

Written by
Juliana Horatia
Ewing

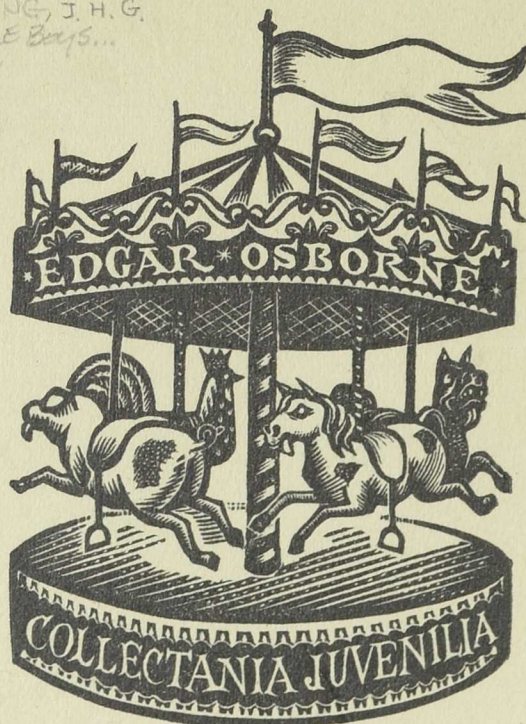
Depicted by
R. André



LITTLE BOYS
& GIRLS
WOODEN
HORSES

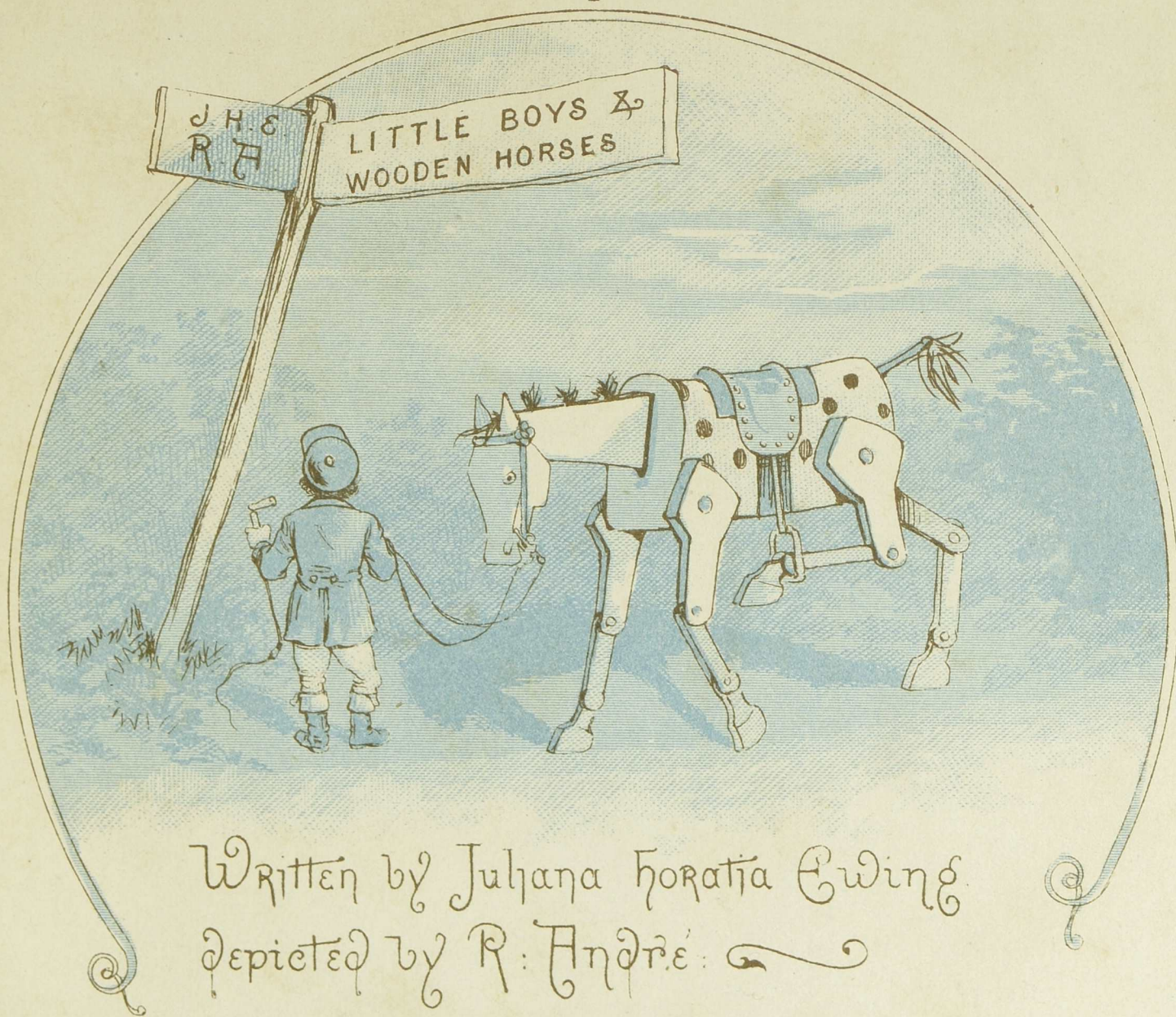
London:
Society for Promoting
Christian Knowledge
New York
E. & J. B. Young
& Co.

P
EWING, J. H. G.
LITTLE BOYS...
1884



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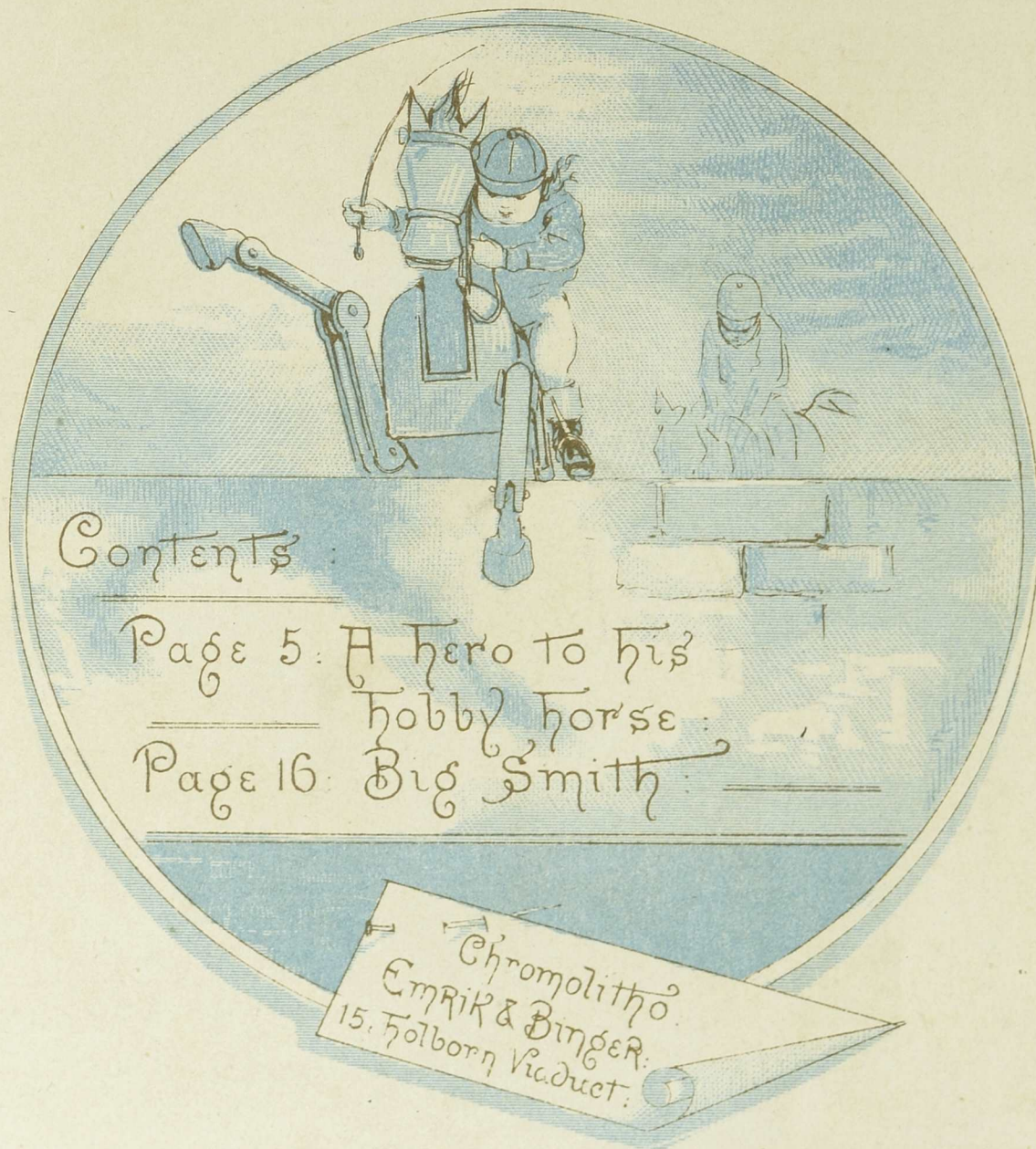
LITTLE BOYS & WOODEN HORSES

Containing:

- 1: A HERO to his HOBBY-HORSE:
- 2: Big Smith:



Written by Juliana Horatia Ewing:
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A HERO TO HIS HOBBY-HORSE



HEAR me now,
 my hobby horse,
 my steed of
 prancing paces!
 Time it is that
 you and I won
 something more
 than races.
 I have got a fine
 cocked hat, with
 feathers proudly
 waving;
 Out into the world
 we'll go, both death
 and danger braving.



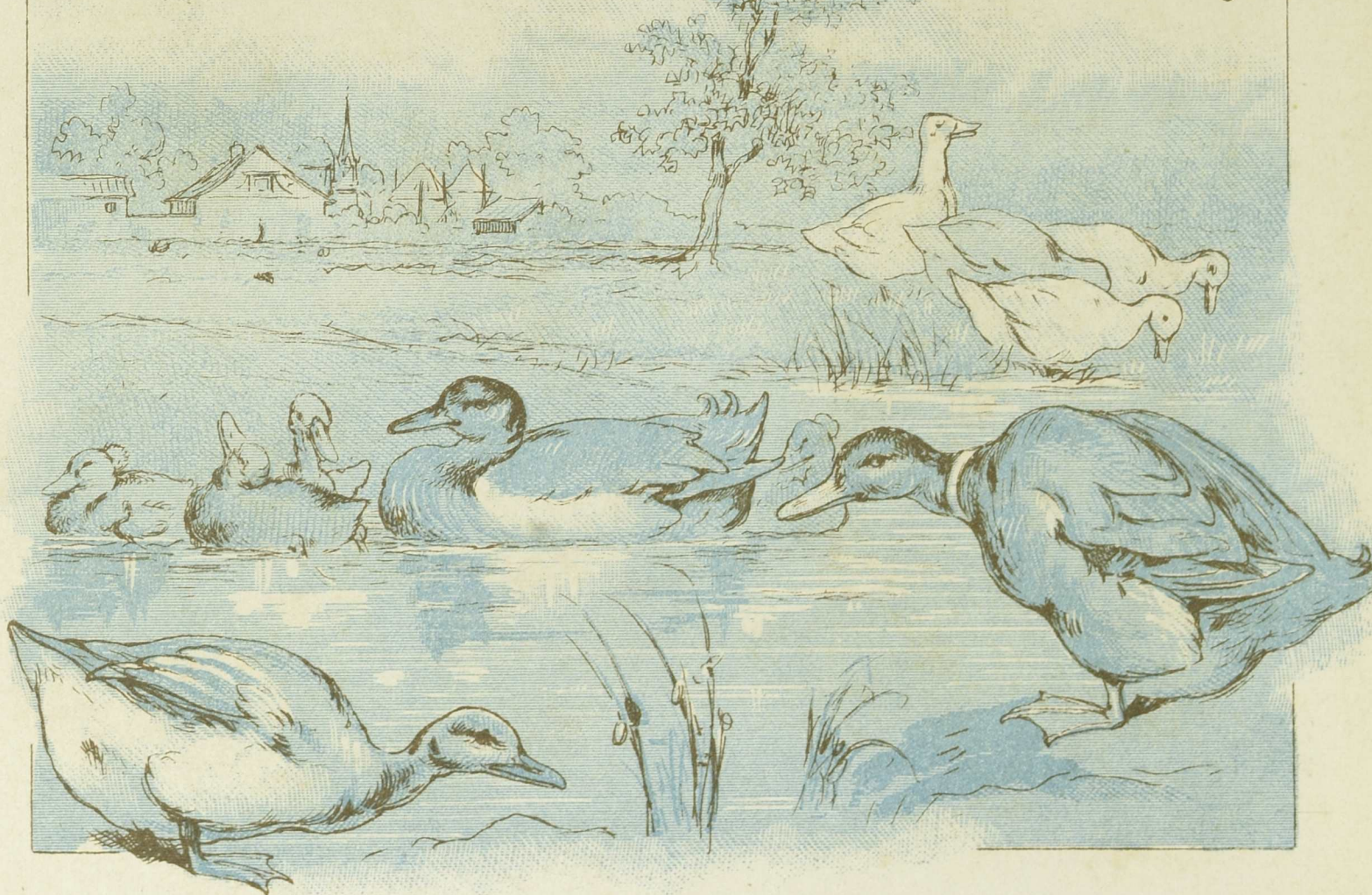
Doubt not that I know the way—the garden gate is clapping:
Who forgot to lock it last deserves his fingers slapping.

When they find we can't be found, oh won't there be a chorus!
You and I may laugh at that, with all the world before us.

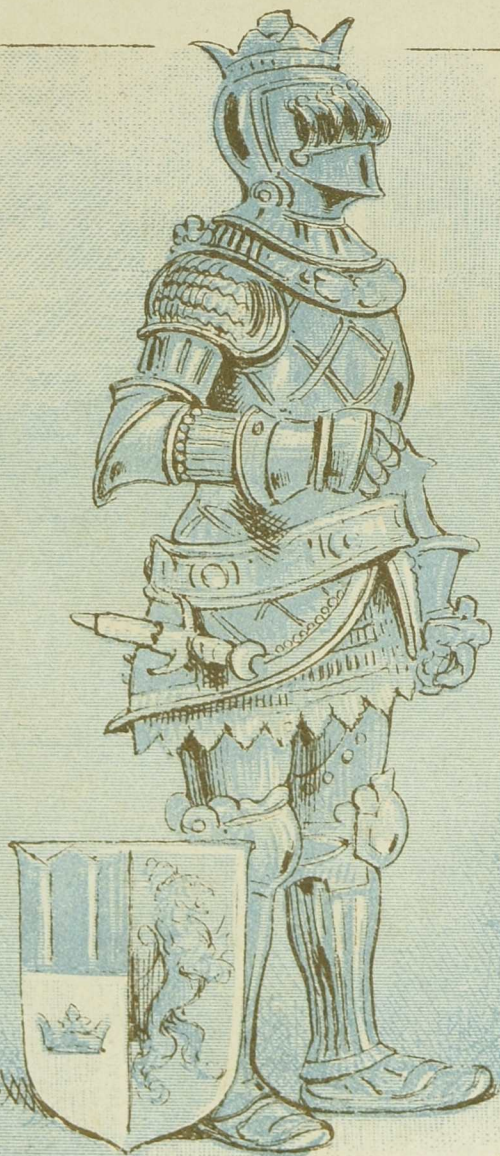


All the world the great green world that lies beyond the
paling!

All the sea, the great round sea where ducks and
drakes are sailing!



I a knight, my charger
thou, together we will
wander
Out into that grassy
waste, where dwells the
Goosey Gander.

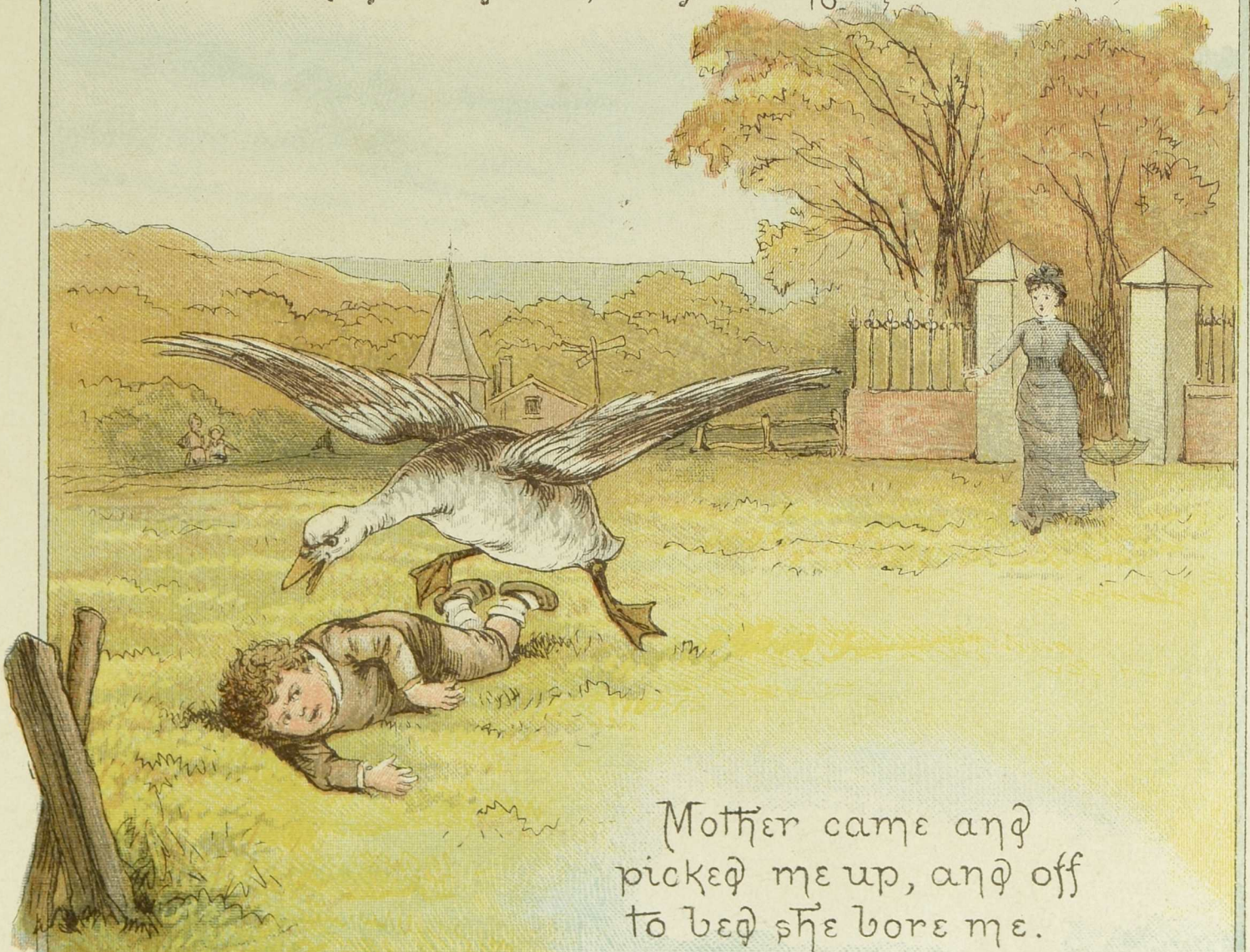


Months ago, my faithful steed, that Goose attacked your master;
how it hissed, and how I cried!



It ran but I ran faster!

Down upon my face I fell, it's awful wings were o'er me,



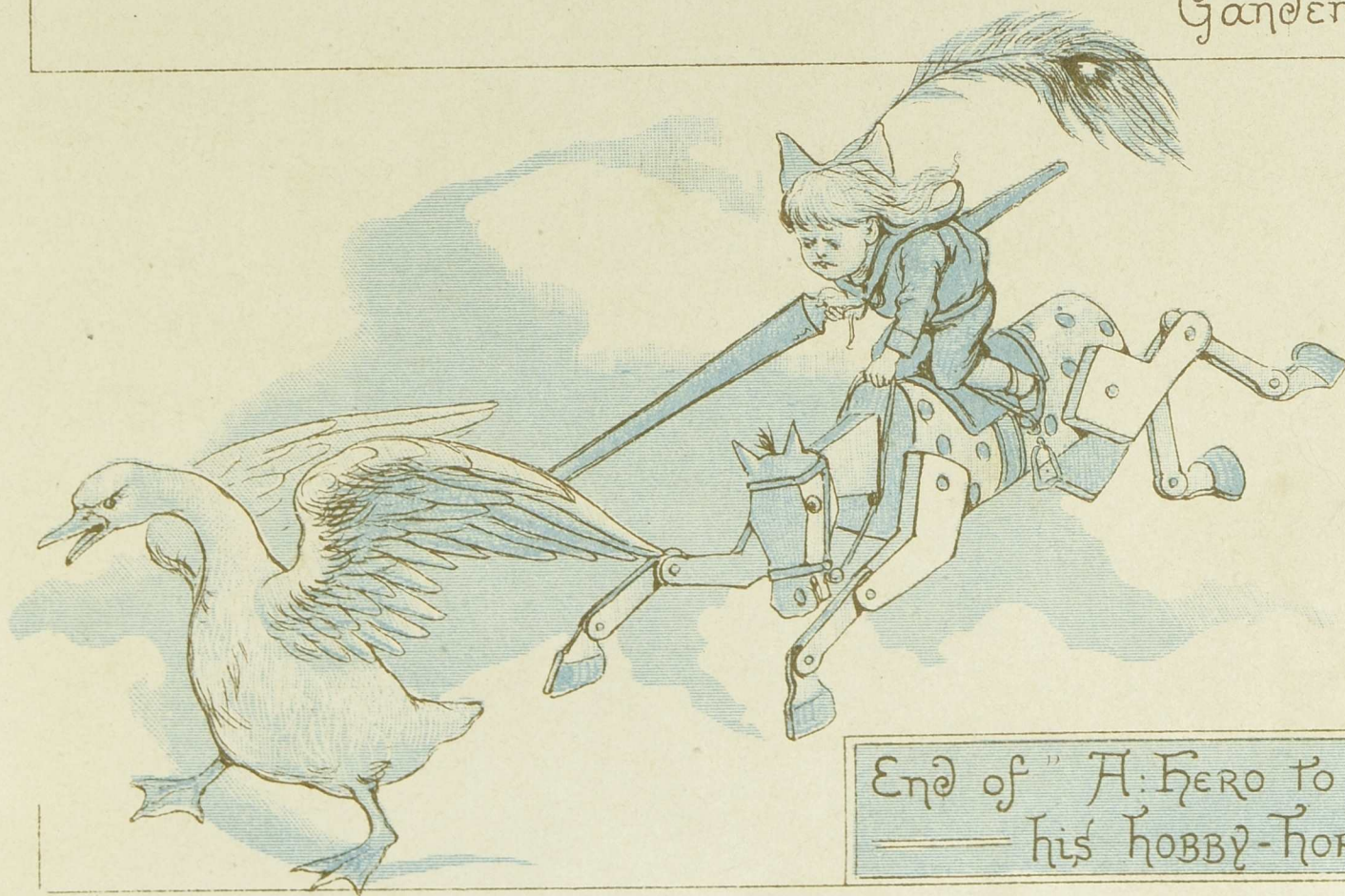
Mother came and
picked me up, and off
to bed she bore me.

Months have passed,
 my faithful steed, both
 you and I are older,
 Sheathless is my wooden
 sword, my heart
 I think is bolder.

Always ready
 bridled thou, with
 reins of crimson
 leather,
 Woe betide the
 Goose today
 who meets us
 both together!



Up then now, my Hobby-horse, my steed of prancing paces!
 Time it is that you and I won something more than races.
 I a knight, my charger thou, together we will wander
 Out unto that grassy waste where dwells the Goosey
 Gander. —



End of "A Hero to
 — his Hobby-horse."

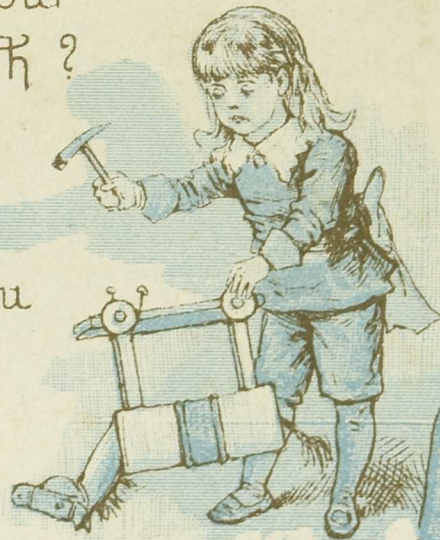




Big Smith

ARE you a Giant, great big
man, or is your
real name Smith?

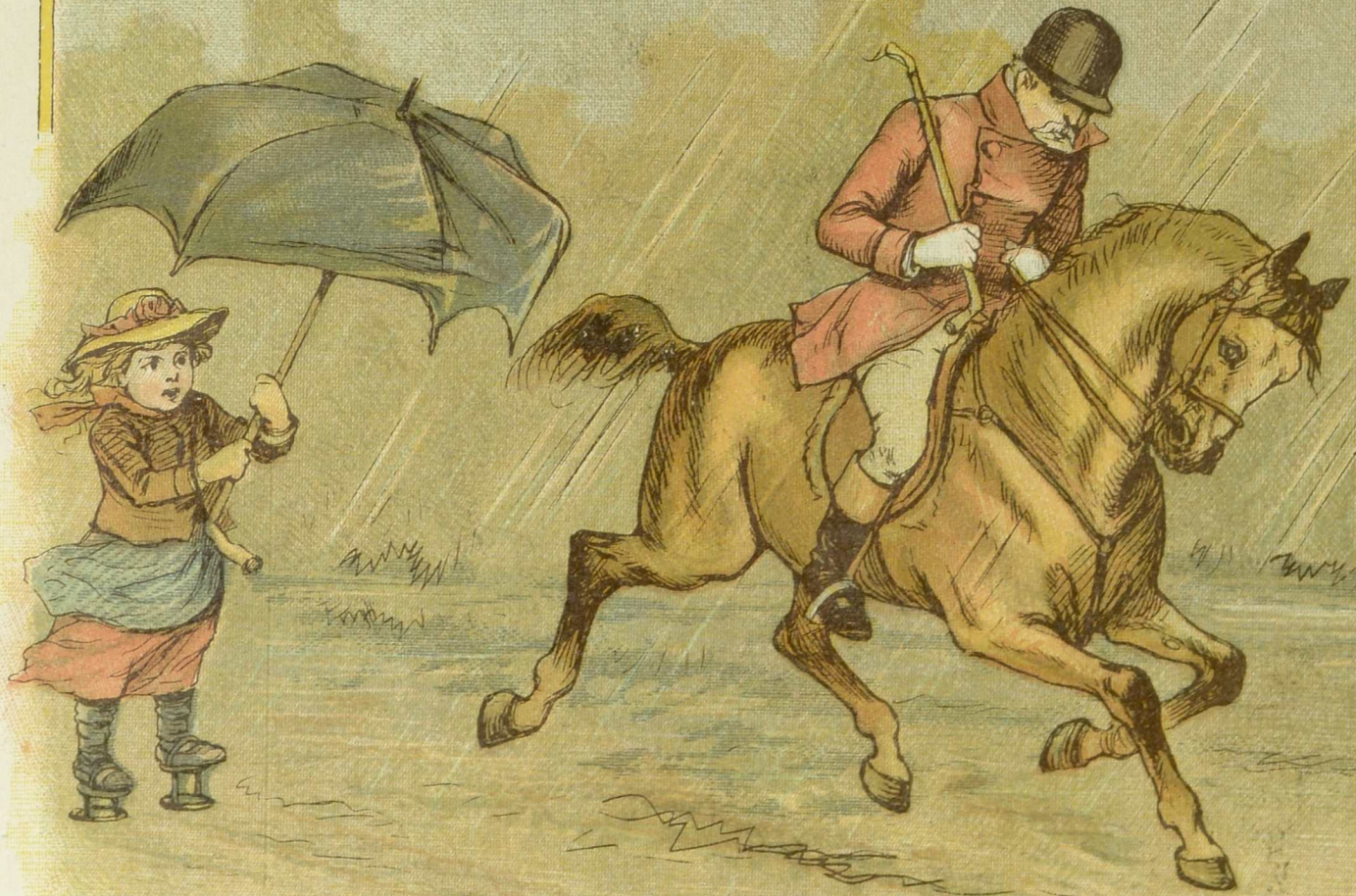
Nurse says
you've got a
hammer that you
hit bad
children
with.





I'm good
today, and so
I've come to see if
it is true

That you can turn
a red-hot
rod into a
horse's
shoe.



"Why do you make the horses' shoes of iron instead of leather?
Is it because they are allowed to go out in bad weather?"



If horses should be shod with iron, Big Smith, will you shoe mine?
 For now I may not take him out, excepting when it's fine.

Although he's not a real
live horse, I'm very
fond of him.
His harness won't
take off and on, but
still it's new and
trim.

His tail is hair, he has
four legs, but
neither hoofs
nor heels
I think he'd
seem more like a
horse without
these yellow wheels.

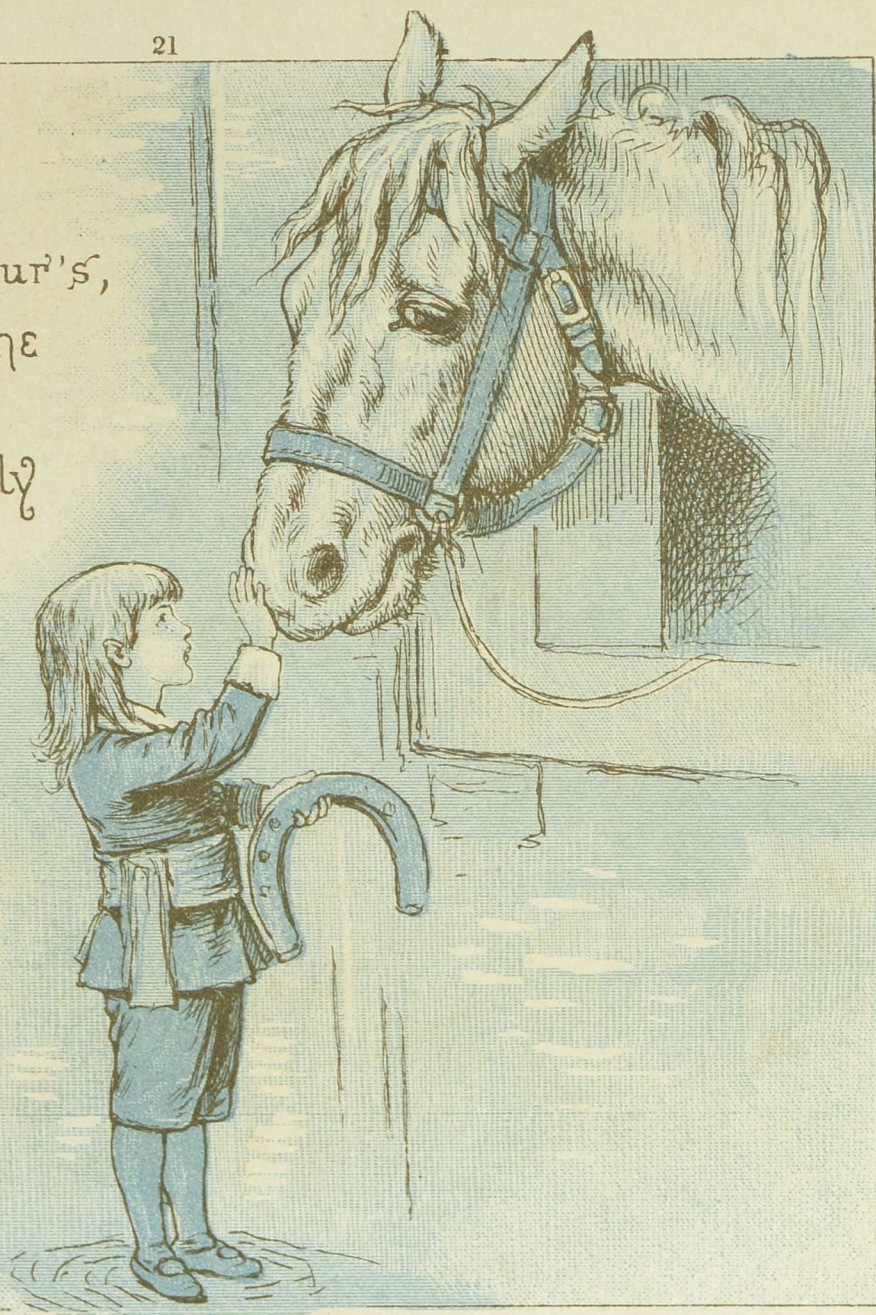


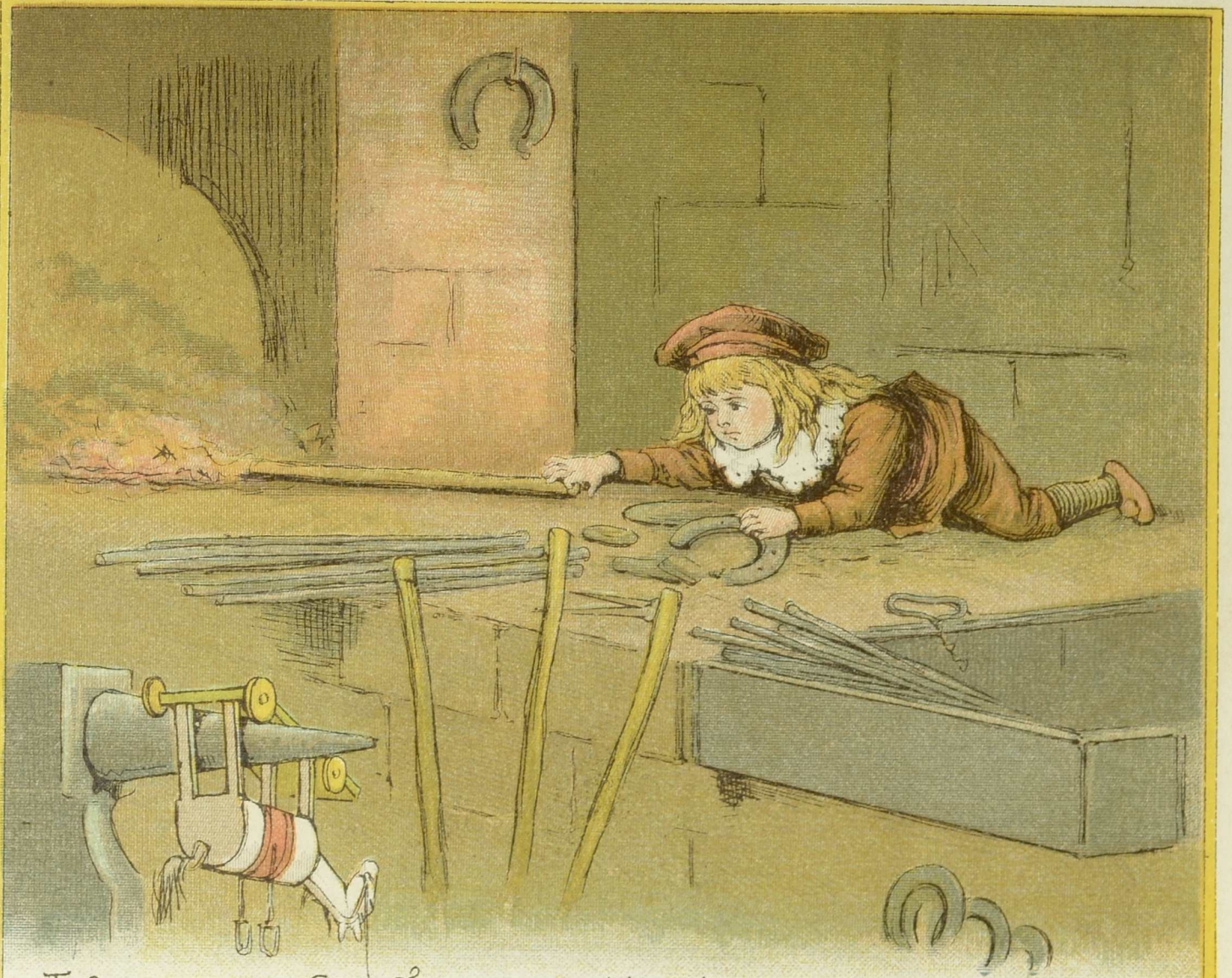
They say that
Dapple-grey's not your's,
but don't you wish he
wer'e ?

My horse's coat is only
paint, but his is soft
grey hair ;

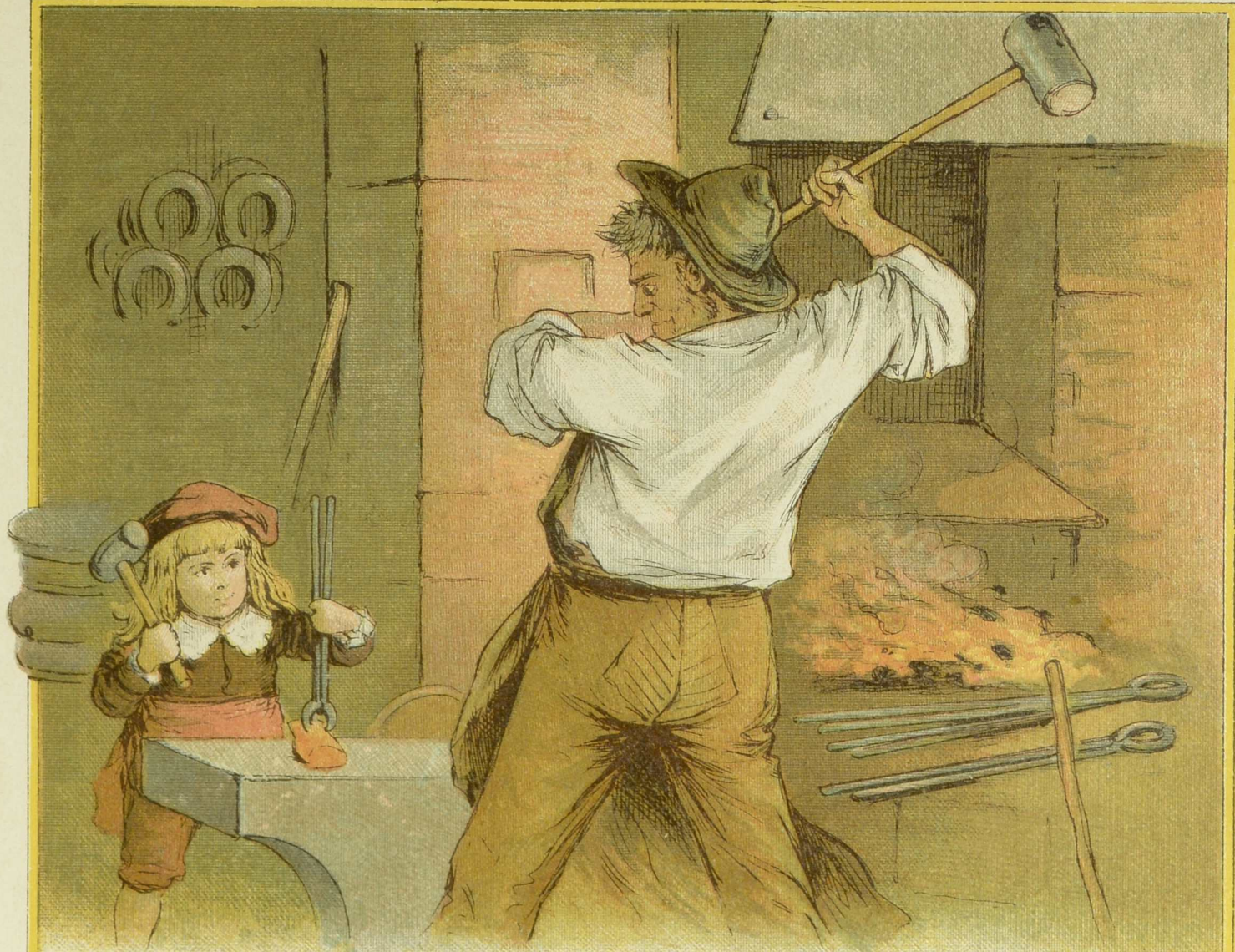
His face is big
and kind, like
your's, his forelock
white as snow -

Shan't you be sorry
When you've done
his shoes and he
must go ?



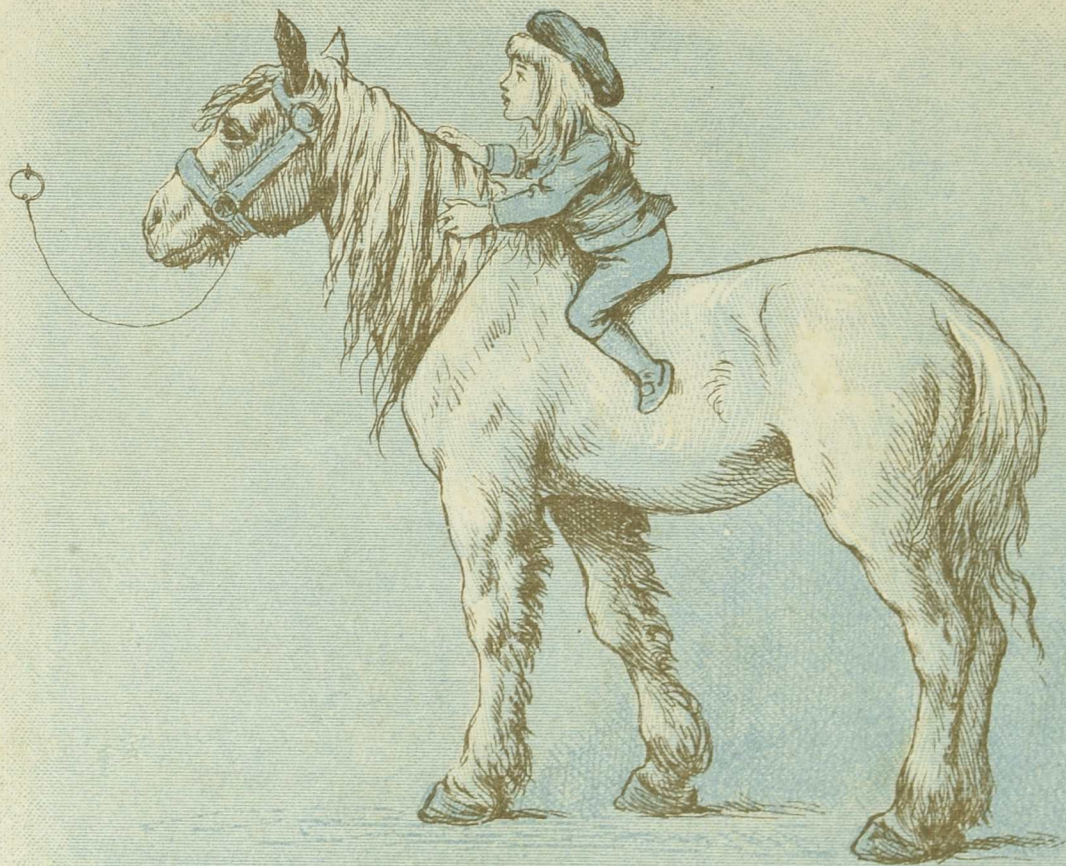


I do so wish, Big Smith, that I might come and live with you,

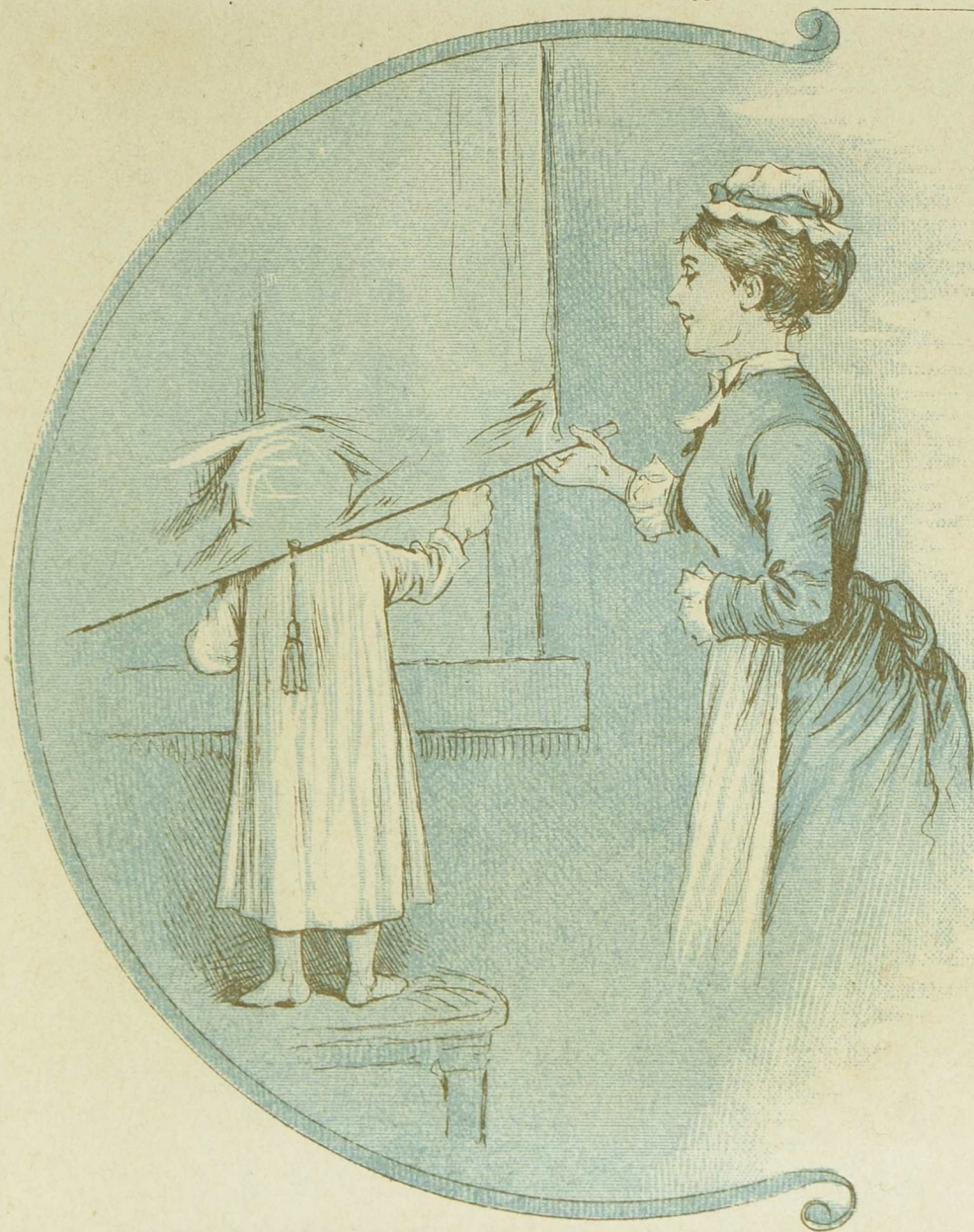


To rake the fire, to heat the rods, to hammer two and two

To be so black, and not to have to wash unless I choose ;



To pat the dear old horses, and to mend their poor old shoes.



When all the
world is dark
at night, you
work among
the stars,

A shining
shower of
fireworks' beat
out of red-hot
bars.

I've seen you
beat, I've heard
you sing, when
I was going to
bed;



And now your face and arms looked black,



and now were glowing red

The more you
work, the more you
sing, the more the
bellows roar.

The falling stars,
the flying sparks,
stream shining more
and more.

You hit so hard, you
look so hot, and
yet you never tire ;

It must be very nice
to be allowed to play
with fire.





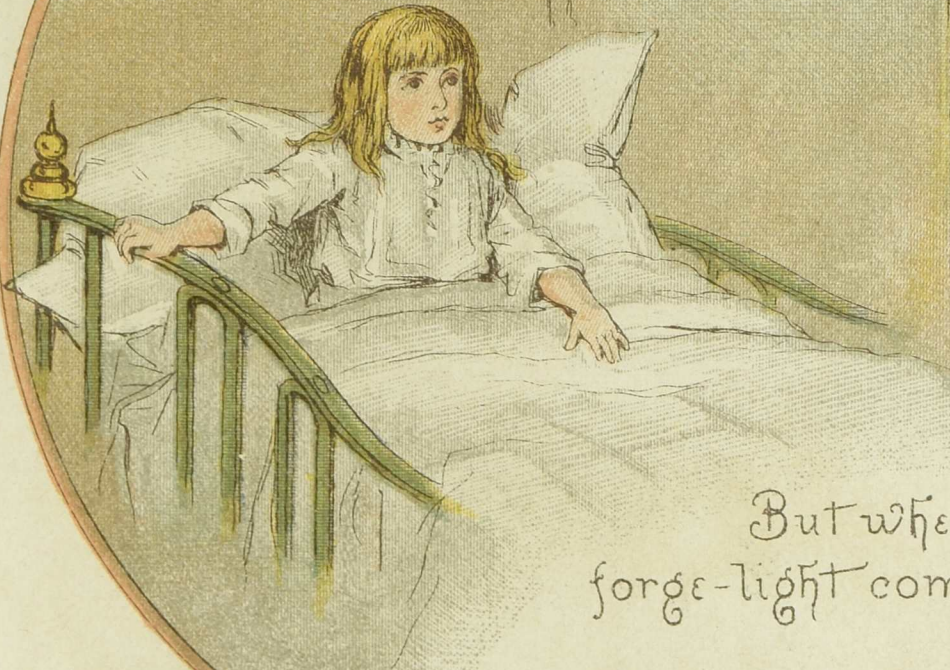
I long to beat and sing and shine,
as you do, but instead
I put away my horse, and Nurse puts
me away to bed.

I wonder if you go to bed I often think I'll keep



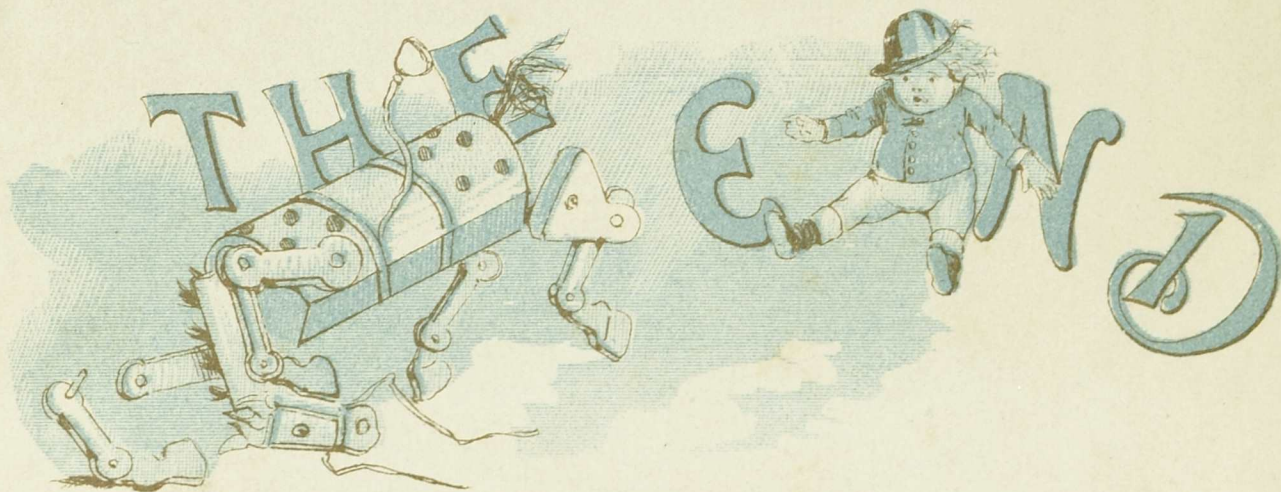
Awake and see, but, though I try, I always fall asleep.

I know it's very silly, but I
sometimes am afraid
Of being in the dark alone,
especially in bed.



But when I see your
forge-light come and go upon
the wall,
And hear you through the window,
I am not afraid at all.

I often hear a trotting horse, I sometimes hear it
 stop;
 I hold my breath-you stay your song-it's at
 the blacksmith's shop.
 Before it goes, I'm apt to fall asleep, Big Smith,
 it's true;
 But then I dream of hammering that horse's shoes
 with you!



Verse Books for Children by Juliana Horatia Ewing :
 Illustrated by R. Anker

Second Series:

