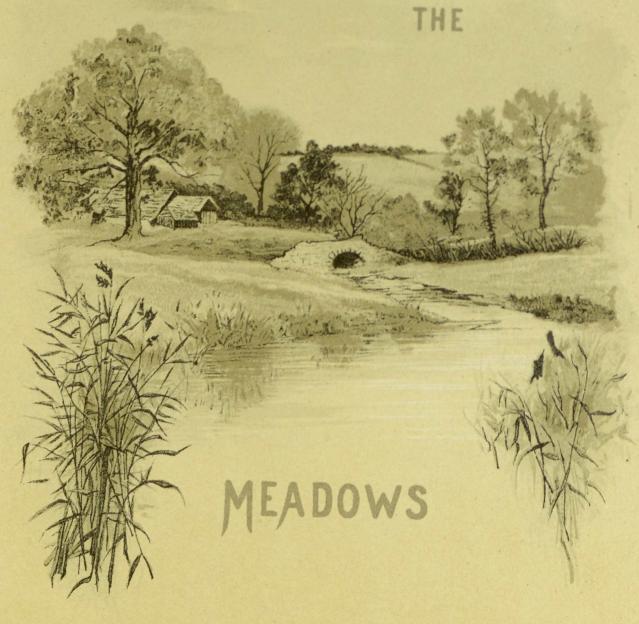


To dear Sessie with Grandmamma's love-4 mas 1005

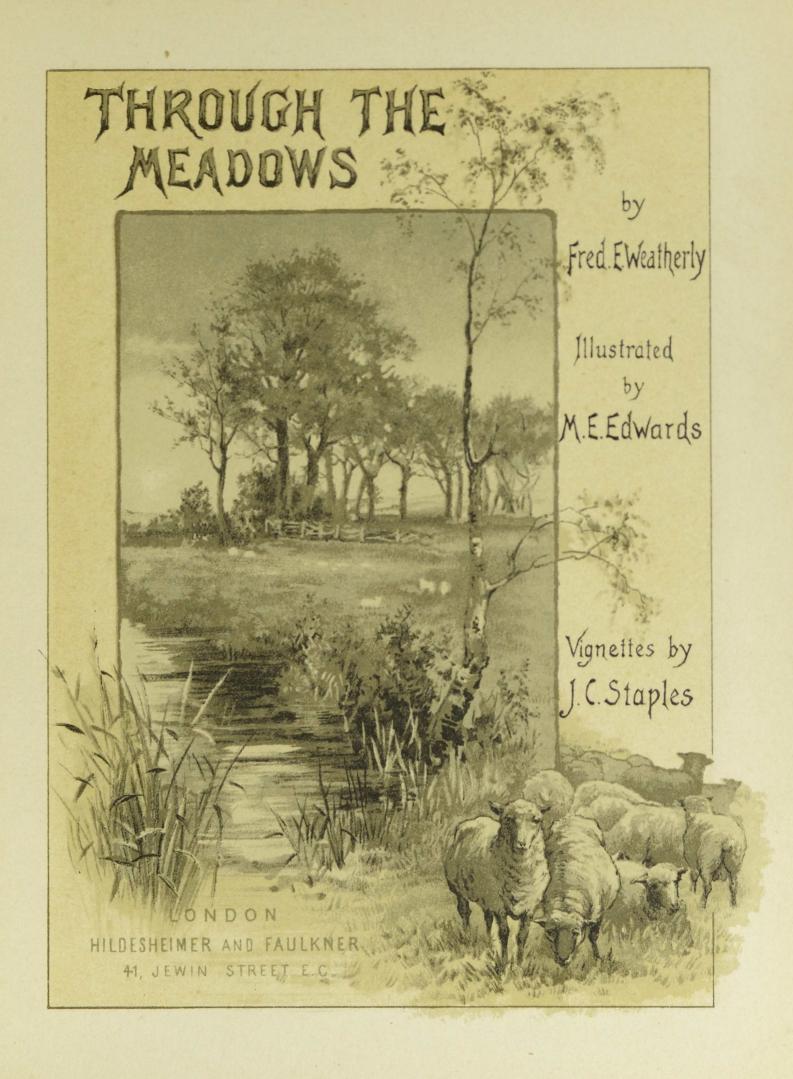
London



THROUGH







POINTS OF VIEW.

The lambs they were skipping one morning so fair,

Hippetty, hoppetty, hop!

And tossing the tips of their tails in the air,

Tippetty, toppetty, top!

"It is odd," said the children, "to see the lambs play,
When they're going to be killed in a week and a day;
I'm sure I should mope all the morning away,

Mippetty, moppetty, mop!"

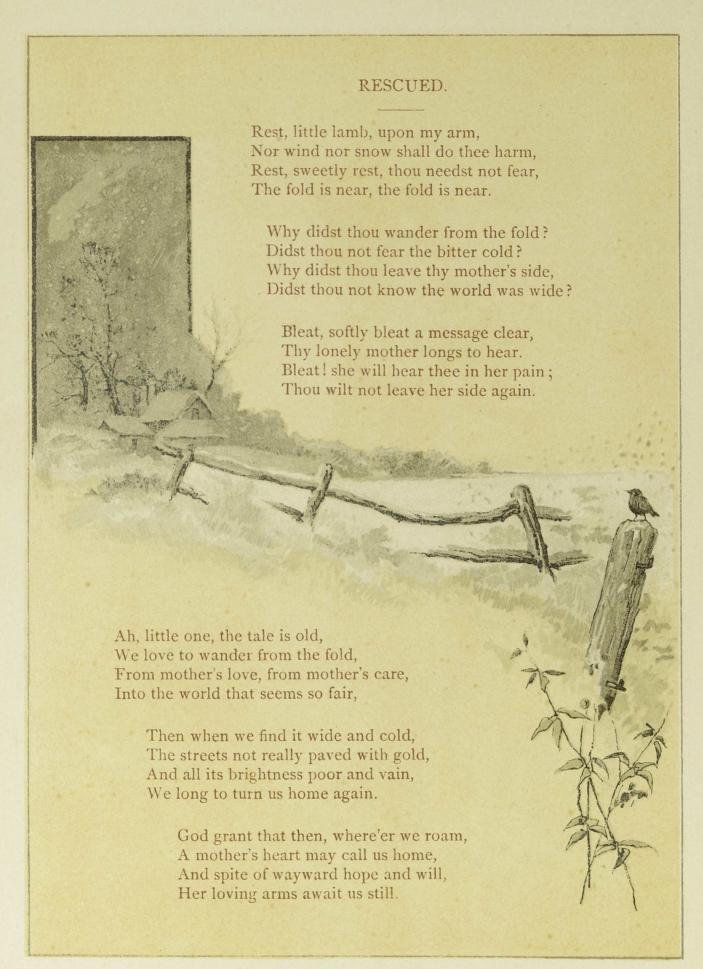
The children were dancing that morning so fair,
Racketty, rack!

With the sun in their eyes, and flow'rs in their hair,
Clacketty, clacketty, clack!

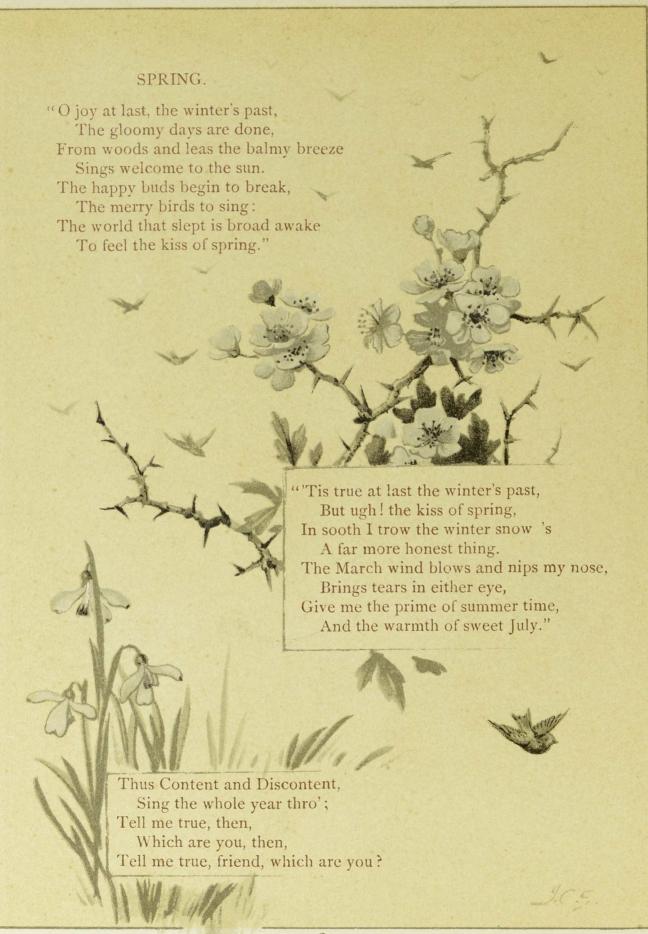
"It is odd," said the lambs, "to see them so gay,
With so many home-lessons to do every day;
And the thought of what Mr. Mundella would say,
Whacketty, whacketty, whack!"

'Tis the way of the world a thousand times o'er,
Pippetty, poppetty, pop!
To be blind and be deaf to troubles in store,
Lippetty, loppetty, lop!
For when you go gaily and turn out your toes
In placid reliance, 'tis hard to suppose
That the very next step you'll be down on your nose,
Flippetty, floppetty, flop!

















THE PRUDENT CALF.

"With a ho! little calf, and a hey! little calf,
Will you dance if I play you a tune?

If I pipe diddle, diddle,
Like the cat on the fiddle,
Will you try to jump over the moon?"

"Prithee, no, little boy, prithee, nay, little boy,
You may pipe me as sweet as you will;
My mother, long ago,
She tried it, don't you know?
And found it very up, up-hill."

"Very up, up, up, very down, down, down,
Her leg unfortunately broke;
And the little dog who saw,
He gave a loud guffaw,
For he had the best of the joke."

"She said, with a sigh, 'my dear, don't try,

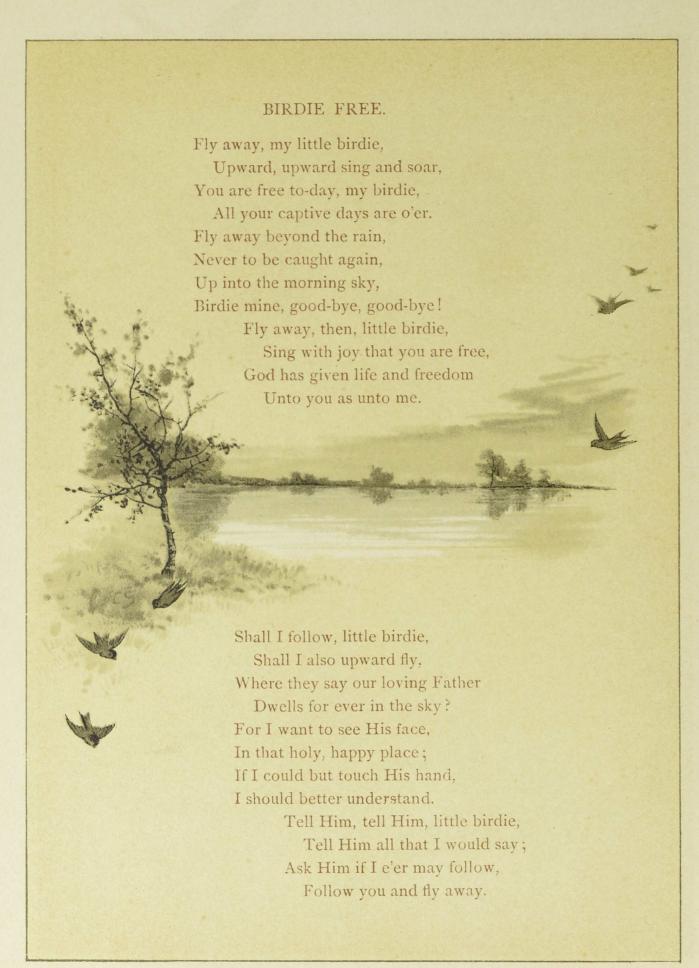
Don't try to jump over the moon;

Let the dog run away

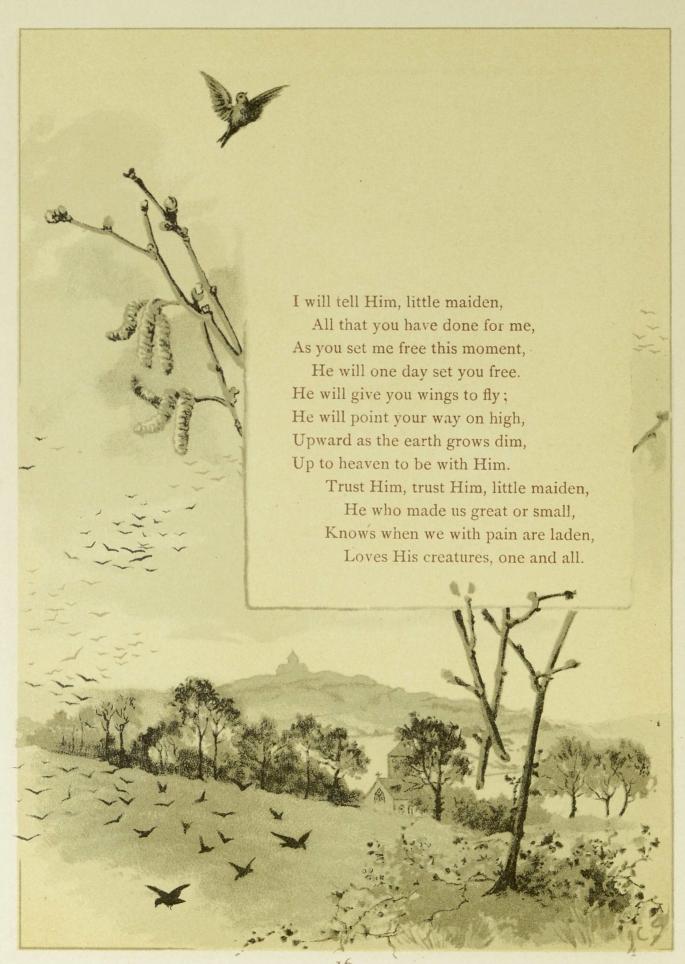
With the dish as he may,

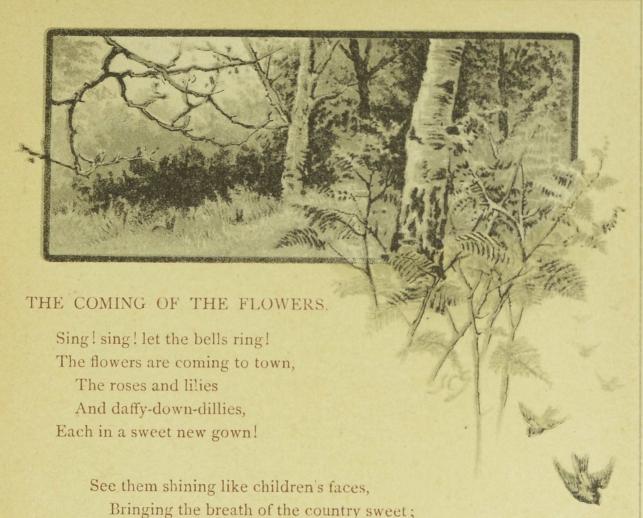
But you stay at home with the spoon.""











See them shining like children's faces,

Bringing the breath of the country sweet;

Light and gladness to dingy places,

Gloomy alley and noisy street.

And those who never have seen a meadow,

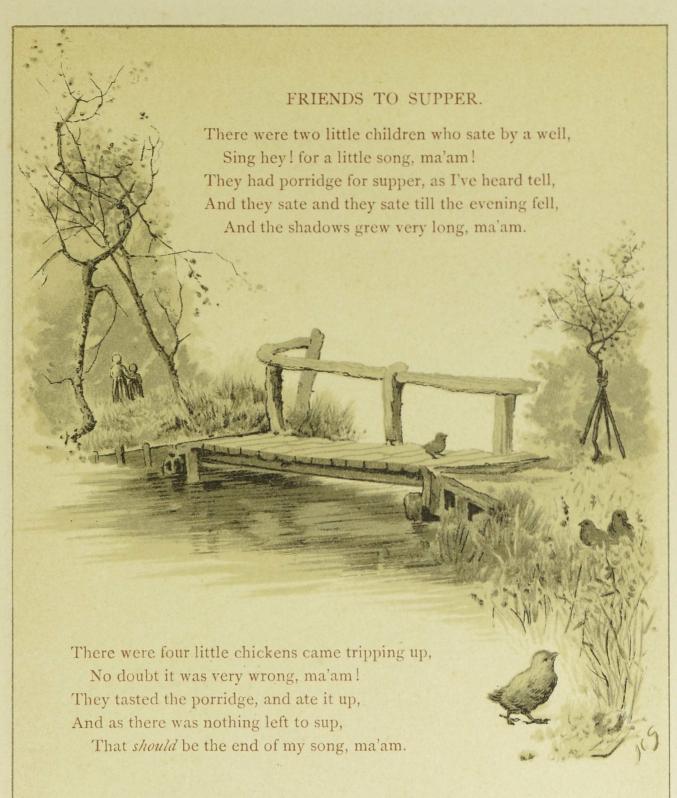
Never have plucked one country flower,

Look out from their lives of want and shadow,

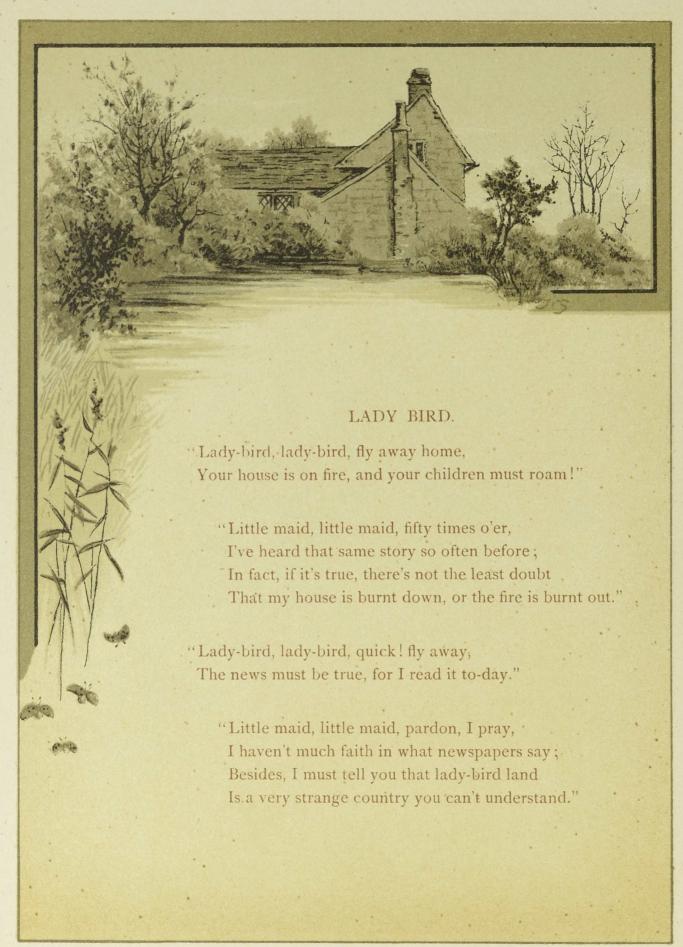
And bless the gleam of this golden hour.

And the busy passers stop and ponder;
Where have they seen those flowers before?
And think of the woods where they used to wander
Long ago in the days of yore.
And hearts must tremble and lips must quiver,
Eyes are dim with a mist of tears,
As they think of what they have lost for ever,
Lost in the innocent childhood-years.





The children were two, and the chickens four,
So the tale cannot be very long, ma'am;
The artist of course might have painted a score,
But as he refused to paint any more,
I really must end my song, ma'am.





PUSSY'S TREASURE.

here once was a time, little maiden,

When my heart was so full of pride,

A fond old cat in the sun I sat

With six little kits at my side.

Miou! miou! little maiden,

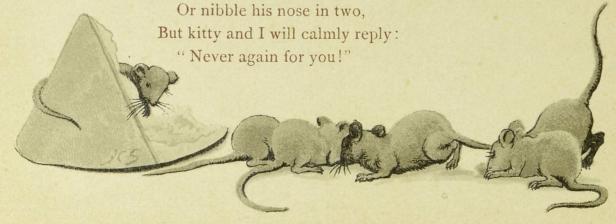
Miou! for the cold, cold sea!

They heeded me not, but they drowned the lot,

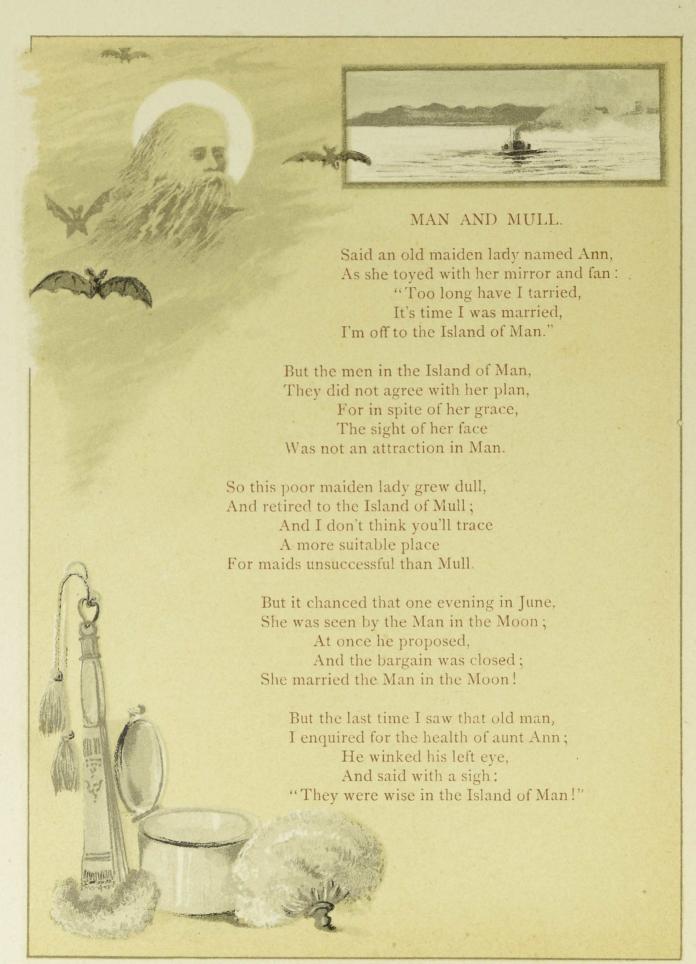
And only left one for me.

But a time will come, little maiden,
When the rats have eaten the corn,
And many a mouse in my master's house
Is squeaking from night to morn.
When the bacon is steadily shrinking,
And the cheese will not last for a day,
Then he'll think of me, and the cold, cold sea,
And my little ones gone away.

Then I and my kit, little maiden,
Will go in the moonlight dim,
And sit on his chest, and disturb his rest,
And placidly grin at him.
The rats may gnaw at his fingers,
Or nibble his nose in two,









THE NIGHTINGALE.

A nightingale sang by a moonlit lake, And the fairies and roses were wide awake, And a rosebud sighed to a moonbeam pale, "Ah, but to sing like a nightingale!"

Rocked on the moonbeams to and fro The fairies were floating high and low, And as one hung at the rosebud's side, "Ah, for the heart of a rose!" she cried.

The fairy yearned, and the rosebud sighed, While the nightingale sang by the moonlit tide; Right up to heaven his singing went, For his heart was humble, and well content!

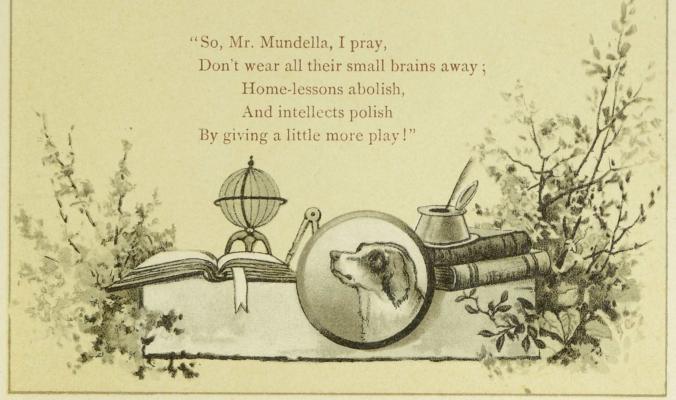


THE DOG'S PETITION.

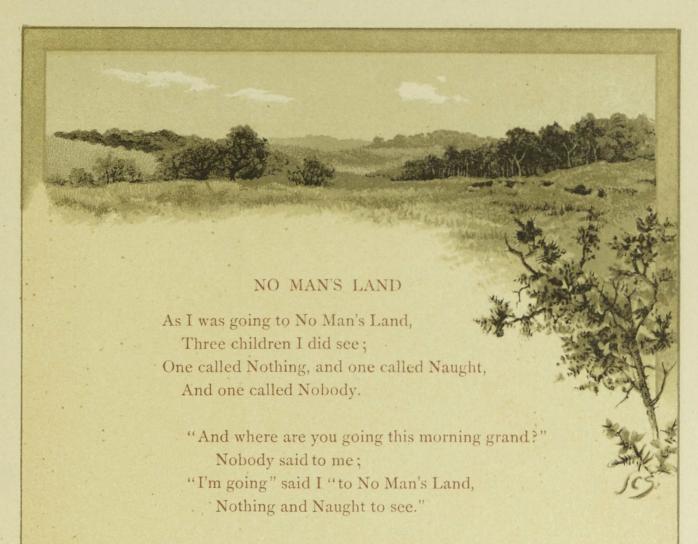
"I am the children's dog,
I've come on a very long jog,
Their woes to relate
To the council in state;
Bow, wow!" said the children's dog.

"They come back from school every day,
They haven't a moment to play,
With such lessons to learn,
It makes my heart burn,
Though I'm only a dog, as you say."

"Such pages of rhyme and of prose;
Such figures in rows upon rows;
Why, the thought of their sums
Gives me pain from my gums
Right down to my tail and my toes."







"But I am Nothing," said one body,

"And I am Naught," said one;

"If Nothing and Naught you go to see,

Your journey now is done!"

"Don't listen to them, sir," Nobody said,
"They're Nothing and Naught, you see;
I'll show you the way to No Man's Land,
I and my little Ned-dy!"

So with Nothing and Naught on either hand,
I will ride from day to day,
And I'm certain to get to No Man's Land,
While Nobody shows the way.



HONEYMAID.

Honeymaid's out in her garden,
Honeymaid's two times three,
Honeymaid's out in her garden
Plucking the flow'rs for me.

All in the bright May morning

Down came a Bumble Bee;

"Honeymaid, give me some honey,

You are so sweet" said he.

All in her dim oak parlour

Mother was sitting at tea;

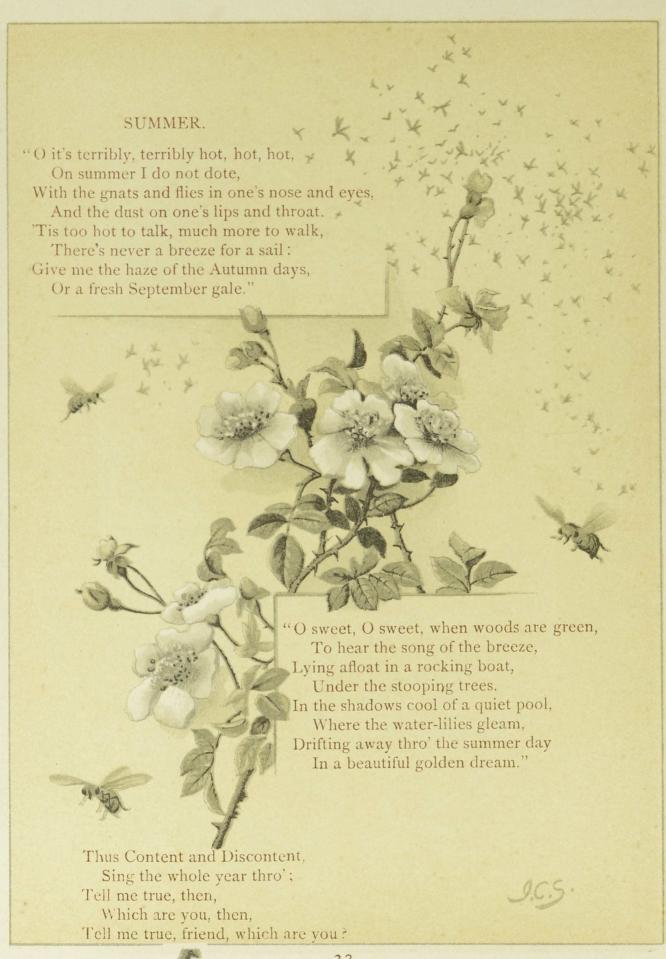
"Honeymaid, give me some honey,

You are so sweet" said she.

Honeymaid's arms are open,
Up on her knees she climbs,
Calling her "mother darling,"
Kissing her twenty times.

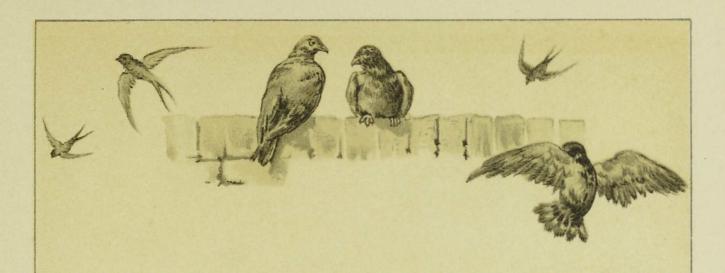
"O, to be Honeymaid's mother"
Whispered the Bumble Bee,
"For Honeymaid's kisses are honey,
The sweetest of sweet" said he.











THE GRAY DOVES' ANSWER.

The leaves were reddening to their fall,

"Coo," said the gray doves, "coo,"

As they sunned themselves on the garden wall,

And the swallows round them flew.

"Whither away, sweet swallows?

"Coo," said the gray doves, "coo."

"Far from this land of ice and snow,

To a sunny southern clime we go,

Where the sky is warm and bright and gay,

Come with us, away, away!"

"Come," they said, "to that sunny clime,"

"Coo," said the gray doves, "coo!"

"You will die in this land of mist and rime,

Where 'tis bleak the winter thro'.

Come, away!" said the swallows.

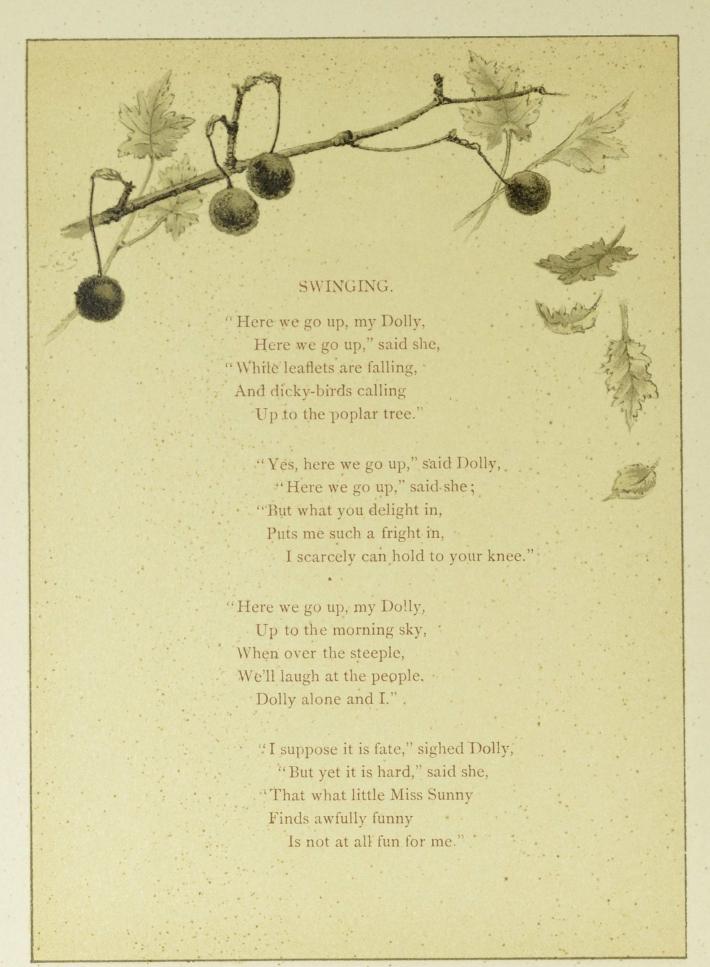
"Coo!" said the gray doves, "coo!"

"O, God in heaven," they said, "is good,

And little hands will give us food,

And guard us all the winter through,

Coo!" said the gray doves, "coo!"





OPINIONS DIFFER.

"Little kittens," said Minnie, one day,

"Are all very well in their way,

When lessons are ended,

And clothes are all mended,

And you've time and you've temper to play."

"But when you are knitting away,
And you've no inclination to play,
And they tangle and pull
At your needles and wool,
They're a terrible nuisance, I say."

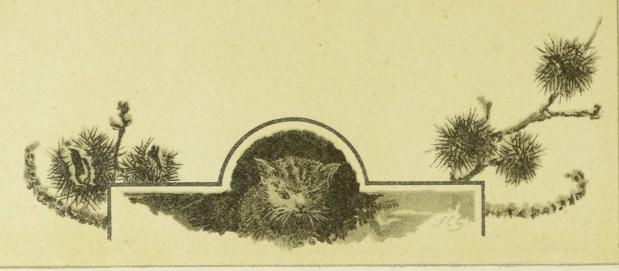
"Little maidens," said Kitty one day,

"Are all very well in their way,

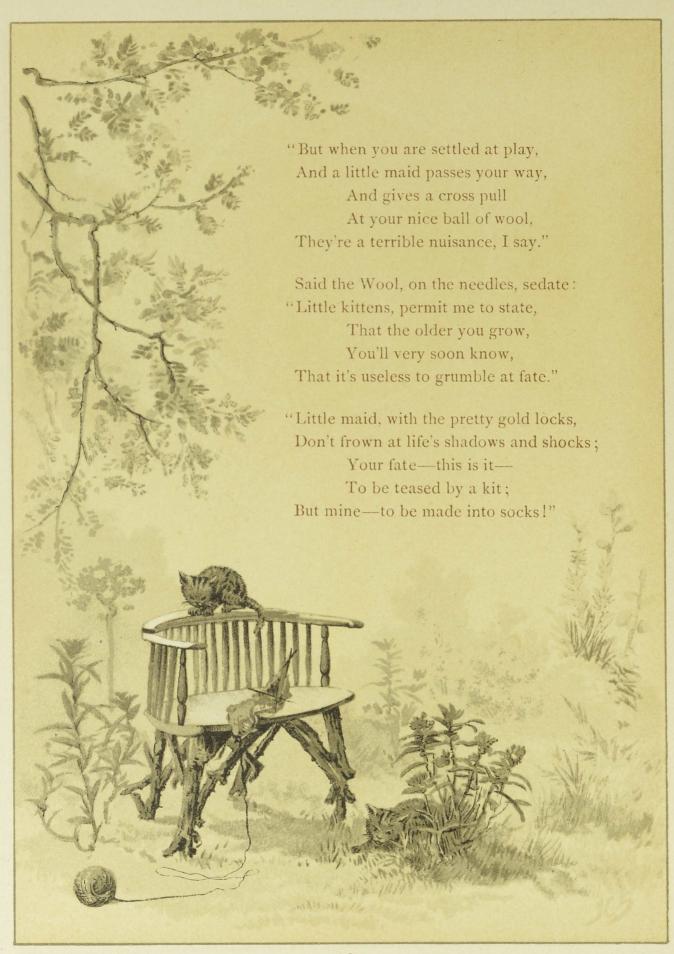
When they fondle and pet you,

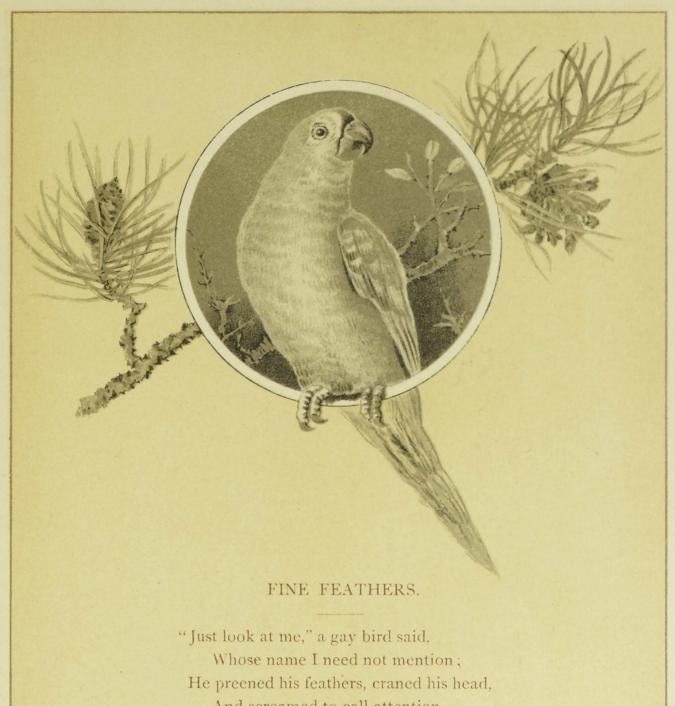
And never forget you,

And give you nice milk every day.







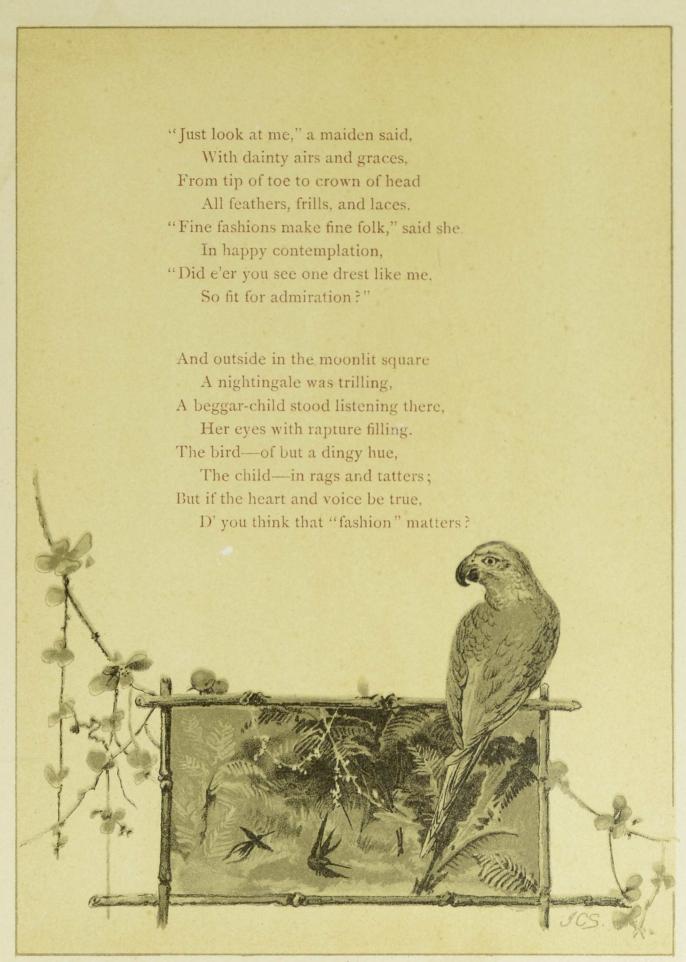


"Just look at me," a gay bird said,
Whose name I need not mention;
He preened his feathers, craned his head,
And screamed to call attention.

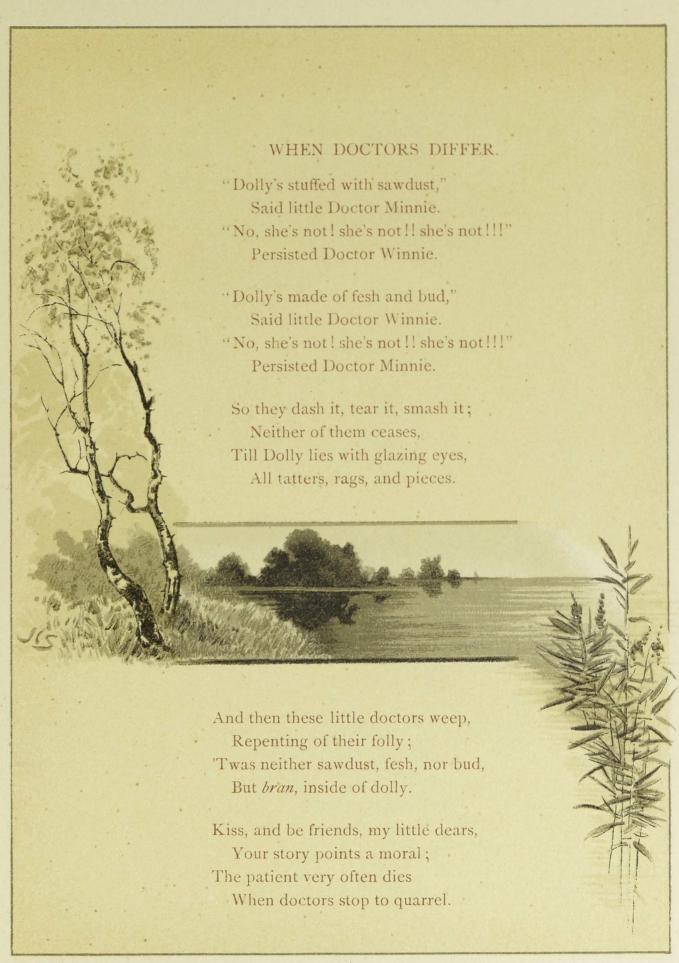
"Fine feathers make fine birds," said he,
In placid contemplation,

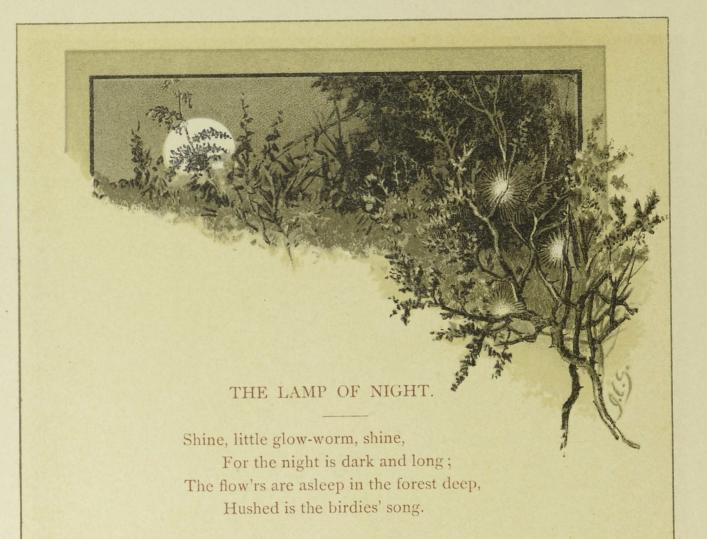
"Did e'er you see a bird like me,
So fit for admiration?"











Shine, little glow-worm, shine,

Lead me and light me home,

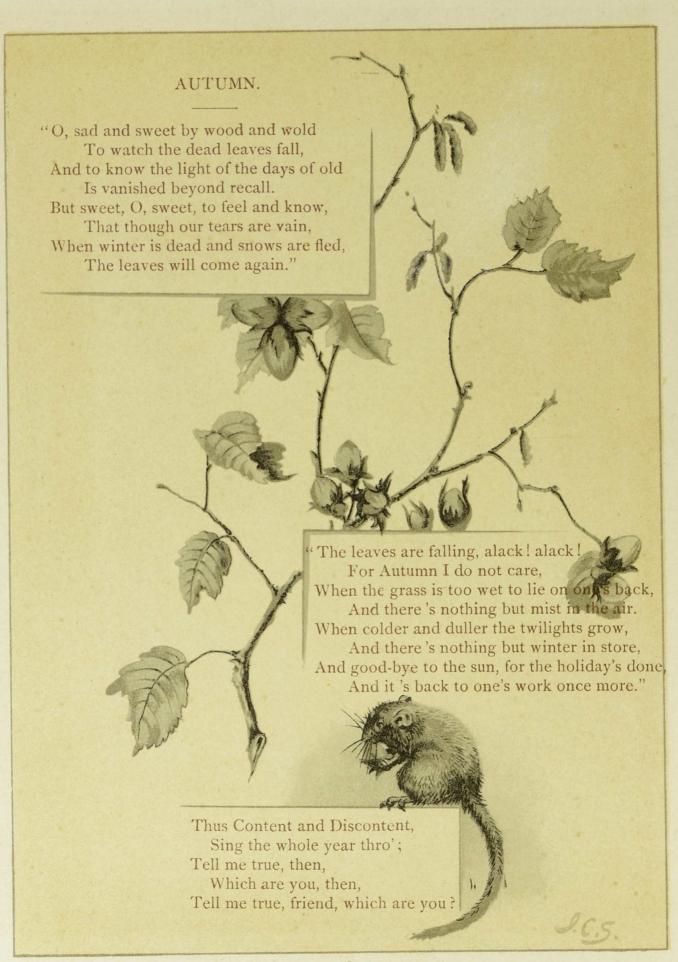
Your golden light is a lamp in the night,

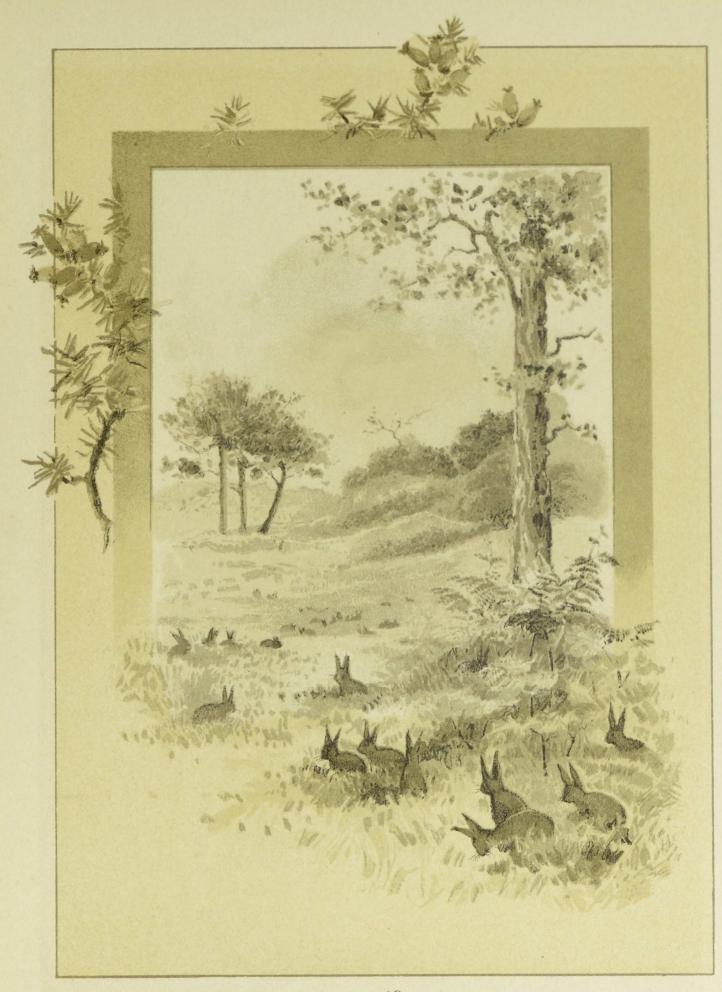
Wherever the wanderers roam.

Smile, little maiden, smile,
For joy is childhood's part,
And carry the light of your laughter bright
To many a shadowed heart.

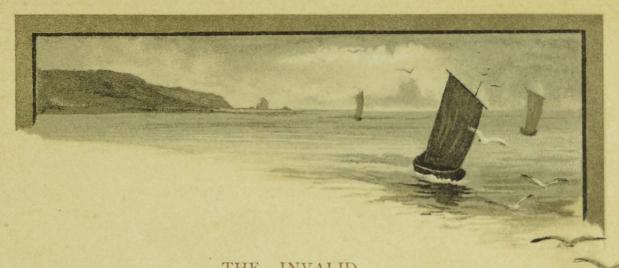
Smile, little maiden, smile,
And tears will forget to flow,
And the sad old world will be glad for a while
Wherever your footsteps go.











THE INVALID.

"Yes, I feel rather better this morning, I should like to go out for a ride, If you'll get me your little wheelbarrow, And put me a cushion inside. Tie a handkerchief carefully round me; You'll promise to walk and not run; Hold your Sunday umbrella above me To keep off the glare of the sun."

> "You may take me across by the gardens, And then for a turn on the sand, And home by the painted pavilion, To hear the Hungarian band. For it always reminds me of dinner, So on the way home we will stop At old Mr. Flesher's, and ask him To cut me a nice little chop."

"And when I have finished my dinner, · You may carefully put me to rest In your mother's best antimacassar, In the chair which your father likes best. And if they should happen to want them, As I've not the least doubt but they will; Just tell them they must not disturb me, For I've really been dreadfully ill."



HAPPY DOG

The wind is blowing, mistress mine.

The day is late, the air is foggy.

But yonder, see! our windows shine,

And I'm your happy little doggy

A king may sleep on finest down.

In bed of gold if he but ask it,

But give to me my cushion brown,

Tucked snugly in my little basket.

A king may have a courtier band

To bend and bow in praise and blessing;

But give to me your gentle hand

My little lifted nose caressing.

And when I'm dead you'll bury me

Beneath the dear old poplars shady,

And come sometimes and make some rhymes

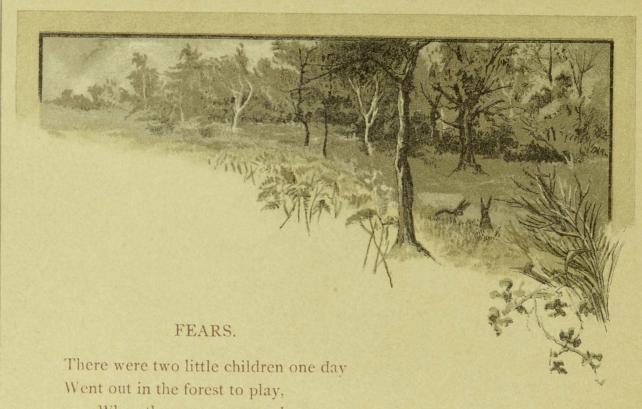
Above my grave, my little lady.

No mournful elegy indite

Of lofty style, but meaning foggy,
Write, simply write in letters white—

"He was a loving little doggy."



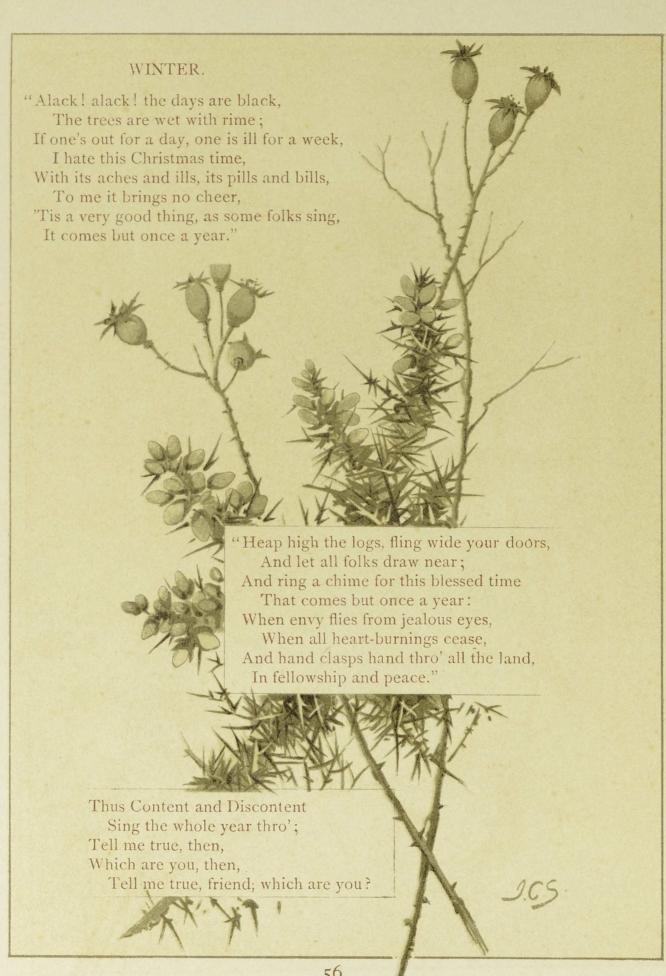


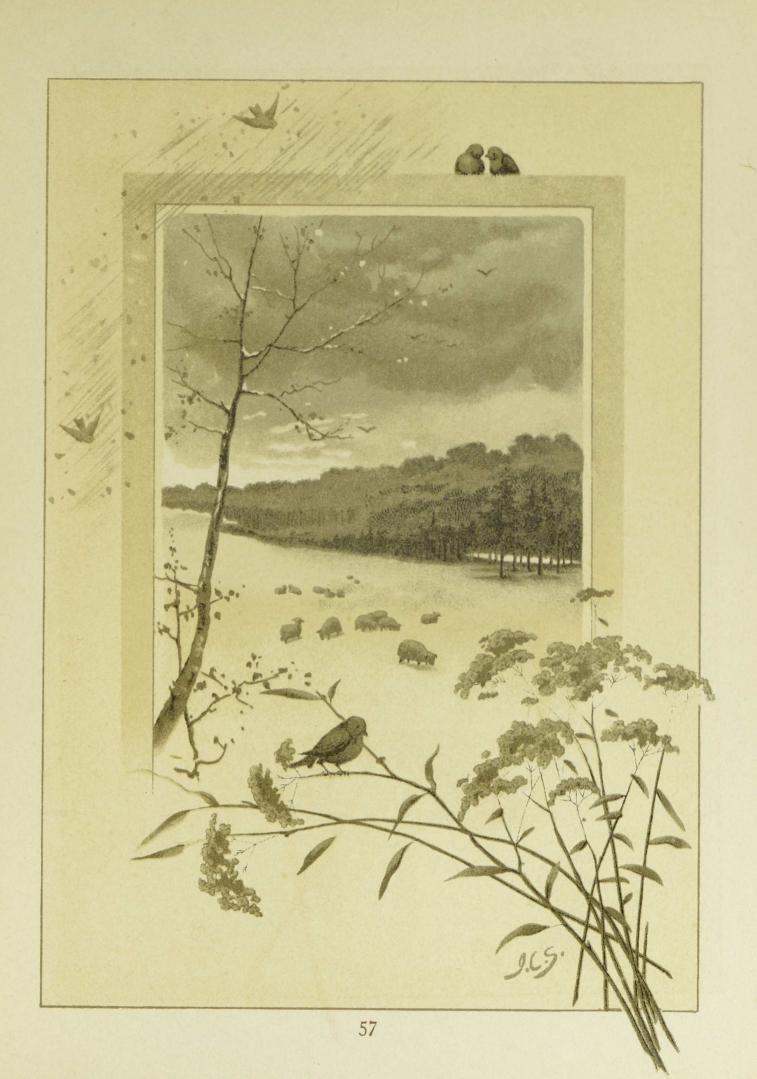
Went out in the forest to play,
When they came on two hares
In the grass unawares,
Who frightened their senses away.

"O, come along, come along, do,"
Said poor little Winnie to Prue;
"Their ears are so long,
And their teeth are so strong,
I'm certain they'll eat us, aren't you?"

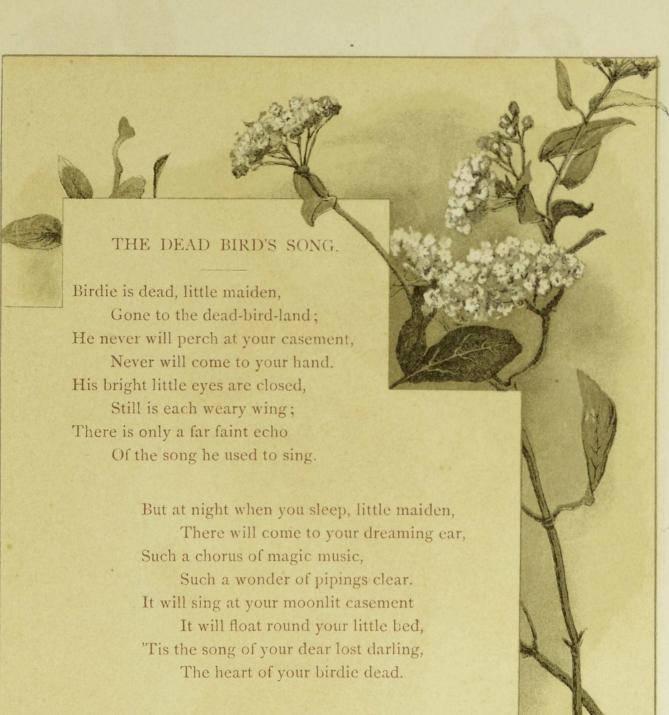
Said the hares, with a smile, to the two,
"Our teeth they are strong, it is true;
But as for your fears,
Dismiss them, my dears,
It is we who'll be eaten, not you!"











For under the earth and the grasses

The birdies cannot rest,

And their hearts fly back at midnight

To the hearts that have loved them best.

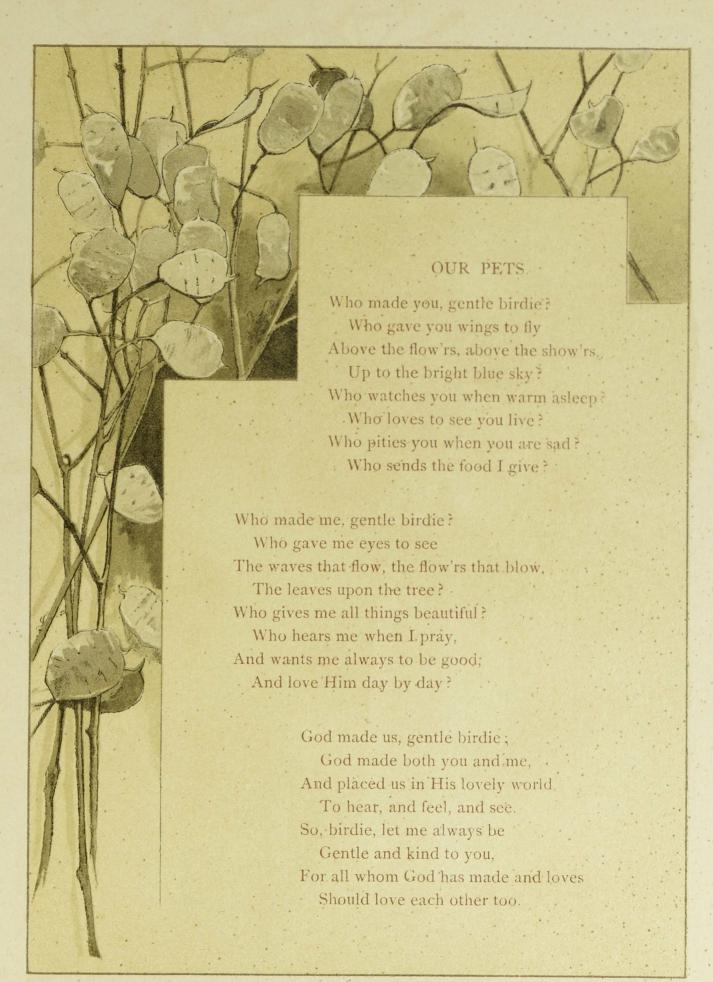
And hovering near in the moonlight,

Where in dreams at peace we lie,

They sing us the old-world story

Of love that can never die.





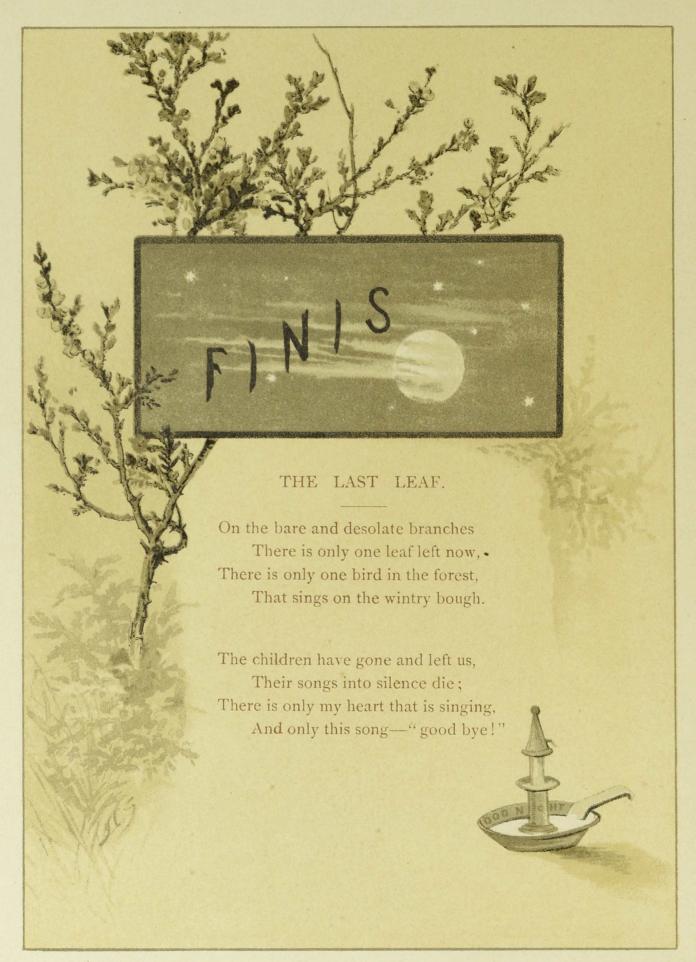


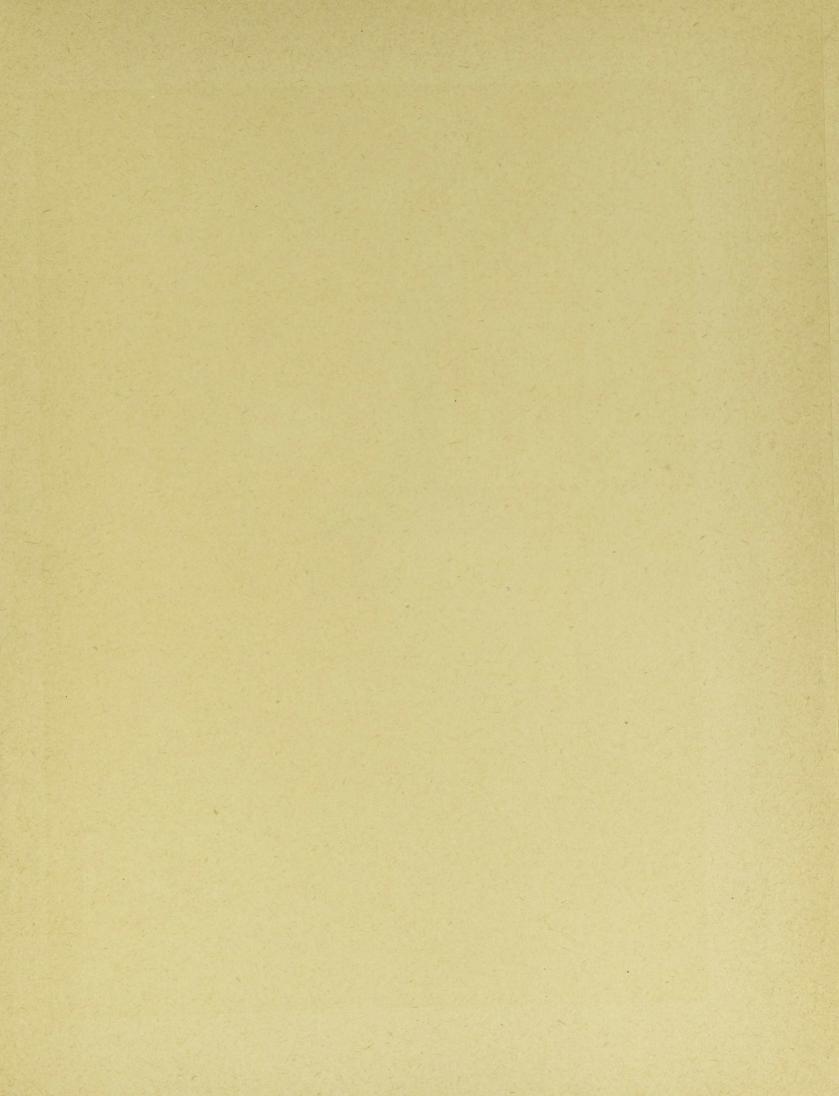
UNTIL NEXT YEAR.

Good-bye, dear swallows! you must go,
The perfect summer days are done;
For us, the winter time and snow:
For you a southern land and sun.
But oh, the winter days will wane,
And then the sweet May morn draws near;
Good-bye, good-bye! you'll come again:
Good-bye, good-bye, until next year!

And you who read, and I who write,
Are standing at the final stage;
The hour is over, and the night
Falls softly on the closing page.
Your gentle faces fade from me;
Your voices I no longer hear;
Good night! good-bye! or shall it be
Only "good-bye until next year?"











JOHN SULLIVAN HAYES

A Bequest to
THE OSBORNE COLLECTION - TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY
in memory of
JOHN SULLIVAN HAYES & JO ANN ELLIOTT HAYES
from their children
ANN ALYCIN AND ELLIOTT HAYES

98B10LSH, 37131013243613

Through the EADOWS