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Gladys with Rosie's love.

Amas 1892.

"Dance, goatkins, dance,

 "Or you shall feel the whip,

"Vulgar goats know how to prance,

 "But you must learn to trip

 "On the light fantastic toe,

 "Balance yourselves — just so!

 "There! that's better — now Miss Kitty,

 "Hold your head up and look pretty."



"On the light fantastic toe."

“Oh! what have you brought in the basket?

“And where have you been, mother dear?

“Dont frown, for you know we must ask it,

“We’ve been good little kids, never fear!

“They were dancing — poor Kitty and Billy,

“And Signor Capri rapped their toes,

“Oh mammy! those lessons are silly

“And he ‘waddles himself like the crows,

“Just give us these tarts we see wrapped up in paper

“And you’ll see with what elegant grace we can caper.”



Where have you been, mother dear ?



On the sands.

She gave them the tarts and she brought them
To caper upon the sea shore,
The rush of the billows has taught them
A good deal they knew not before,
They'll think of the sound of the ocean,
When they climb o'er the grand lonely hills,
And the pines rock with soft swaying motion
And the wind to their wild music thrills.
Who knows the weird song they are singing
Up there where the hill goat is clinging?



Father's best hat gone.

Meanwhile they are caught in a shower,
Which knocks the poor little goats flat,
Oh see how their father can cower
As he feels the gust sweep off his hat,
His children are sprawling before him,
His umbrella is turned inside out,
And he says, while a shiver comes o'er him,
"My wife will kick up such a rout!
"My glasses are gone and the children wet through!
"Oh! what shall I do now? oh! what shall I do?"

M. G.

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