"I know she's not happy without me,
Won't you open and let me go in?"
"Be gone," gasped the horrified watchman,
"Why the very idea is a sin."

"I open the gate to good angels,
Not to stray little beggars like you."
"All right," mewed the little white kitten,
"Though a cat I'm a good angel, too."

Amazed at so bold an assertion,
But aware he must make no mistake,
In silence, St. Peter long pondered,
For his name and repute were at stake.

Then placing the cat in his bosom,
With a, "Whist now, and say all your prayers,"
He opened the heavenly portals,
And ascended the bright golden stairs.



A little girl angel came flying,
"That's my kitty, St. Peter," she cried.
And seeing the joy of their meeting,
Peter let the cat angel abide.

This tale is the tale of a kitten
Dwelling now with the blessed above,
It vanquished grim Death and High Heaven
For the name of the kitten was Love.

LITTLE BOY BLUE by Eugene Field

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now don't you go till I come" he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So toddling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue,—
Oh, the years are many, the years are long
But the little toy friends are true!

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.

And they wonder, as waiting the long years through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

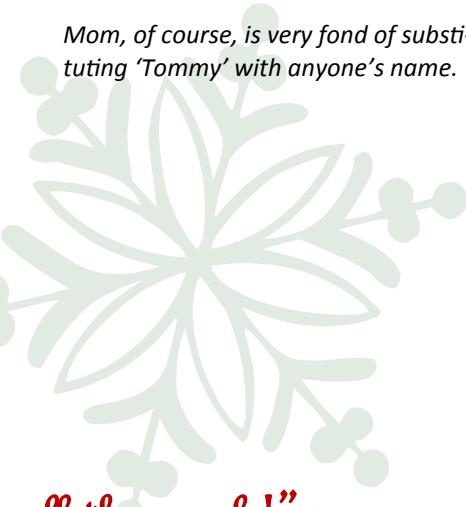




*from TOMMY
by Rudyard Kipling*

Well, it's Tommy this and Tommy that
And chuck him out, the brute,
But it's 'savior of our country'
When the guns begin to shoot.

Mom, of course, is very fond of substituting 'Tommy' with anyone's name.



"Now I'm the grandest tiger in all the jungle!"

THE DUEL

by Eugene Field



The gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
'T was half-past twelve, and (what do you think!)
Nor one nor t' other had slept a wink!
The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate
Appeared to know as sure as fate
There was going to be a terrible spat.
(*I wasn't there; I simply state
What was told to me by the Chinese plate!*)

The gingham dog went "Bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "Mee-ow!"
The air was littered, an hour or so,
With bits of gingham and calico,
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney-place
Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
(*Now mind: I'm only telling you
What the old Dutch clock declares is true!*)

The Chinese plate looked very blue,
And wailed, "Oh, dear! what shall we do!"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
Employing every tooth and claw
In the awfulest way you ever saw---
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!
(*Don't fancy I exaggerate---
I got my news from the Chinese plate!*)

Next morning, where the two had sat
They found no trace of dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away!
But the truth about the cat and pup
Is this: they ate each other up!
Now what do you really think of that!
(*The old Dutch clock it told me so,
And that is how I came to know.*)



"Hang up the baby's stocking, be sure you don't forget."



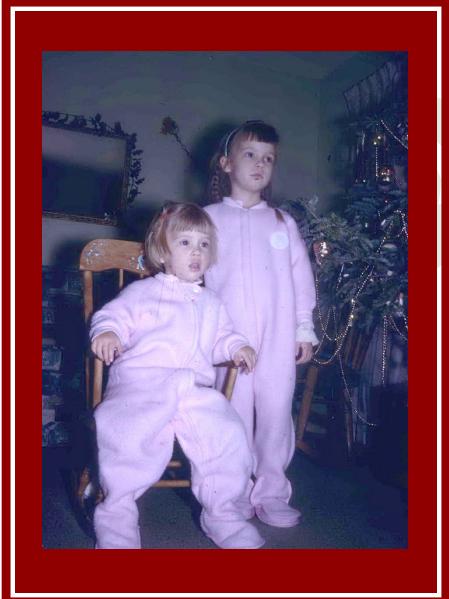
"The dear little dimpled darling has never seen Christmas yet."



EX ORE INFANTUM

by Francis Thompson

Little Jesus, wast Thou shy
Once, and just so small as I?
And what did it feel like to be
Out of Heaven, and just like me?
Didst Thou sometimes think of there
And ask where all the angels were?



I should think that I would cry
For my house all made of sky;
I would look about the air,
And wonder where my angels were;
And at waking 'twould distress me--
Not an angel there to dress me!

Hadst Thou ever any toys,
Like us little girls and boys?
And didst Thou play in Heaven with all
The angels, that were not too tall,
With stars for marbles? Did the things
Play Can you see me? through their wings?
And did Thy Mother let Thee spoil
Thy robes, with playing on our soil?
How nice to have them always new
In Heaven, because 'twas quite clean blue.

Didst Thou kneel at night to pray,
And didst Thou join Thy hands, this way?
And did they tire sometimes, being young,
And make the prayer seem very long?
And dost Thou like it best, that we
Should join our hands to pray to Thee?
I used to think, before I knew,
The prayer not said unless we do.

And did Thy Mother at the night
Kiss Thee, and fold the clothes in right?
And didst Thou feel quite good in bed,
Kiss'd, and sweet, and Thy prayers said?

Thou canst not have forgotten all
That it feels like to be small:
And Thou know'st I cannot pray
To Thee in my father's way--
When Thou wast so little, say,
Couldst Thou talk Thy Father's way?
So, a little Child, come down
And hear a child's tongue like Thy own;
Take me by the hand and walk,
And listen to my baby-talk.
To Thy Father show my prayer
(He will look, Thou art so fair),
And say: "O Father, I, thy Son,
Bring the prayer of a little one."

And He will smile, that children's
tongue
Has not changed since Thou wast
young!

“Dear Baby Joseph up in heaven, we love you.
Help us to be good little girls.”

Mom said that when she was in fourth grade the following poem was in her reader. Sister told the class to study the poem for a while and then asked them to recite as much as they could remember. No one raised their hand, so finally Mom did. Sister said, “Alright, Virginia, let’s see how much you know.” And Mom just rattled the whole thing off. Sister was nobody’s fool and said, “You already knew that poem, didn’t you, Virginia?” Sheepishly she admitted she did. Turns out Grandma Mae had been having her girls say this poem for their bedtime prayers every night.

Jesus, tender Shepherd hear me.
Bless Thy little child tonight.
Through the darkness, be Thou near me.
Keep me safe till morning light.
All the day Thine hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care
Thou hast warmed, and clothed and fed me.
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven.
Bless the friends I love so well.
Take me when I die to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.
Now I close my eyes so weary,
Fold my arms upon my breast,
Praying Thee, my God, to bless me
As I gently seek to rest.

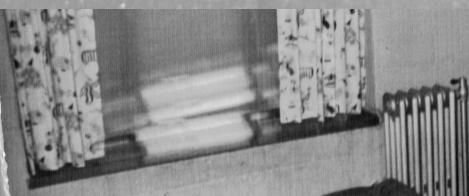
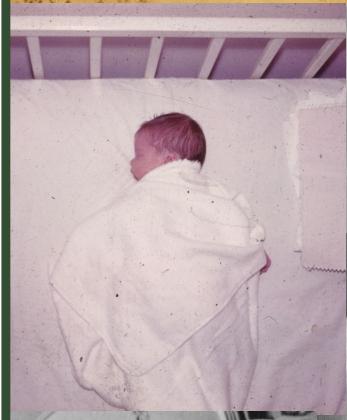




L ovely lady, dressed in blue,
Teach me how to pray.
God was just your little boy,
And you know the way.



G ood night Sweet Jesus.
Guard us in sleep.
Our souls and bodies
In Thy love keep.
Waking or sleeping
Keep us in sight.
Dear gentle Savior,
Goodnight, goodnight.
Goodnight Sweet Jesus,
Goodnight.

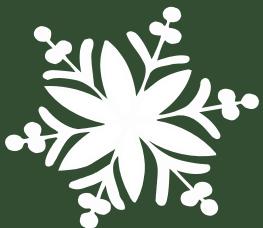




*In honor of
Our teller of tales,
Our spinner of stories,
Our teacher of prayers,
Our bestower of blessings,
Our reciter of poems,
Our maker of jokes,
Our parodist,
Our lyricist,
Our reader,
Our magnificent
Mom.*



*"May the blessings of Almighty God the Father, God the Son, and
God the Holy Spirit descend upon you and remain with you forever."*



Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night.