

RHYMES
of a
CHILD'S WORLD

A Book of Verse for Children

TO MY MOTHER AND FATHER
WHO ALWAYS HAD TIME
TO WAIVE GROWN-UP MATTERS
AND READ A SMALL RHYME:
WHOSE HEARTS EVER HELD
THROUGH THE FLIGHT OF THE YEARS
A SOFT UNDERSTANDING
OF SMALL JOYS AND TEARS.

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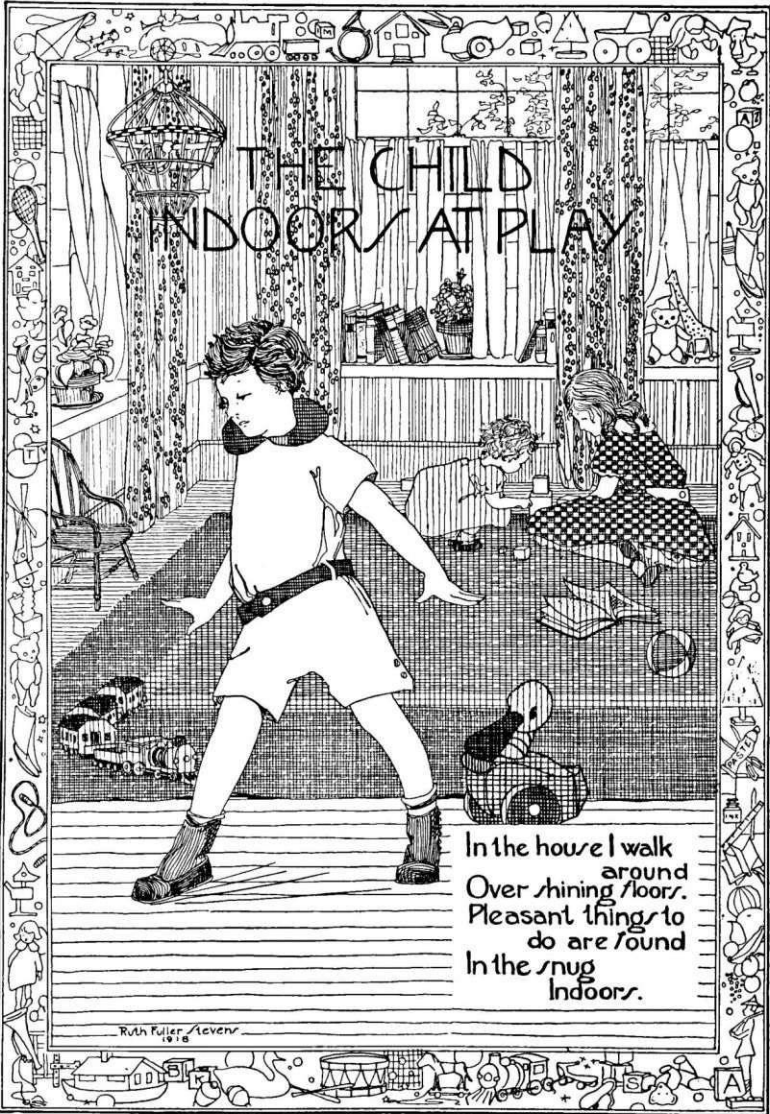
CONTENTS

THE CHILD INDOORS AT PLAY
MY DEAREST IS A LADY
BUBBLES
THE GROWN-UP WORLD
TEA TIME
UMBRELLAS
THE MARCH WIND
THE TIPTOES
RAIN-ON-THE-ROOF
PRINCESS FIRE
THE DOLLS
BREAD AND BUTTER
THE COMPANY MAN
THE NEW SLIPPERS
THE LIGHTHOUSE LAMP
SISTER MARTHA
A PLAINT
THE FAT LITTLE CLOUD
THE LOOKING GLASS
MUFFINS
THANKSGIVING KITCHEN SONG
CRACKER SHIPS
THE CANDLE TREE
THE LITTLE RUG FROM PERSIA
DUTCH KATRINA
THE CHILDREN OF THE WIND

THE SOLEMN FROG
SUMMER WEATHER
A WARNING
THE MOON IN THE POOL
THE FLYING HOURS
THE COMMON THINGS
THE HEN
BLUNDERING BENJAMIN BUMBLE BEE
THE TWO LITTLE FLOCKS
TO THE LITTLE GIRL NEXT DOOR
A RIDE TO TOWN
THE SWANS
ROADS
THE CUDDLE-DE-WEES
THE HIGHEST HILL IN HAPPY TOWN
A LIKENESS
HAY COCKS
MAY
THE WINDMILL COUNTRY
THE OWL
THE CLOUD IN THE GARDEN
RUNAWAY RIVER
THE JACK O'LANTERN
THE MAD MARCH HARE
THE WATER CHILD
TWILIGHT TOWN
THE LUCKY LITTLE STAR
THE FLOCK OF DREAMS
HOW SLEEP WAS MADE
THE TWO GOWNS

THE TWILIGHT MAN
THE DREAM-SHIP
A PRAYER AT EVENING
THE WILLOW TREE
THE FAIRY'S NAME WAS WHISPER
FIRE-FLIES
THE LADY NIGHT
THE MARCH OF THE SHADOWS
THE STAR-LIGHTER
A BALLAD OF THREE
THE STAR-SHIPS
THE YELLOW CITY LIGHTS
THE PILOT WIND
ROCKING SONG
THE LAUGHTER-MILL
LITTLE SISTER OF THE MOON
THE SANDMAN'S WIFE
DREAMS FOR THREE
LADY MOTHER
THE ROAD TO GLAD TOMORROW

*'T*IS a world of wonderful things, Of wind and water and wings
And the tiniest bird
That ever was heard
Of God and His goodness sings;
So be glad, little child, and say
“Mine is a wonderful way;
They all are for me,
The flower and the tree,
Love, and the light of day.”



THE CHILD INDOORS AT PLAY

In the house I walk
around
Over shining floors.
Pleasant things to
do are found
In the snug
Indoors.

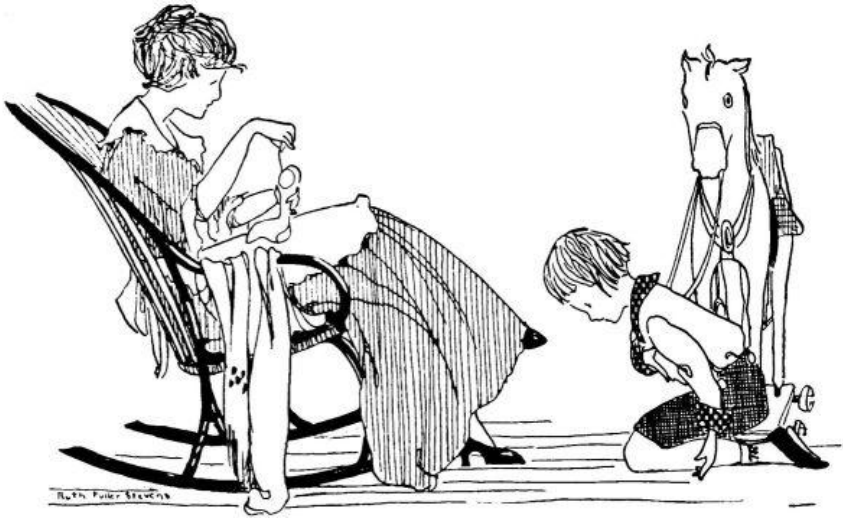
Ruth Fuller Levens
1918

THE CHILD INDOORS AT PLAY

In the house I walk around
Over shining floors.
Pleasant things to do are found
In the snug
Indoors.

Ruth Fuller Stevens 1918





MY DEAREST IS A LADY

My dearest is a lady, and she wears a gown of blue;
She sits beside the window, where the yellow sun comes through;
The light is shining on her hair, and all the while she sews
She sings a song about a knight—a brave, good knight she knows.

My dearest is a lady,—and O, I love her well!
Full five and twenty times a day this very tale I tell;
For I'm the knight in armor—a shield and sword I wear;
And mother is my lady, with the light upon her hair.

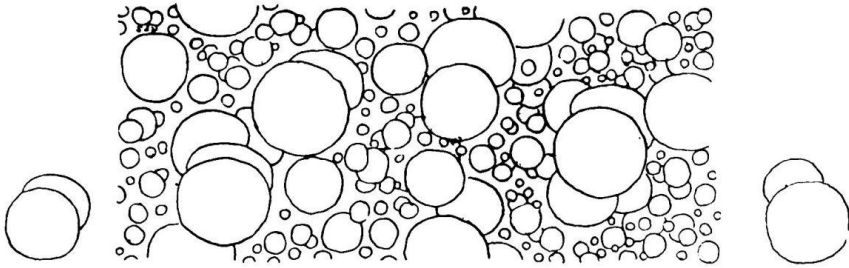


BUBBLES

Misty balls of rainbow stuff,
Sailing in the sun,
We have watched them as they grew,
Slowly, one by one.
Flowers they are that bud and blow,
Shining spheres of light;
Our eager hands would grasp them
Before they burst from sight.

Little brother, come and see!
Here's a pretty thing,
Glowing like a fairy lamp,
Floating like a wing.

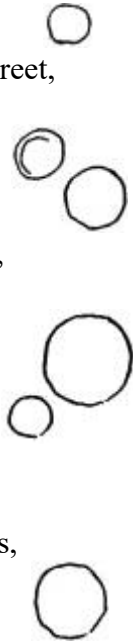
Magic colors gleam and go
In a glad surprise;
Can you reach the jewels there,
Little Wonder-Eyes?



Little boy from 'cross-the-street,
Very straight and proud,

Blows the biggest one of all,
Rosy as a cloud;

Up it rises like a bird,
Trembles in the air,
Shines with all its soul for us,



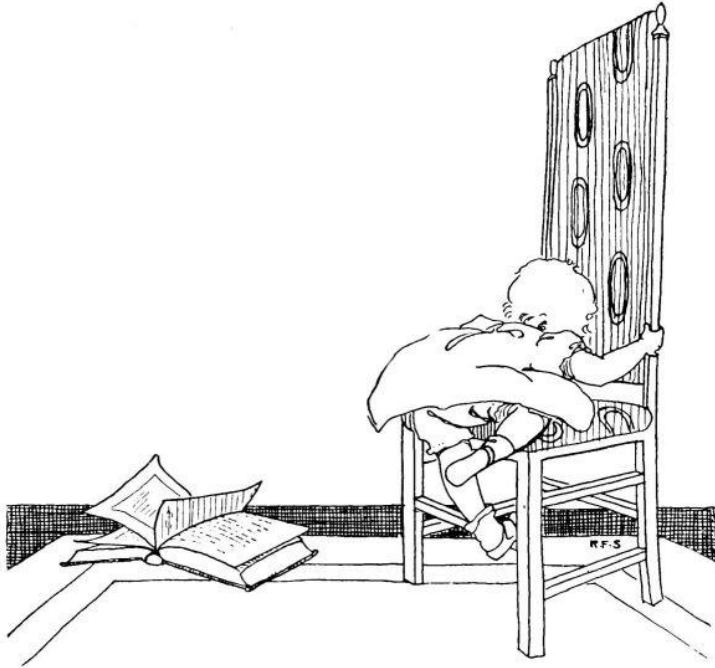
Then is gone nowhere.

Sky has sent her sweetest blue,
Dawn has sent her rose,
River sends her laughter-lights,—
Don't you just suppose?

Day has given clearness,—
Night has lent a star,—
And only happy children
Know what bubbles are.
Little boy from 'cross-the-street,

Little Let-Me-Too,
Thinks they're made of undreamed dreams,
Glassed in morning dew;
Just perhaps they're made of that;
We are glad they stay

For even little breathless whiles,
Before they melt away.



THE GROWN-UP WORLD

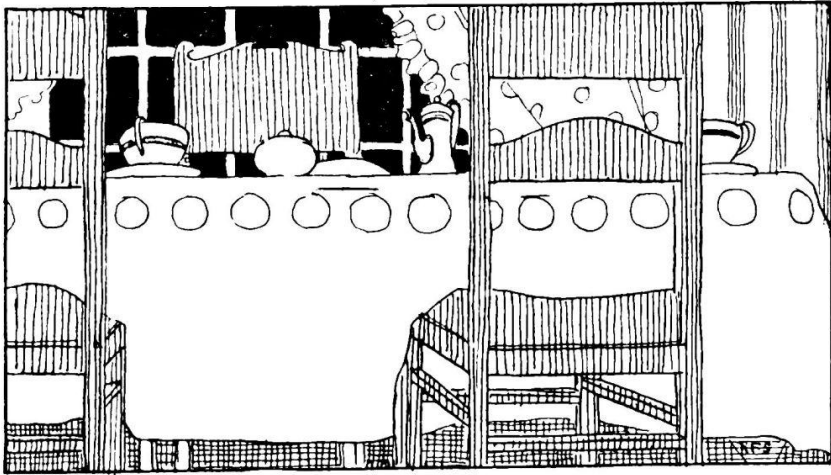
O Grown-Up World, where I live and play,
Shall I really belong in you, world, some day?

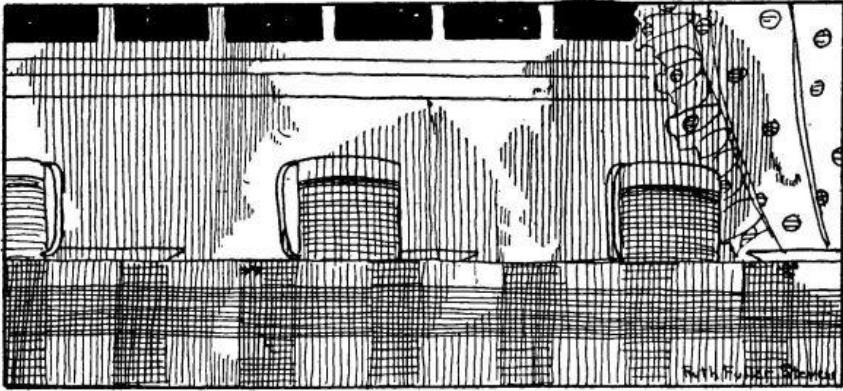
The chairs are so tall, it is hard to climb up,
So heavy to hold is a grown person's cup,
The door-knobs are high, very high, I must stand
On the tips of my toes when I put up my hand.

The grown people sing as they pass in and out
And things seem just right, as they journey about;
They light the high lamps, and they read the big books
And they smile down upon me, with far-away looks.

But soon I'll be older, and then I'll be tall,
And I'll wind the old clock, where it stands in the hall;
I'll sit down in chairs like my great-aunt Marie
And lift the big pot when it comes with the tea.

Grown-Up World, where I live and play,
Shall I really belong in you, world, some day?





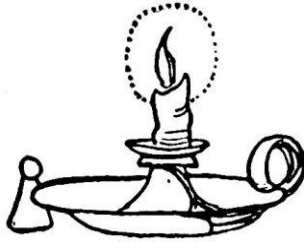
TEA TIME

The tea bell rings with a merry sound
And tea is ready at last;
Down from the hall, where we played at cars,
We come on the Very-Fast.

There are the muffins we hoped would be
And the plates of honey and cheese.
We may have milk in our little blue jugs
As much as ever we please.

Oh, we were hungry up in the hall,
Hungry as children can be;
Often we called from the stairs to ask:
“When is it time for tea?”

The candles shine with a yellow light
And our shadows are big on the wall;
Out in the dark the wind rides past
With a “Happy good-night!” to all.





UMBRELLAS

People on a rainy day
Look like mushrooms, strange to say,
And their round umbrella tops
Gleam among the falling drops;

Little mushrooms grow in clumps,
Round the feet of mossy stumps,
Large ones wander up and down
Through the streets of Rainy-town.



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