SKETCHES & SCRAPS

By

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Sketches & Scraps

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Phil's Secret

I KNOW A LITTLE GIRL
BUT I WONT TELL WHO

PHIL'S SECRET.

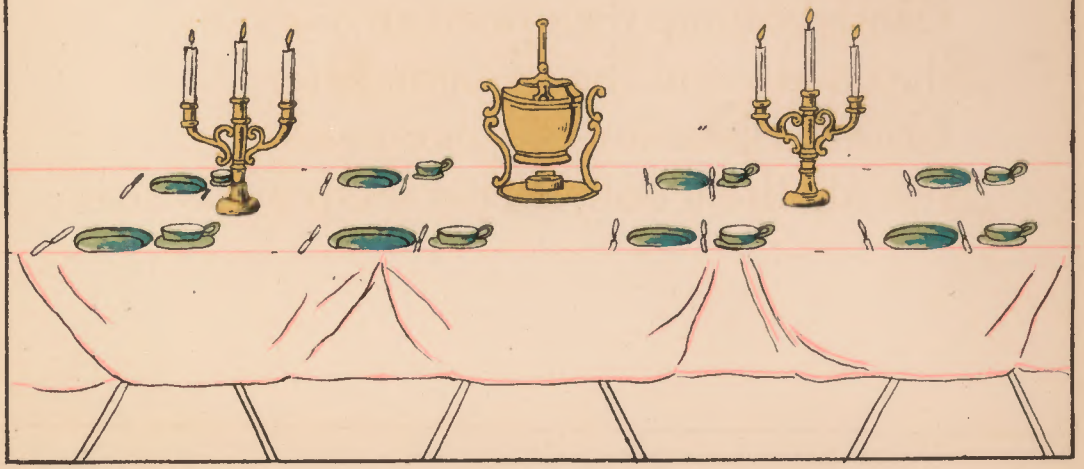
I know a little girl,
But I won't tell who!
Her hair is of the gold,
And her eyes are of the blue.
Her smile is of the sweet,
And her heart is of the true.
Such a pretty little girl!—
But I won't tell who.

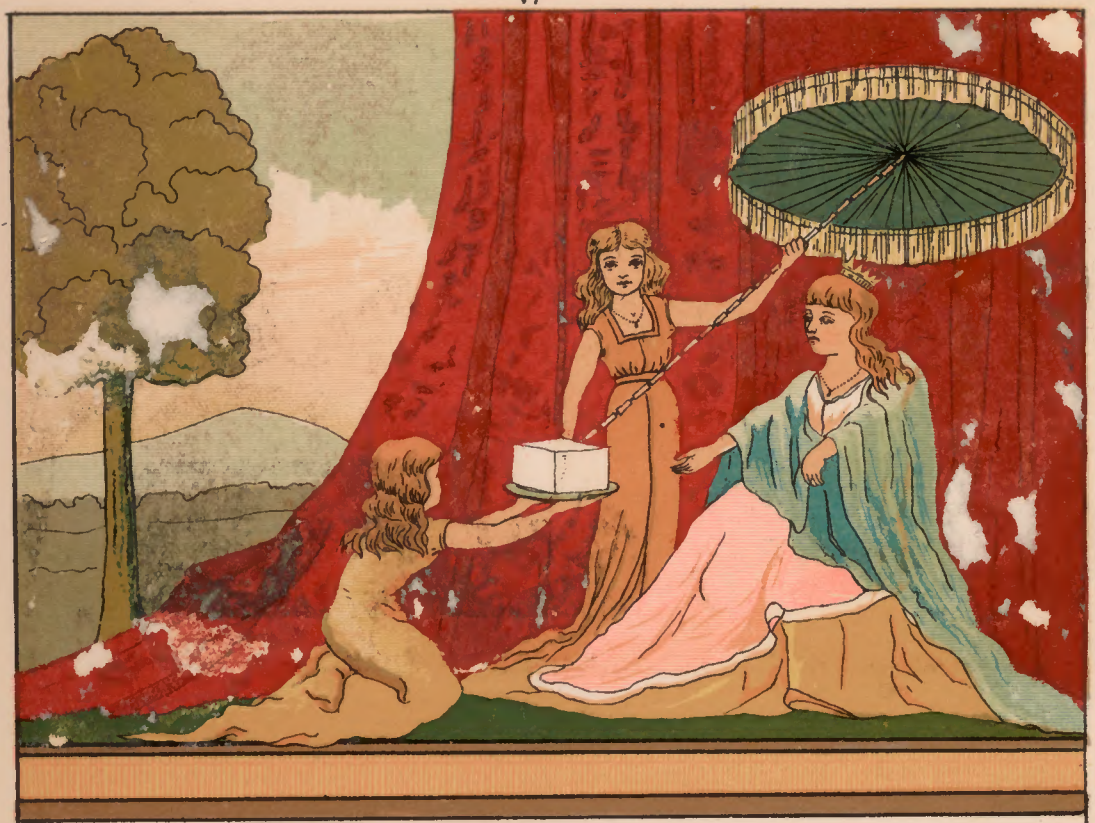
I see her every day,
But I won't tell where!
It may be in the lane,
By the thorn-tree there.
It may be in the garden,
By the rose-buds fair.
Such a pretty little girl!—
But I won't tell where.

I'll marry her some day,
But I won't tell when!
The very smallest boys
Make the very biggest men.
When I'm as tall as father,
You may ask about it then.
Such a pretty little girl!—
But I won't tell when.

Bobbily Boo & Wollypotumps

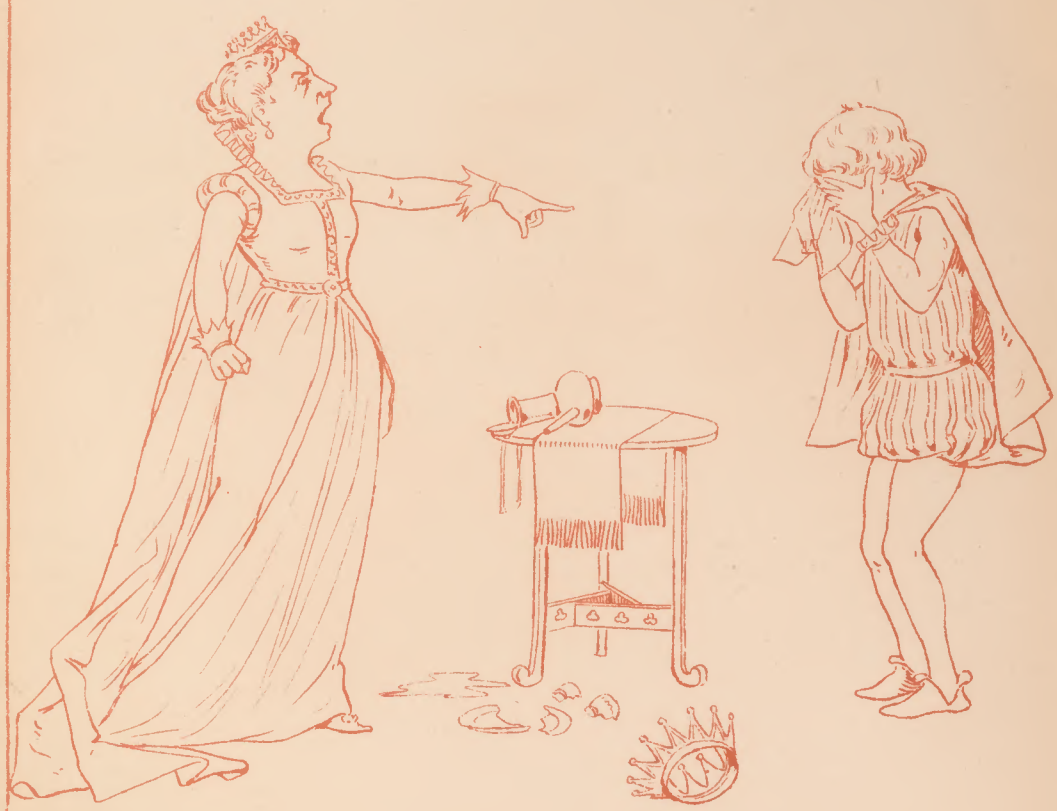
Bobbily Boo, the king so free,
He used to drink the Mango Tea.
Mango Tea and Coffee too,
He drank them both till his nose turned blue.





Wollypotump, the queen so high,
She used to eat the Gumbo Pie,
Gumbo Pie and Gumbo cake,
She ate them both till her teeth did break.

Bobbily Boo and Wollypolump,
Each called the other a greedy frump.
And when these terrible words were said,
They sat and cried till they both were
dead.



Day Dreams

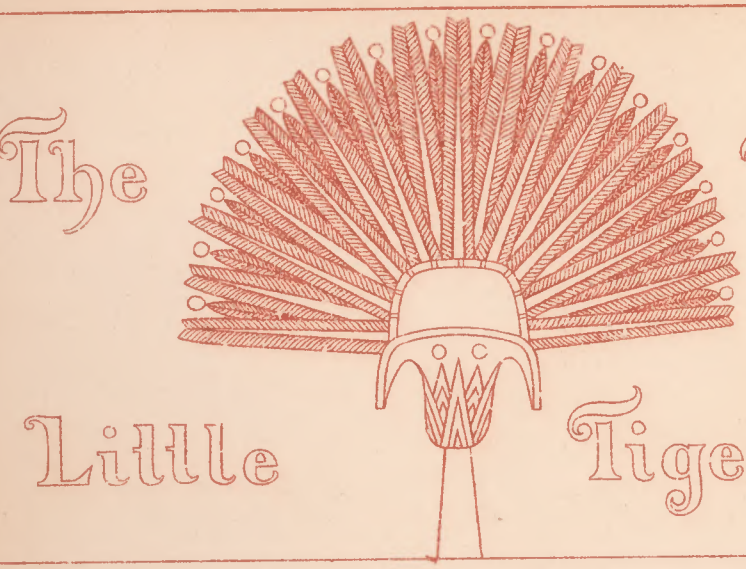
White wings over the water,
Fluttering, fluttering over
the sea,
White wings over the water,
What are you bringing
to me?
A Fairy Prince in
a golden boat,
With golden
ringlets that fall
and float,
A velvet cap and a taffety coat,
This you are bringing to me.

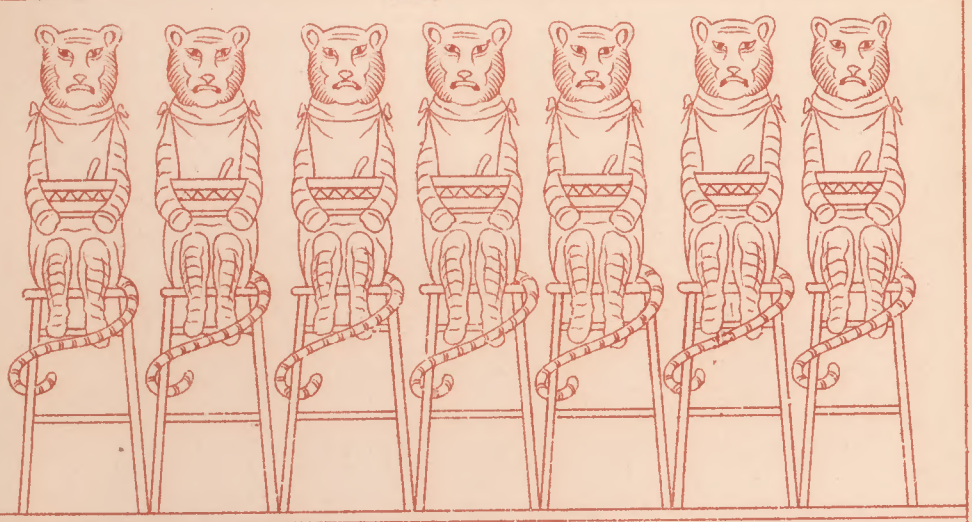
Fairy, Fairy princekin,
Sailing, sailing hither to me,
Silk and satin and velvet,
What are you coming to see?
A little girl in a calico gown,
With hair and eyes of dusky brown,
Who sits on the wharf of the fishing town,
Looking away to sea.

Golden, golden sunbeams,
Touch me now with your wands of gold.
Make me a beautiful princess,
Radiant to behold.
Blue and silver
and ermine fine,
Diamond drops that
flash and shine,
So shall I meet this
prince of mine,
Fairer than may be
told.

White wings over the water,
Fluttering ever farther away.
Dark clouds shrouding the sunbeams,
Sullen and cold and gray.
Back I go in my calico gown,
Back to the hut in the fishing town
And oh! but the night shuts darkly down
After the summer day.

The Vij Little Tigers





and their Aged Cook

THE SEVEN LITTLE TIGERS

AND THE AGED COOK.

Seven little Tigers they sat them in a row,
Their seven little dinners for to eat,
And each of the troop had a little plate of soup,
The effect of which was singularly neat.

They were feeling rather cross, for they hadn't any
sauce,
To eat with their pudding or their pie.
So they rumpled up their hair in a spasm of despair,
And vowed that the aged cook should die.

Then they called the aged cook,
and a frying-pan they took
To fry him very nicely for their
supper.
He was ninety-six years old, on
authority I'm told,
And his name was Peter Sparrow-
piper Tupper.

"Mr. Sparrow-piper Tup, we intend
on you to sup!"
Said the eldest little Tiger very sweetly.
But this naughty aged cook, just re-
marking "only look!"
Chopped the little Tiger's head off
very neatly.

Then he said unto the rest, it has always been confessed
That a tiger's better eating than a man.
So I'll fry him for you now, and you all will find, I trow,
That to eat him will be much the better plan.

So they tried it in a trice, and found that it was nice,
And with rapture they embraced one another.
And they said "by hook or crook we must keep this
aged cook,"
So we'll ask him to become our elder brother.
Which they accordingly did.

Mrs Snip- -kin

and

Mrs Wobble- chin

Skinny Mrs. Snipkin,
With her little pipkin,
Sat by the fireside a-warming of her toes.
Fat Mrs. Wobblechin,
With her little doublechin,
Sat by the window a-cooling of her nose.

Says this one to that one,
"O! you silly fat one,
Will you shut the window down? you're freezing
me to death?"
Says that one to t'other one,
"Good gracious, how you bother one! [breath."
There isn't air enough for me to draw my precious

Skinny Mrs. Snipkin,
Took her little pipkin,
Threw it straight across the room as hard as she could throw.
Hit Mrs. Wobblechin
On her little doublechin,
And out of the window a-tumble she did go.

The Little Cossack

THE LITTLE COSSACK

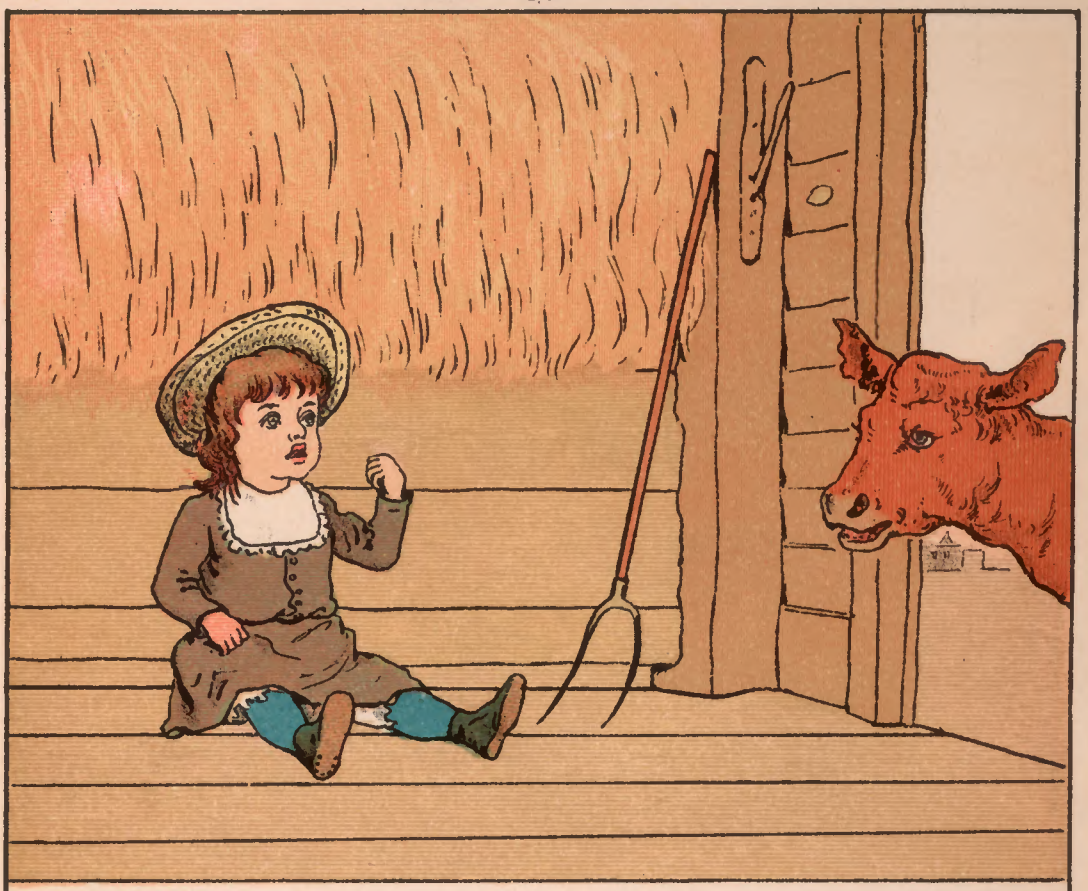
The tale of the little Cossack,
Who lived by the river Don.
He sat on a sea-green hassock,
And his grandfather's name was John,
His grandfather's name was John, my dears,
And he lived upon bottled stout,
And when he was found to be not at home,
He was frequently found to be out.

The tale of the little Cossack,
He sat by the river side,
And wept when he heard the people say
That his hair was probably dyed,
That his hair was probably dyed, my dears,
And his teeth were undoubtedly sham,
"If this be true," quoth the little Cossack,
"What a poor little thing I am!"

The tale of the little Cossack,
He sat by the river's brim,
And he looked at the little fishes,
And the fishes looked back at him,
The fishes looked back at him, my dears,
And winked at him, which was wuss,
"If this be true, my friend," they said,
"You'd better come down to us."

The tale of the little Cossack,
He said "you are doubtless right;
Though drowning is not a becoming death,
For it makes one look like a fright.
If my lovely teeth be crockery,
And my hair of Tyrian dye,
Then life is a bitter mockery,
And no more of it will I!"

The tale of the little Cossack,
He drank of the stout so brown:
Then put his toes in the water,
And the fishes dragged him down.
And the people threw in his hassock,
And likewise his grandfather John,
And there was an end of the family,
On the banks of the river Don.



LITTLE BROWN BOBBY.

Little brown Bobby sat on the barn floor,
Little brown Bossy looked in at the door,
Little brown Bobby said "Lackaday!
Who'll drive me this little brown Bossy away?"

Little brown Bobby said "Shoo! shoo! shoo!"

Little brown Bossy said "Moo! moo! moo!"

This frightened them so that both of them cried,

And wished they were back at their Mammy's side.

A Legend of Lake Okee-finokee

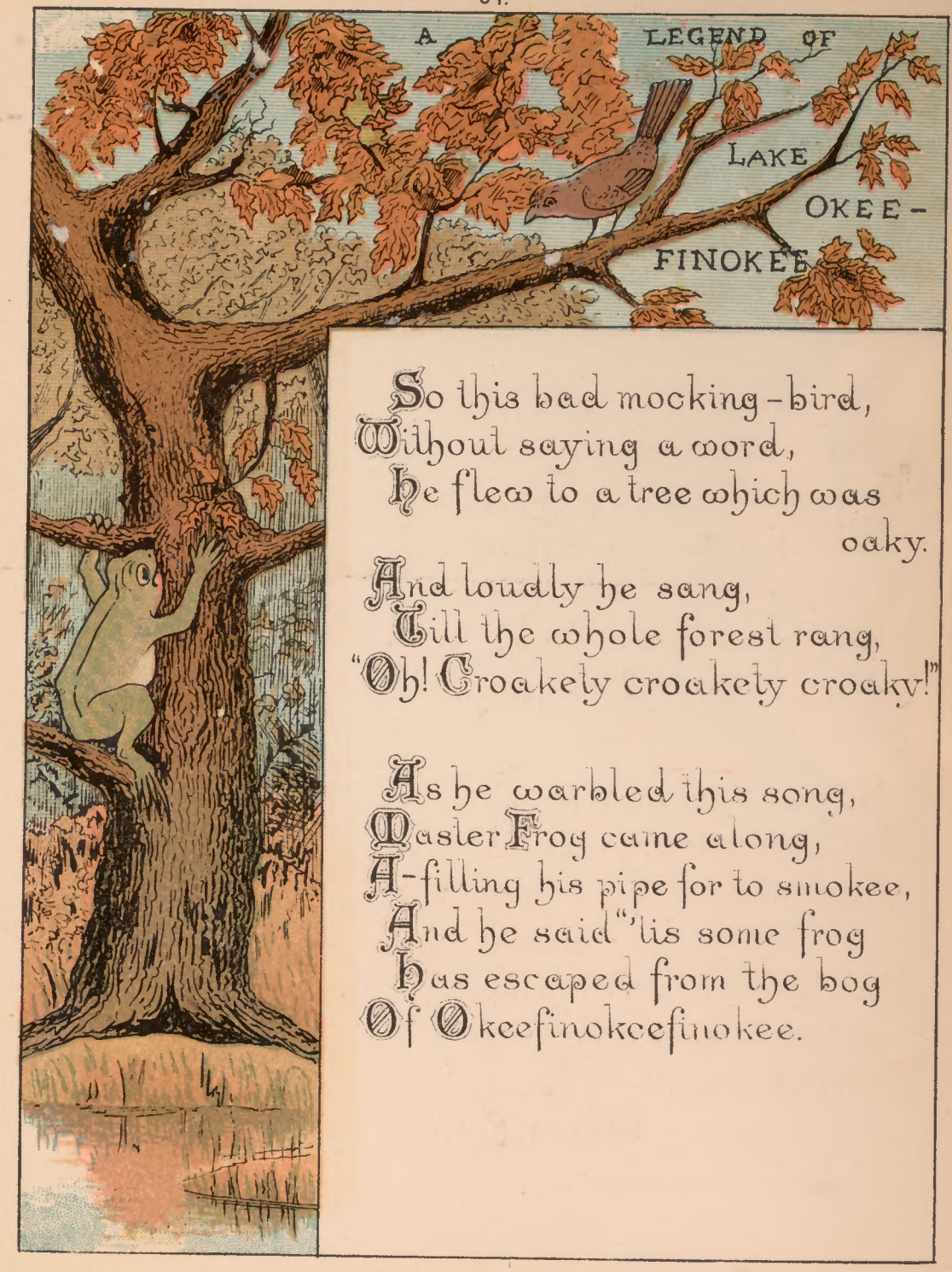
Mr Frogge

There once was a frog,
And he liced in a bog,
On the banks of Lake
Okeefinokee.
And the words of the song
That he sang all day long
Were "Croakety croakety croaky."

Said the frog, "I have found
That my life's daily round
In this place is exceedingly poky.
So no longer I'll stop,
But I swiftly will hop
Away from Lake Okeefinokee."

Now a bad mocking bird
By mischance overheard
The words of the frog as he spokee.
And he said, "All my life
Frog and I've been at strife,
As we lived by Lake Okeefinokee.

Now I see at a glance
Here's a capital chance
For to play him a practical jokee.
So I'll venture to say
That he shall not today
Leave the banks of
Lake Okeefinokee."



So this bad mocking-bird,
Without saying a word,
He flew to a tree which was
oaky.

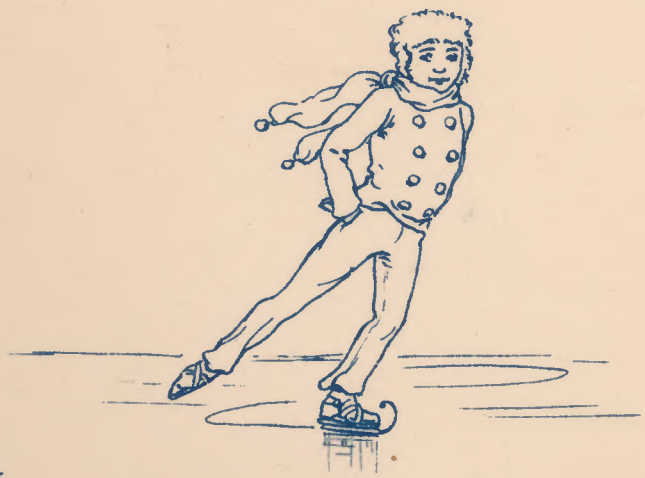
And loudly he sang,
Till the whole forest rang,
"Oh! Croakety croakety croaky!"

As he warbled this song,
Master Frog came along,
A-filling his pipe for to smokee,
And he said "'tis some frog
Has escaped from the bog
Of Okeefinokeefinokee.

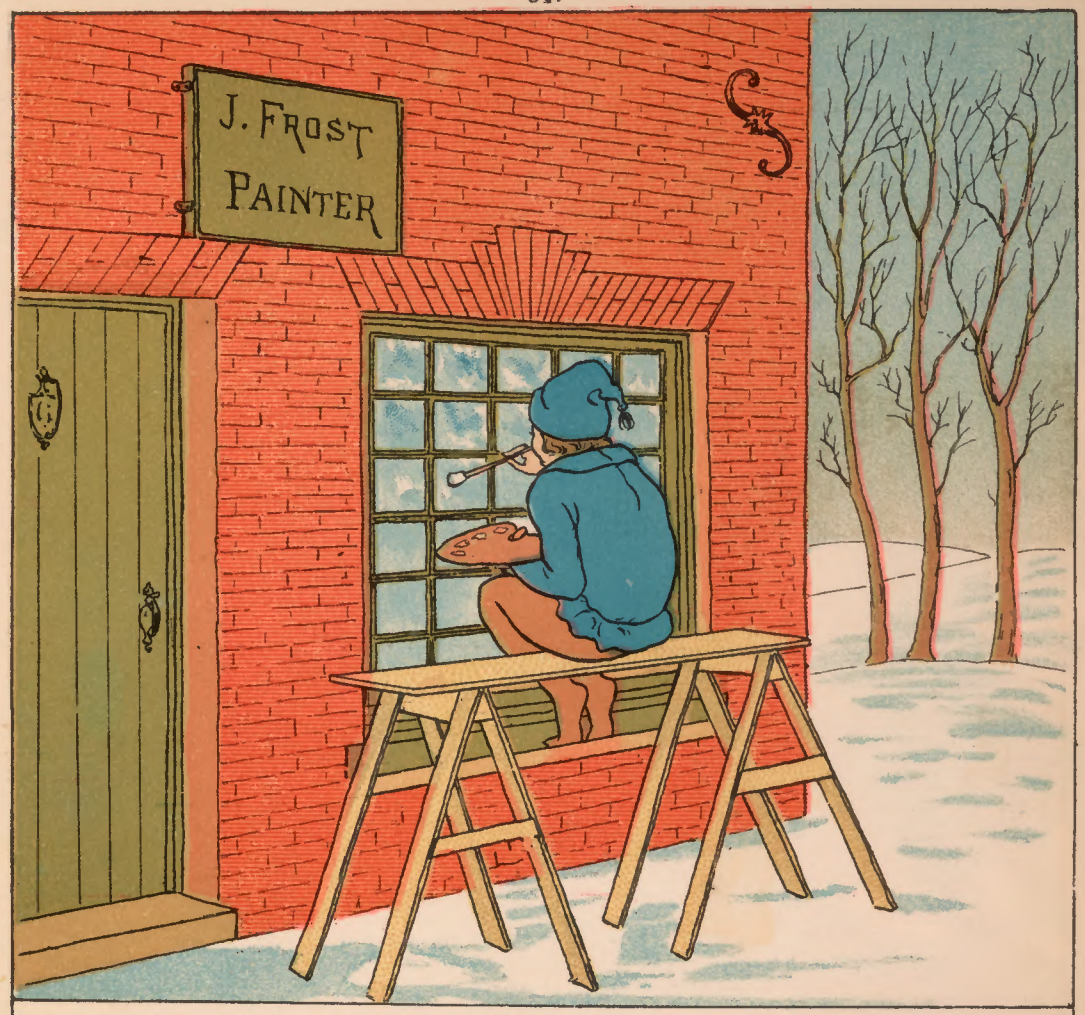
I am filled with amaze
To hear one of my race
A-warbling on top of an oaky.
But if frogs can climb trees,
I may still find some ease
On the banks of Lake
Okeefinokee."

So he climbed up the tree;
But alas! down fell he!
And his lovely green neck it
was brokee.
And the sad truth to say,
Never more did he stray
From the banks of Lake
Okeefinokee.

A
LEGEND
OF
LAKE OKEEFINOKEE
And the bad mocking bird
Said "how very absurd
And delightful a practical jokee!"
But I'm happy to say
He was drowned the next day,
In the waters of Okeefinokee.
JR



JACKY FROST



Jacky Frost, Jacky Frost.
Came in the night,
Left the meadows that he crossed.
All gleaming white.
Painted with his silver brush
Every window pane;
Kissed the leaves and made them blush,
Blush and blush again.

Jacky Frost; Jacky Frost,
Crept around the house,
Sly as a silver fox,
Still as a mouse.
Out little Jenny came,
Blushing like a rose.
Up jumped Jacky Frost,
And pinched her little nose.

JACKY
FROST

THE THREE FISHERS

John, Frederick and Henry
Had once a holiday;
And they would go a-fishing
So merry and so gay.
They went to fish for salmon,
These little children three;
As in this pretty picture
You all may plainly see.

John

Fred-

erick

Henry

and

It was not in the ocean,
Nor from the river shore,
But in the monstrous water-butt
Outside the kitchen door.
And John he had a fish-hook,
And Fred a crooked pin,
And Henry had his sisters net,
And thought it was no sin.

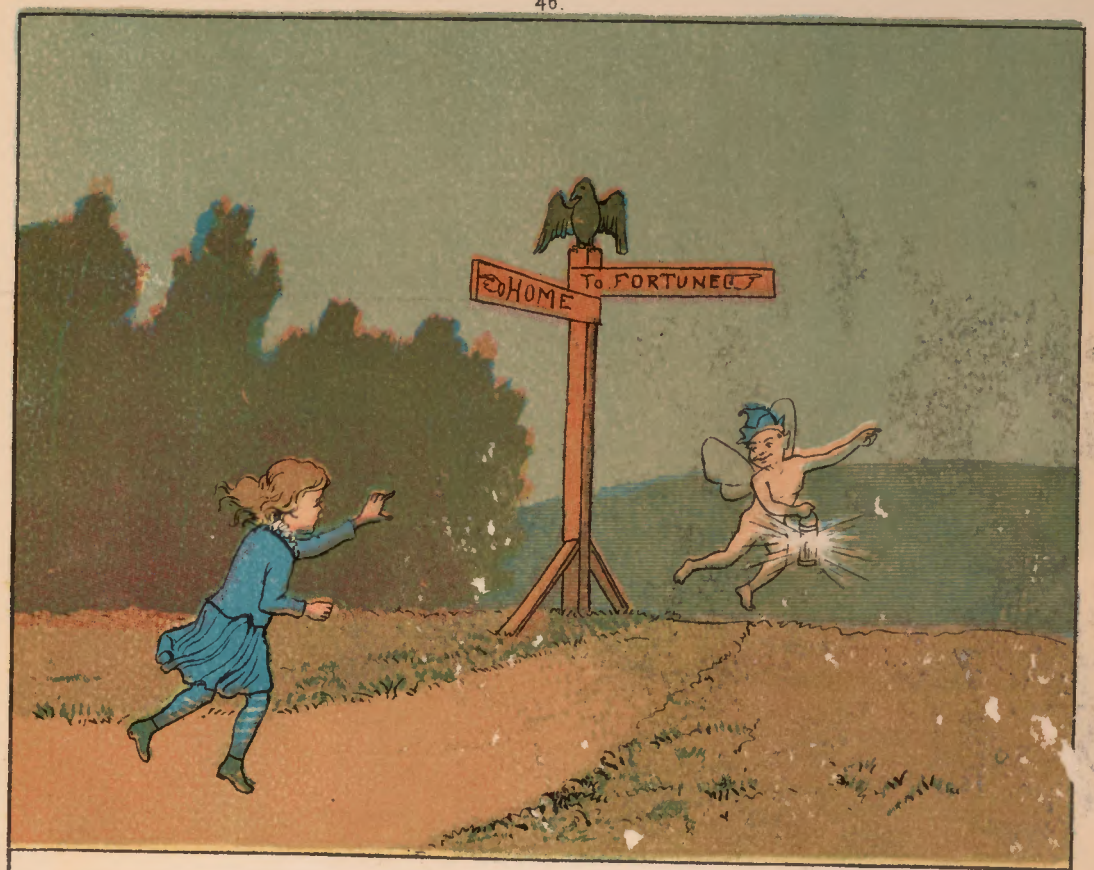
They climbed up on the ladder
Till they the top did win;
And then they perched upon the edge,
And then they did begin.
But how their fishing prospered,
Or if they did it well,
Or if they caught the salmon,
I cannot, cannot tell.

Because I was not there, you know,
But I can only say
That I too went a-fishing
That pleasant summer day.
It was not for a salmon,
Or shark with monstrous fin,
But it was for three little boys,
All dripping to the skin.

Will

the

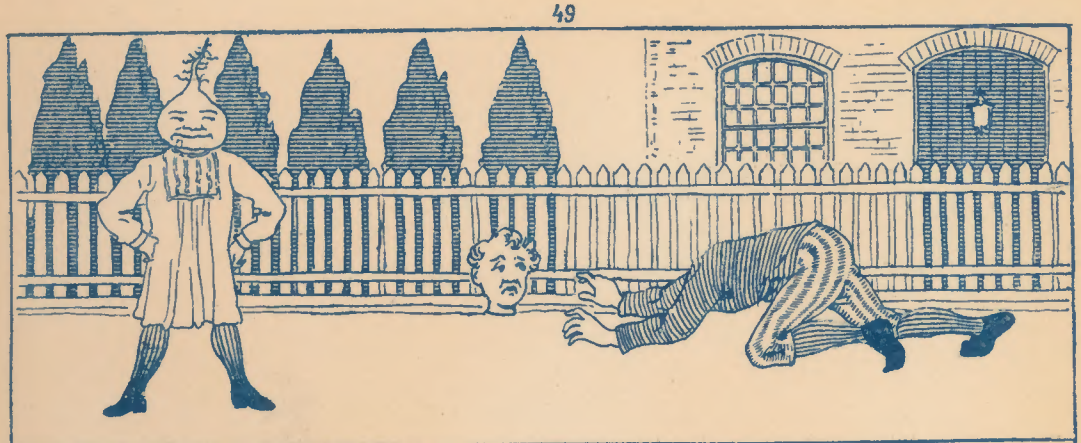
Wish



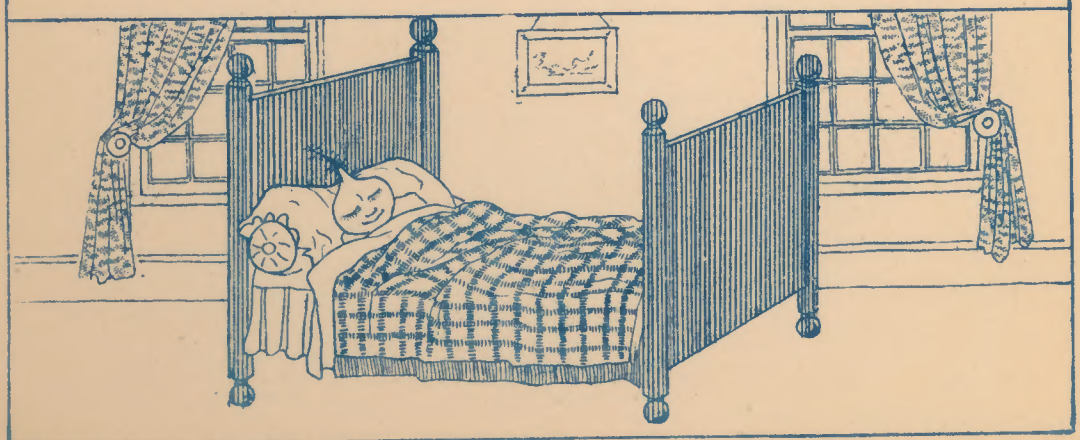
Will-o'-the-Wisp! Will-o'-the-Wisp!
Show me your lantern true!
Over the meadow and over the hill.
Gladly I'll follow you.
Never I'll murmur nor ask to rest,
And ever I'll be your friend,
If you'll only give me the pot of gold
That lies at your journey's end.

Will-o'-the-Wisp, Will-o'-the-Wisp,
Lighted his lantern true.
Over the meadows and over the hill,
Away and away he flew.
And away and away went the poor little boy,
Trudging along so bold,
And thinking of nought but the journey's end,
And the wonderful pot of gold.

Will-o'-the-wisp, Will-o'-the-wisp,
Flew down to a lonely swamp.
He put out his lantern and vanished away
In the evening chill and damp.
And the poor little boy went shivering home,
Wet and tired and cold.
He had come, alas! to his journey's end:
But where was the pot of gold?



Nicholas Ned
He lost his head,
And put a turnip on instead.
But then, ah me!
He could not see.
So he thought it was night,
and he went to bed.



Ponsonby Perks
He fought with Turks,
Performing many wonderful works.
He killed over forty,
High minded and haughty
And cut off their heads with smiles
and smirks.

Winifred White
She married a fright,
She called him her darling, her duck and delight.

The back of his head
Was so lovely, she said,
It dazzled her soul and enraptured her sight.

HARRIET * HUTCH

Harriet Hutch,
Her conduct was such,
Her uncle remarked it would conquer
the Dutch,
She boiled her new bonnet
And breakfasted on it,
And rode to the moon on her
Grandmother's crutch.

Oh little loveliest lady mine,
What shall I send for your valentine?
Summer and flowers are far away,
Gloomy old Winter is king today,
Buds will not blow, and sun will not shine.
What shall I do for a valentine?

GLOOMY OLD WINTER
IS KING TO DAY

Prithee, St. Valentine tell me here,
Why do you come at this time o'year?
Plenty of days when lilies are white,
Plenty of days when sunbeams are bright.
But now, when everything's dark and drear
Why do you come, St. Valentine dear?

I've searched the gardens all through and through
For a bud to tell of my love so true.
But buds are asleep and blossoms are dead,
And the snow beats down on my poor little head.

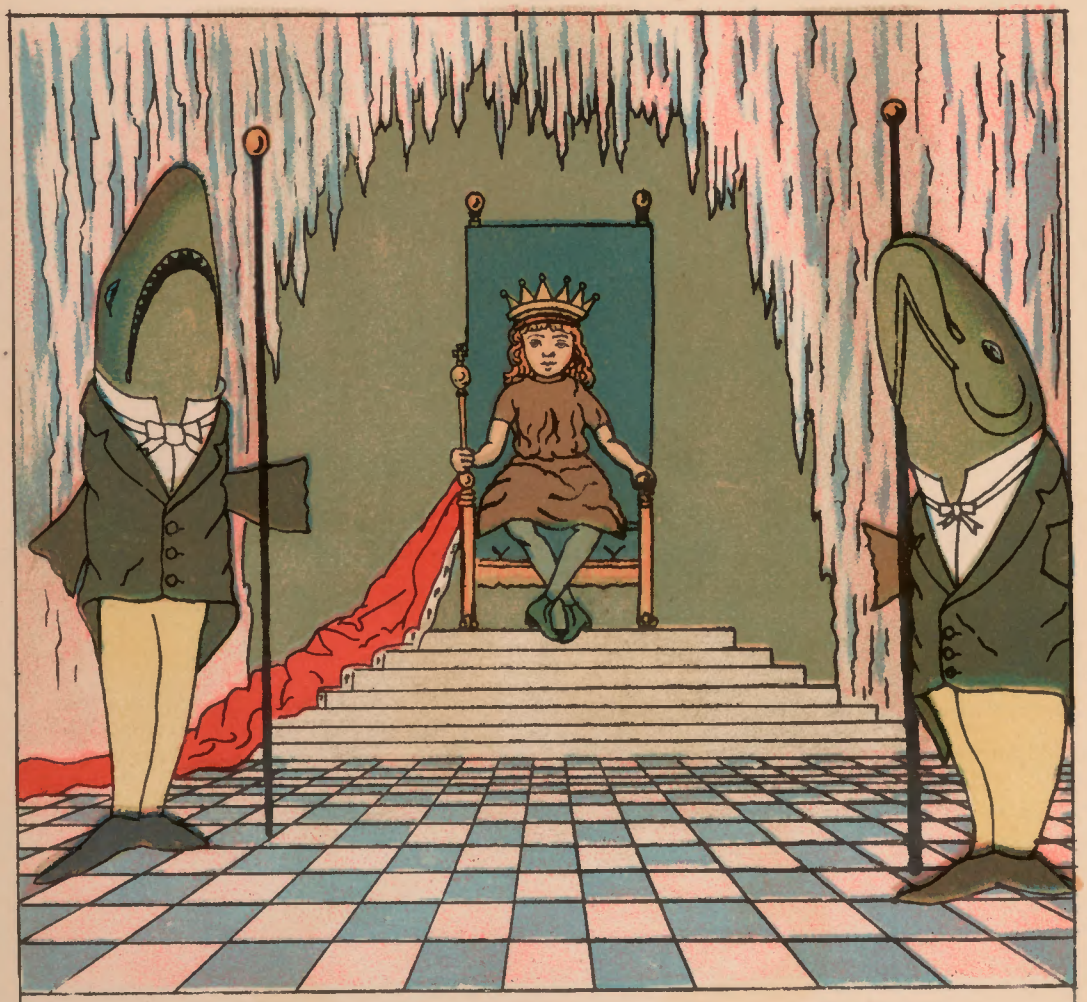
So, little loveliest lady mine,
Here is my heart for your valentine.

THE PALACE

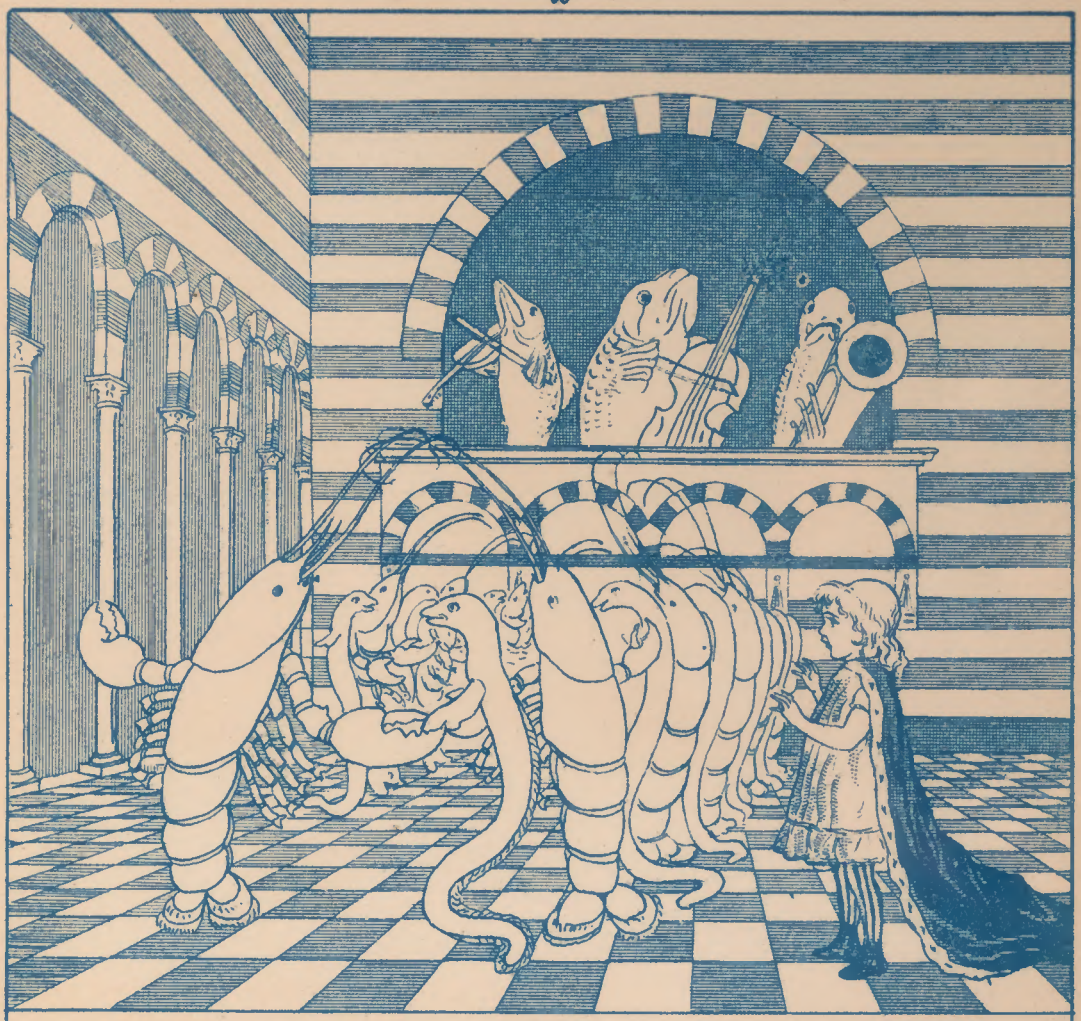
It's far away under the water,
And it's far away under the sea,
There's a beautiful palace awaiting
For my little Rosy and me.

The roof is made of coral,
And the floor is made of pearl,
And over it all the great waves fall
With a terrible tumble and whirl.

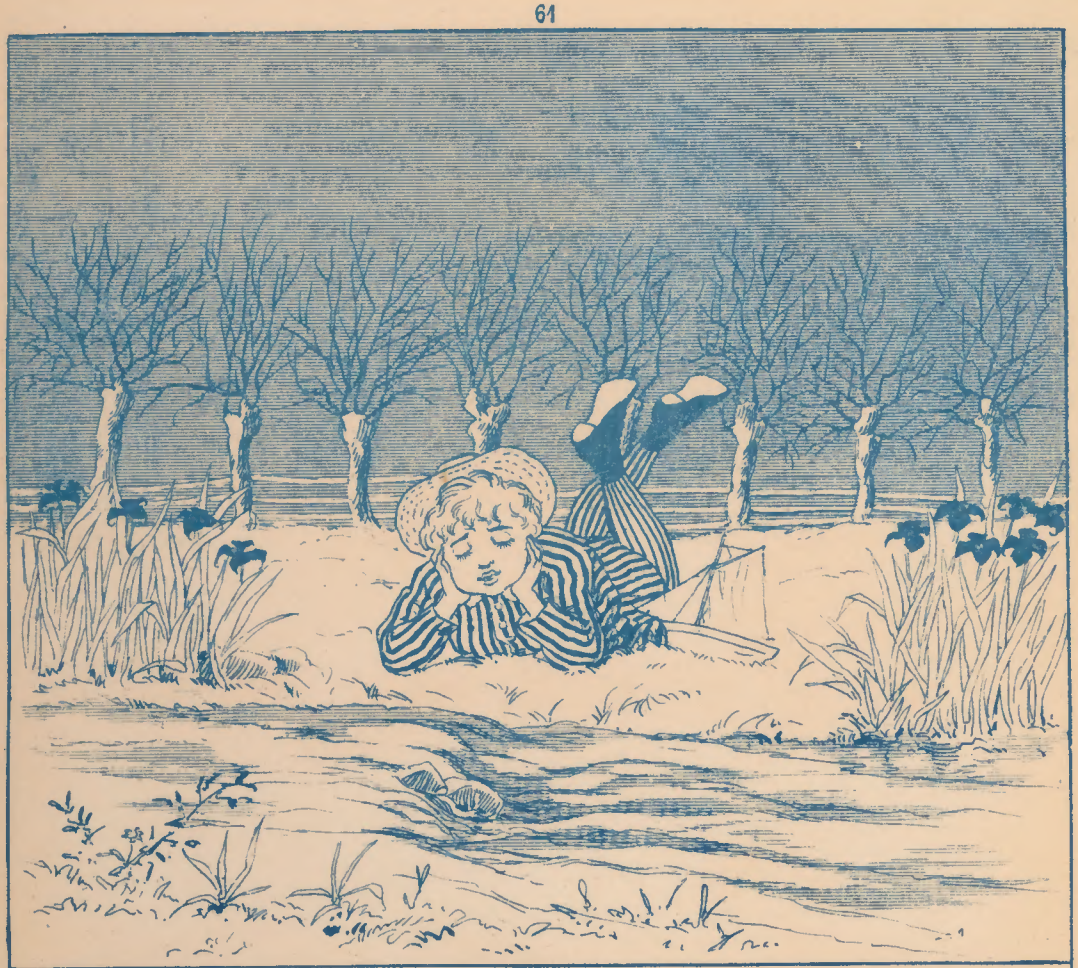
The fishes swim in at the window,
And the fishes swim out at the door,
And the lobsters and eels go dancing quadrilles
All over the beautiful floor.



There's a silver throne at one end,
And a golden throne at the other.
And on them you see as plain as canbe,
"Queen Rosy and "Queen Mother."

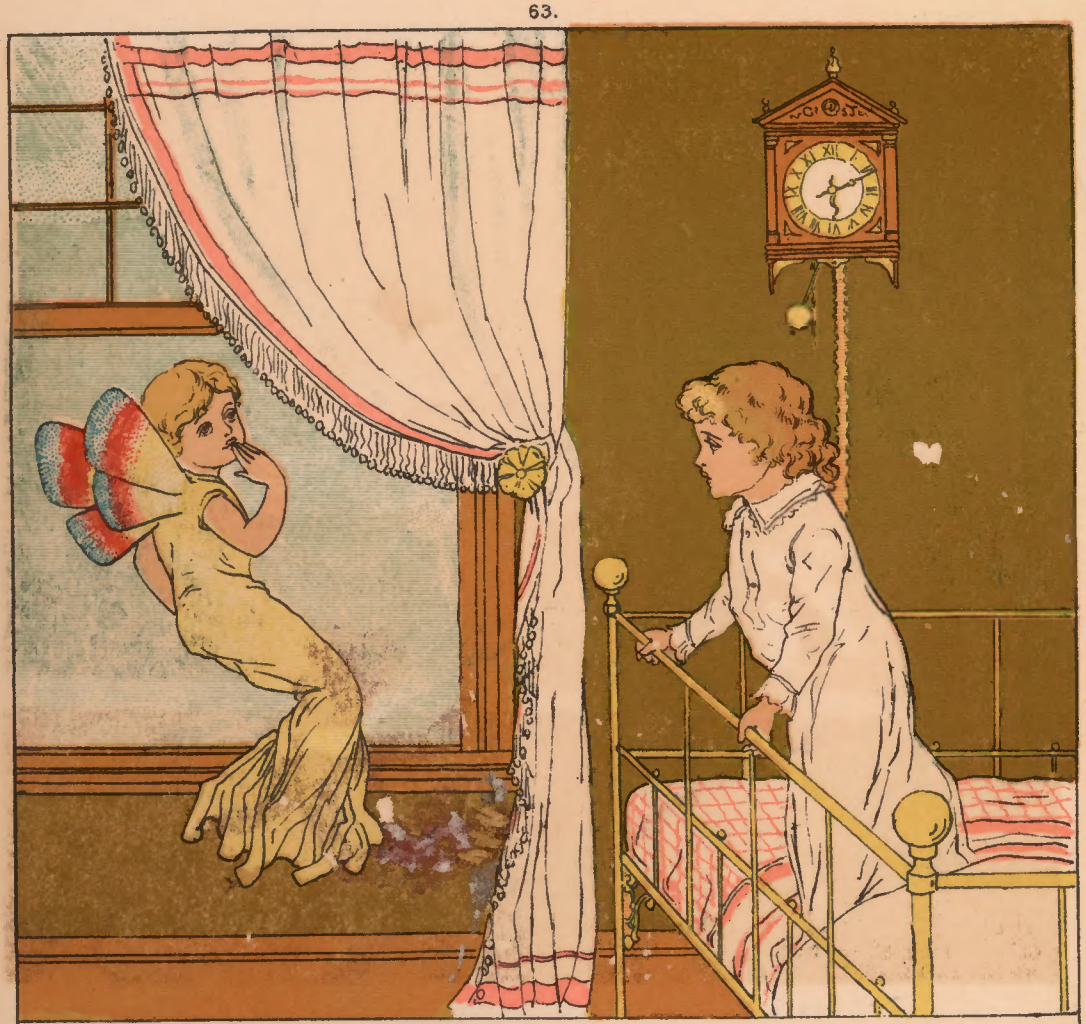


And I will sit on the silver throne,
And Rosy shall sit on the gold;
And there we will stay, and frolic and play,
Until we're a thousand years old.



Said the boy to the brook that was rippling away,
"Oh! little brook, pretty brook, will you not stay?
Oh stay with me! play with me! all the day long
And sing in my ears your sweet murmuring song.
Said the brook to the boy as it hurried away,
"And is't for my music you ask me to stay?
I was silent until from the hillside I gushed.
Should I pause for an instant, my song would
be hushed."

Said the boy to the wind that was fluttering past,
"Oh! little wind, pretty wind, whither so fast?
Oh stay with me! play with me! fan my hot brow,
And ever breathe softly and gently as now.
Said the wind to the boy as it hurried away,
"And is't for my coolness you ask me to stay.
'Tis only in flying you feel my cool breath!
Should I pause for an instant, that instant
were death."



Said the boy to the day that was hurrying by,
Oh! little day, pretty day, why must you fly?
Oh stay with me, play with me, just as you are.
Let no shadow of evening your noon brightness mar."
Said the day to the boy as it hurried away,
And is't for my brightness you ask me to stay?
Know, the jewel of day would no longer seem bright,
If it were not clasped round by the setting of night."

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