

LITTLE-PICKLE



By

Fred E
Weatherly

Illustrated by Jane M. Dealy.

Hildesheimer & Falkner



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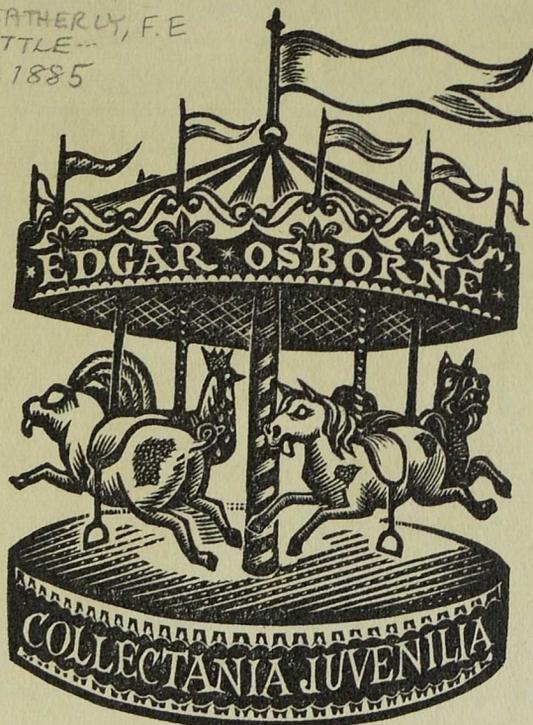
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P
WEATHERLY, F.E.
LITTLE
ca. 1885



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TOWN

Florence

April 1885.

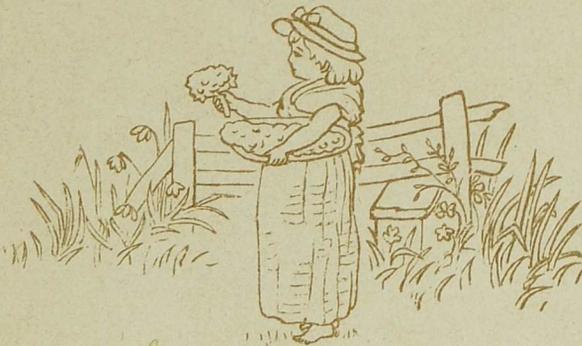




LITTLE PICKLE.

Written by

F. E. WEATHERLY.



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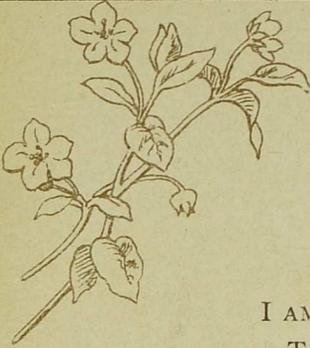
· SHE · BEGS · TO · STATE ·



· SHE · IS · SEDATE ·

· WHEN · SHE'S · IN · CHURCH ·

· ON · SUNDAY ·



LITTLE PICKLE.

I AM a pickle all the week,
To Saturday from Monday,
But beg to state I am sedate
When I'm in church on Sunday.

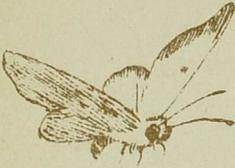
I bang my gingham all the week,
To Saturday from Monday,
But beg to state I hold it straight
When I'm in church on Sunday.

I cry and grin, week out week in,
To Saturday from Monday ;
But please observe I never swerve
To left or right on Sunday.

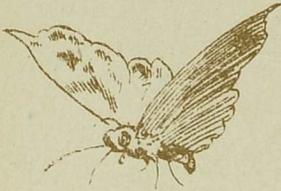


FAIRYLAND.

As she lay a-reading
The long, long summer day,
There came two little butterflies
And carried her away :
Away across the mountains,
To a shore of yellow sand,
Away across the ocean,
Away to Fairyland.



And as she stood a-dreaming,
And watched with wondering eye,
Two little fairies on a leaf
Went slowly sailing by ;
And one looked at the other,
And she heard her softly say,
“ I'd like to be a mortal,
If only for a day ! ”

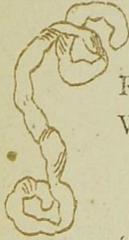


And she took the little fairies,
Very gently in her hand,
And home again she carried them,
Away from Fairyland ;
And they sing to her, and talk to her
Of wonders far away,
As she lies a-reading
The long, long summer day.

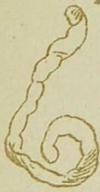




THE TALE OF A TART.

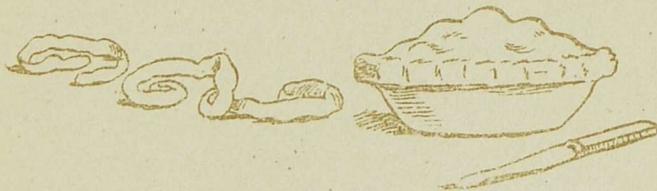


ROLY ! poly ! pudding and pie !
Who picked the apples and made them cry ?
 “ ’Twas we, ’twas we ! ”
 Said little maids three ;
“ We picked the apples and made them cry ”



Able, table ! platter and cup !
Who peeled the apples and cut them up ?
 “ I,” said the cook ;
 “ I gave them a look,
And whipped out my knife and cut them up ! ”

Who made the tart ? and who baked the tart ?
 “ The cook was the maker,
 But I,” said the baker,
“ I baked the tart for my little sweetheart ! ”



WHO'LL BUY?

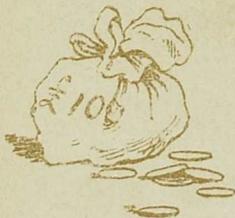
As I came over the river wide
From Berkshire into Oxon,
A little maid in a field I spied,
With neither shoes nor socks on.



“Oh, buy my flowers,” to me she said ;
“I’ll sell them for a penny.”
“My little maid, I’m much afraid—
Indeed I haven’t any!”

“Good sir, I see,” she answered me,
“You go to Oxford College ;
But if no penny you have got,
How will you get your knowledge ?”

“’Tis true, sweet maid,” I gravely said,
“I go to Oxford College ;
But there they never buy or sell,
They *give* you all the knowledge.”



Alack ! it was not as I thought,
My dreams soon cut their caper ;
I found that knowledge must be bought,
Like candles, coals, and paper.



· AS · I · CAME · OVER ·
· THE · RIVER · WIDE ·
· FROM · BERKSHIRE · INTO · OXON ·
· A · LITTLE · MAIDEN · I · ESPIED ·
· WITH · NEITHER · SHOES ·
· NOR · SOCKS · ON ·





TO LONDON TOWN.

OH, who will go to London town,
To London town,
To London town ;

Oh, who will go to London town
To buy the Bab a fairing ?

Oh, I will go to London town,
To London town,
To London town ;

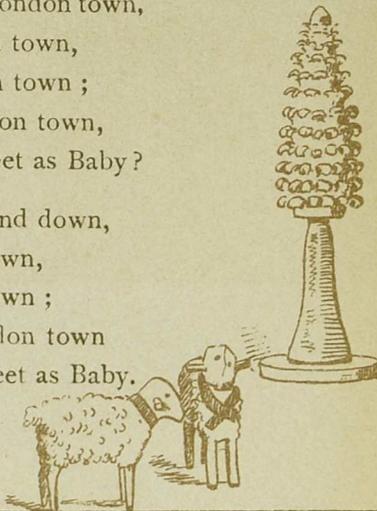
For I'm the boy that's dressed in brown—
I'll buy the Bab a fairing.

Oh, what'll you see in London town,
In London town,
In London town ;

What'll you see in London town,
That's half so sweet as Baby ?

I'll see the folks go up and down,
Up and down,
Up and down ;

But all the folks in London town
Aren't half as sweet as Baby.

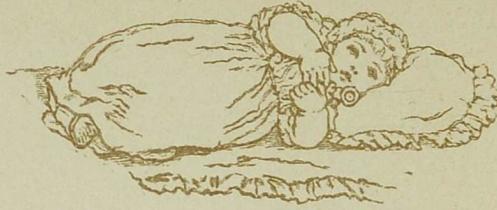




· ALL · THE · FOLK · IN · LONDON · TOWN ·

· AREN'T · HALF · AS · SWEET · AS · BABY ·





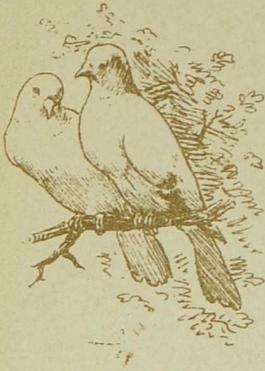
MY BABY.

JUST four months old she is, my baby ;
And what does it matter
How old am I ?
All the world is for me, my baby,
Down on the pillow,
Where you lie.

What does it matter how wide the world is,
Or who has gold
Or who has lands ?
I have my world on baby's pillow,
And she has hers
In her dimpled hands.

Just four months old she is, my baby,
And ah ! how swiftly
The years go by !
God keep her happy and good, my baby,
When she is grown
As old as I !

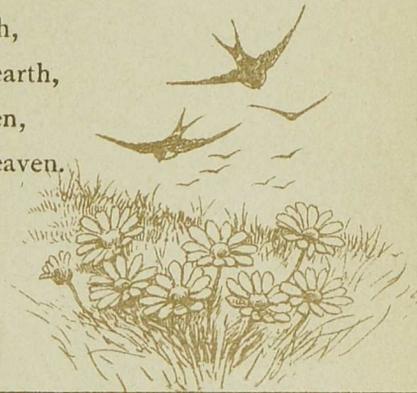




A BIRD'S SONG.

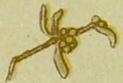
TWEET! tweet! tweet!
May every hour be sweet!
God loves us,
 And God loves you,
Let us sing
 And praise Him too!
Tweet! tweet! tweet!
May every hour be sweet!

Tweet! tweet! tweet!
May every day be sweet!
Sweet with deeds of noble worth,
Sweet with flowers of good on earth,
Sweet with erring hearts forgiven,
Sweet with footprints bent to heaven.



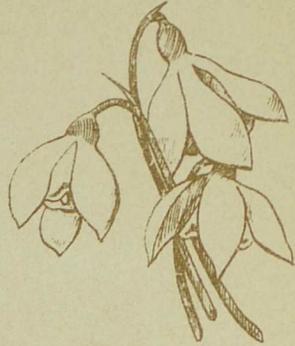


AND AS FOR A BUMP—
DOES IT MATTER?
AND WHAT IS A
TUMBLE OR SO?!!



BUMPS AND TUMBLES.

“If ever I marry,” said Dolly,
“It will be most deliciously nice
To travel together so smoothly,
Like skates on the smoothest of ice.”



“If ever you marry,” said Polly,
“The ice may be smooth, it is true ;
But you’re terribly likely to tumble,
And it’s terribly hard if you do.”

“If ever I tumble,” said Dolly,
“My husband will catch me, I know ;
And as for a bump—does it matter ?
And what is a tumble or so ?”

If ever I marry, I pray for
A sweet little wifie like this,
Who’ll smile if we ever may tumble,
And take every bump with a kiss.



And the ice may be hard as it pleases,
And the winter as cold as it will,
But love that is true never freezes,
Though the world may look lonely and chill.



YEARS AGO ACROSS THE SEA,
DWELT A CHILD IN ARCADY.
PULLED THE PETALS OF A FLOWER,
JUST TO WHILE AWAY AN HOUR,
SAYING AS THE PETALS FELL,
"TELL MY FORTUNE, TRULY TELL!
WHO IS COMING NOW TO ME,
PRINCE OR PEASANT WILL HE BE?"
FOR MAIDENS QUESTIONED THERE, YOU SEE,
EVEN THERE IN ARCADY.

IN ARCADY.

PRESENTLY a lover came,
But she never asked his name,
Only smiled when he grew sad,
And said, "I'm but a peasant lad ;"
Only nestled to his side.
"Dearest, I will be your bride,
Prince or peasant, what you be,
You are all the world to me."

For love was only love, you see,
Long ago in Arcady.



We have still an Arcady,
Where true hearts alone may be,
Spite of all the greed and strife
Of this restless present life.
Wealth and tatters there abide,
Prince and peasant side by side,
Never growing hard or old,
And the key is not of gold.

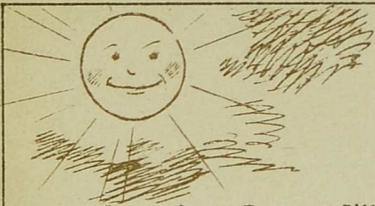
For whereso'er Love deigns to be,
That is always Arcady.

DIMPLE-CHIN.

DAINTY Dorothy Dimple-Chin,
She comes out when I go in,
For I'm an old fogey sour and gray,
And they call me Regular Rainy Day.

Sometimes I think 'twould do me good
To go for a walk in the summer wood,
But I don't go far, when I hear a shout,
"Go in, Rainy Day : I'm coming out."





Or perhaps I say, "I'll take a stroll
On the morning sands where the long waves roll ;"
But she claps her hands and I dare not stay :
" Be off, you horrible Rainy Day."

I love the children : but, don't you see,
The children, alas ! they don't love me ;
For I spoil so much of their fun, they say—
"A nasty, old horrible Rainy Day!"

If only the world would let me go,
And the flowers would bloom, and the corn would
grow
Without the help of a rainy day,
Why, bless the children ! I'd fly away.

But that, I fear, is impossible quite,
So I'll work as much as I can at night,
And that the children's love may win,
And the world will be nothing but Dimple-Chin.





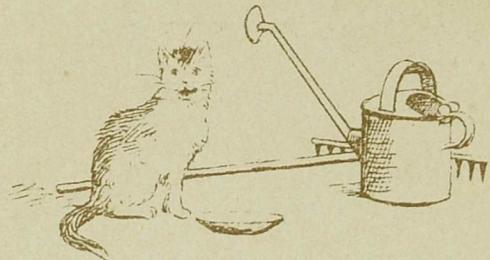
SELF-HELP.

THERE were two little women who lived in a house
With two little windows and door ;
They'd no milk for a cat, and no cheese for a mouse,
For oh ! they were terribly poor.

But one with her rake and her watering-pot,
And one with her spade and her hoe,
Kept the flowers all so bright in their trim garden-plot,
For they worked quite in earnest, you know.

Now, the flowers may be bright and exceedingly sweet,
But I think it may safely be said
That they won't go as far as pudding and meat,
Nor are half as nutritious as bread.

Yet somehow the larder was never quite bare,
Something always was found on the shelves,
For there's Some One, we know, who will always take care
Of those who will work for themselves.





· THERE · WERE ·

TWO · LITTLE · WOMEN ·

· WHO · LIVED · IN · A · HOUSE ·

· WITH · TWO · LITTLE · WINDOWS · AND · DOOR ·

· THEY'D · NO · MILK · FOR · A · CAT · AND · NO · CHEESE · FOR · A · MOUSE ·

· FOR · OH ! · THEY · WERE · TERRIBLY · POOR !

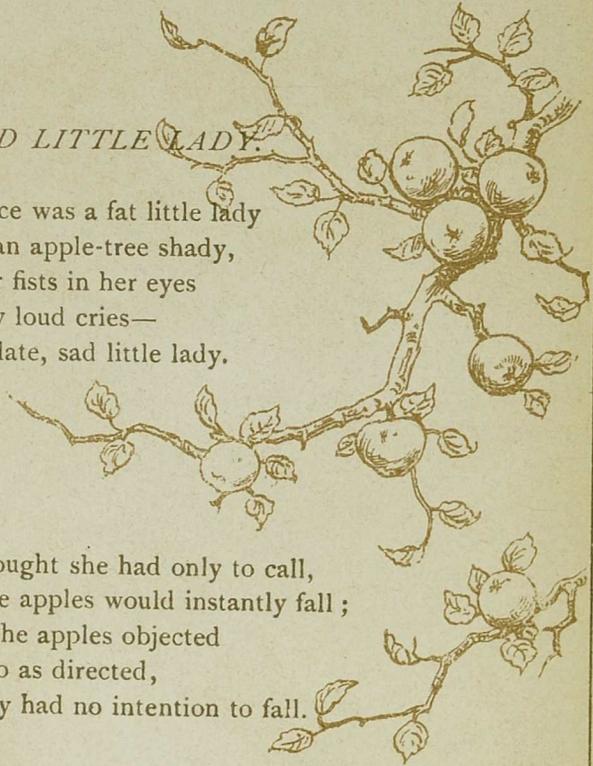


THE SAD LITTLE LADY.

THERE once was a fat little lady
Sat under an apple-tree shady,
With her fists in her eyes
And very loud cries—
A disconsolate, sad little lady.

She thought she had only to call,
And the apples would instantly fall ;
But the apples objected
To do as directed,
For they had no intention to fall.

So this poor little, sad little lady
Sat under the apple-tree shady
With her fists in her eyes
And very loud cries—
A disconsolate, sad little lady.





THIS · IS · THE · SAD · LITTLE · LADY



