



Butterfly Land.




To Howard B. Thompson

June 1898 Bisholm

From



* BUTTERFLY
* LAND.



Rhymes for Children

BY
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LONDON
Soekl & Nathan.



H, butterfly," said Polly Pry,
"You really should know better,
The livelong day you play away,
And cannot say a letter."

I don't pursue such tricks as you,
No, I should scorn the action!
I read and spell extremely well,
And soon shall do subtraction!"

Deluded maid! from school she staid
To rafe the insect roundly,
And when - too late - she reached the gate
They rapped her knuckles soundly!





No smarter little schooner
E'er churned the briny blue,
And never hauled on bowline
A righter, tighter crew.

They're most polite to ladies,
They always touch their hat,
And never "shiver timbers,"
Or make remarks like that.

I'm proud to be the skipper
Of such a crew and ship,
The tide is full at noontide —
What say you to a trip?





It's ^o to be a smuggler,
The tumbling waves to rove,
And run ashore my jolly store
Within some sandy cove!

It's ^o to be a pirate,
And hoist my 'cross-boned flag,
And pile my gold beneath the hold
In many a bulging bag!

But no! my ill-got treasures
Good luck would never bring,
A bold jack-tar, I'll sail afar
And fight for right and King!





COME Robin and Kitty,
Each give me a hand!
I'm leaving the city
For Butterfly Land.

No bonnett? — what matter?
The breezes are bland,
And people don't chatter
In Butterfly Land.

We'll lie in the heather,
And gaze at the liff,
Where, light as a feather,
The cloud-shallops drift.

Brown bees without number,
Industrious band,
Will lull us to slumber
In Butterfly Land.



HEY, up in a twinkling!
Awake from your doze!
How merrily tinkling
That rivulet goes!
Doff slipper and stocking,
For wading is grand,
And nothing is shocking
In Butterfly Land.



The butterfly knows us,
And is not afraid,
He does not suppose us
Come out for a raid.
He signals, "Here's weather!
Why owlishly stand?
Let's frolic together
In Butterfly Land."

We flirt with the daisies,
We joke with the jays.
We plunge thro' the mazes,
We roll down the braes.
Then, fresh from our scamper,
All glowing and tanned,
We tackle the hamper
In Butterfly Land.







NOW what do they tell you, darling?
Now what do the sweet things say,
Just peeping from ferny trenches,
Or braving the dusty way.

Ah, things that I cannot alter,
Far wiser than lore of books,
More joyous than song of thrushes
More tender than talk of brooks.

Each bud is a sin forgiven,
Each bud is a dream come true,
God looked with a smile from Heaven,
And straightway a primrose grew."





SOME years ago, you ought to know,
I used to fly as high — as high —
As high as anything.

I had no need to hold, indeed
I scorned such aid as that,
And calmly there as in a chair
Your humble servant sat.

But now — oh me, that this should be!
Despise me if you will —
To watch you soar a moment more
Would make me very ill.



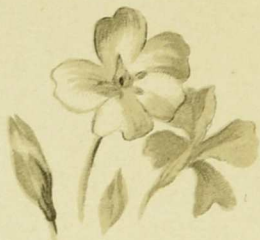


DEAR flowers, that hands of children pick,
You go to noisy places,
Where smoke clouds hang in masses thick,
And men have weary faces:

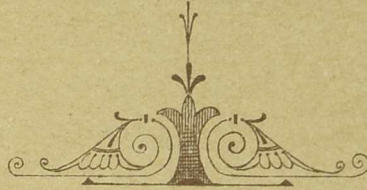
You make the breathless city cool
With thoughts of tangled hedges;
Of pebbly shallow, darkling pool,
And whispering wind-blown sedges.

Dear flowers! I know where'er you go
The air turns purer, clearer,
And harassed hearts more peaceful grow,
And feel that god is nearer.

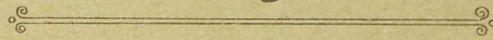




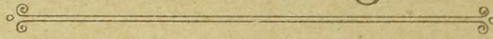
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