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THE ORPHANT ANNIE BOOK





THE ORPHANT ANNIE BOOK

By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

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— WITH ALL FAITH AND AFFECTION —

To *all* the little children :— The happy ones ; and sad ones ;
The sober and the silent ones ; the boisterous and glad ones ;
The good ones—^{yes,} the good ones, too ; and all the lovely bad ones.







LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE she knows riddles, rhymes and things!

*Knows 'bout the Witches 'at rides brooms, an' Imps 'at flies with wings
The same as bats er lightnin'-bugs!—An' knows 'bout Ring-mo-rees*

'At thist can take an' turn theirselves in anything they please!

“An' childerns all, both great an' small,” she says, an' rolls her eyes

*When we're a-listnun', all so still, “you needen' be surpris'
Ef right this livin' minut'—'fore ye know they's one about—*

'At the GOBBLE-UNS 'll git ye—

Ef you

Don't

Watch out!”







LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE

Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,
An' wash the cups an' saucers up, an' brush the crumbs away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth, an' sweep,
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board-an'-keep ;
An' all us other childern, when the supper things is done,
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun
A-list'nin' to the witch-tales 'at Annie tells about,
An' the Gobble-uns 'at gits you

Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out !





Onc't they was a little boy wouldn't say his prayers,—
So when he went to bed at night, away up stairs,
His Mammy heerd him holler, an' his Daddy heerd him bawl,
An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he wasn't there at all!
An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole, an' press,
An' seeked him up the chimbly-flue, an' ever'wheres, I guess;
But all they ever found was thist his pants and roundabout:—
An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you

Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!



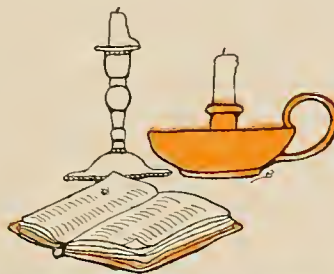


W. B. E. P. S. A. K. O. S. S. O. S.



An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
An' make fun of ever'one, an' all her blood an' kin ;
An' onc't, when they was "company," an' ole folks was there,
She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't care !
An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an' hide,
They was two great big Black Things a-standin' by her side,
An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she knowed what she's about !
An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you

Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out !





An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
An' the lamp-wick sputters, an' the wind goes *woo-oo!*
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,
An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away,—
You better mind yer parents, an' yer teachers fond an' dear,
An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's tear,
An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,
Er the Gobble-uns 'll git you

Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!



CIRCUS



BILLY MILLER'S CIRCUS-SHOW

At Billy Miller's Circus-Show—

In their old stable where it's at—

The boys pays twenty pins to go,

An' gits their money's-worth at that!—

'Cause Billy he can climb an' chalk

His stockin'-feet an' purt'-nigh walk

A tight-rope—yes, an' ef he fall

He'll ketch, an' "skin a cat"—'at's all!





He ain't afeard to swing an' hang
Ist by his legs!—an' mayby stop
An' yell "look out!" an' nen—k-spang!—
He'll let loose, upside-down, an' drop
Wite on his hands! An' nen he'll do
"Contortion-acts"—ist limber through
As "Injarubber Mens" 'at goes
With shore-fer-certain circus-shows!







At Billy Miller's Circus-Show

He's got a circus-ring—an' they's
A dressin'-room,—so's he can go

An' dress an' paint up when he plays
He's somepin' else;—'cause sometimes he's
“Ringmaster”—bossin' like he please—
An' sometimes “Ephalunt”—er “Bare-
Back Rider,” prancin' out o' there!





An' sometimes—an' the best of all!—

He's "The Old Clown," an' got on clo'es
All stripud,—an' white hat, all tall

An' peakud—like in shore-'nuff shows,—
An' got three-cornered red-marks, too,
On his white cheeks—ist like they do!—
An' you'd ist die, the way he sings
An' dances an' says funny things!





SOME SCATTERING REMARKS OF BUB'S

Wunst I took our pepper-box lid
An' cut little pie-dough biscuits, I did,
An' cooked 'em on our stove one day
When our hired girl she said I may.





*Honey's the goodest thing—Oo-oooh !
An' blackburry-pies is goodest, too !
But wite hot biscuits, ist soakin' wet
Wiv tree-mullasus, is goodest yet !*

Miss Maimie she's my Ma's friend,—an'
She's purtiest girl in all the lan' !—
An' sweetest smile an' voice an' face—
An' eyes ist looks like p'serves tas'e !





Isabel Fenwick in Boots.



I ruther go to the Circus-show ;
But, 'cause my *parunts* told me so,
I ruther go to the Sund'y School,
'Cause there I learn the goldun rule.
Say, Pa,—what *is* the goldun rule
'At's allus at the Sund'y School ?





LIZABUTH-ANN ON BAKIN'-DAY

Our Hired Girl, when it's bakin'-day
She's out o' patience allus,
An' tells us "Hike *outdoors* an' play,
An' when the cookies 's done," she'll say,
"Land sake! she'll come an' call us!"
An' when the little doughbowl 's all
Ist heapin'-full, she'll come an' call—
Nen say, "She ruther take a switchin'
Than have a pack o' pesky childern
Trackin' round the kitchen!"







THE BOY LIVES ON OUR FARM

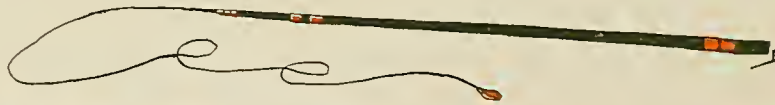
The Boy lives on our Farm, he's not
Afeard o' horses none!
An' he can make 'em lope, er trot,
Er rack, er pace, er run.
Sometimes he drives two horses, when
He comes to town an' brings
A wagon-full o' 'taters nen,
An' roastin'-ears an' things.





Two horses is "a team," he says,—
An' when you drive er hitch,
The right-un's a "near-horse," I guess,
Er "off"—I don't know which.—
The Boy lives on our Farm, he told
Me, too, 'at he can see,
By lookin' at their teeth, how old
A horse is, to a T!

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I'd be the gladdest boy alive
Ef I knowed much as that,
An' could stand up like him an' drive,
An' ist push back my hat,
Like he comes skallyhootin' through
Our alley, with one arm
A-wavin' Fare-ye-well! to you—
The Boy lives on our Farm!





THE SQUIRT-GUN UNCLE MAKED ME

Uncle Sidney, when he wuz here,
Maked me a squirt-gun out o' some
Elder-bushes 'at growed out near
Where wuz the brick-yard—'way out clear
To where the Toll Gate come!

So when we walked back home again,
He maked it, out in our woodhouse where
Wuz the old work-bench, an' the old jack-plane,
An' the old 'poke-shave, an' the tools all lay'n'
Ist like he wants 'em there.





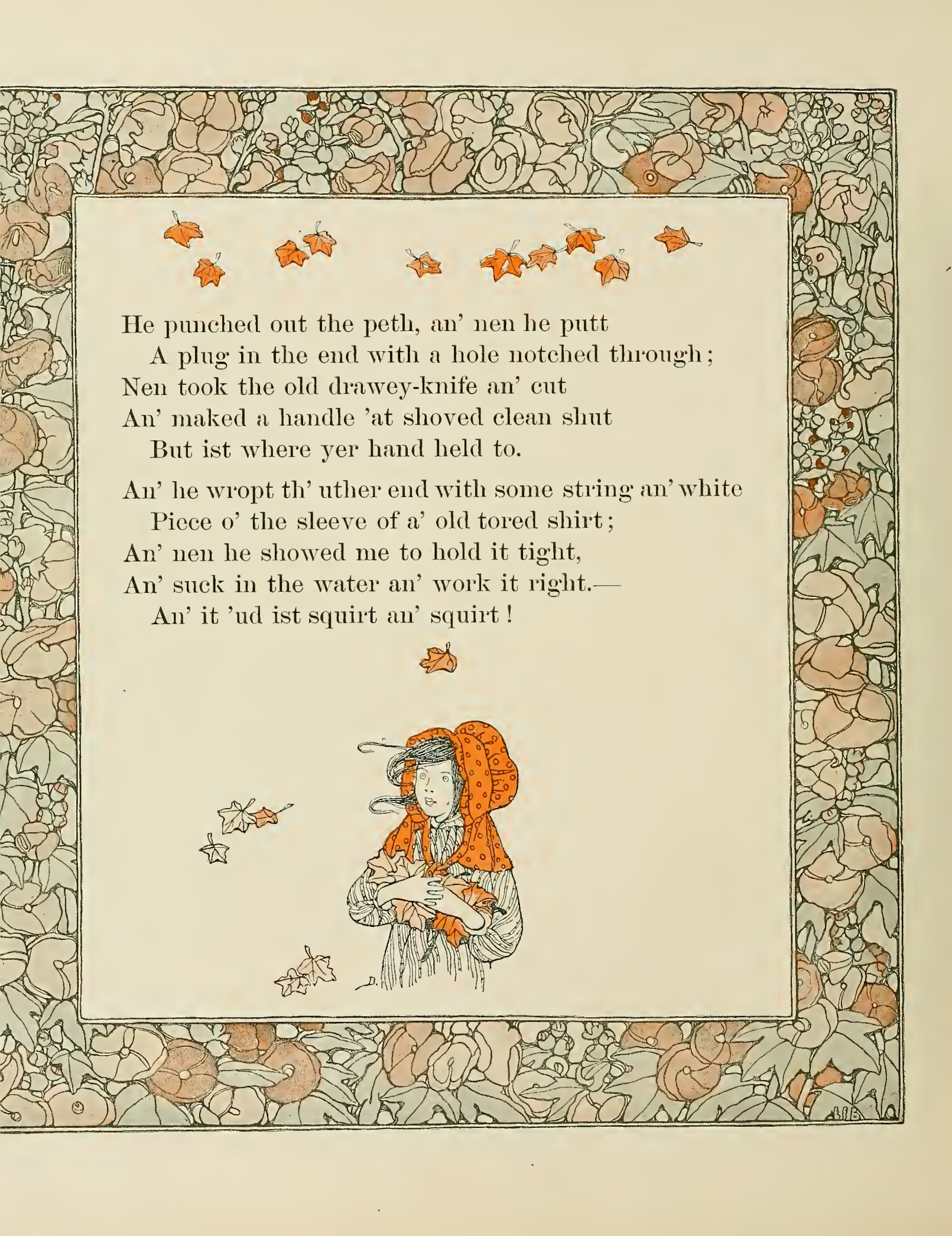
Richard B. B. B.



He sawed it first with the old hand-saw ;
An' nen he peeled off the bark, an' got
Some glass an' scraped it ; an' told 'bout Pa,
When *he* wuz a boy an' fooled his Ma,
An' the whippin' 'at he caught.

Nen Uncle Sidney, he took an' filed
A' old arn ramrod ; an' one o' the ends
He screwed fast into the vise ; an' smiled,
Thinkin', he said, o' when he wuz a child,
'Fore him an' Pa wuz mens.

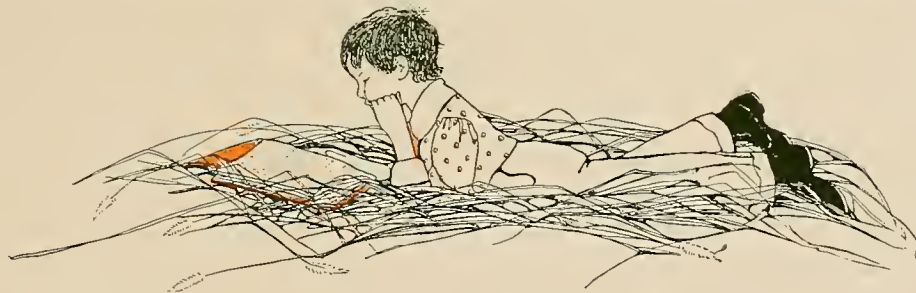




He punched out the peth, an' nen he putt
A plug in the end with a hole notched through;
Nen took the old drawey-knife an' cut
An' maked a handle 'at shoved clean shut
But ist where yer hand held to.

An' he wropt th' uther end with some string an' white
Piece o' the sleeve of a' old tored shirt;
An' nen he showed me to hold it tight,
An' suck in the water an' work it right.—
An' it 'ud ist squirt an' squirt!

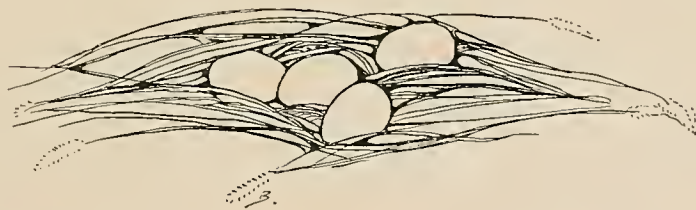




THE OLD HAY-MOW

The Old Hay-mow's the place to play
Fer boys, when it's a rainy day!
I good-'eal ruther be up there
Than down in town, er anywhere !

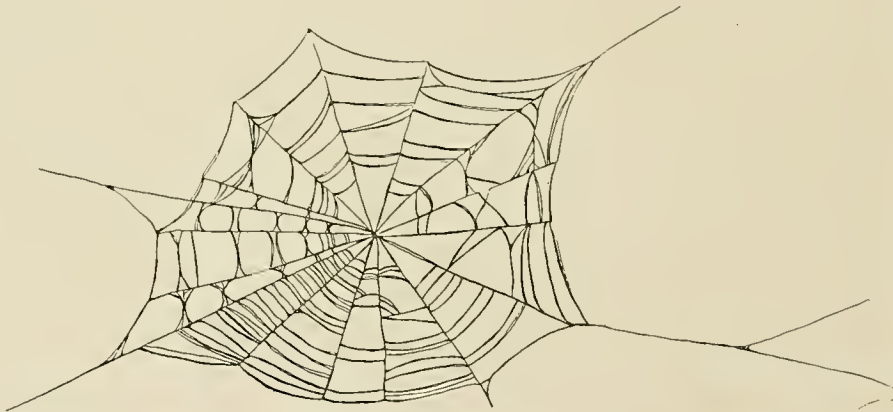
When I play in our stable-loft,
The good old hay's so dry an' soft,
An' feels so fine, an' smells so sweet,
I 'most ferget to go an' eat.



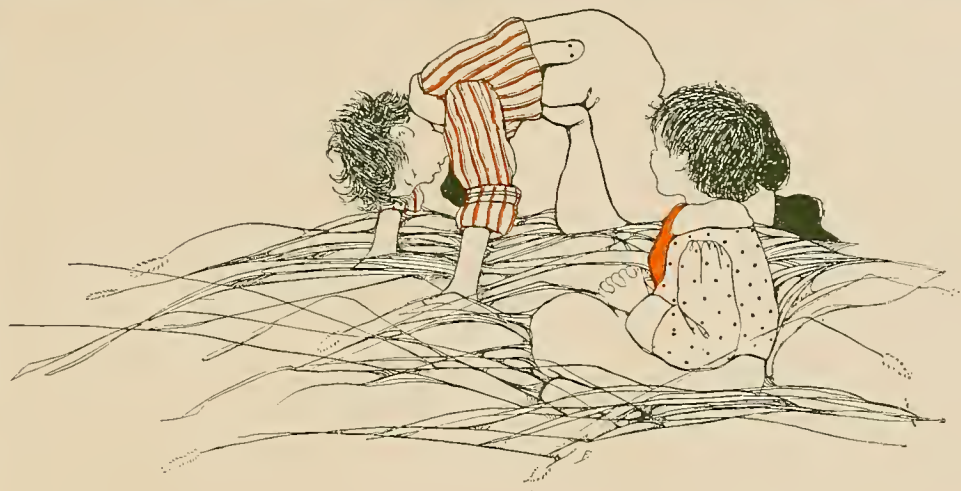


An' one time wunst I *did* ferget
To go 'tel dinner was all et,—
An' they had short-cake—an'—Bud he
Hogged up the piece Ma saved fer me

Nen I won't let him play no more
In our hay-mow where I keep store
An' got hen-eggs to sell,—an' shoo
The cackle-un old hen out, too!







An' nen, when Aunty she was here
A-visitun from Rensselaer,
An' bringed my little cousin,—*he*
Can come up there an' play with me.

But, after while—when Bud he bets
'At I can't turn no summersetts,—
I let him come up, ef he can
Ac' ha'f-way like a gentleman!



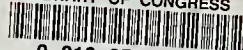






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