

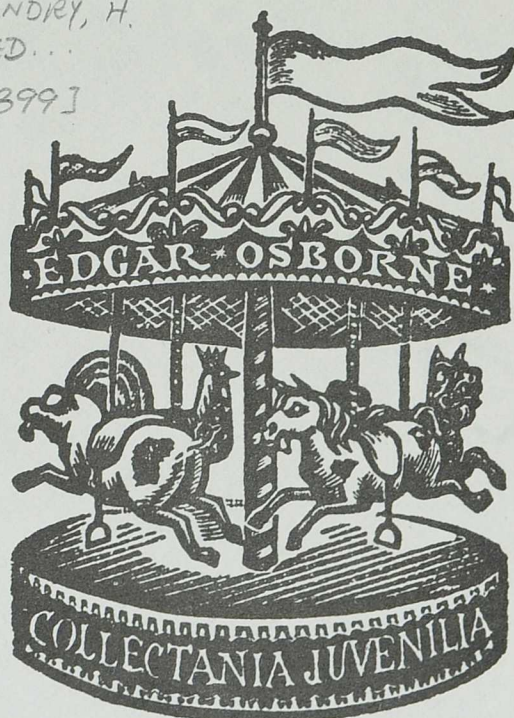


RED
APPLE

AND

SILVER
BELLS

PCT 1899
HENDRY, H.
RED...
[1899]



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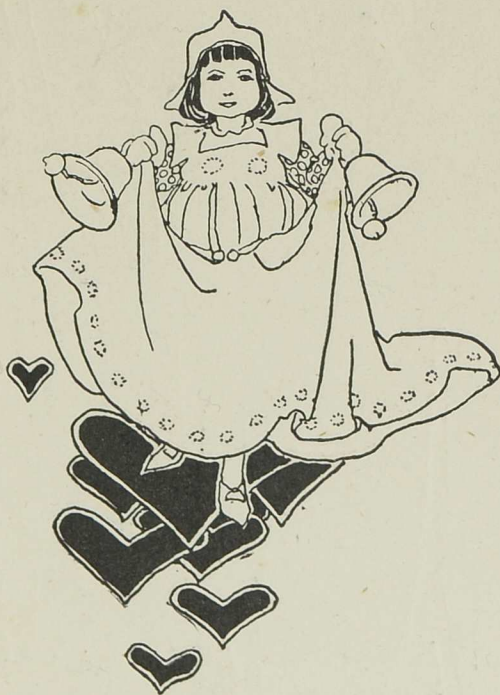
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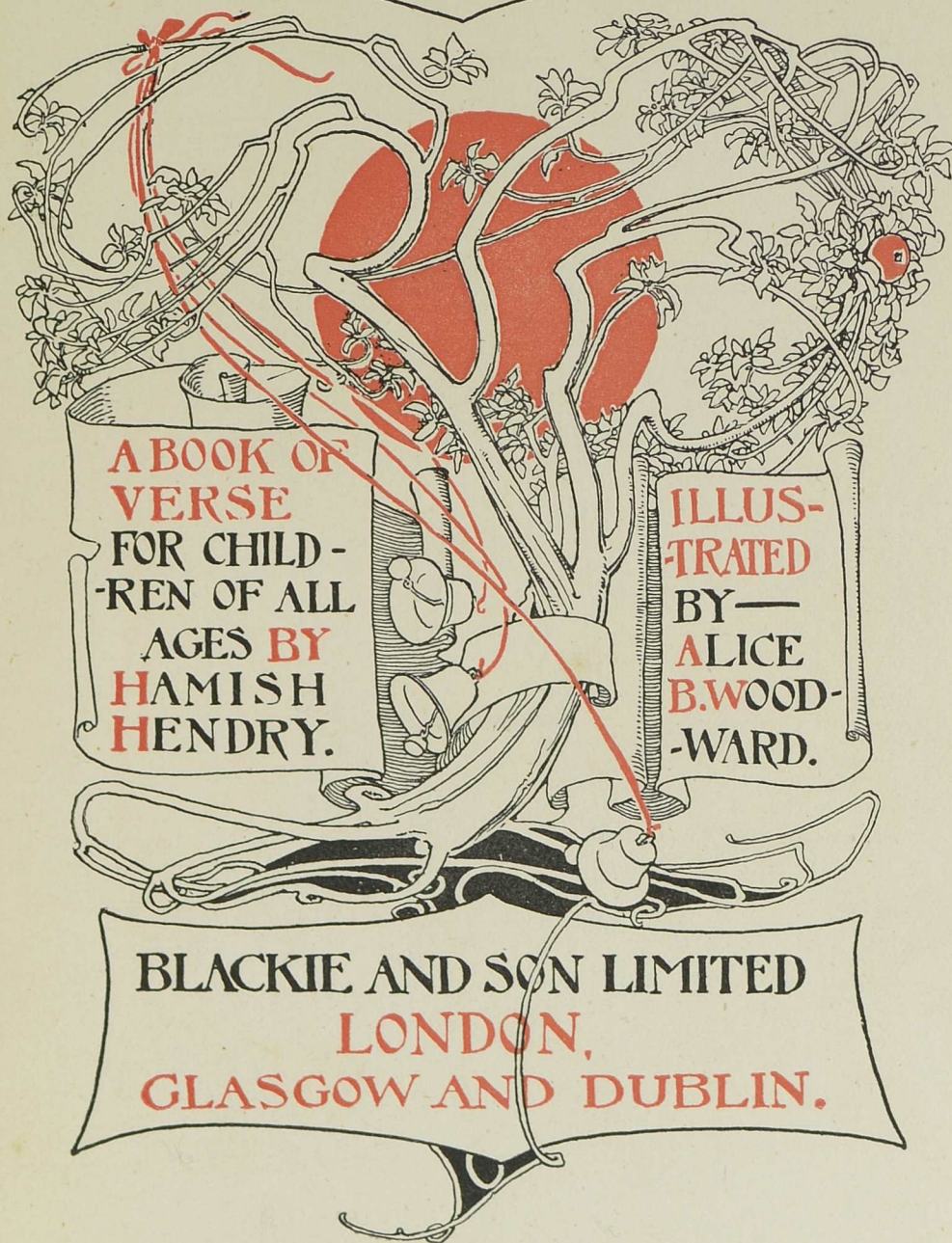




Red Apple And Silver Bells.



RED APPLE AND SILVER BELLS.



A BOOK OF
VERSE
FOR CHILD-
REN OF ALL
AGES BY
HAMISH
HENDRY.

ILLUS-
TRATED
BY—
ALICE
B.WOOD-
WARD.

BLACKIE AND SON LIMITED
LONDON,
GLASGOW AND DUBLIN.

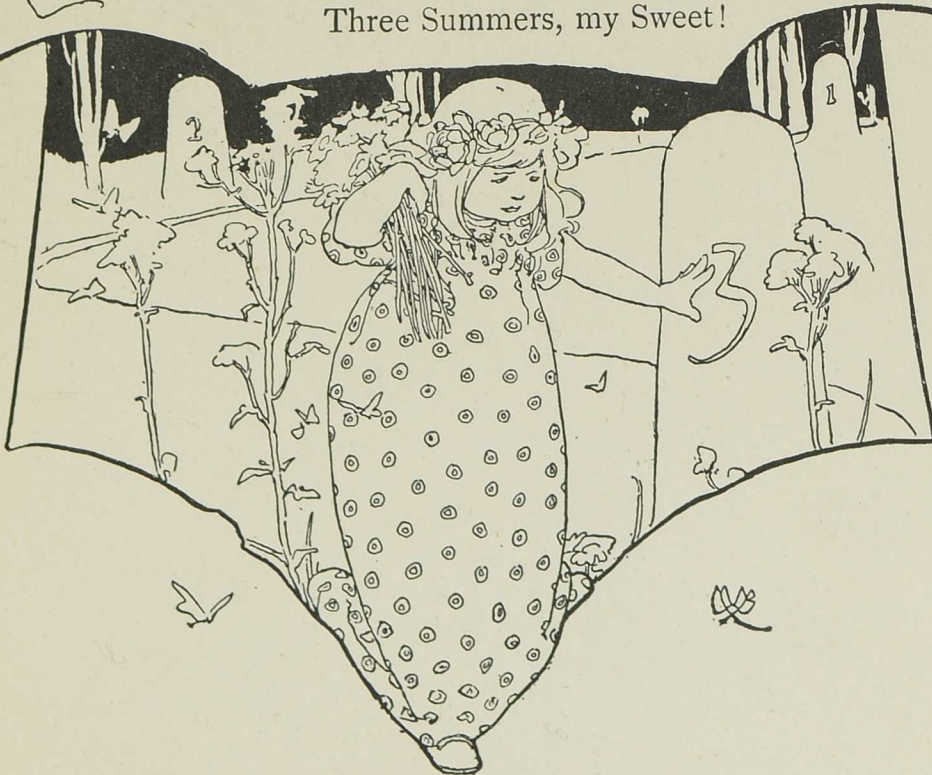


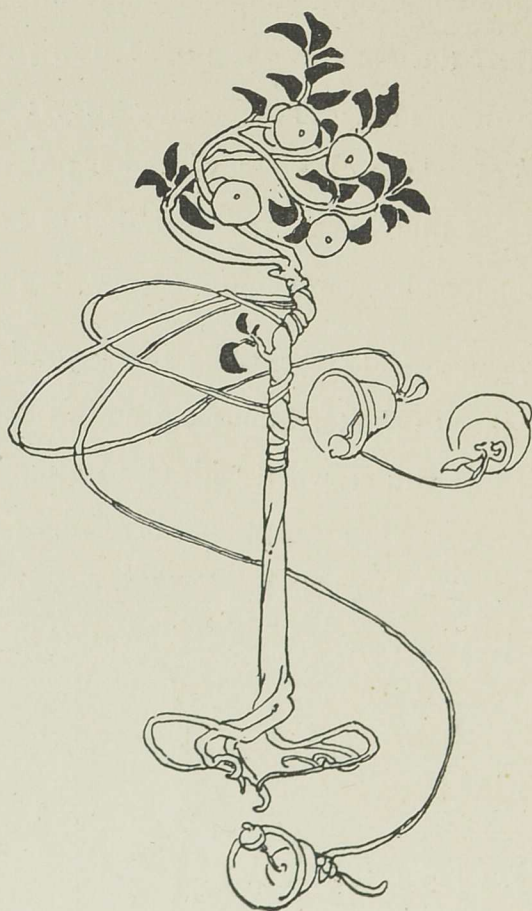
TO RUTH

THREE Summers, my Sweet, is the bright way we measure
That little white Path you have made with your Feet,
As down thro' the Meadows you danced in your pleasure
Three Summers, my Sweet:

Thro' the Meadows of Time, with your quick Heart a-beat,
Caught hither of Blytheness, sought thither of Leisure,
Your Footsteps have wavered, now feeble, now fleet:

While about you are Flowers, while above you is Azure,
With Mother to shelter from Cold and from Heat,—
Lo! to-day come you crowned with God's sunniest Treasure,
Three Summers, my Sweet!



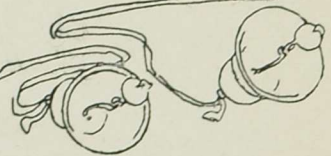




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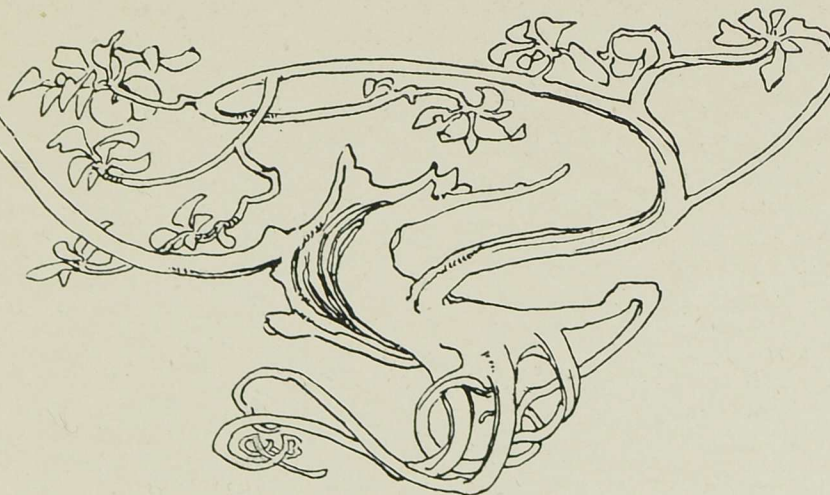


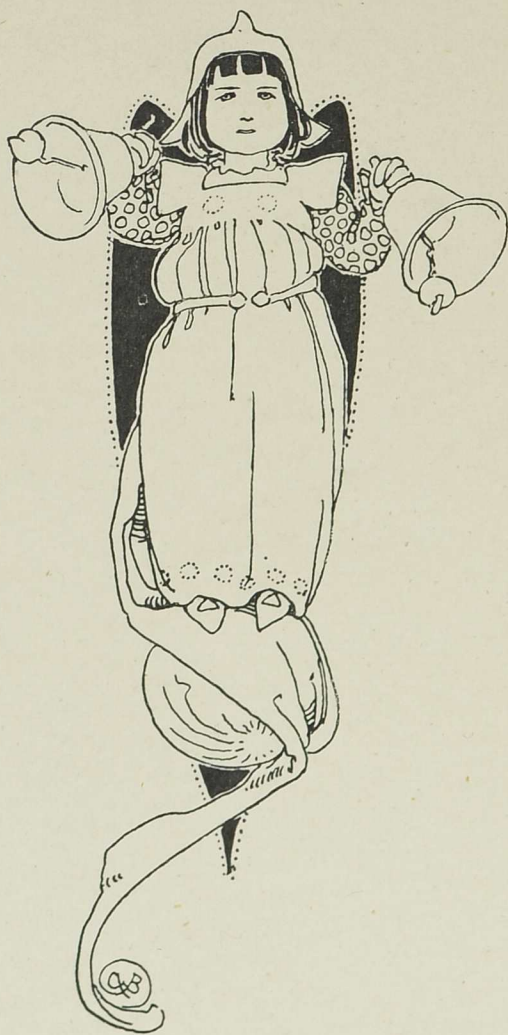
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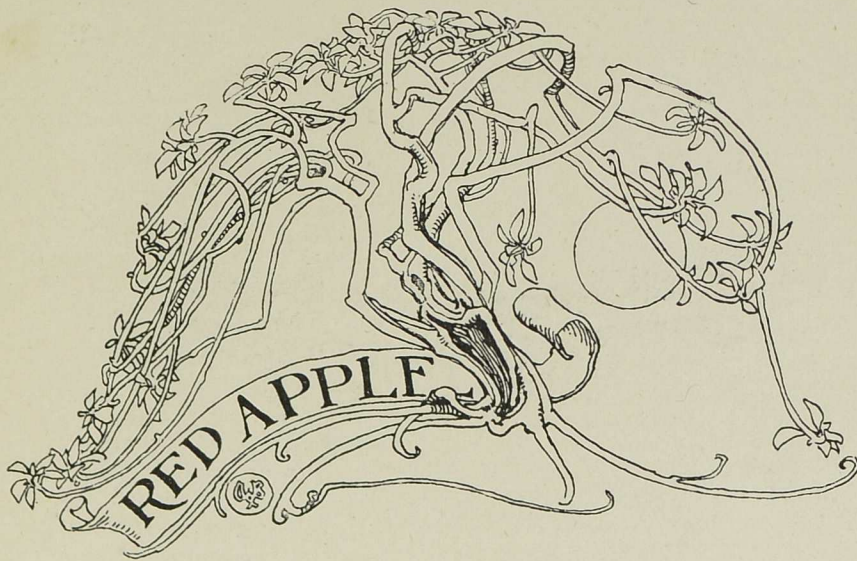




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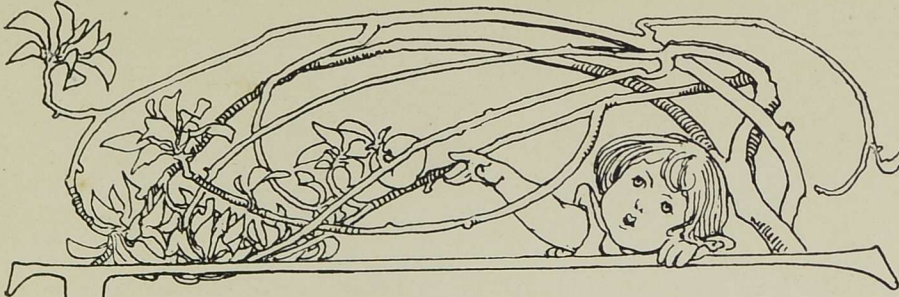






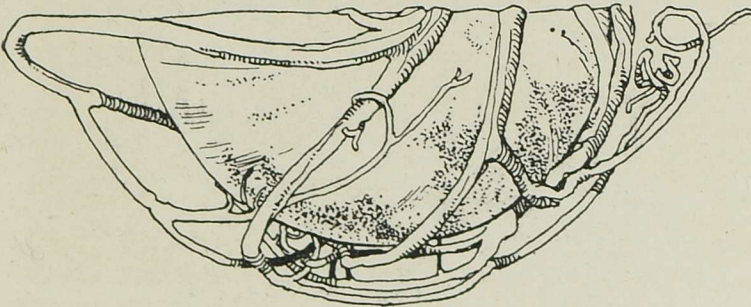


The big
Sky-man
that makes
the moons.



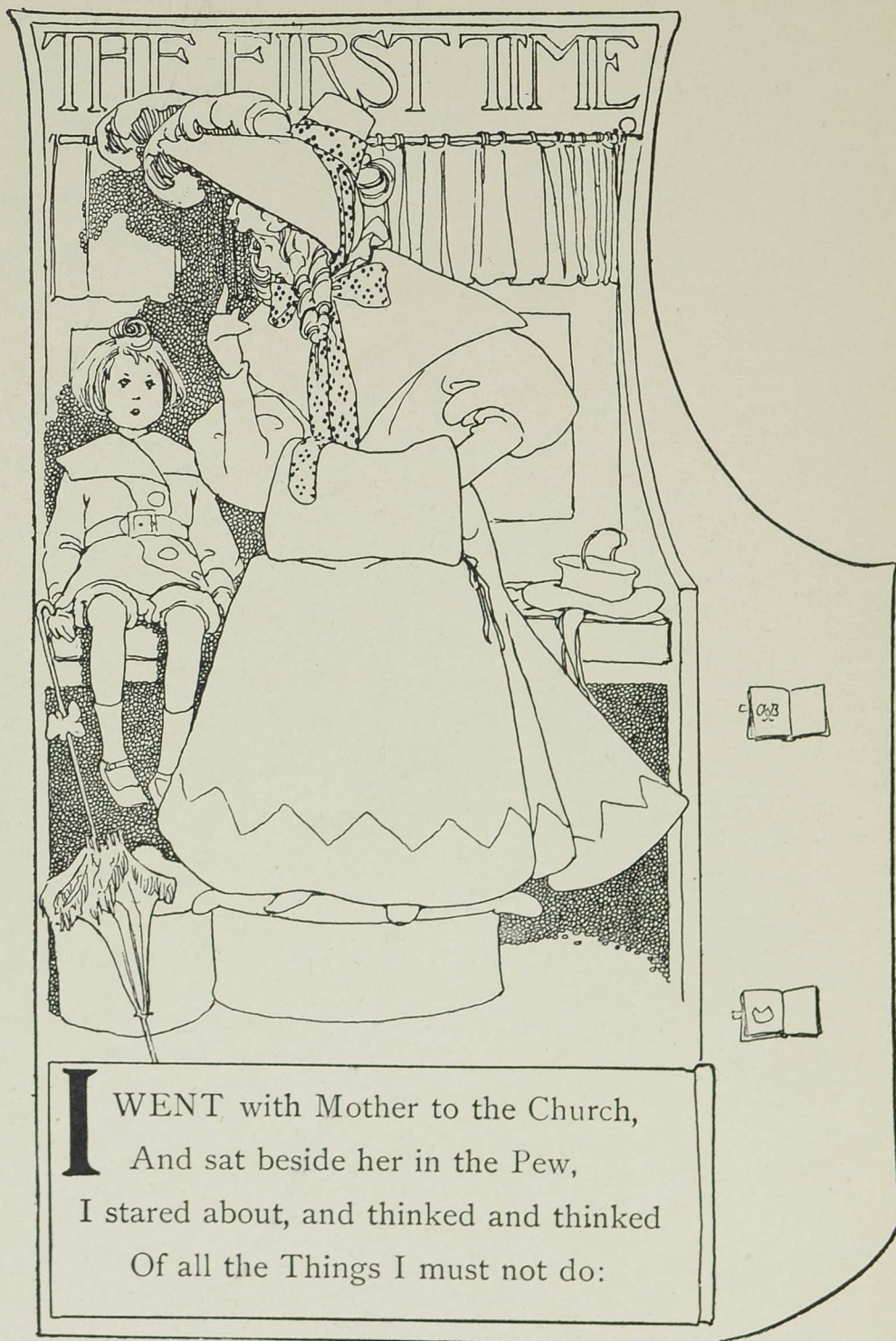
THE big Sky-man that makes the Moons,
Stuck one into our Apple-tree;
I saw it when I went to Bed;
The Tree was black; the Moon was red,
And round as round could be.

To-day I went to get that Moon,
For I can climb the Apple-tree;
The Moon was gone! But in its stead
I found an Apple round and red,
And nice as nice could be.









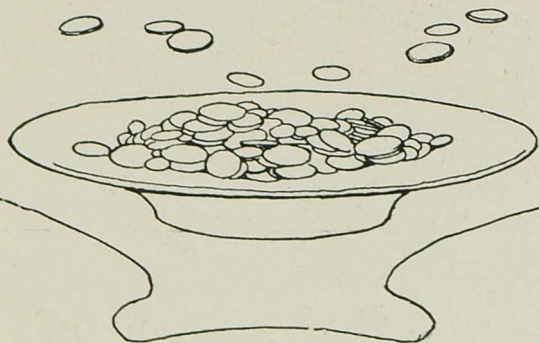
I WENT with Mother to the Church,
And sat beside her in the Pew,
I stared about, and thinked and thinked
Of all the Things I must not do:



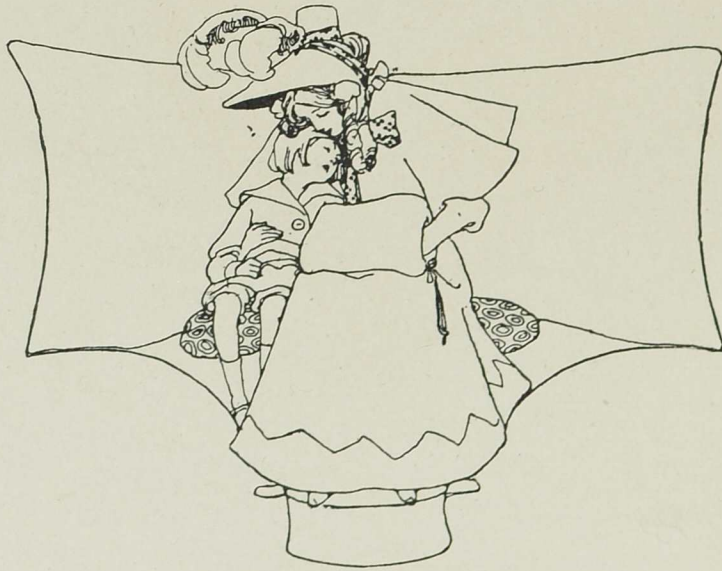
*I must not whisper one small Word,
Although the Things I see are funny;
And when they hand me down the Plate,
I must not grab the heap of Money.*

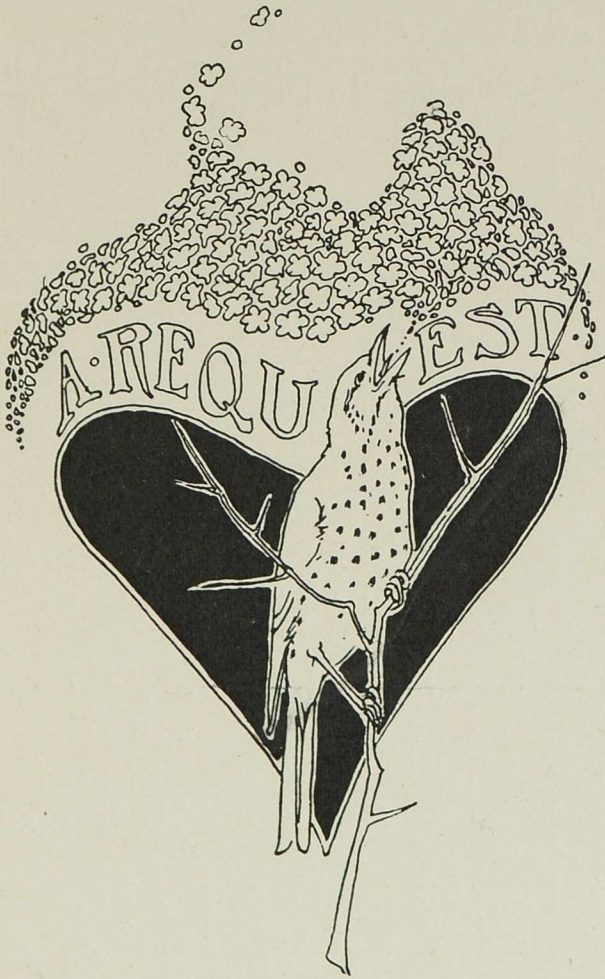
*When all the People rise to sing,
I must not shout before the others;
When all the People kneel to pray,
I must not laugh to my big brothers.*

*And when the Man pops in the Box,
I must not think of Punch and Judy;
And when the Man begins to speak,
I must not cry-out for a Goody.*

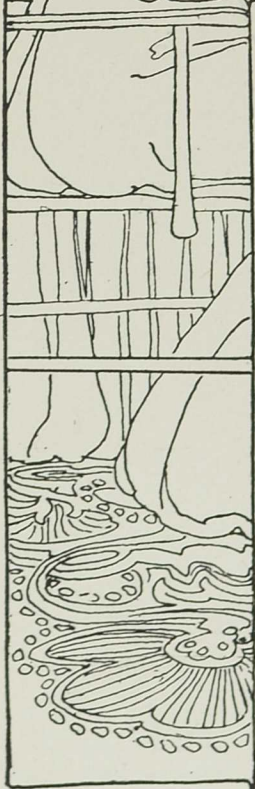
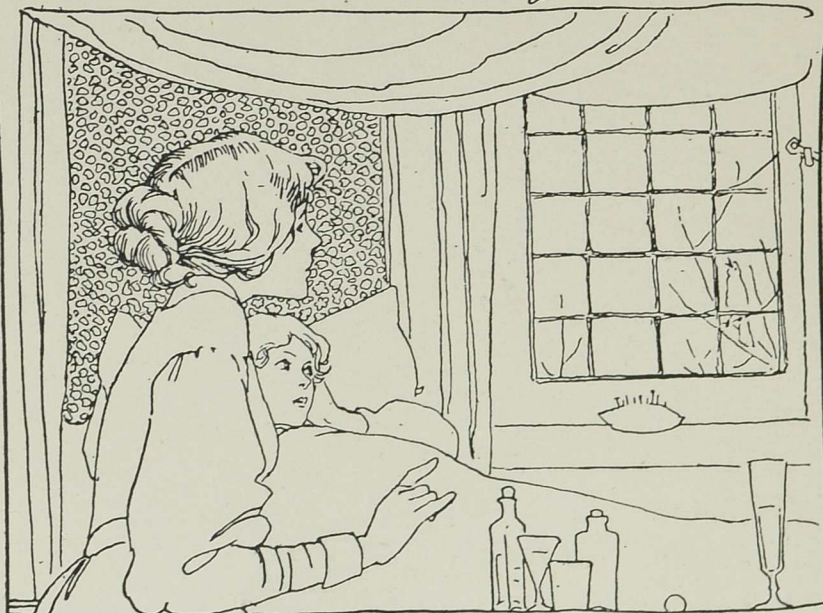


I went with Mother to the Church,
And never made a single cheep;
I stared about, and thinked and thinked,—
Until, of course, I fell asleep!





A Request.



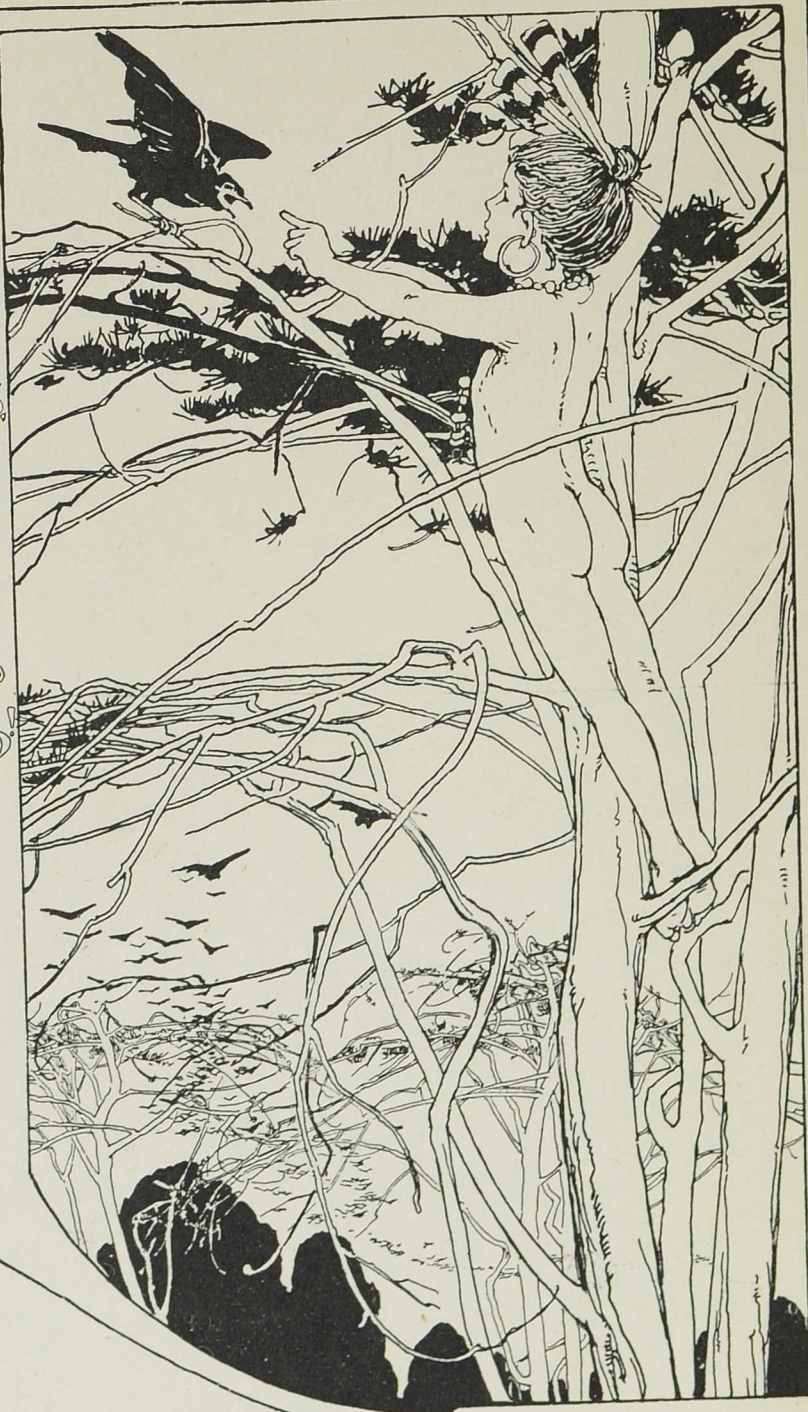
♥ AVIS piping on the Tree,
Piping to this little Lad,
Speckled Mavis, may it be
That your Song shall cause to flee
All the Things that make him sad.

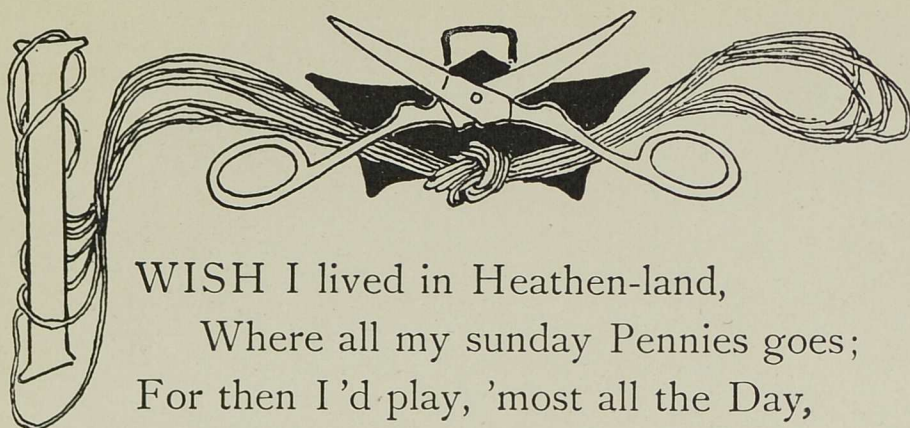
Mavis on the frozen Bough,
Piping to this ailing Lad,
Speckled Mavis, tell him how
Spring shall come; yea, bring him now
Springtime, that he may be glad!





For then
I'd climb
most
all the
Time
And
never
fear no
Clothes!



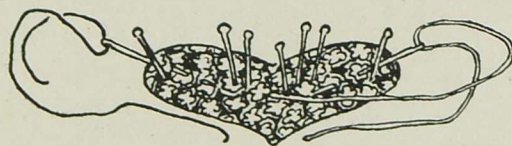


WISH I lived in Heathen-land,
Where all my sunday Pennies goes;
For then I'd play, 'most all the Day,
And never wear no Clothes!

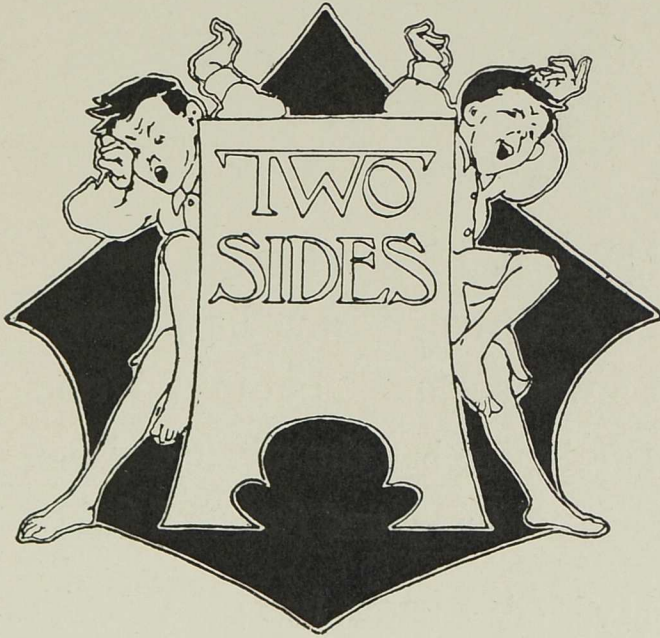
Nurse says I am a careless Lad,
The very carelessest she knows;
She thinks that Trees, and Nails, and Grease,
Are not the best for Clothes!

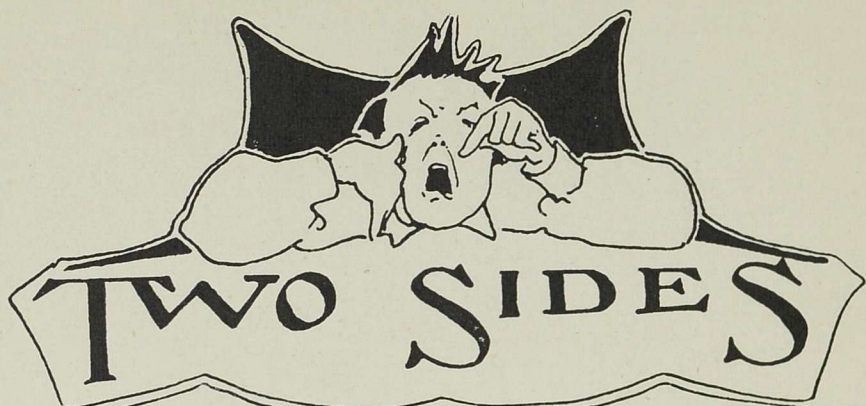
Nurse says that I shall be her death,
For every night she sews and sews;
She thinks a Boy should take a joy
In keeping nice his Clothes!

I wish I lived in Heathen-land,
Where all my sunday Pennies goes;
For then I'd climb, 'most all the Time
And never tear no Clothes!



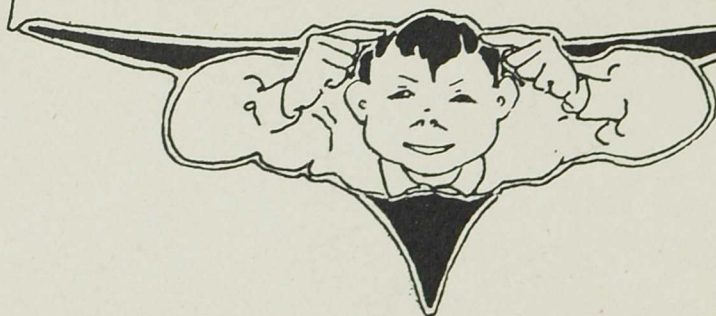


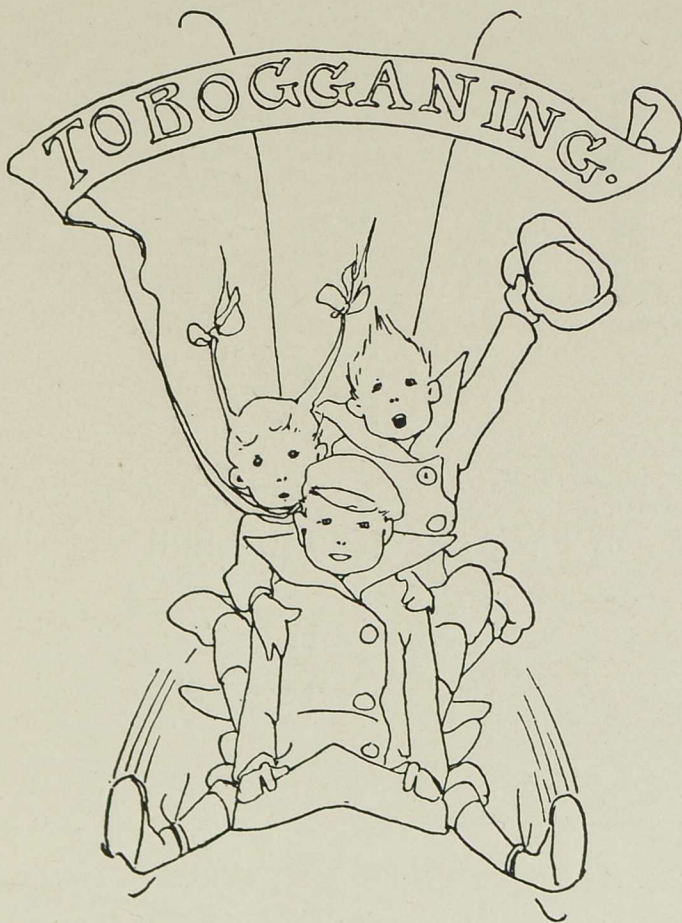


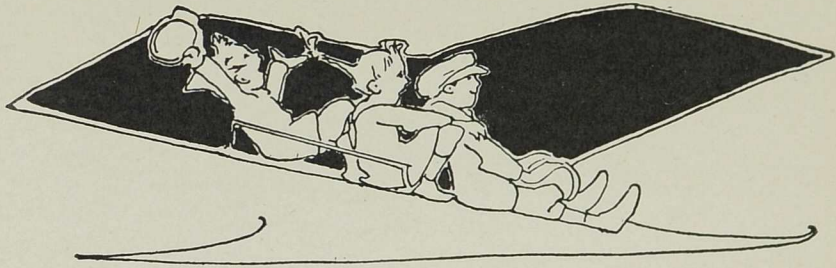


MY Bed, I know, has got two sides,
A Wrong side, and a Right;
So when I jump out of the Wrong
I feel quite bad the whole day long,
And fume, and fret, and fight!

My Bed, I know, has got two sides,
A Right side, and a Wrong;
So when I jump out of the Right,
I find the day one long delight,
From dawn till evensong!







I.

T

HREE on a Sledge,
Tight as a Wedge,—
Harry the steerer,
Willy the cheerer,
Nelly the fearer,—
For good or for ill
They are off Down-hill!

II.

Softly they slide away,
Smoothly they glide away,
All tight and trim
Bravely they Skim:
Ah! there was a Bump,
And a Swing, and a Thump,
With a Jerk to the left, with a Jolt to the right;
But now they are clear, and away full flight!

III.

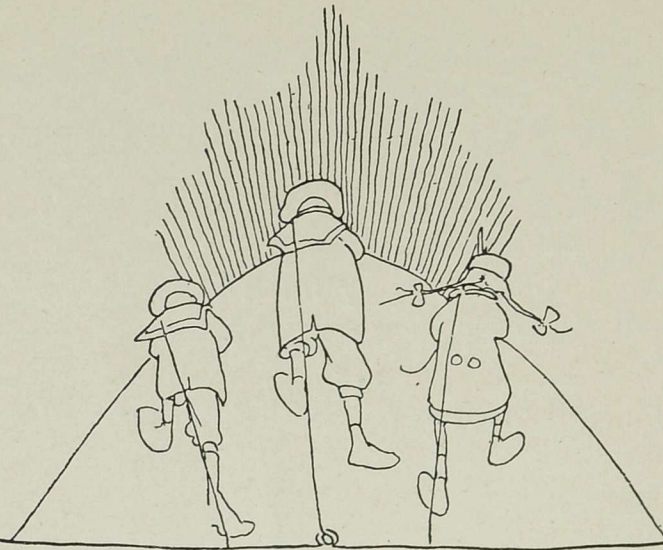
FASTER and faster down they go,
Faster and faster over the Snow:

Swiftly they flash
On ringing Steel;
Downward they dash
For woe or weal:

Firmly the steerer,
Plies his Pole;
While nearer, nearer,
Comes the Goal:

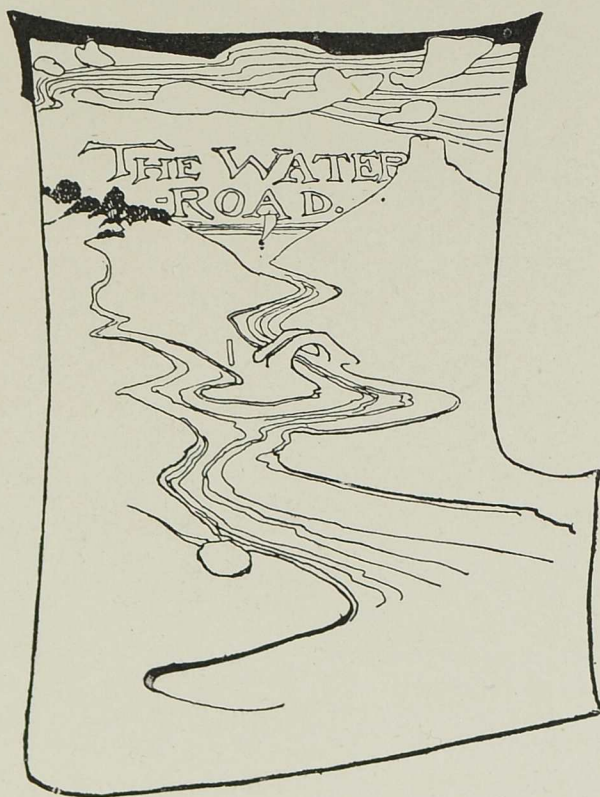
Faster they fly,
Faster and faster,
But, steering awry,
The Sledge is master,—
Swirls,
Twirls,

Ends full stop,
As with bounce,
And jounce,
The Three go flop!



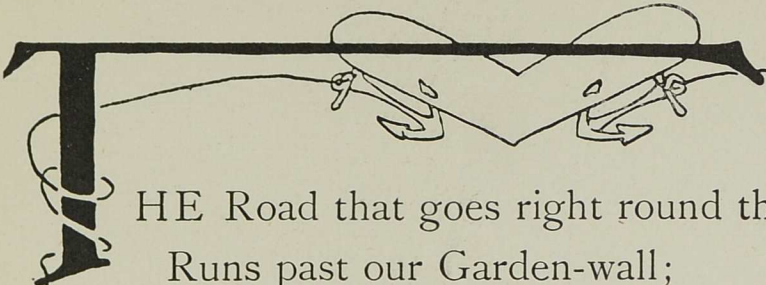
IV.

You think *that* the End,
My old timid friend?
Not so, not so,
'Tis little you know;
With a Laugh at their Spill,—
Taking good Luck with ill,—
The Crew, with their Sledge, are away Uphill



I see the
Ships
sail
up and
down.



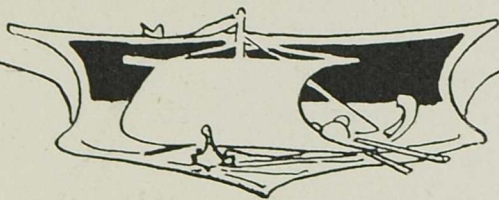


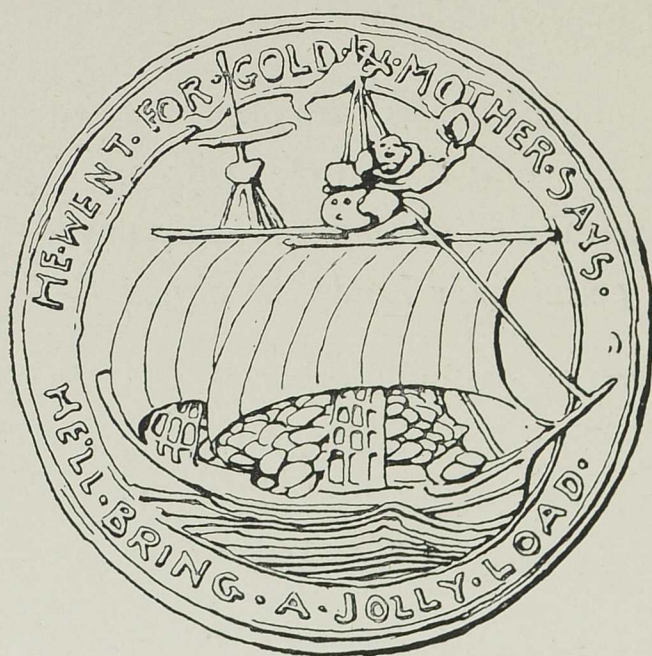
THE Road that goes right round the World
Runs past our Garden-wall;
I see the Ships sail up and down,
I hear the Sailors call.

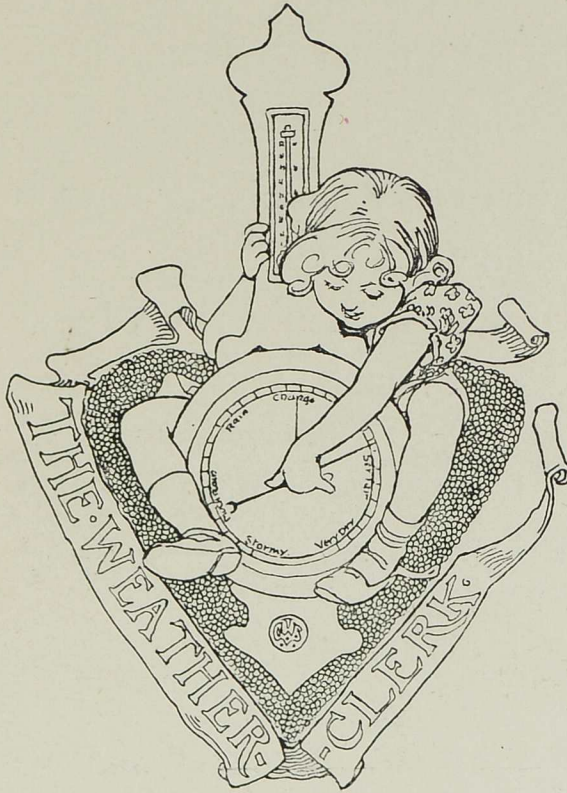
The painted Ships pass up and down
And churn the Road all white;
I watch their bobbing Flags by day,
I count their Lamps at night.

I watch to see my Father come
Right up the Water-road;
He went for Gold, and Mother says
He'll bring a jolly Load.

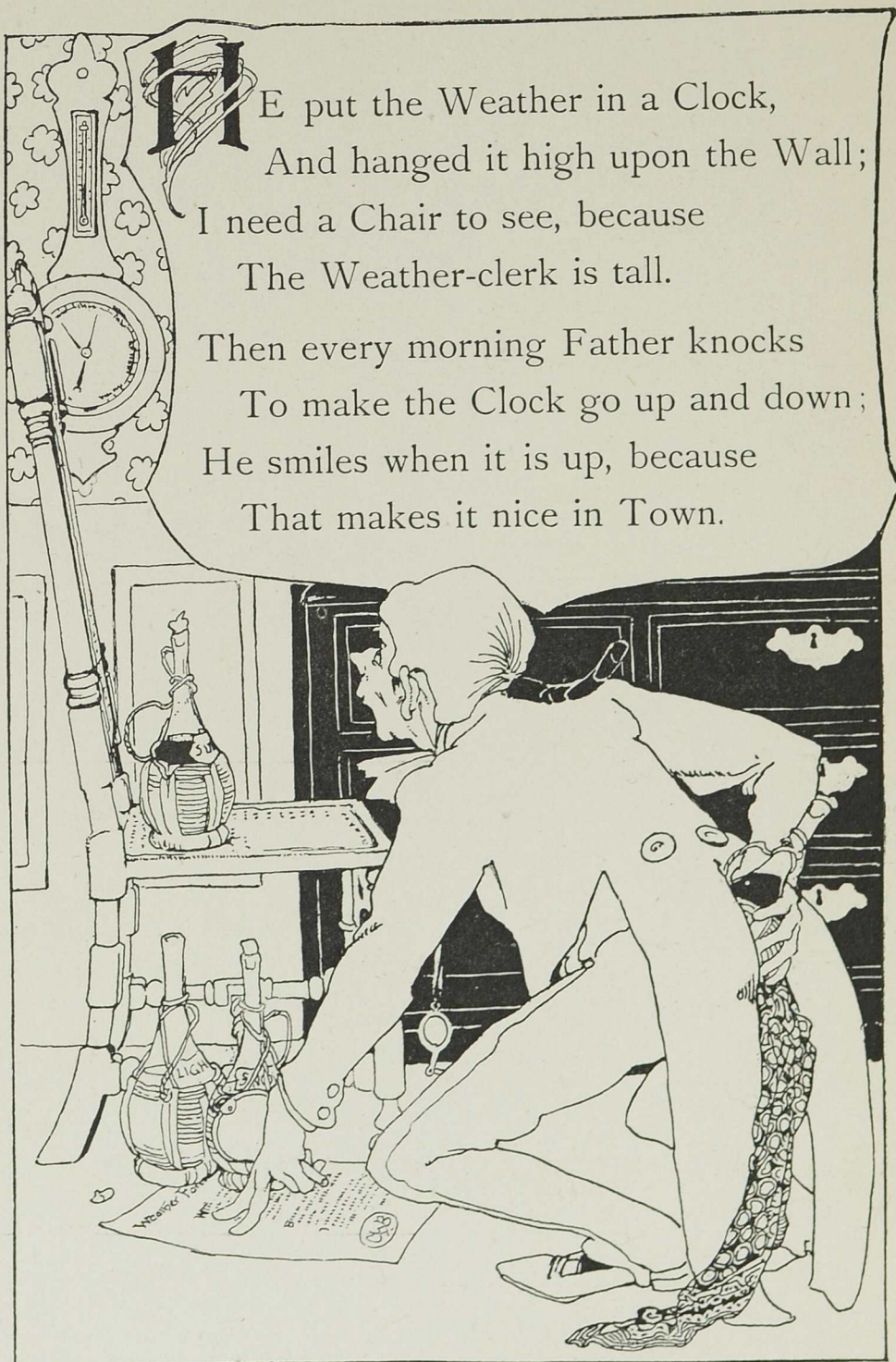
For best of all is Father's Ship,—
His Ship, and all his Men;
And this old Road right round the World
Shall bring him Home again.





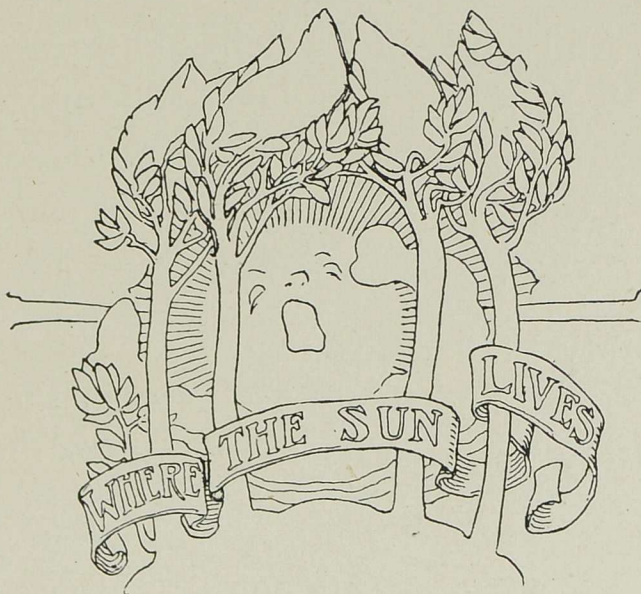


I KNOW who makes the Weather shine,
I know who makes the Weather snow;
It's one of Father's clerks, because
My Nursie told me so.



HE put the Weather in a Clock,
And hanged it high upon the Wall;
I need a Chair to see, because
The Weather-clerk is tall.

Then every morning Father knocks
To make the Clock go up and down;
He smiles when it is up, because
That makes it nice in Town.



THE Sun lives down behind the Wood,
Behind the Wood at night he goes;
All by myself I found it out,—
There's no one else that knows!

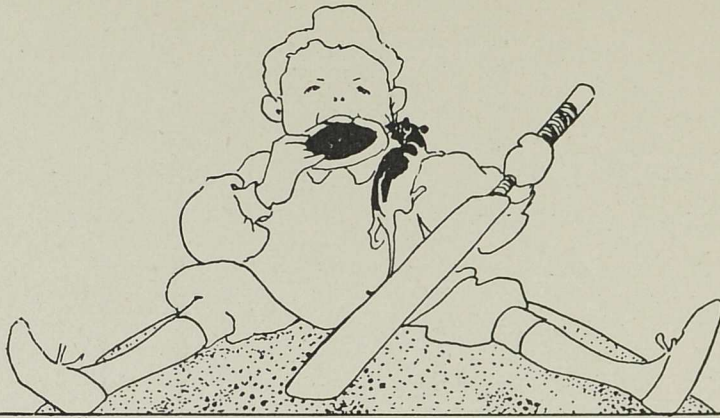
All by myself I watched and watched,
When Nurse danced Baby on her
Knees;
I watched the Sun slip down and down,
Laughing behind the Trees.

My Father says that when I'm big
I'll find the Sun's house in the Sky;
My Mother says the Sun lives up
Higher than Clouds is high!

So, I'm the only one that knows
What place the Sun takes all the
Light;
When he is tired he pops to Bed
Behind the Wood at night!

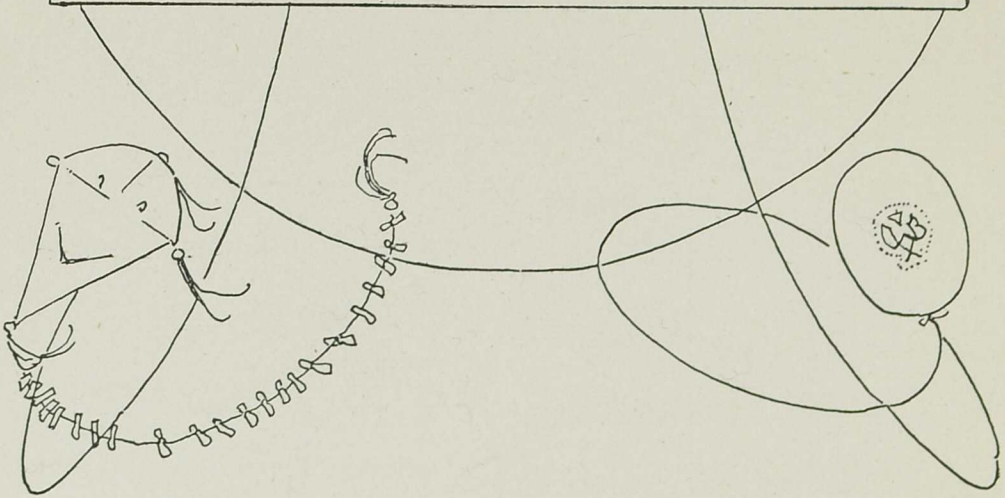


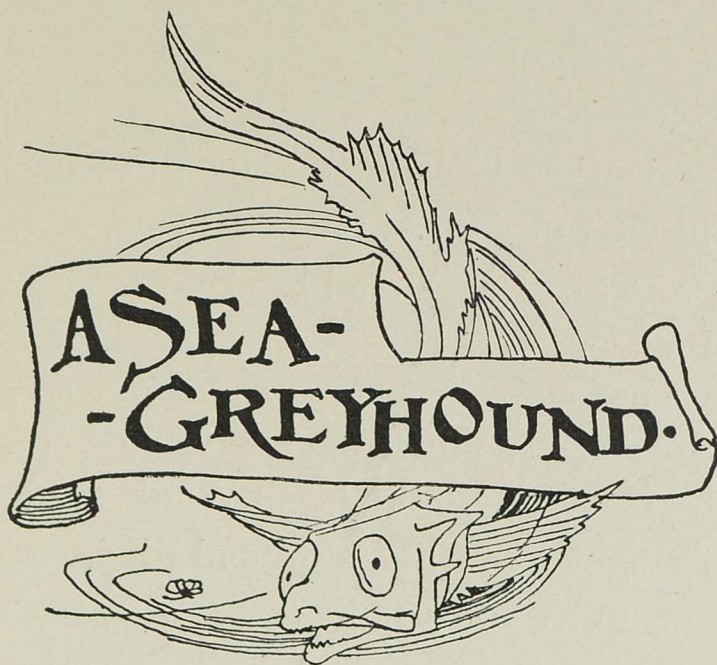




I THINK this World a topping place
For little Boys to come to;
There's Boats, and Bats, and Dogs, and Rats,—
With other Chaps to chum to!

I think this World a ripping place
For little Boys to stay in;
There's Tarts, and Bun, and Tips, and Fun,—
With the whole shop to play in!





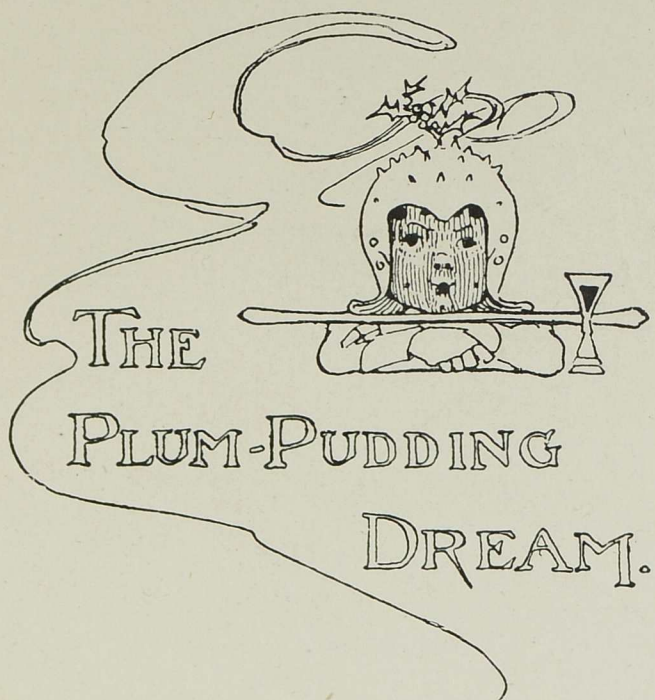


DOWN green Hollows, and over green Hills,
Through thickets of tangled Foam,
The great Sea-Greyhound has held away
In a long chase Home.

Over the Ocean, thro' dark and clear,
She raced where the black Winds ride;
And to-night I saw her, slow and tired,
Pant up with the Tide.

Slow and tired, with a sound as of Sobs,
In the dark she glided past;
For the great Sea-Greyhound had won her way
To the Port at last!



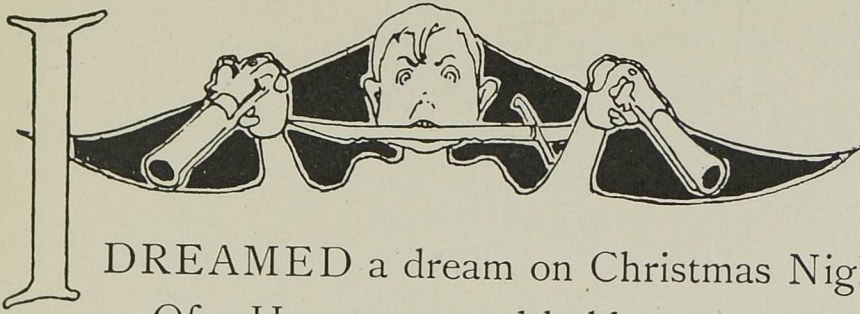




Boarded
the
Plate-Ship.
sword
in teeth,

And
hauled
down
the
flag

of
Spain.

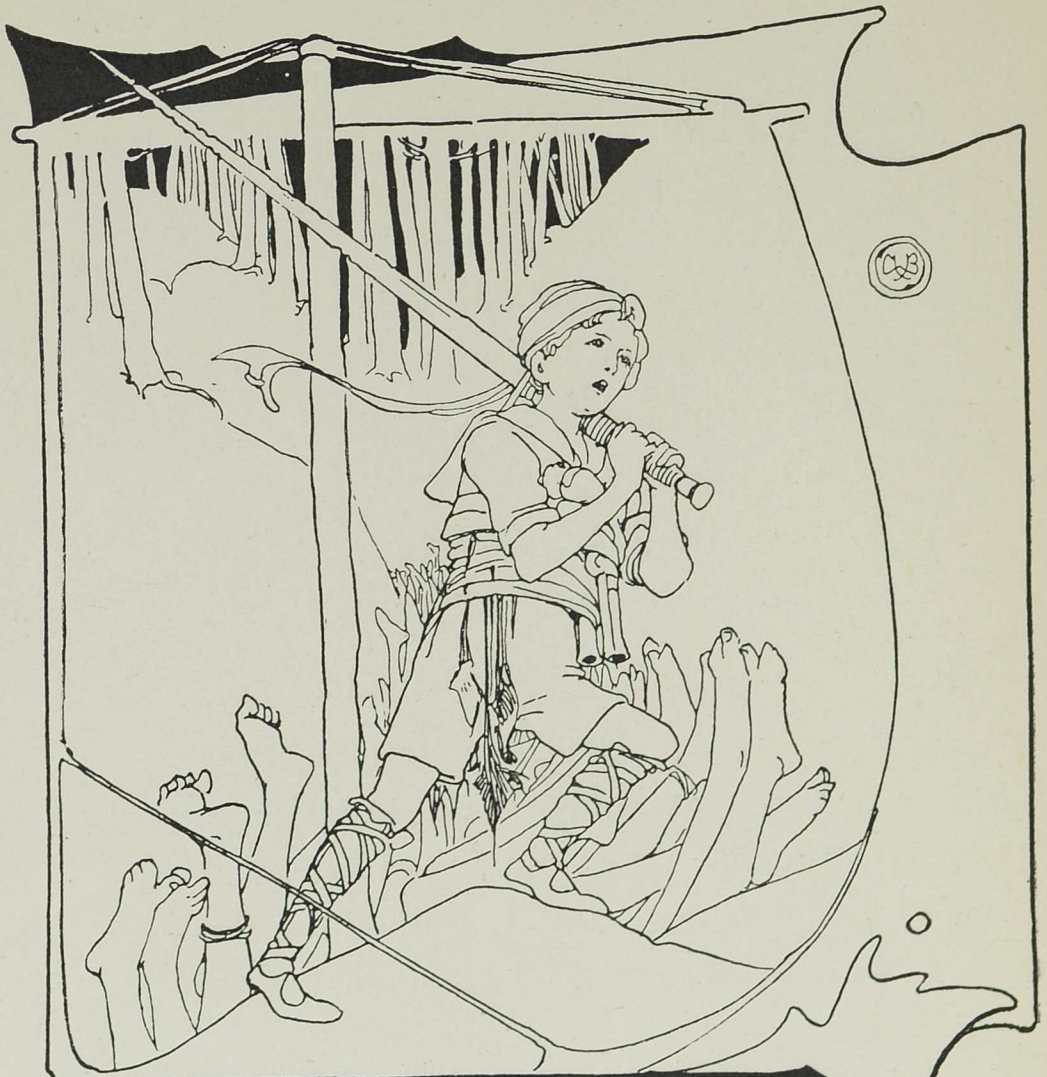


I DREAMED a dream on Christmas Night
Of a Hero stout and bold,
A gallant little english Lad,
Who captured a pirates' Hold;
He captured the Hold, he slew the Chief,
And loaded his Ship with gold.

He shipped the Gold, and shaped a Course
For the gory Spanish Main;
Boarded the Plate-ship, sword in teeth,
And hauled down the flag of Spain;
The proud Dons promptly walked the Plank,—
As the dream cruised on again.

The dream cruised thro' a dark Forest
Whereout there came a scream:
“St. George!” the Hero cried, “St. George!”
And quick his Sword did gleam;
Six Paynims died, the Maid was saved,—
Then onward went the dream.





THE dream went on with Helm a-port,
Till it struck an Indian trail;
The Hero said; "I'll have their Scalps,
Sure as a ninepenny Nail";
He had their Scalps in Dead Man's gulch,—
And again the dream set sail.

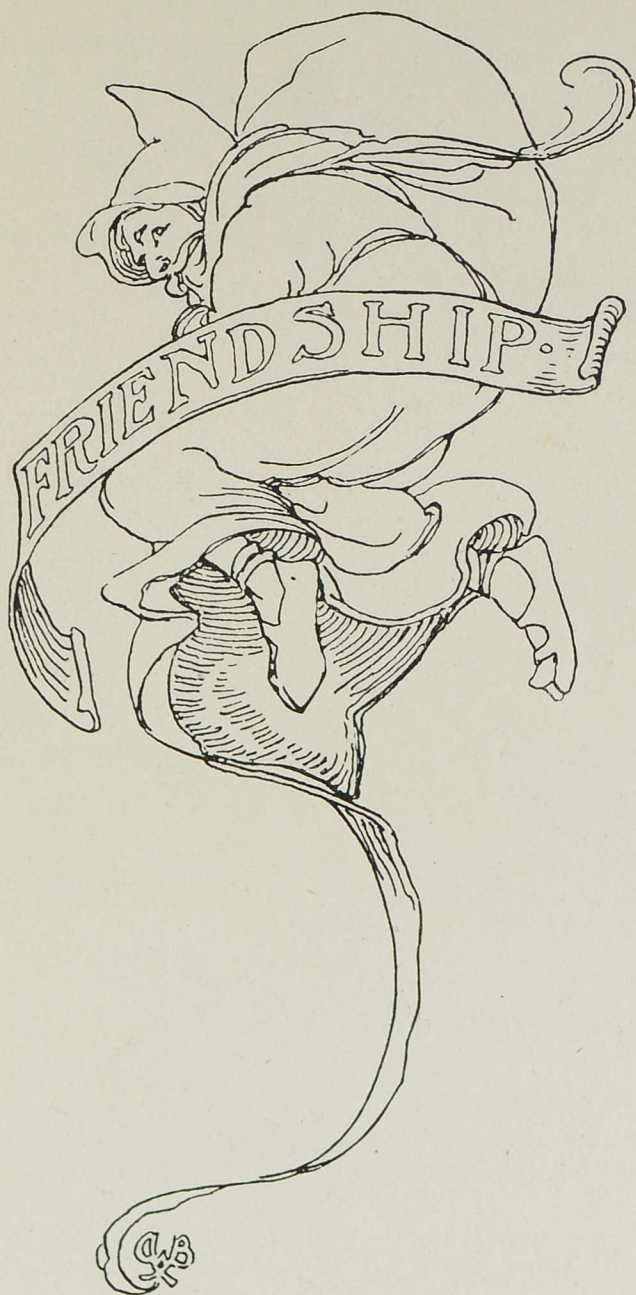
THE dream set sail with Helm a-lee,
Till the French fleet hove in sight;
Ten thousand line-of-battle Ships
On a bowline, cleared for fight;
“I’ll sink the lot,” the Hero cried;
So he sank the lot all right.

And still the Hero cruised and cruised
Where Gold and Fights were rife;
With Spear and Gun, with Axe and Sword
Men sought that Hero’s life;
Yet Home he came, all Scars and Fame,
And wedded the usual Wife.

On Christmas Night I dreamed that dream;
But when the Morning came
No single word of it was True,—
Which was a jolly shame;
For everything that Hero did
I could have done the same!





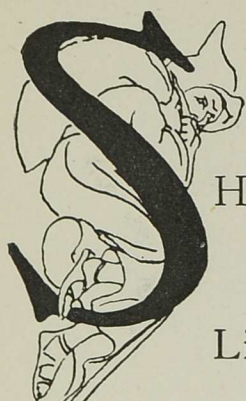




Little May bounced
out of Bed;
Clasped gaily her
new Dolly;
And as she kissed
& called her sweet,
Forgot her old
Dolls wholly.

FRIENDSHIP —





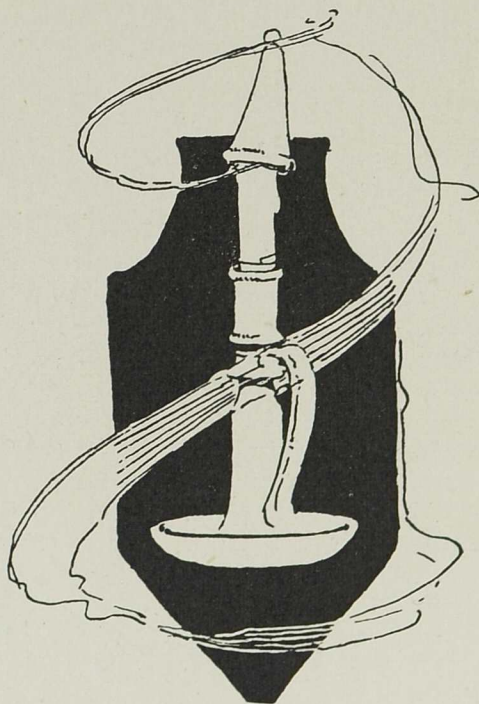
AMANTA Claus came here last night,
Came softly without knocking;
He brought a Doll for little May,
And pinned it to her Stocking.

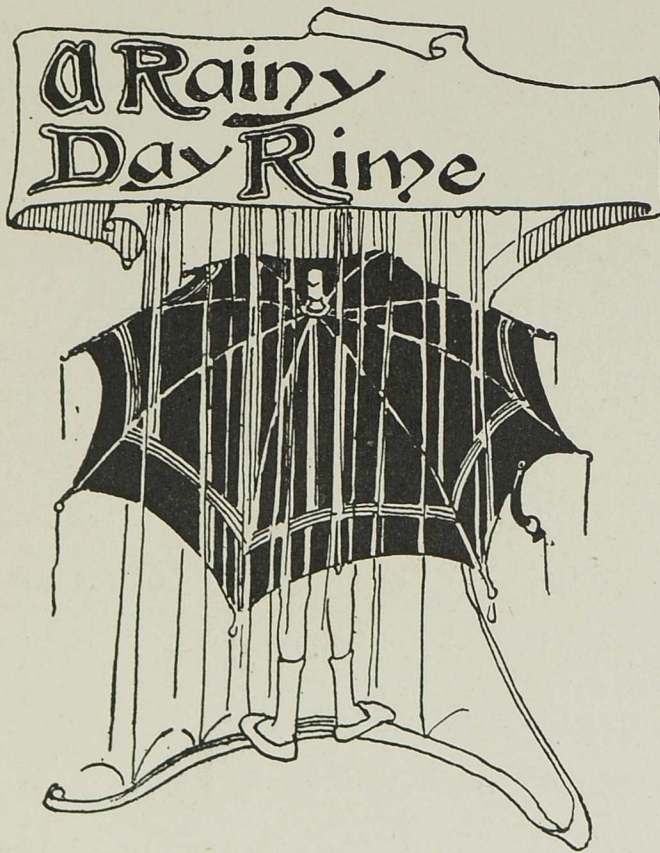
Little May bounced out of Bed;
Clasped gaily her new Dolly;
And as she kissed and called it Sweet,
Forgot her old Dolls wholly.

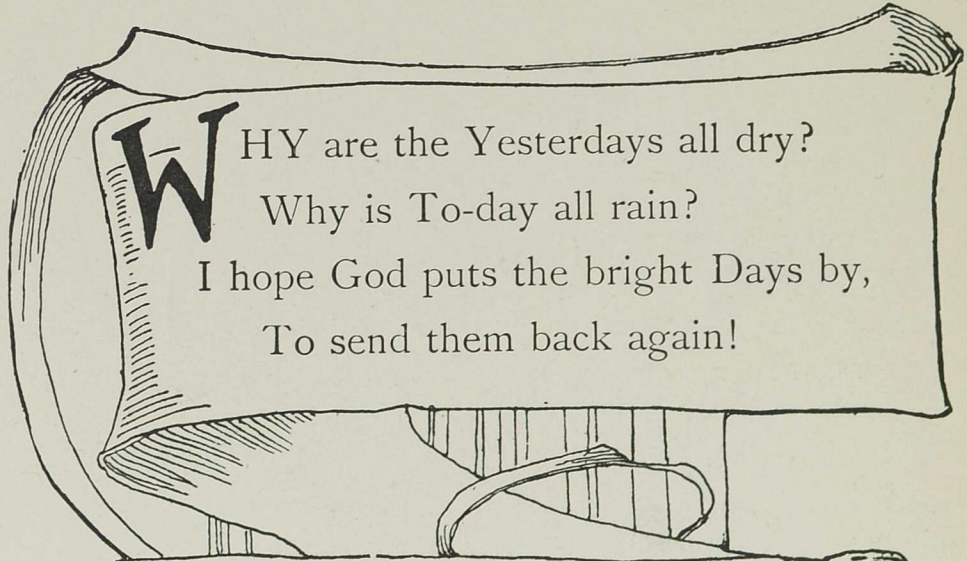
Sally Rag, her old plain friend,
No more had gifts or graces;
All day she praised Aminta's charms,
And hugged Aminta's laces.

Little May now lies in Bed;
But e'er she sought Dream Valley,
She flung Aminta on the Floor—
And went to sleep with Sally!

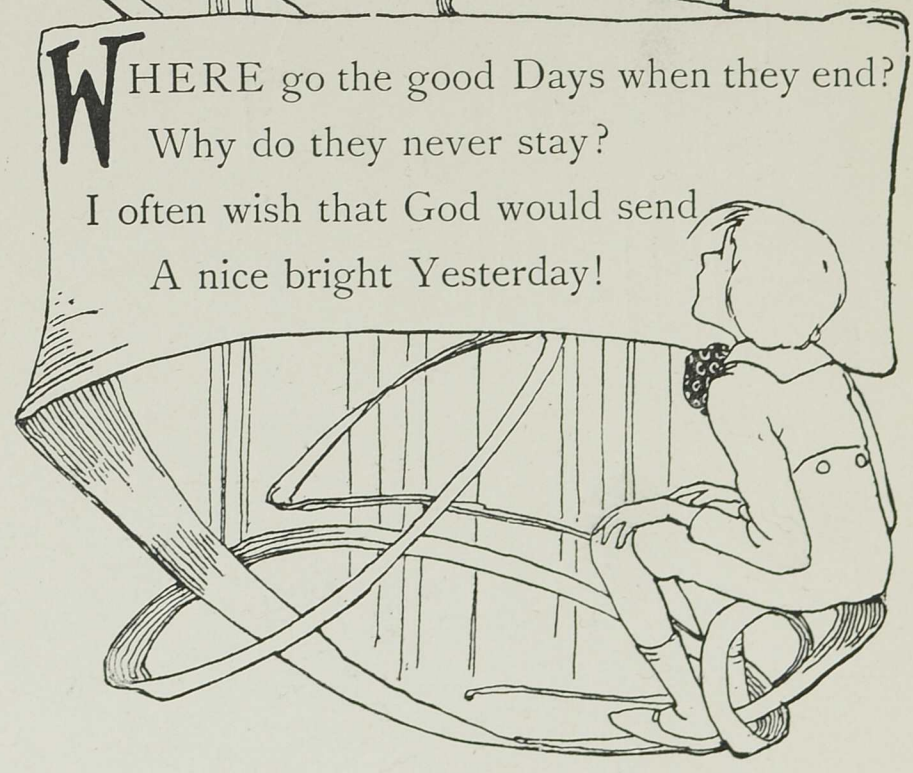




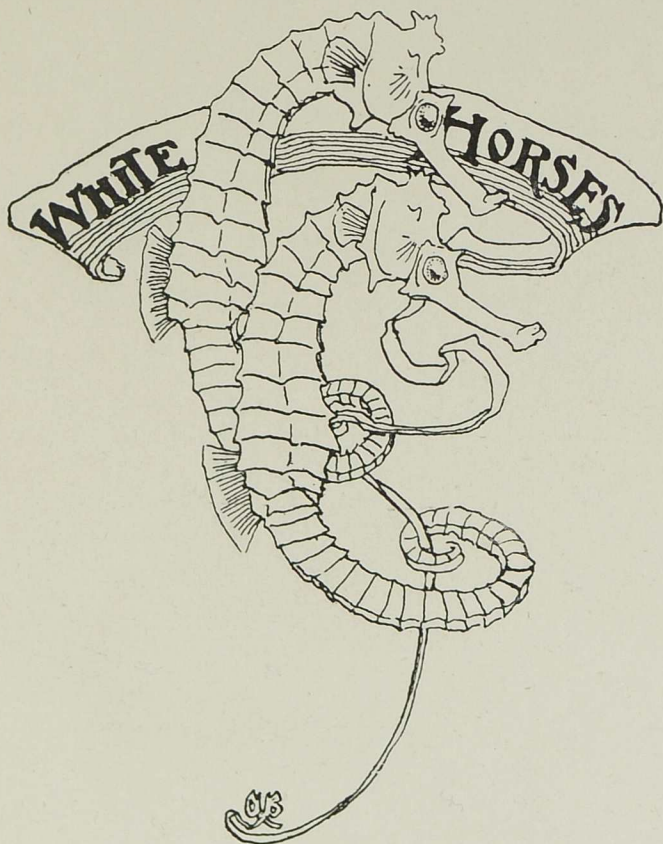




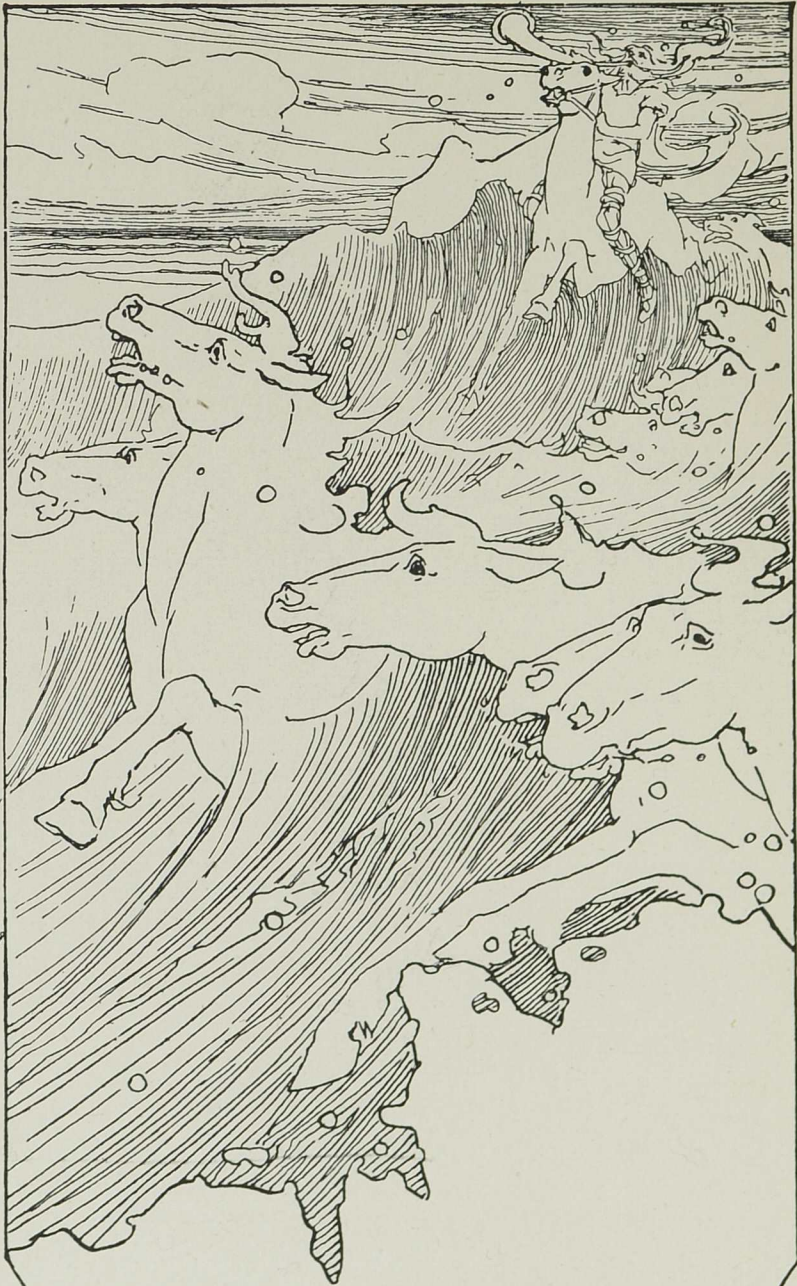
WHY are the Yesterdays all dry?
Why is To-day all rain?
I hope God puts the bright Days by,
To send them back again!



WHERE go the good Days when they end?
Why do they never stay?
I often wish that God would send
A nice bright Yesterday!



In fear they
leapt upon
the land.
In fear they
fled before
the Wind;
Prancing
or plunging,
as they
raced. —
The
Huskmen
receded
behind.





SAW them plunging thro' the Foam,
I saw them prancing up the Shore;
A thousand Horses, row on row;
And then a thousand more!

In fear they leapt upon the Land,
In fear they fled before the Wind;
Prancing and plunging, on they raced,—
The Huntsman raced behind.

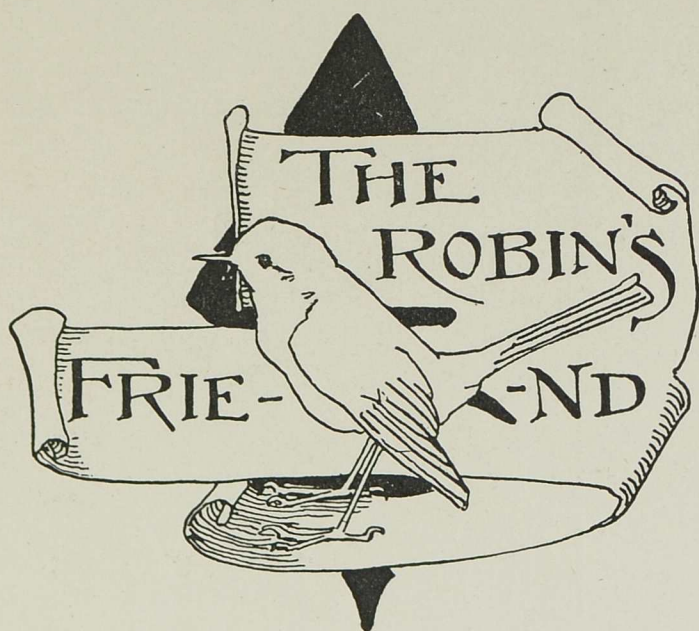
When this old Huntsman goes to sleep,
The Horses live beneath the Waves;
They live at peace, and rest in peace,
Deep in their sea-green Caves.

But when they hear the Huntsman's shout,
Urging his Hounds across the Sea,
Out from their Caves in frenzied fear
The great White Horses flee!

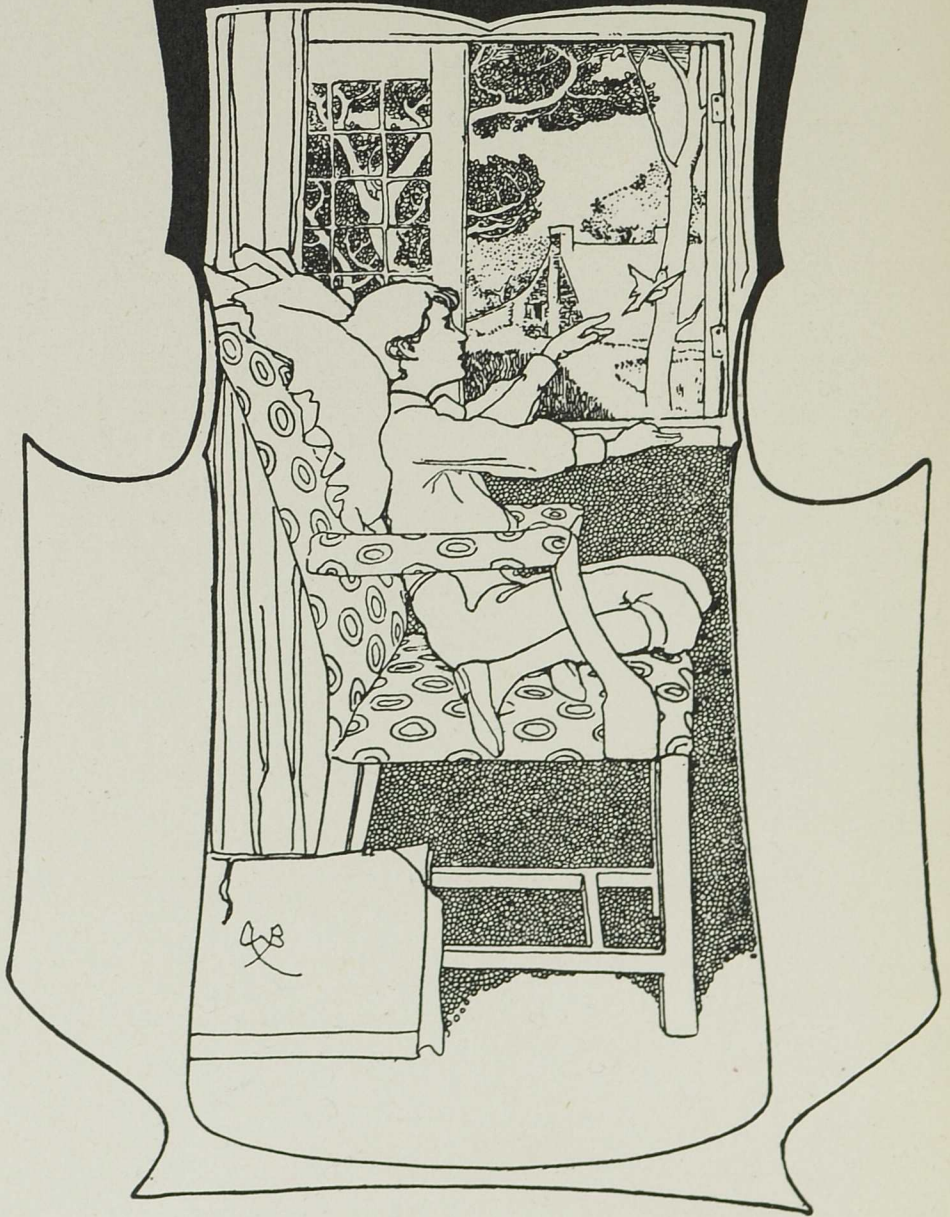
To-day they plunged right thro' the Foam,
To-day they pranced right up the Shore,
A thousand Horses, row on row;
And then a thousand more!







The Robin's Friend

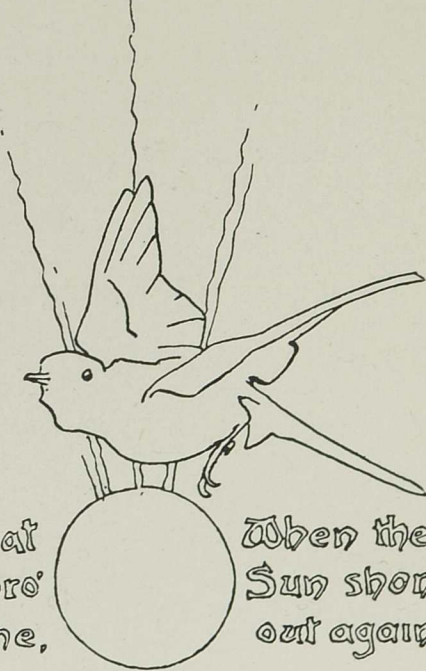


AME a Robin to the Pane;
Fluttered,—flew,—but came again;
Perched he there upon the Snow,
Keen to stay, but quick to go;
Peered he in with Head awry,
Cold of Wing, but bright of Eye.

When was oped that Window-pane
Off he flew,—but came again;
Came across the Window-sill
Hopping, hopping, brave of Will;
Since the Cold had made him tame,
In with ruffled Wing he came.

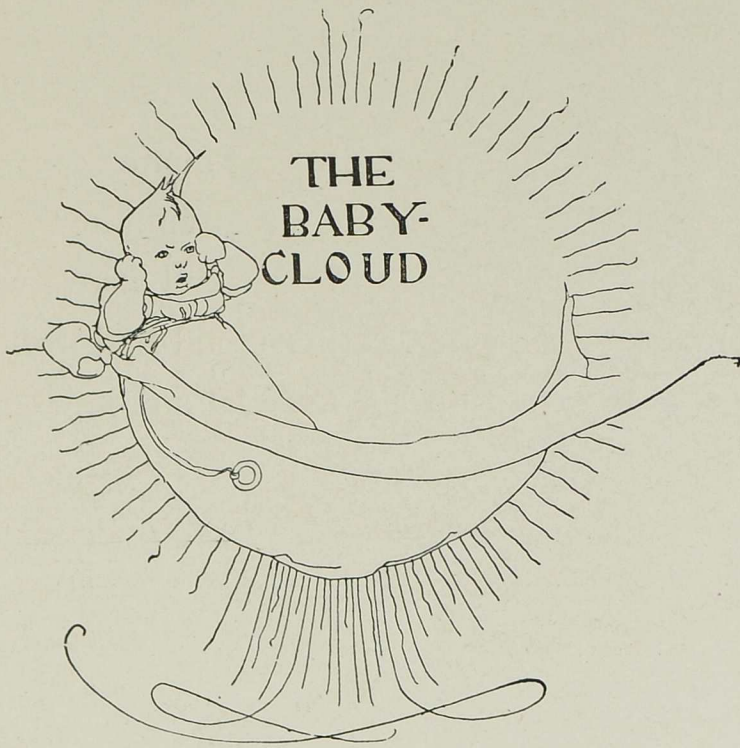
Went that Robin thro' the Pane,
When the Sun shone out again;
Happy thoughts that Robin had
Of an ailing little Lad,
Who had saved him from the Snow,
Who had loved,—but let him go!

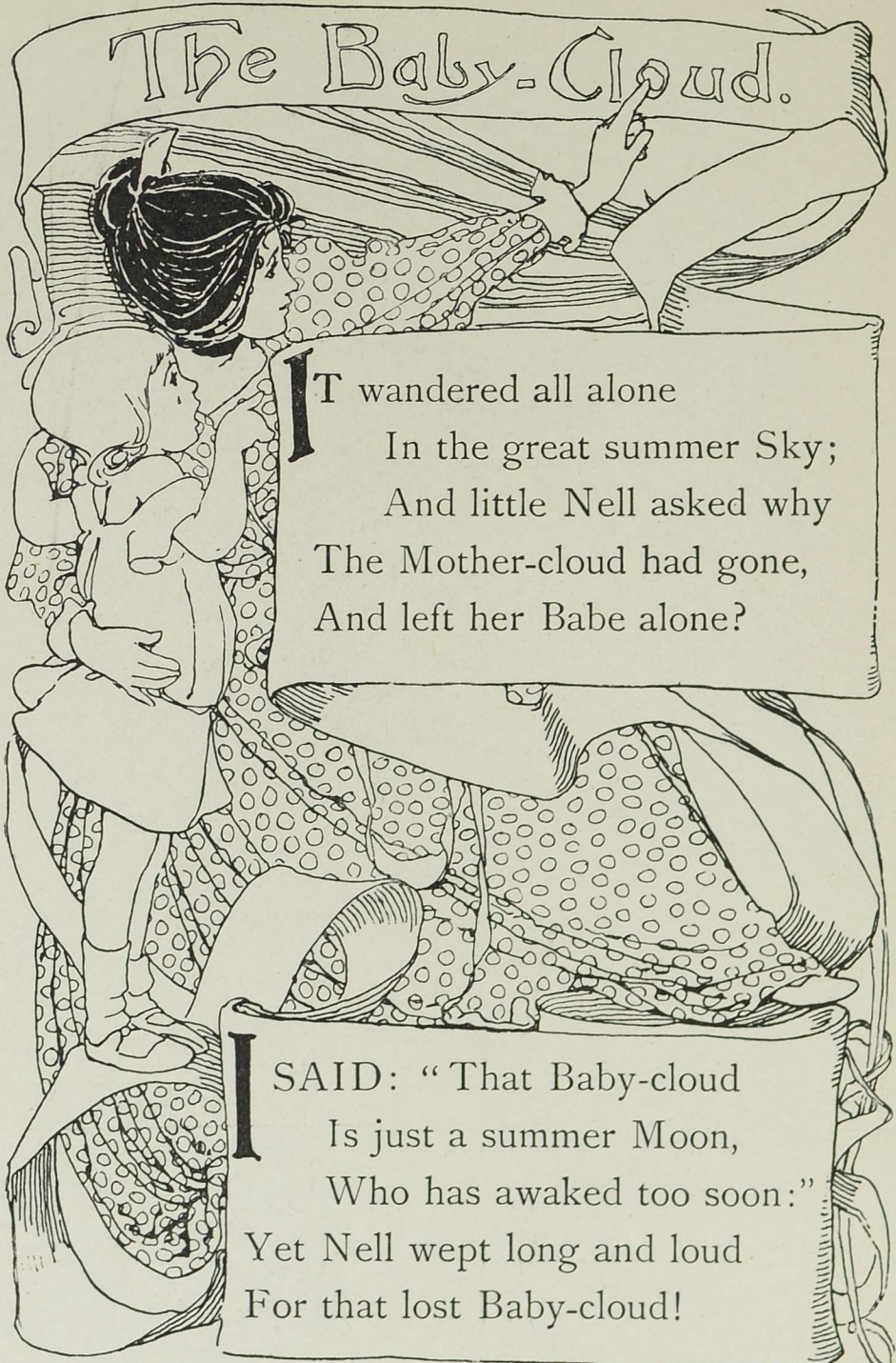




Went that
Robin thro'
the Pane,

When the
Sun shone
out again.

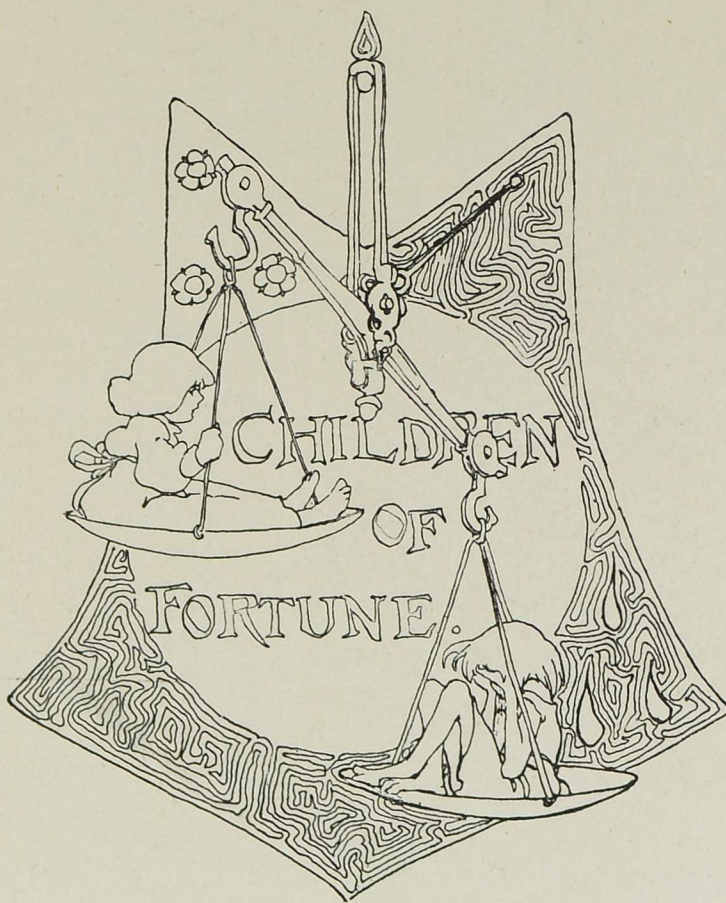




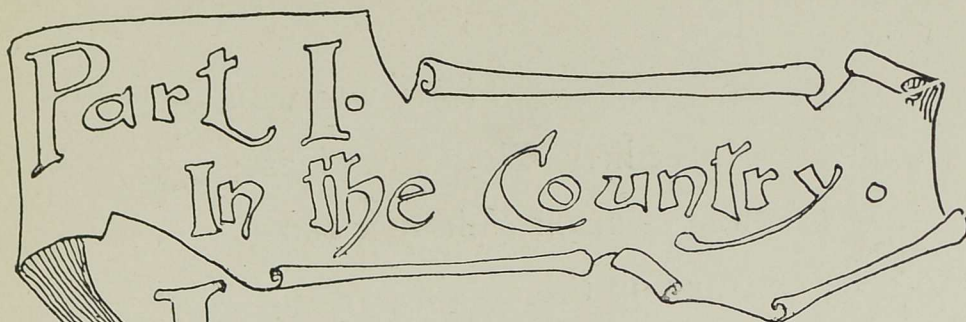
The Baby-Cloud.

IT wandered all alone
In the great summer Sky;
And little Nell asked why
The Mother-cloud had gone,
And left her Babe alone?

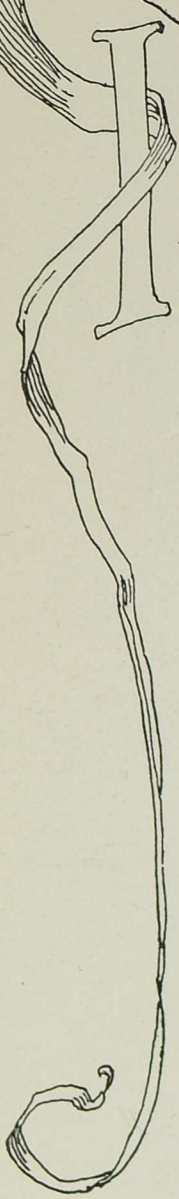
I SAID: "That Baby-cloud
Is just a summer Moon,
Who has awaked too soon:"
Yet Nell wept long and loud
For that lost Baby-cloud!







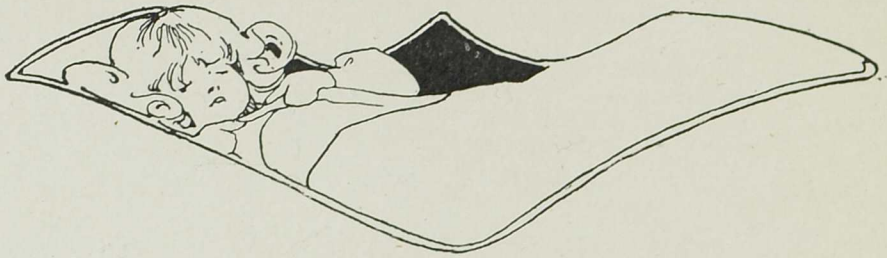
Part I. In the Country.

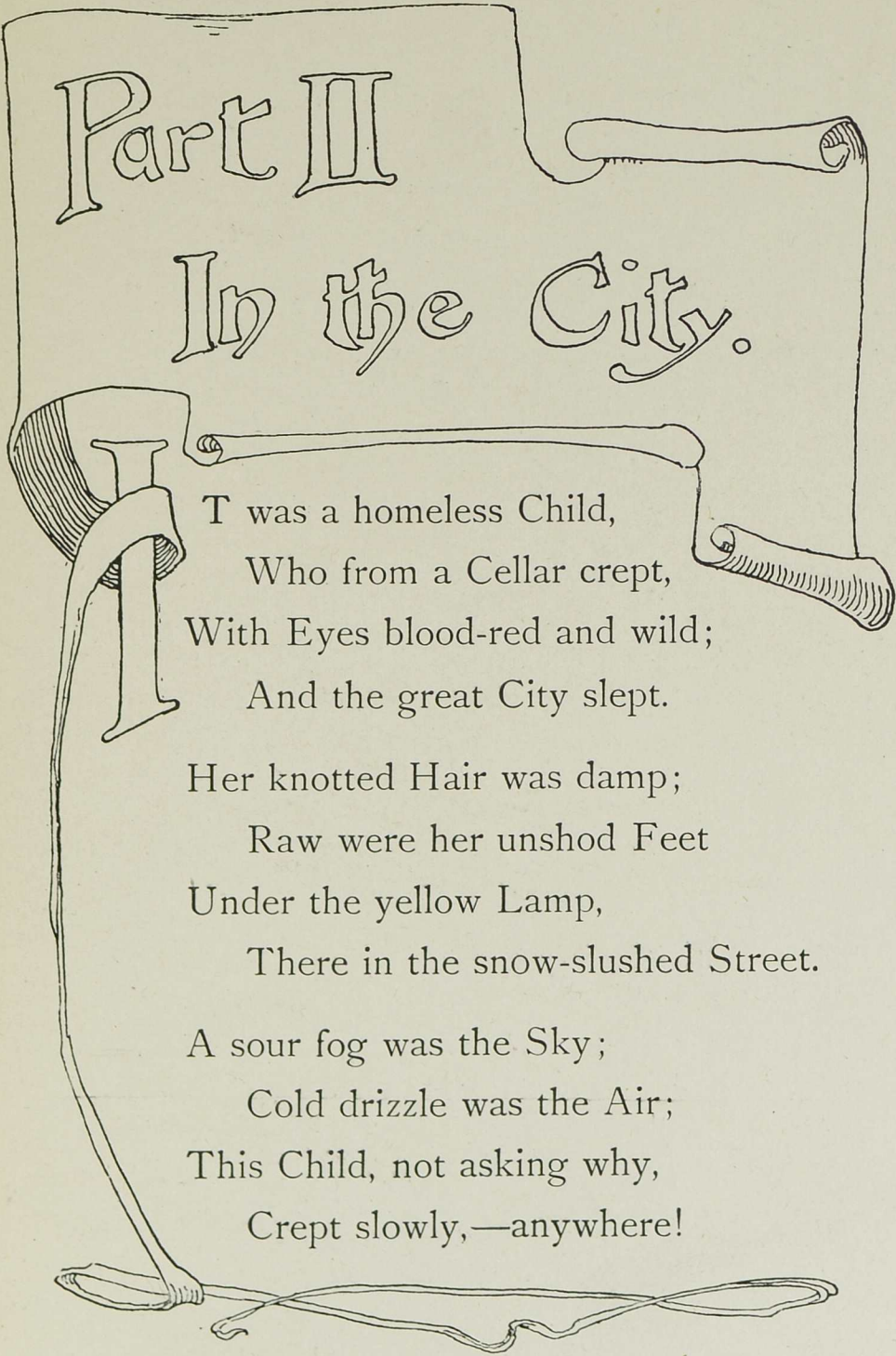


T was a little Child
Who from her Cot had crept;
And in the Dawn she smiled,
While yet her Mother slept:
Smiled at the curtained chink
To see the wondrous Snow;
Her widened Eyes a-wink,
Her morning Face aglow.
Breathless she gazed upon
This Magic of the night;
Her old black World had gone
And sent this World of white!
The silence as of Dream
Was on the windless Air;
A peaceful, level Gleam,
Spread upward everywhere.

THE withered Moon was wan,—
 'Mid little Clouds the least;
While crimson Shimmer ran
 Far up the shining East.
A Crow with head awry,—
 Shuffled across the Lawn;
A white Tree touched the Sky,
 And laced the whiter Dawn.
Then back to Bed she went,
 And asked for Mother's kiss;
There, lapped in warm content
 She shaped a Thought like this;—

“The World is Someone's child,
 Which from its Cot has crept”;
And by this Thought beguiled,
 The babe, Good-Fortune, slept.





Part II

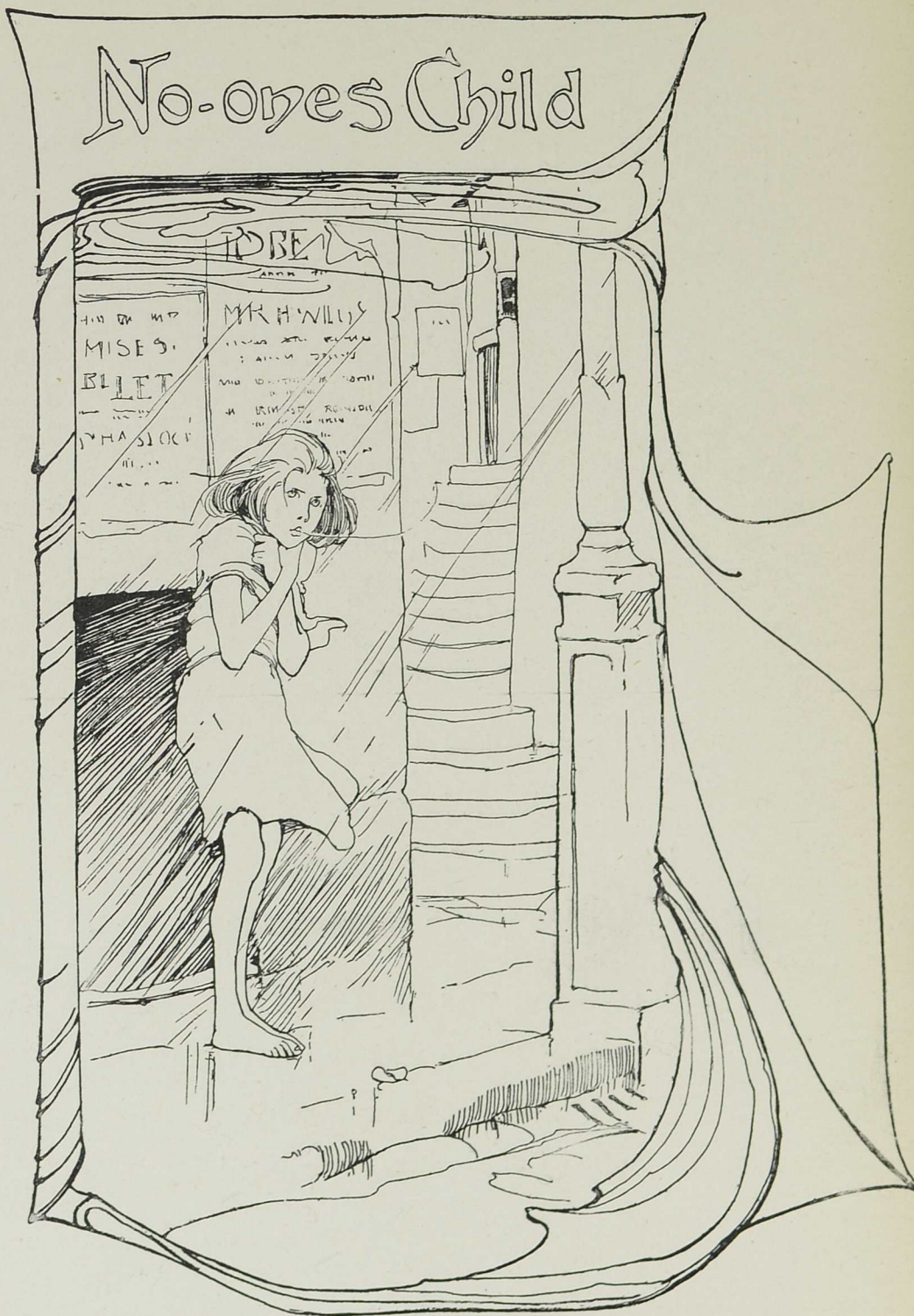
In the City.

T was a homeless Child,
Who from a Cellar crept,
With Eyes blood-red and wild;
And the great City slept.

Her knotted Hair was damp;
Raw were her unshod Feet
Under the yellow Lamp,
There in the snow-slushed Street.

A sour fog was the Sky;
Cold drizzle was the Air;
This Child, not asking why,
Crept slowly,—anywhere!

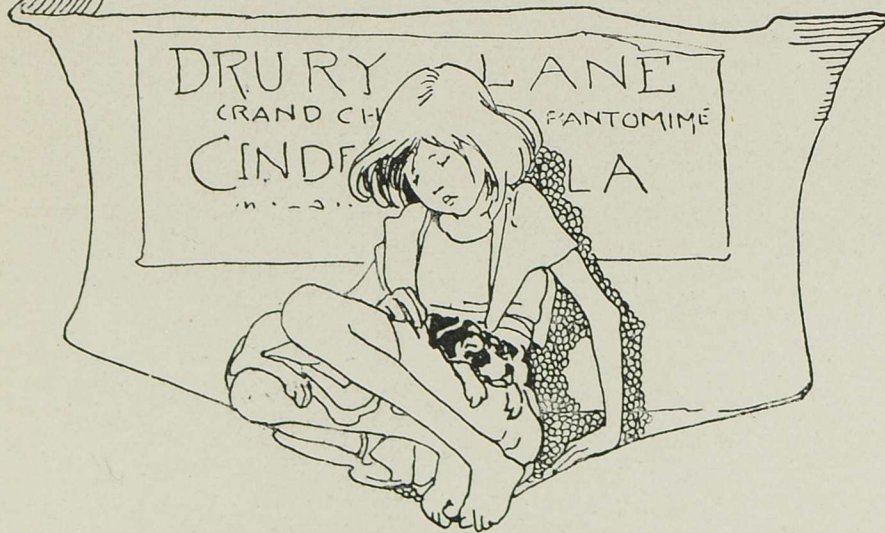
No-ones Child

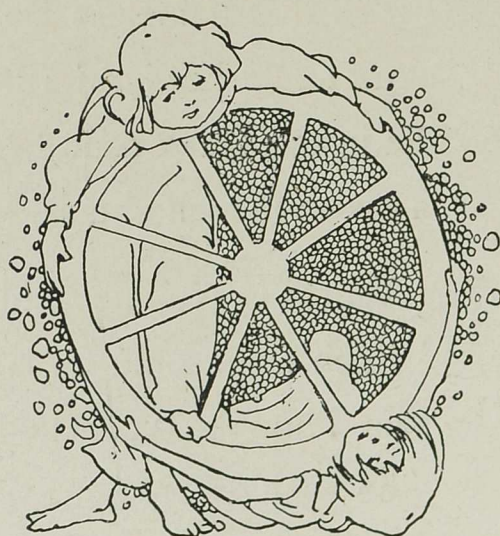


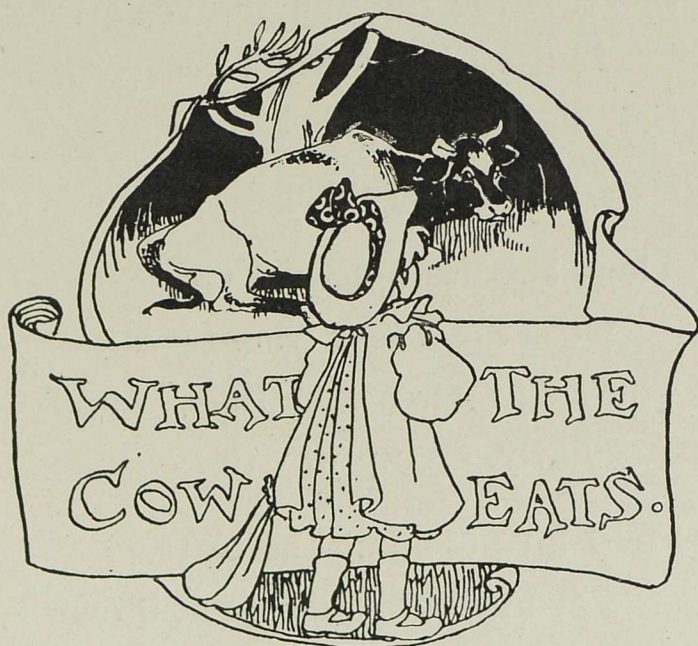
WHEN to her side there came
Ghostlike, from out the Dark,
A Dog without a name;
Dripping, and lean, and stark.

She took that nameless Dog,
And made her lap its Bed;
While in the bleak sour Fog
This to herself she said:—

“The World is No-one’s child,
Which from some Cellar crept”;
To this Thought reconciled,
The waif, Ill-Fortune, slept.









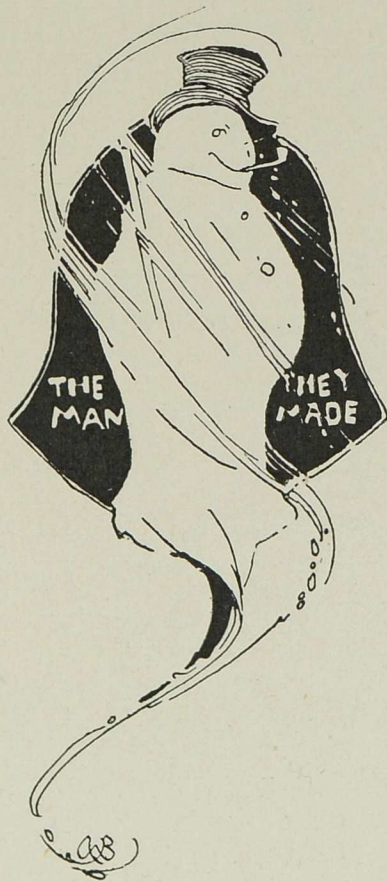
DOWN the Lane there lives a Cow,
In the Field beyond the Corn;
Star she has upon her Brow,
And a crook upon her Horn.

There she lies upon the Grass,
Near the Trees where it is cool;
There she stares each time I pass
Slowly, on my way to School.

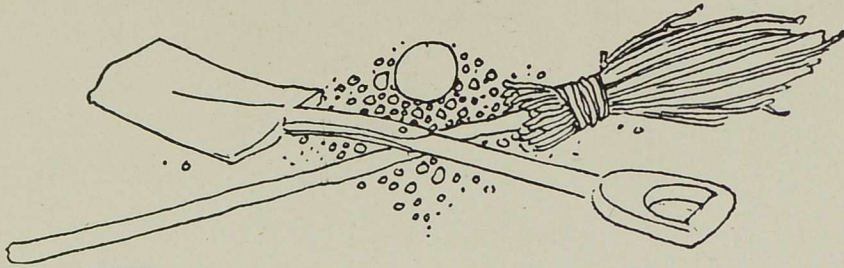
For I love to climb the Gate,
Love to watch her great brown Eyes;
And the more I wait, and wait,
She the longer looketh wise!

There she lies and Eats, and Eats;
But a Bite she *never* takes!
And I think it must be Sweets,
For I know it can't be Cakes.







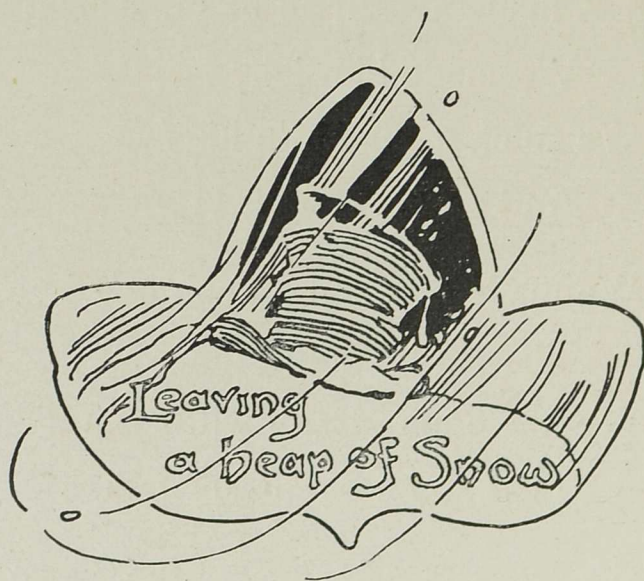


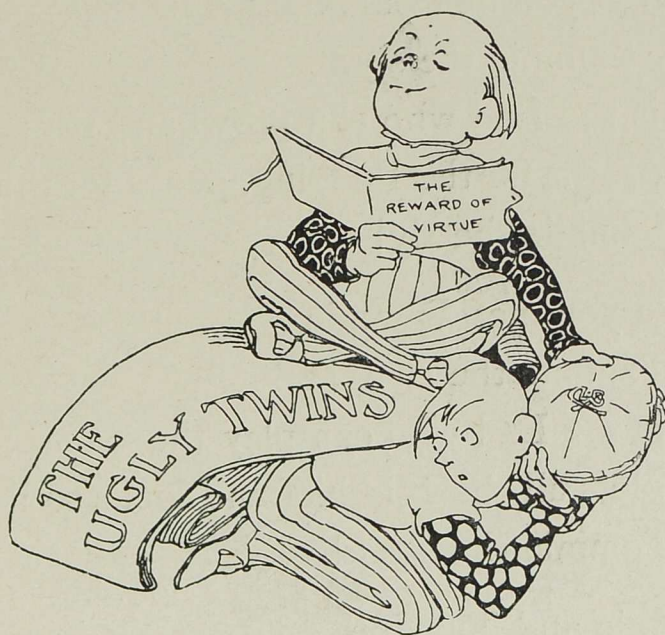
WE made a Man all by ourselves;
We made him jolly fat;
We stuck a Pipe into his face,
And on his head a Hat.

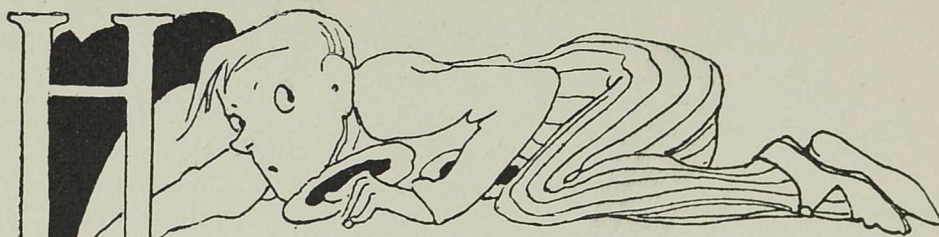
We made him stand upon one Leg,
That so he might not walk;
We made his Mouth without a Tongue,
That so he might not talk.

We left him grinning on the Lawn
That we to Bed might go;
But in the night he ran away,—
Leaving a heap of Snow!









AVE you met Sammie,
Sammie the sly?

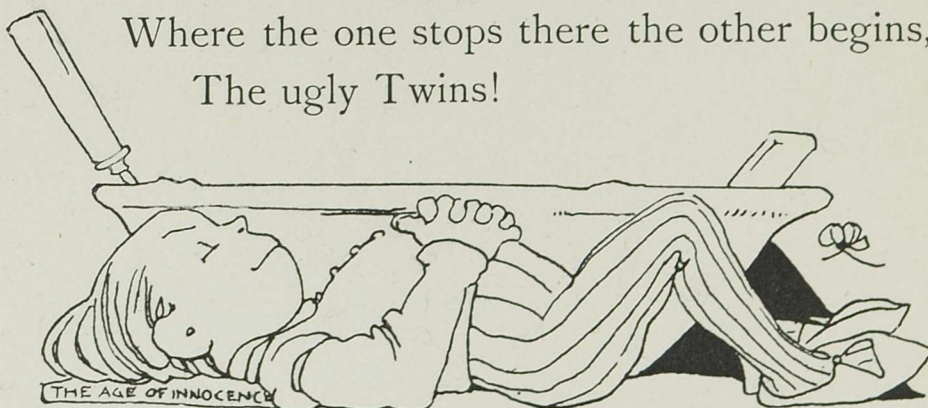
He is the Lad who can prowl and pry;
He prowls for the Pudding, peeps for the Pie,—
Sammie the sly!

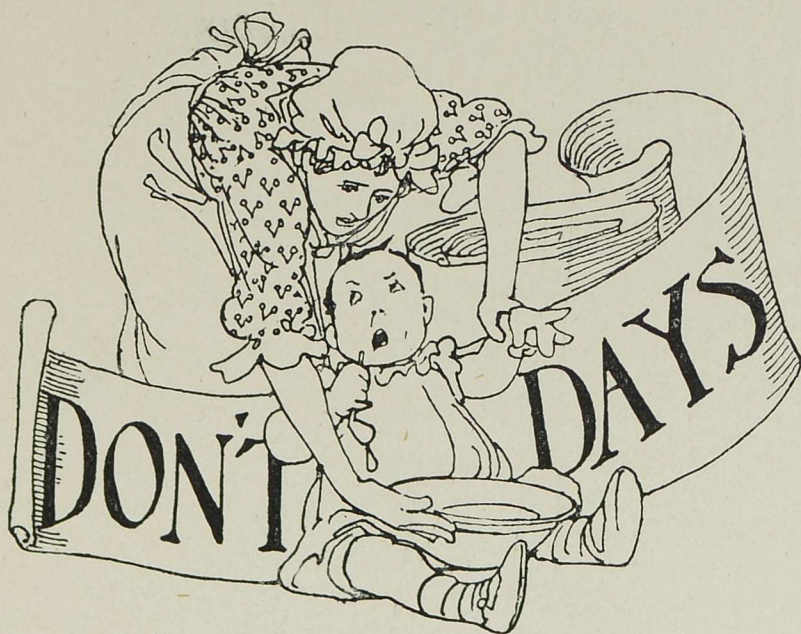
Have you met Tammie,
Tammie the sleek?

He is the Lad who can play the Sneak;
He plots all the Mischief and looks so meek,—
Tammie the sleek!

Sammie and Tammie,
Are always Twins;

One in their nature, two in their sins;
Where the one stops there the other begins,—
The ugly Twins!





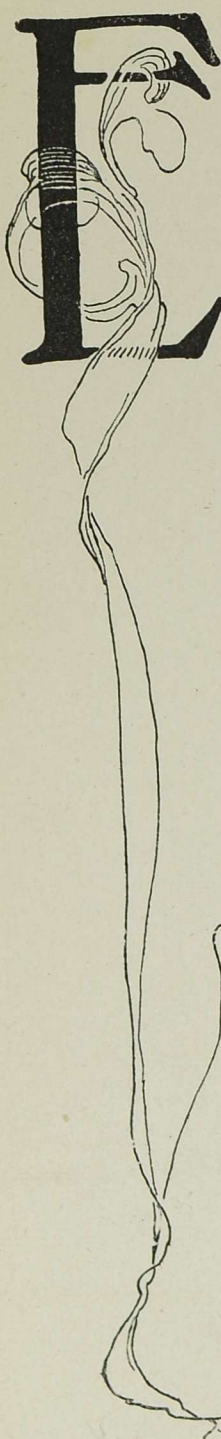
SOME days my Nursie says—"You may";
Some days she says—"Now don't";
Some days she gives me all my way,
Some days she won't;
And oh! I find it *such* a bother
To tell a "don't day" from another!





Deep in the
midst of it
I see the fair
Things flit.
The things
of Heart's
desire.



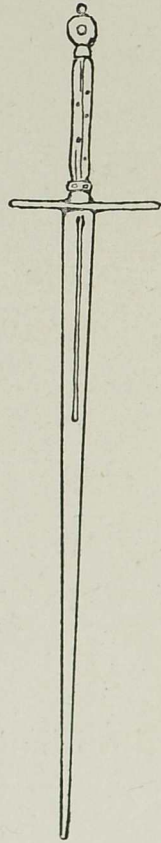


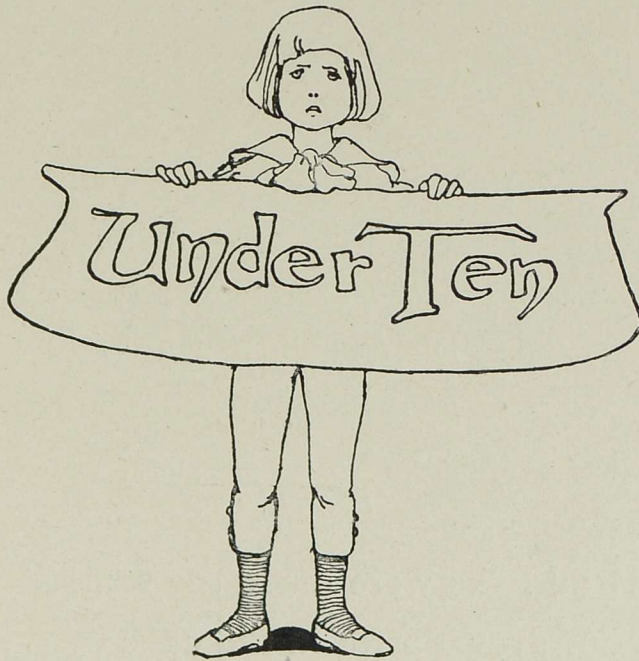
RE yet the Lamp is lit,—
When I of reading tire,
When Shadows flit and flit,—
With head on hand I sit
Before the crimson Fire.

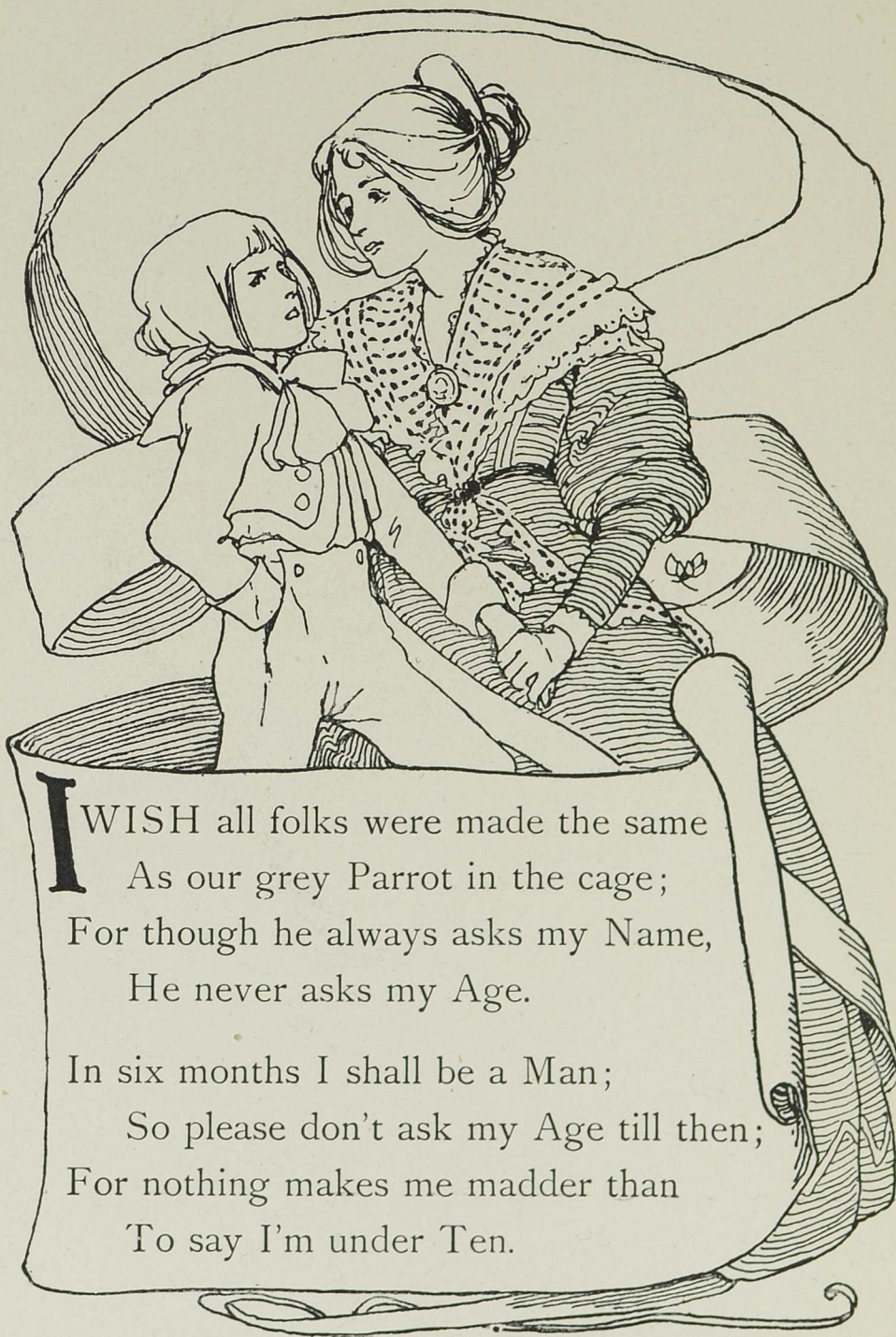
Strange people there I see,
In places just as strange;
Bright Palaces there be;
Red Knights that beckon me;—
With change that follows change.

A fiery Castle goes,
And leaves a Lion's den;
A flaming Banner blows,
Where grew a crimson Rose;—
Then all is changed again.

With head on hand I sit
Before the magic Fire;
Deep in the midst of it
I see the fair Things flit,—
The Things of Heart's desire.







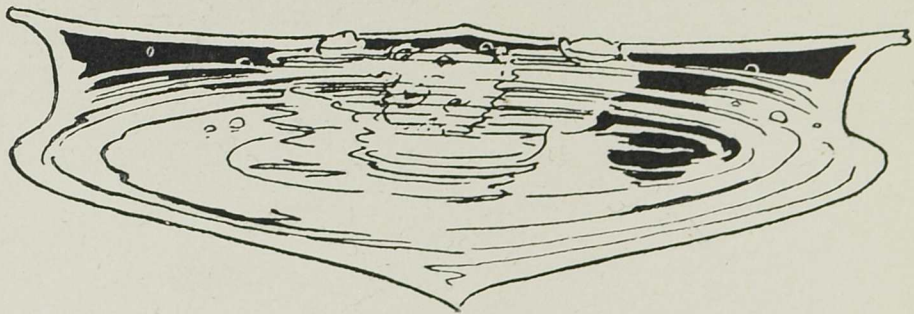
I WISH all folks were made the same
As our grey Parrot in the cage;
For though he always asks my Name,
He never asks my Age.

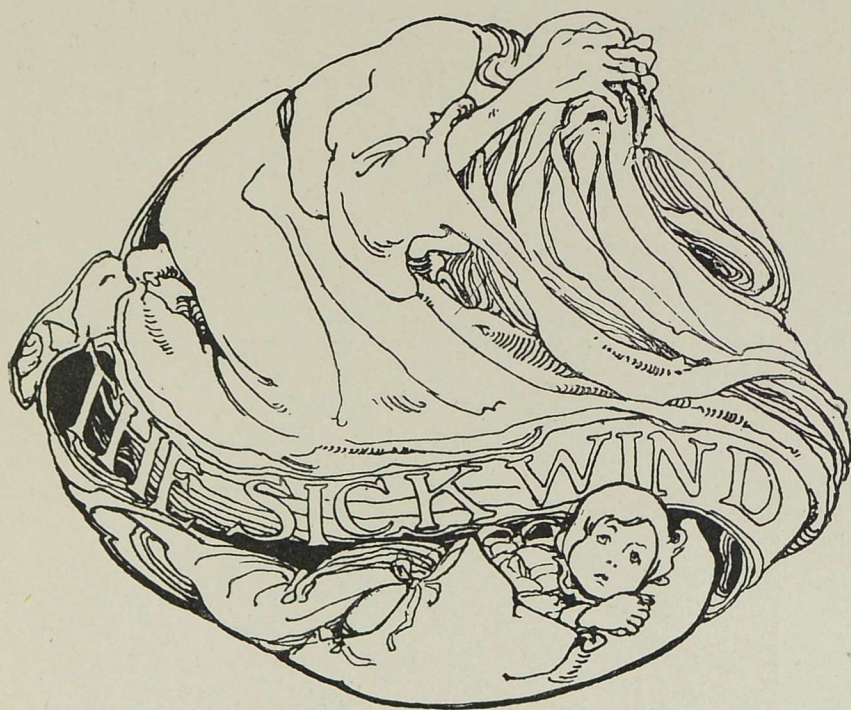
In six months I shall be a Man;
So please don't ask my Age till then;
For nothing makes me madder than
To say I'm under Ten.





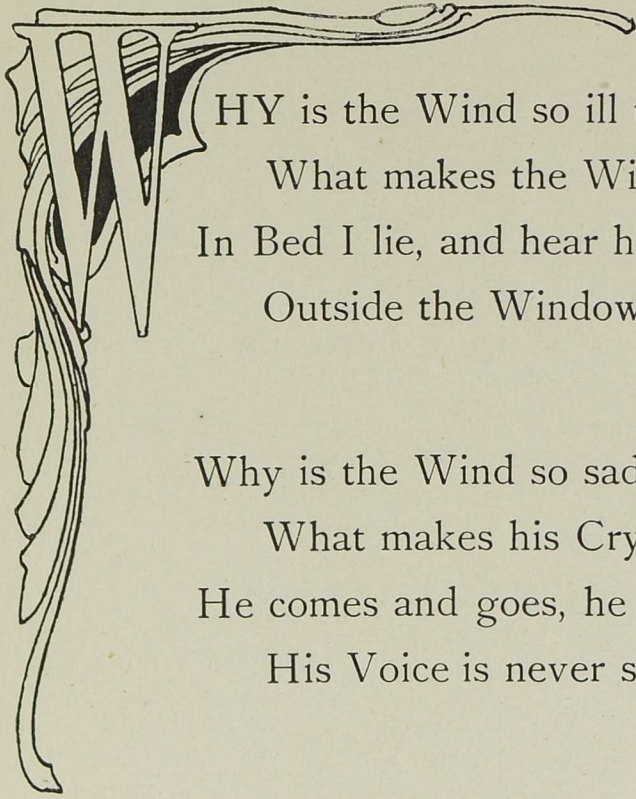
I KNOW a place that holds the Sky,
A place where little white Clouds lie;
The edge is all as green as Grass,
The middle is as smooth as Glass;
And there the round Sun makes his Bed;
And there a Tree stands on its Head;
Sometimes a Bird sits on that Tree;
Sometimes it sings a Song to me;
And always in that shining place
I see a little smiling Face;
She nods and smiles; but all the same
The Girl down there won't tell her name!





he goes
& comes
with
silent
feet,
he jobs
amid
the
Rain





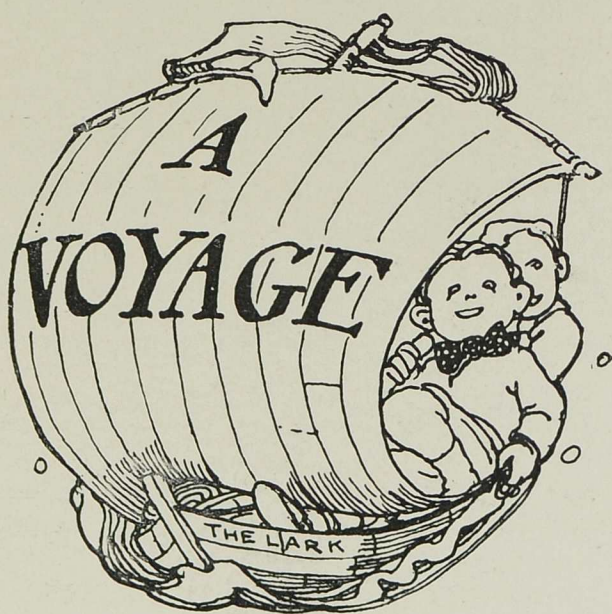
WHY is the Wind so ill to-night?
What makes the Wind complain?
In Bed I lie, and hear him sigh,
Outside the Window-pane.

Why is the Wind so sad to-night?
What makes his Cry so shrill?
He comes and goes, he sobs his Woes,
His Voice is never still.

All round the House, and round the
House
He takes his weary Moan;
The night is cold, the Wind is old,—
A tired old Wind and lone.

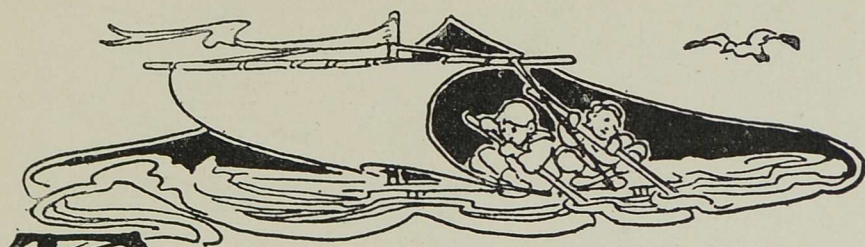
He goes and comes with silent Feet,
He sobs amid the Rain:
Dear God be kind, to this sick Wind,
And make him well again!





Tao Sailors
boldly put
to Sea



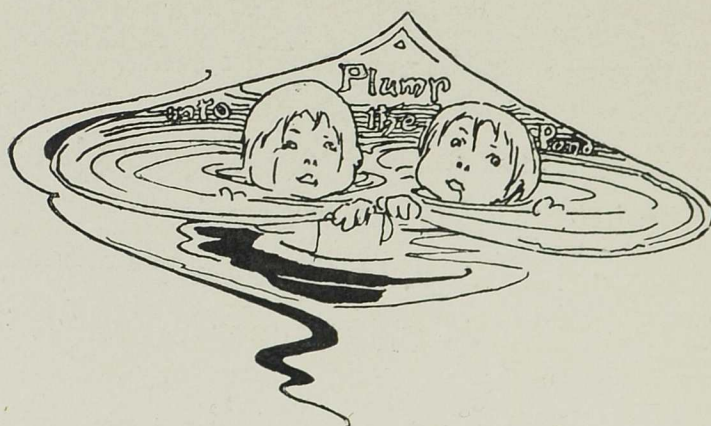


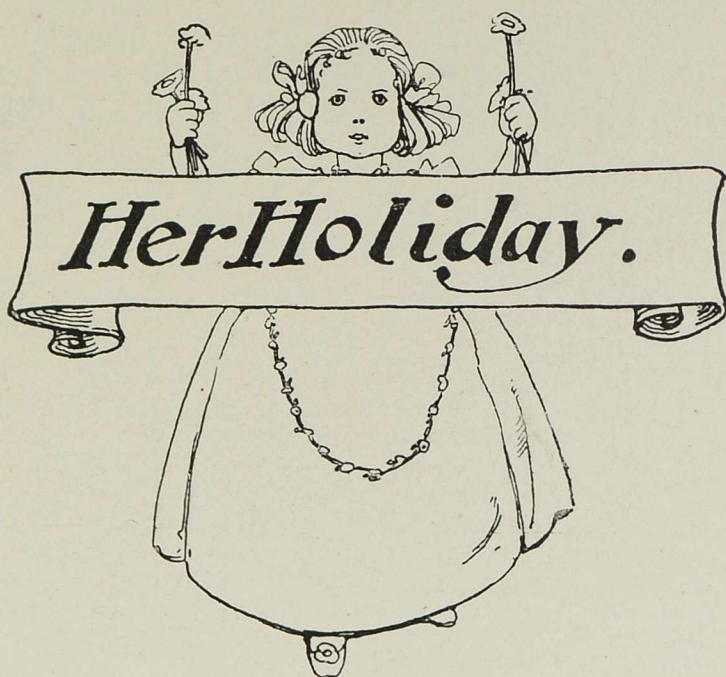
TWO Sailors boldly put to Sea,
On board their own brave Craft;
These Sailors two, were a daring Crew,
And their Ship was a jolly Raft.

Two Sailors launched their Ship of planks
Tied tight with ropes together;
And over the Pond, to the Lands beyond,
They sailed in the summer Weather.

Two Sailors steered across the Deep,
With two long Poles they steered;
Though Rocks were nigh, and the Waves ran
high,
These Sailors were never afeared.

They bravely steered and wildly cheered,—
Till they chanced on stormy Weather;
When the Ship was lost, and the Crew were
tossed
Plump into the Pond together!





Her Holiday.

*Sure little
Footsteps
tarry
When little
Feet are
tired.*



BEHOLD this little Maiden
With all her Laughter fled;
Two hands with Berries laden,
Red berries on her Head;
With weary Step that lingers
Tired in the long dusk Road;
With droop of little Fingers
Faint with their ruddy Load.

Come, Ruthie, let me carry
This wealth your Heart desired;
Sure little Footsteps tarry
When little Feet are tired.

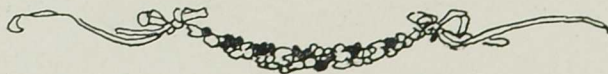
The eventide comes colder,
And we must Homeward hold;
So, lay upon this Shoulder
Your Head of ravelled gold.

O maiden, you have led me,
As to a merry Tune,
With twinkling Feet that fled me
All through the autumn Noon:





WHEN yet the Air was mellow,
And Shadow there was none;
When Woods of red and yellow
Flashed in the fiery Sun,—
Sweet was your fleeing Laughter;
In echo still more sweet;
While light Leaves fluttered after
The going of your Feet.



YOU danced in rustled Places,
Where brown Leaves made their lair;
You sped down sun-lit Spaces
With loose gold on your Hair.

Oh, we were gay together
This sunny Maid and I,
All in the autumn Weather,
Beneath the autumn Sky.

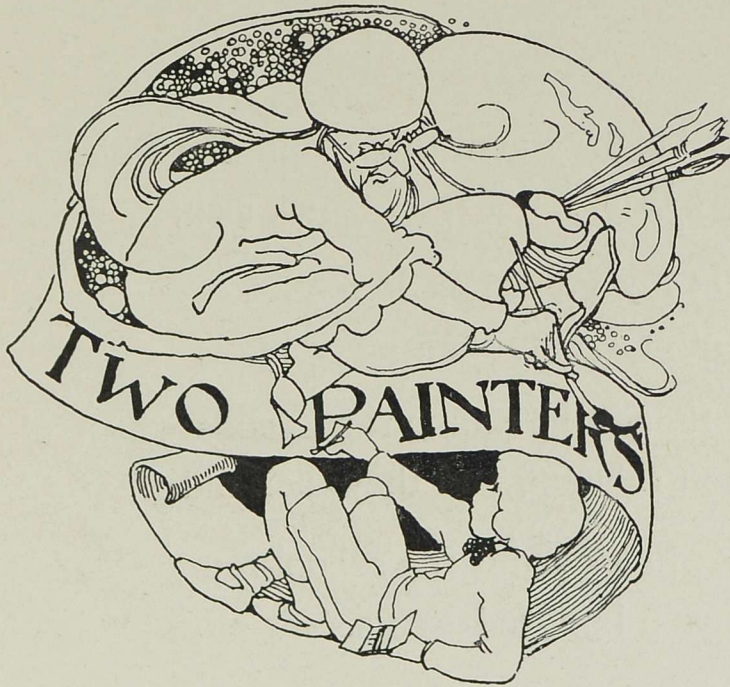
We wrought amid the Sedges
Green Crown of finest pith;
We sought along the Hedges
Red Gems to twine therewith.

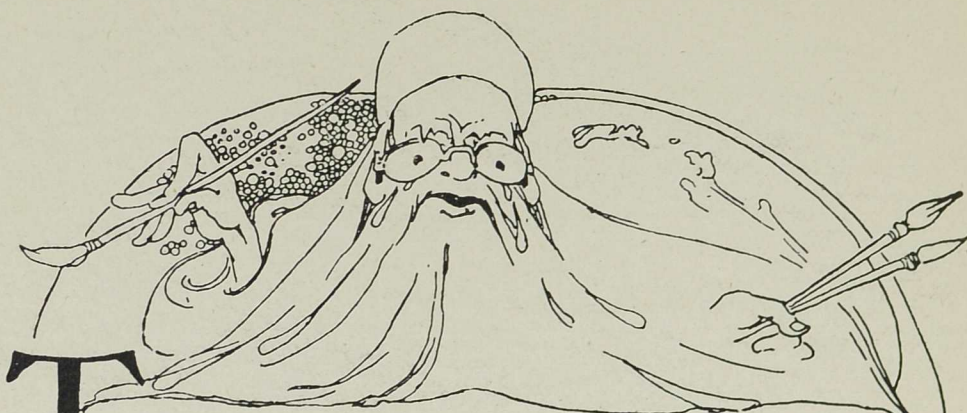
With green and red I bound you
Where sunlight set its Sheen;
I kissed, sweet Child, and crowned you,
My shining Autumn Queen;—

A Queen with sleep o'erladen,
Whose Crown drops from her Head,—
This weary little Maiden
With all her Laughter fled!









THE big Sky-man that paints the Skies
Has Brushes of the biggest size;
But in my Paint-box I've a lot
Of better Paints than he has got;
And though he paints the Clouds with Gold
It soon rubs off, and they look old;
Now when I paint the school-room Door
It stays a hundred Years,—or more;
The Sky-man paints his Pictures quick,
But mine are best,—because they stick.



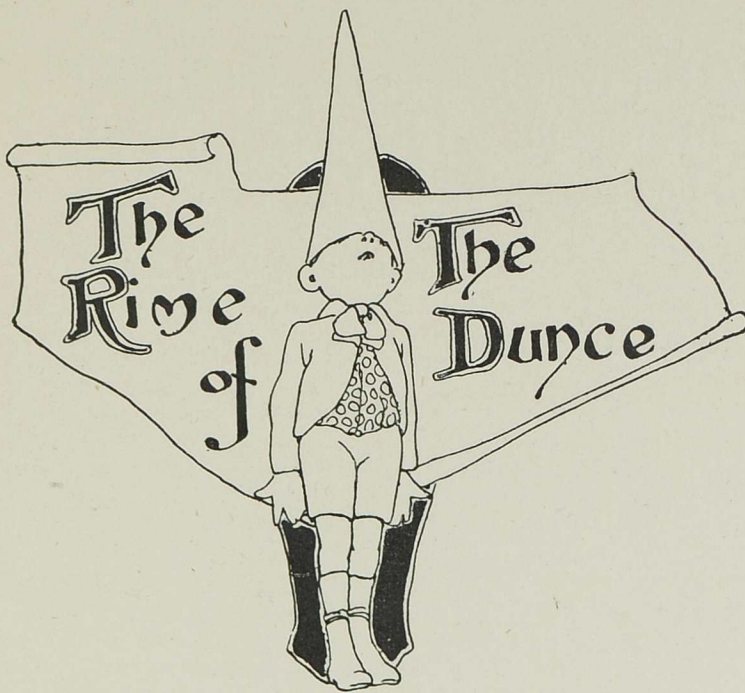


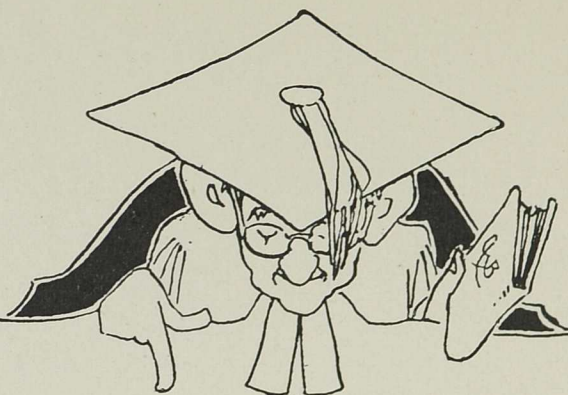


BRIGHT this morn and blythe this day,
For the School-room tasks are done;
Hearts are glad and Faces gay,
All our Lessons cast away,—
For Vacation has begun

Happy Lads and Lasses we,
Care or trouble have we none;
All together shout with Glee,
For the Play-time that shall be,—
For Vacation just begun!







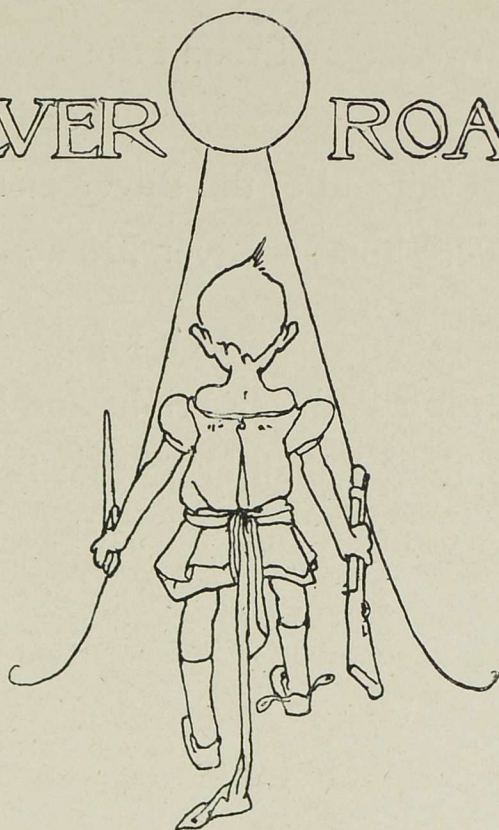
SOME people think a Boy is born
To grind for old Exams;
I tell you so, because I know,—
Such folk are silly Lambs!

Some Chaps, of course, can grind and grind,
And never make no Growls;
I think it wrong to go it strong,—
Such Chaps are proper Owls!

The Man who first invented Cram,
And faked-up Things to pass,
I tell to you, because it's true,—
He was a jolly Ass!



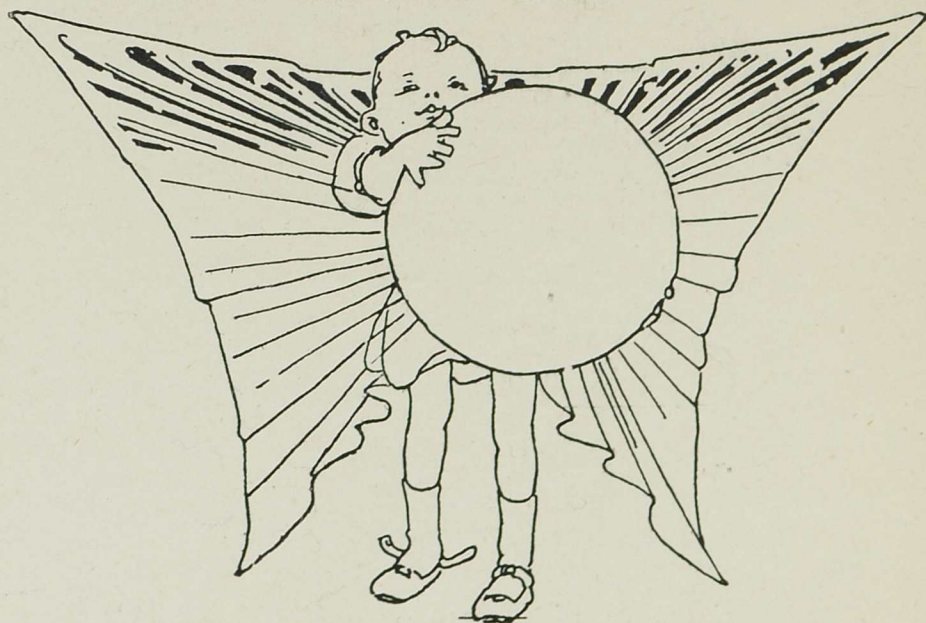
THE SILVER ROAD



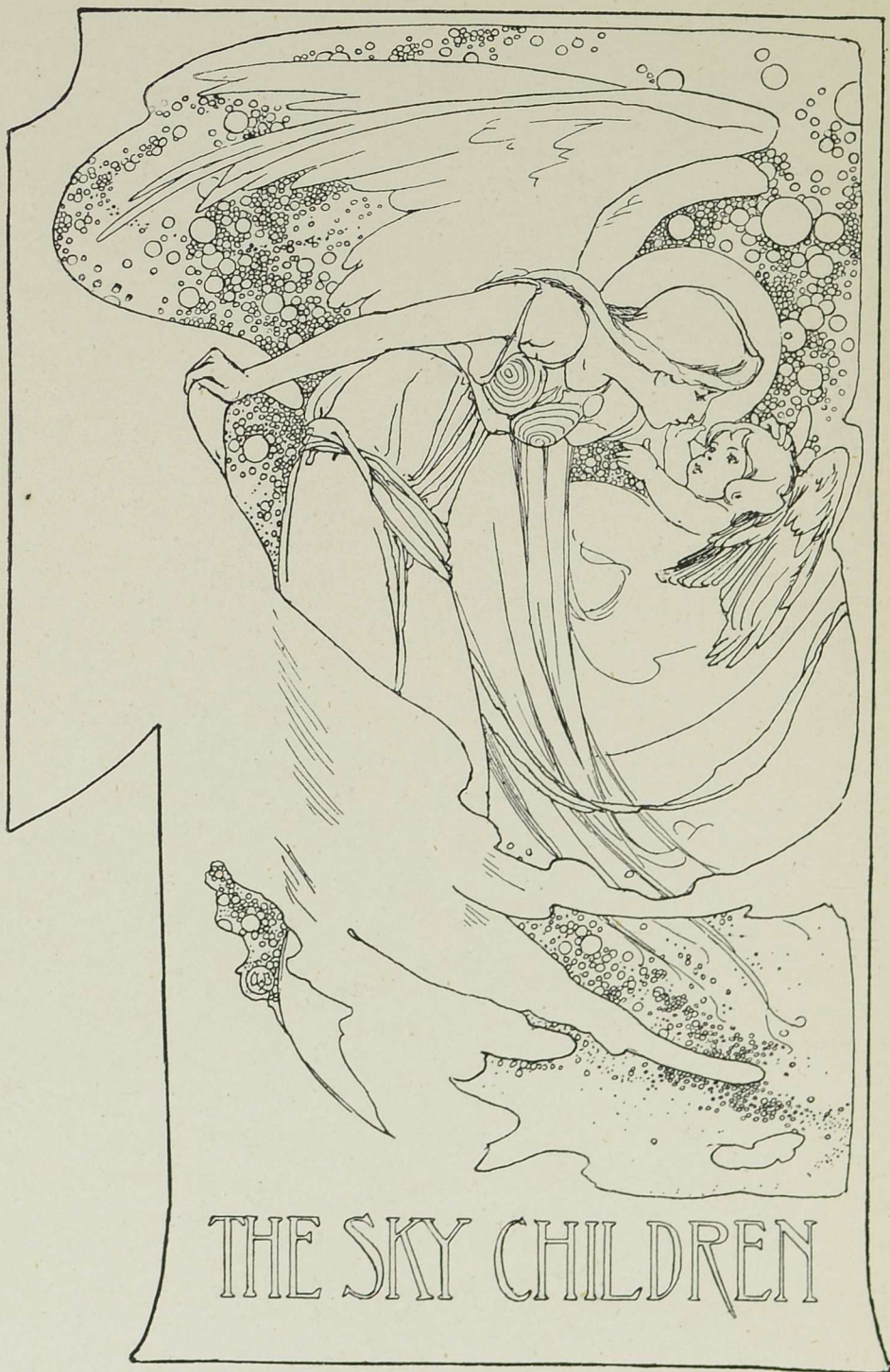
LAST night I saw a Silver Road
Go straight across the Sea;
And quick as I raced along the Shore,
That quick Road followed me.

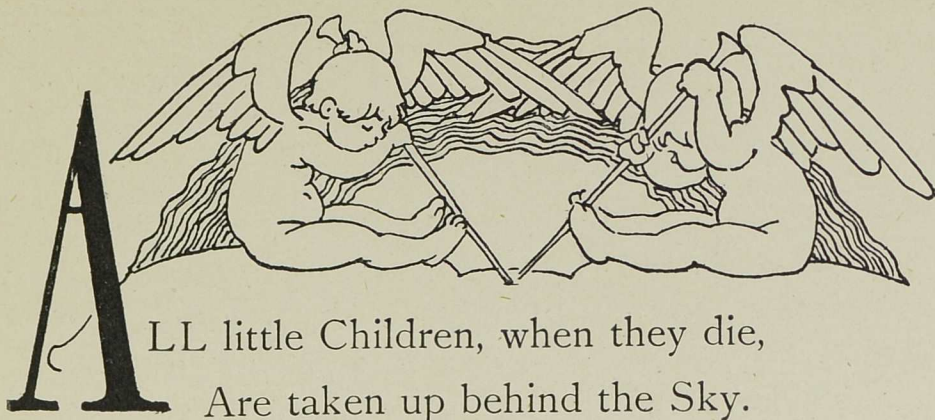
It followed me all round the Bay,
Where small Waves danced in tune;
And at the end of the Silver Road
There hung a Silver Moon.

A large round Moon on a pale green Sky,
With a Pathway bright and broad;—
Some night I shall bring that Silver Moon
Across that Silver Road!







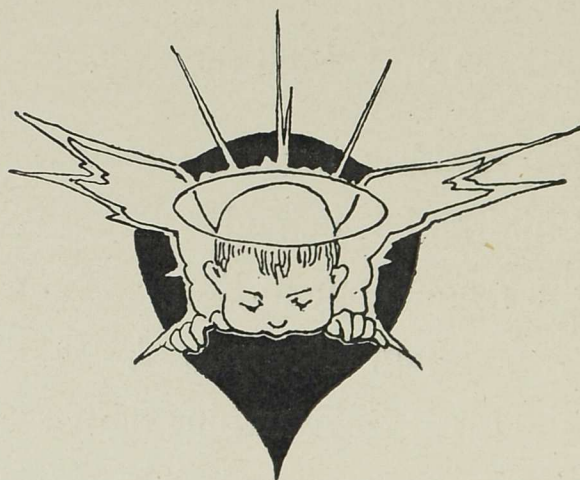


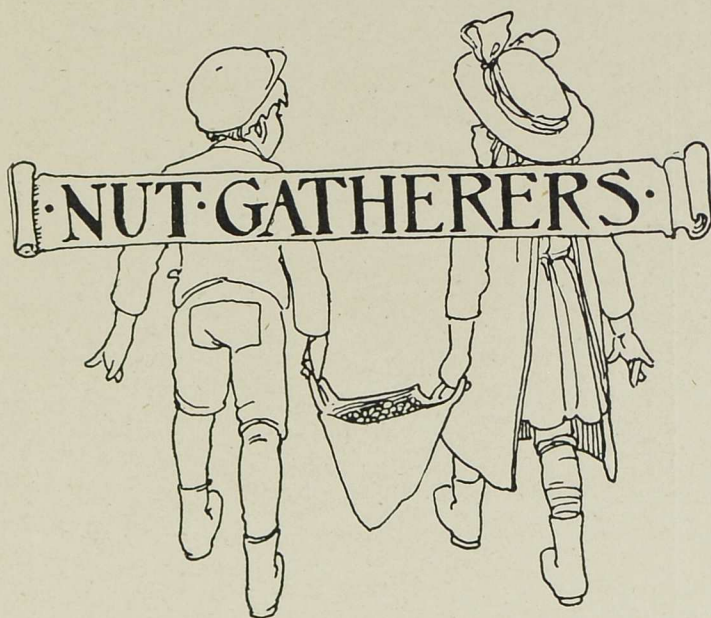
ALL little Children, when they die,
Are taken up behind the Sky.

Yet these Sky-children keep in mind
The little Children left behind:
So, when the Angels put to Bed
Each weary, nodding, Sleepy-head,
And draw the great Sky-curtains tight
And bid the Little Ones good-night,—
These mindful Children, e'er they sleep,
Make Pin-holes in the Sky, and peep
Down at the Earth; that they may mark
The Child that looks up through the Dark.

I know that what I say is true,
For when they peep the Light shines through!









Seethery come passer, each with his load.



ARK! how they chatter
Down the dusk Road;
See them come patter,
Each with his Load.

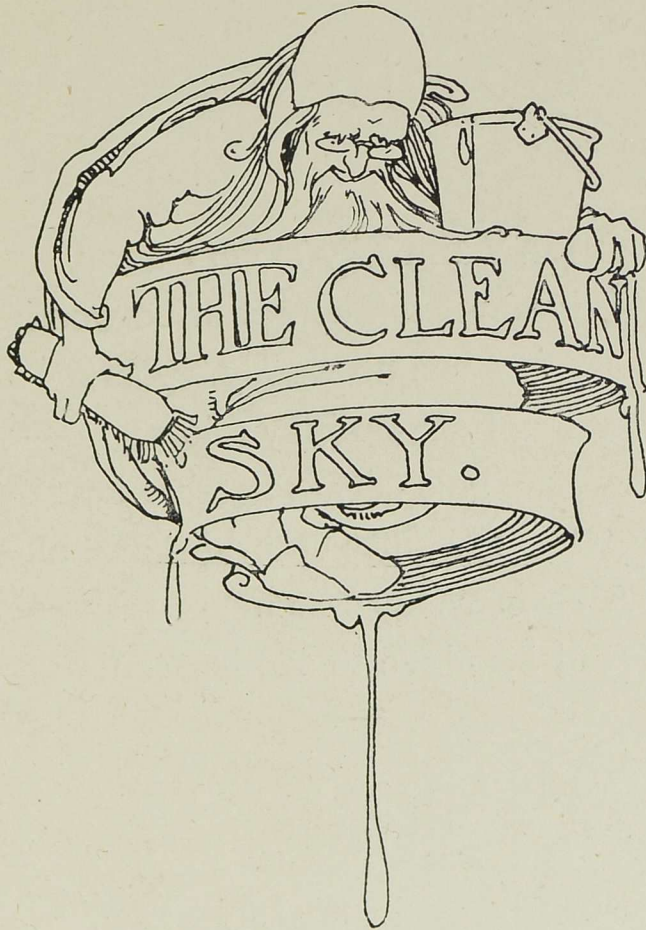
What have you sought, then,
Gay little Band?
What have you brought, then,
Each in his Hand?

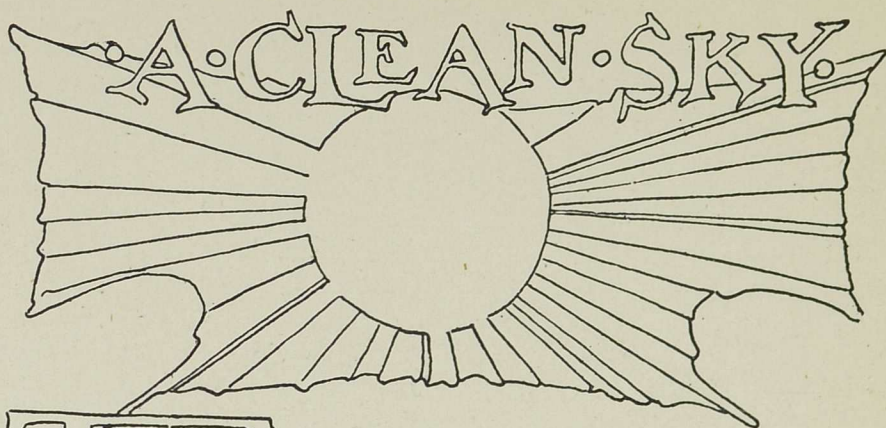
No need to ask it;
No need to tell;
In Bag and in Basket
Your Nuts show well!

Nuts from the Wild-wood;
Sweet Nuts to eat;
Sweetest in Childhood
When life is sweet!

There they go patter,
Each with his Load;
Hark! how they chatter
Down the dusk Road!

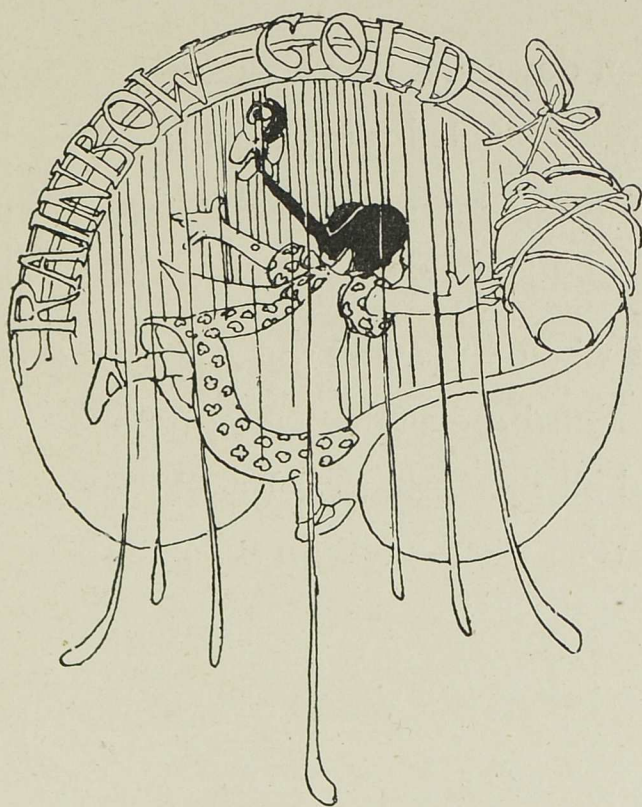






T O-DAY the Sky is very clean,
No rainy Stuff comes in between;
I see no woolly Spots;
I see no inky Blots;
This Sky is surely new,
It shines so bright and blue;
A cleaner Sky was never seen,
And I so love to see it clean!





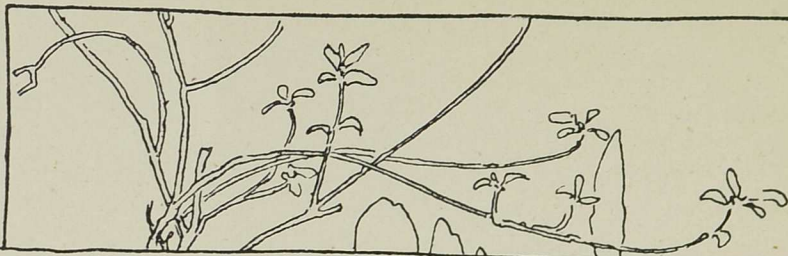
I SAW it through the Window-pane,
I saw it touch the Apple-tree;
A shining Rainbow in the rain,
It shone and beckoned me!

Then down the Garden-path I raced,
Nor minded rain or cold;
For well I knew that I would get
The Rainbow's pot of Gold!

But when I reached the Apple-tree
The Bow had left the ground;
And all the Gold that I could see,—
Was wet Leaves in a mound!

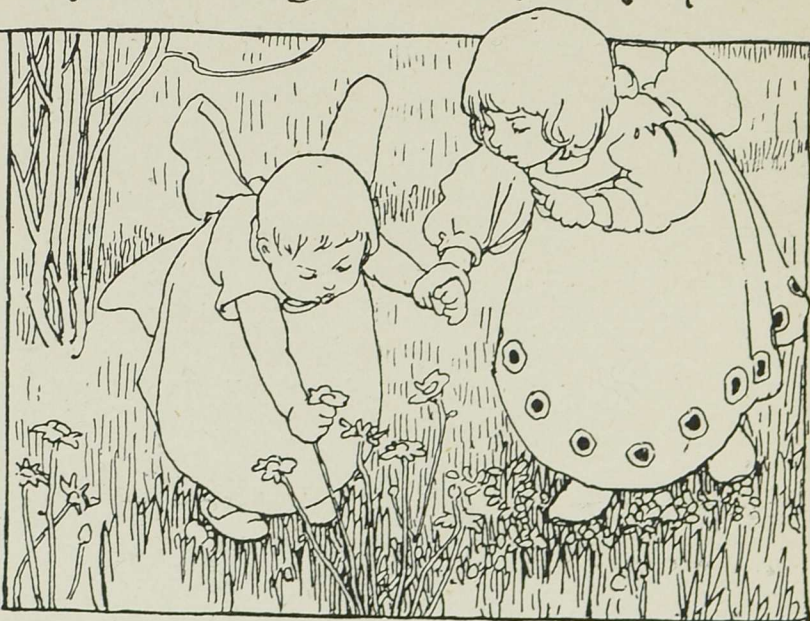


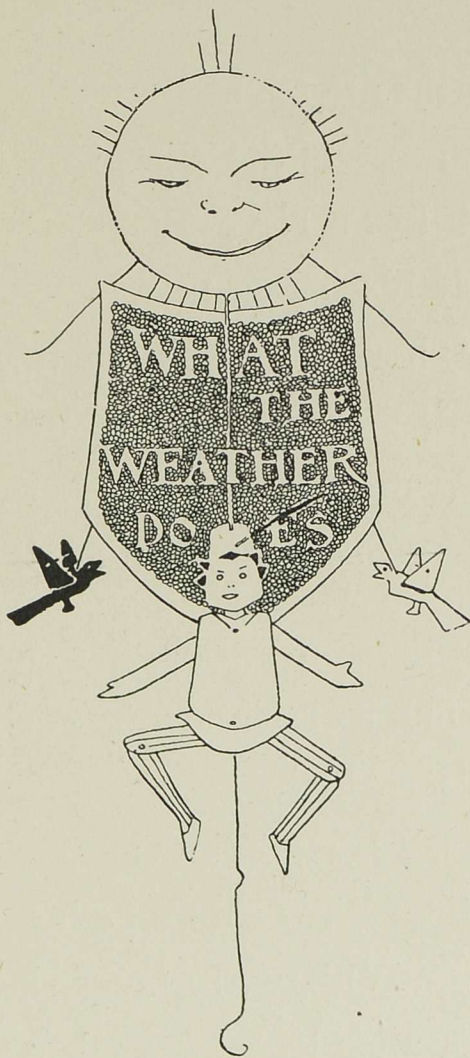


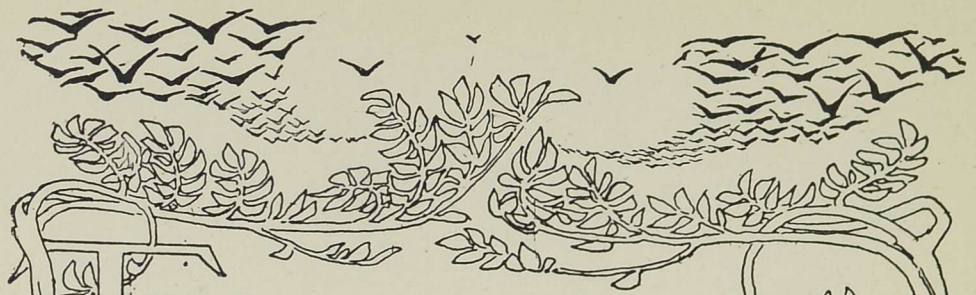


Ruth is three and Will is one,
She his Sister he her Brother;
See them toddling in the Sun,
All the World to one another.

Ruth is wise, and Will is wild,
Three the one, and one the other;
See her lecturing the Child,
He her Baby, she his Mother!







THE Rooks are alive
On the tops of the Trees;
They look like a Hive
Of jolly black Bees:

They all squawk together,
And loud is their squawking,—
It must be the Weather
That sets them a-talking.

A Lark in the Sky
Climbs up as it sings;
I watch it soar high
And wish I had Wings;

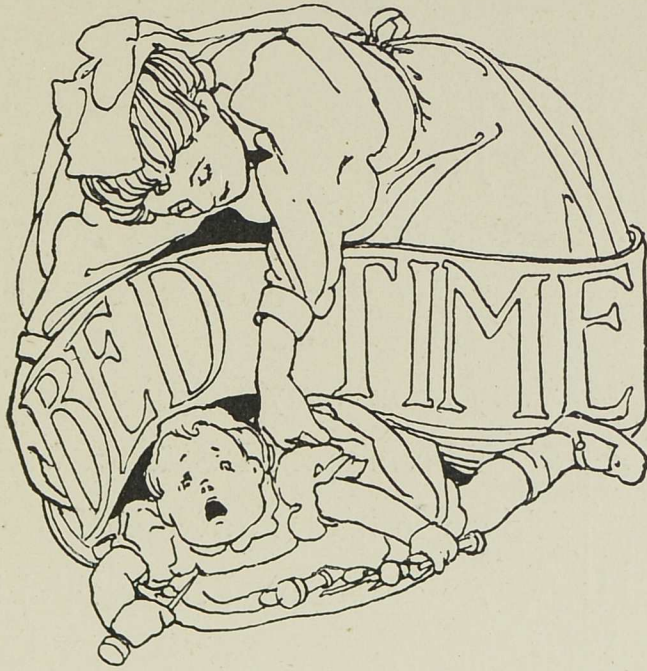
The Birds sing together
With merry notes ringing,—
It must be the Weather
That sets them a-singing.



THE Frost and the Snow
Have gone from the Lane;
They both had to go
When the Sun came again;
They skulked off together,
As out I came prancing,—
It *must* be the Weather
That sets me a-dancing.



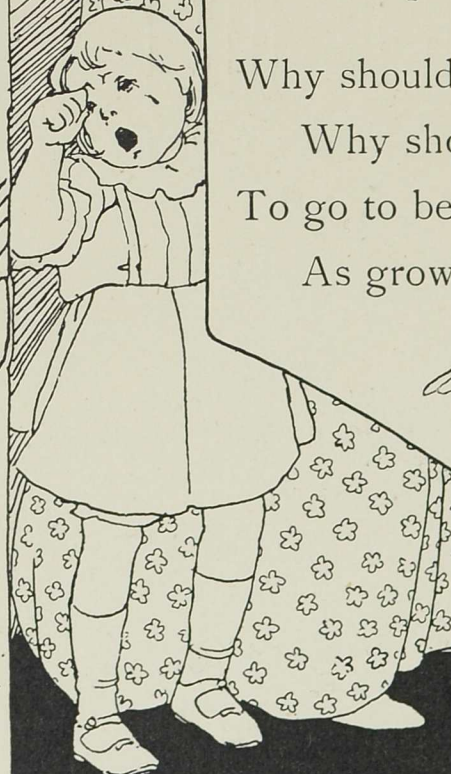




Bed Time.



WHY is it time to go to Bed,
Just when I want to stay?
Nurse would be nicer if she said:
“Keep right on with your Play”!



Why should my Play be ever done?
Why should I Sleep a wink?
To go to bed is not such Fun
As grown-up People think!



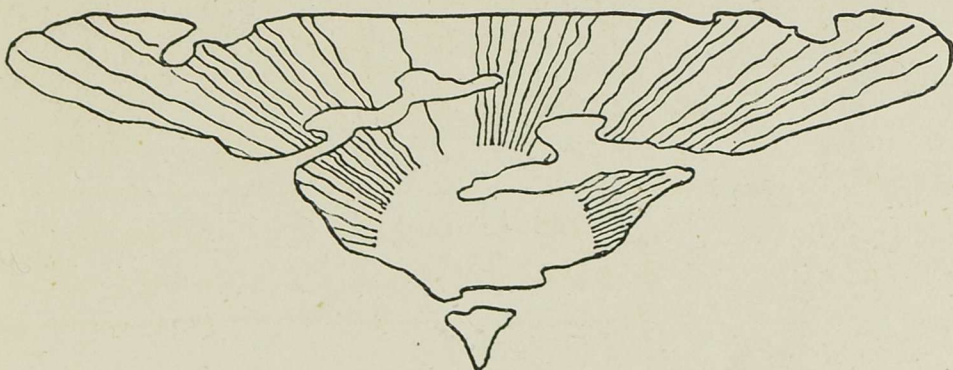


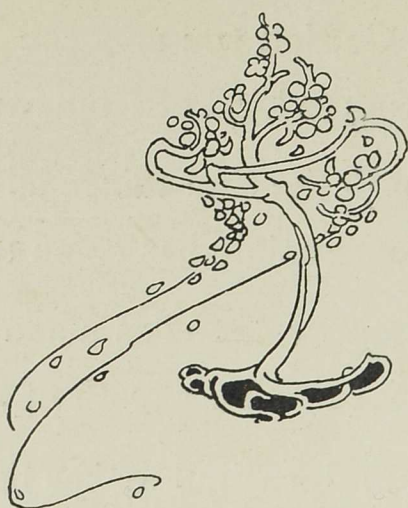


I wonder, does the Tree forget
That this is not the Snow-time yet?

APPLE-TREE SNOW

I N our old Garden you may see
The strangest kind of Apple-tree:
For though the Sun shines all the day
And Summer-time has come to stay,
Yet this queer Tree has made to grow
On every branch a wreath of Snow;
And when the Wind makes little shakes,
The Snow drops down in little flakes;
I wonder, does the Tree forget
That this is not the Snow-time yet?







I often tell him
Things I know.
But not a word
has he to say.
Yet still he
goes the Roads
I go.
And likes to
play the Games
I play.

LB





He goes beside me in the Sun;
And he is dark, though I am fair;
Both when I walk, and when I run,
The Other Me is always there!

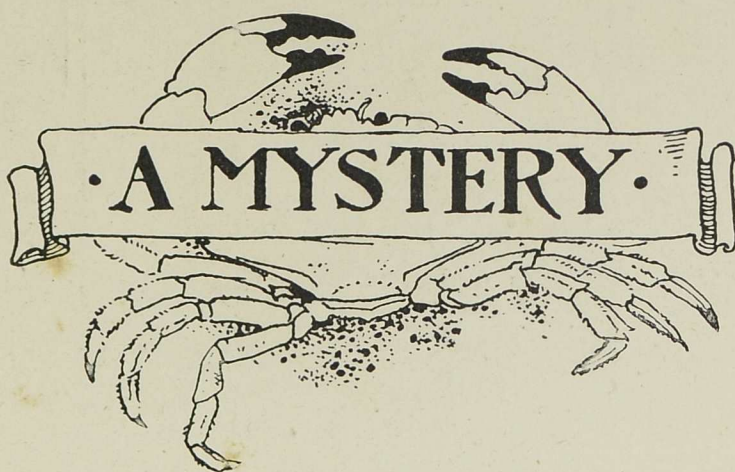
I often tell him Things I know,
But not a word has he to say;
Yet still he goes the Roads I go,
And likes to play the Games I play.

Sometimes the Other Me is Tall,
And stretches far, far down the street.
Sometimes the Other Me is Small,
And tries to hide beneath my feet!

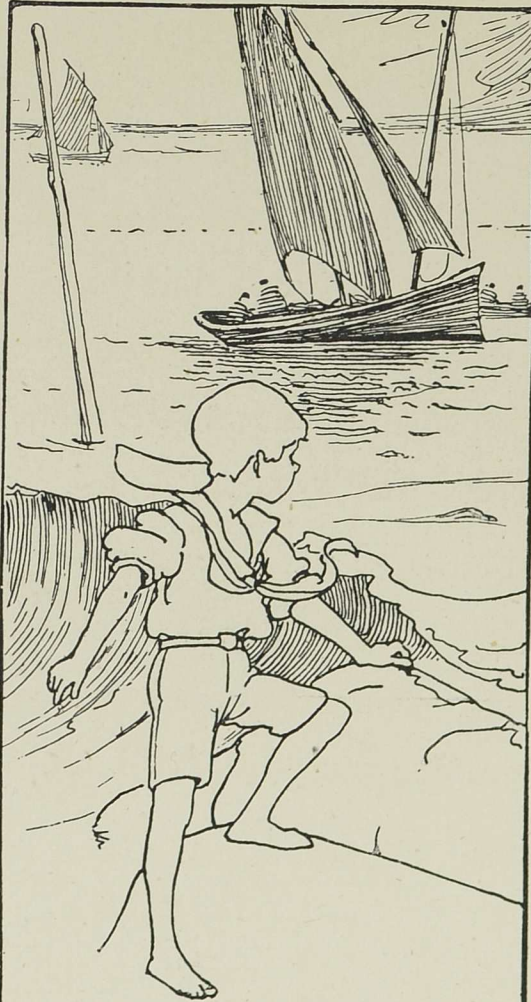
Last week the Other Me was lost,
One bad day when it rained and blowed;
He hid when he was wanted most,
But where he went I never knowed.

He came back when the Lamp was lit;
I saw him dance across the Floor,
And jump into my Bed, and sit;
How queer I never heard the Door!





The Tide
crawls
up, and
up, and
up,



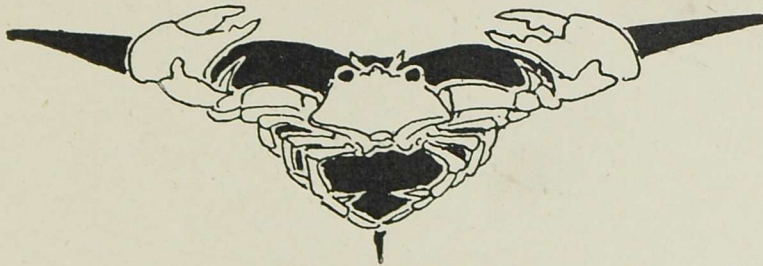
Till not
a Rock
is
seen.

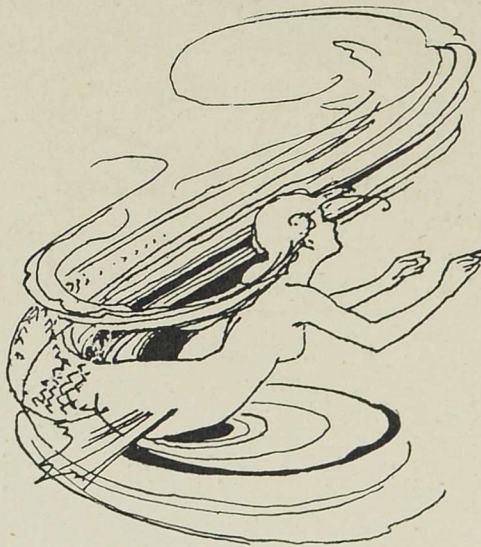
AMYSTERY

THE Tide creeps down, and down, and down,
Till all the black Rocks show;
I see it sink; and think, and think,—
Where *do* the Waves all go?

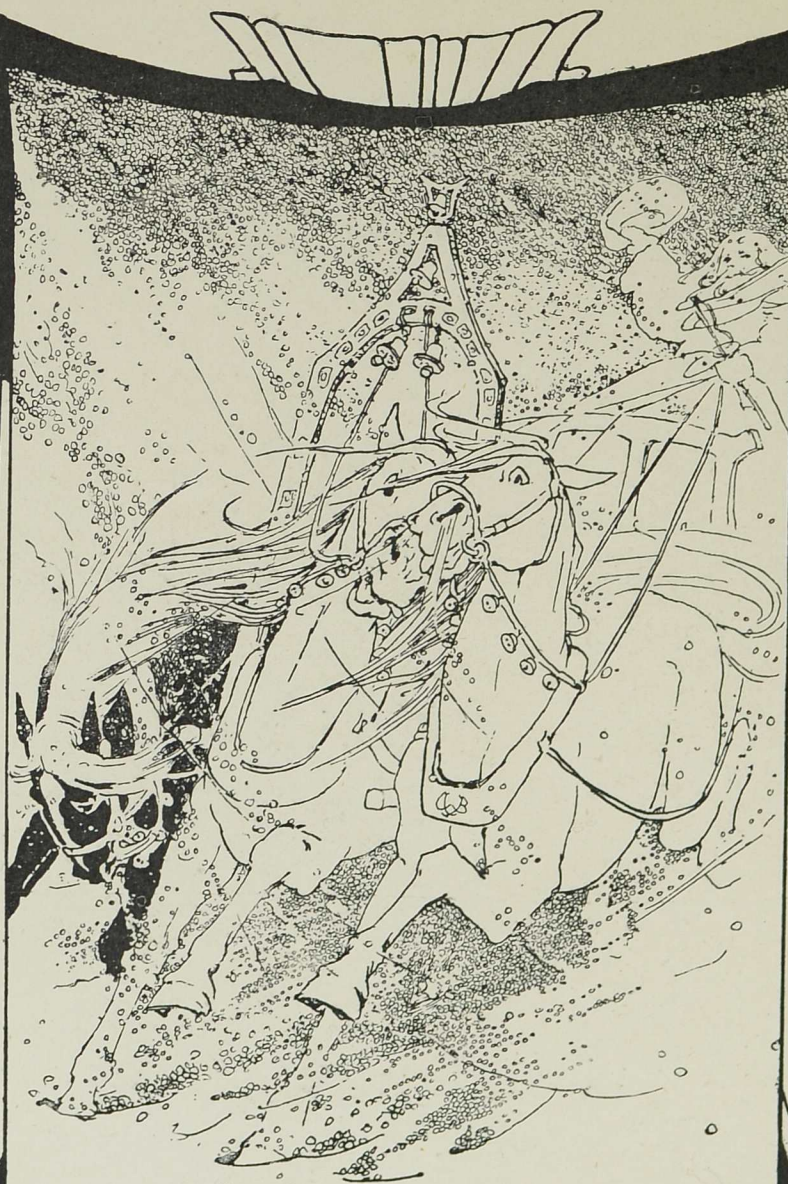
The Tide crawls up, and up, and up,
Till not a Rock is seen;
Still on the Shore, I ask once more,—
Where *can* these Waves have been?

I asked my Nurse; I asked, and asked;
Till hot she cried: "Oh drat!
The Tide's the Tide, do let it bide":
Now, was there sense in *that*?



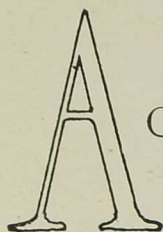






SILVER
BELLS.

Silver Bells.



CROSS the Snow the Silver Bells

Come near and yet more near;

Each Day and Night, each Night and Day

They tinkle soft and clear.

'Tis Father Christmas on his way

Across the winter Snows;

While on his Sleigh the Silver Bells

Keep chiming as he goes.

I listen for them in the Night,

I listen all the Day,

I think these merry Silver Bells

Are long, long on the way!

