

OVER
IN THE
MEADOW



**A SONG AND
STORY**



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OVER IN THE MEADOW





OVER IN THE MEADOW

By Olive A. Wadsworth

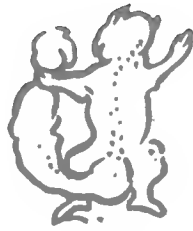
*Set to simple music
by Mabel Wood Hill*



*The pictures of all the
Meadow People were
drawn by Harold Sichel*

**MORGAN SHEPARD COMPANY
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You might as well keep smiling
 For ~~there~~ ^{there} dint a bit o' sense
 Of fidgetin' and ritin',
 And longin' too intense;
 For most things worth the gettin'
 Are sure to find the place
 Where you in place are settin'
 With a Smile upon your face.



Go little Gona.
 With wishes that
 she may overcome her little troubles



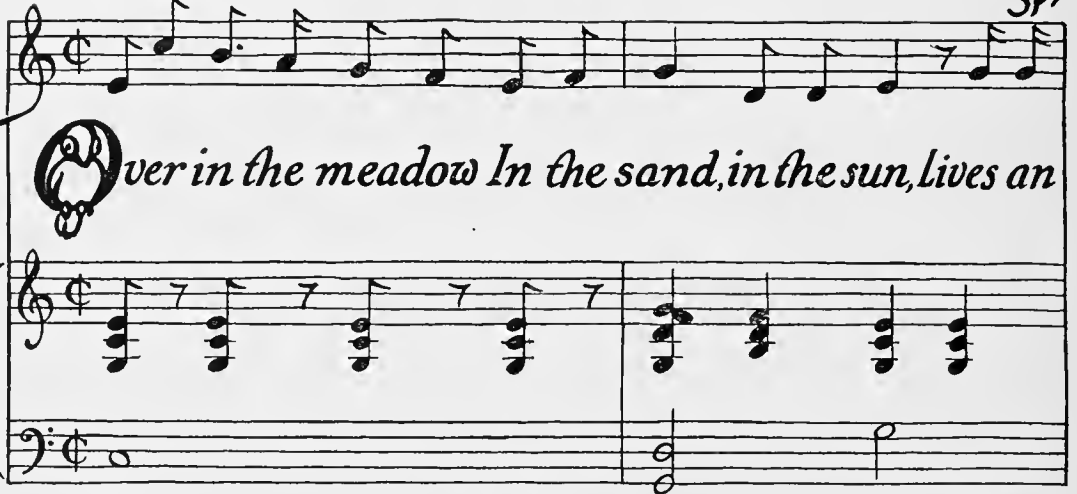
This Book is
Dedicated to
RICHARDSON KING WOOD
(a little Boy)



THE MUSIC

BY MABEL WOOD HILL

Moderato



Over in the meadow In the sand, in the sun, lives an



old Mother Toad And her little Toadie one.



"Wink!" said the Mother; "I wink," said the one, So he



winked and he blinked In the sand in the sun.





MOTHER TOAD

Little Toads most always are
Happy Toads, and kind;
When their mother asks them things,
Toadies always mind.
When they're told to go to bed,
Or to wash their hands,
Every well-bred little Toad,
Minds and understands.
So do you?



THE TOADS



VER in the meadow,
In the sand, in the sun,
Lived an old mother-toad

And her little toadie one.

“Wink!” said the mother;



“I wink,” said the one:

So she winked and she blinked

In the sand, in the sun.





MOTHER FISH

Baby Fish are very small,
But their mother knows
Just the place to learn to swim,
Where the water goes.
If she tells them not to go
On the land to play,
They don't grumble or complain;
Baby Fish obey.
So do you?



THE FISHES



OVER in the meadow,
Where the stream runs blue,
Lived an old mother-fish

And her little fishes two.

“Swim!” said the mother;

“We swim,” said the two:

So they swam and they leaped

Where the stream runs blue.





MOTHER BLUE-BIRD

Baby Blue-Birds are genteel,
They don't scratch or bite.
And when Birdies talk to them
They are real polite.
If Jim Crow is rough and gruff,
That's no reason why
Blue-Birds can't be courteous,
They at least can try.
So can you.



THE BLUE-BIRDS



VER in the meadow,
In a hole in a tree,
Lived a mother-blue-bird

And her little birdies three.

“Sing!” said the mother;

“We sing,” said the three:

So they sang, and were glad,

In the hole in the tree.





MOTHER MUSKRAT

Little Muskrats dig in mud
With their mouths and feet,
But they always bathe a lot,
So are clean and neat.
Never were good, little Rats
Known to tell you lies;
They just tell the truth and look
Straight in mother's eyes.
So do you?



THE MUSKRATS



VER in the meadow,
In the reeds on the shore,
Lived a mother-muskrat

And her little ratties four.

“Dive!” said the mother;

“We dive,” said the four:

So they dived and they burrowed

In the reeds on the shore.



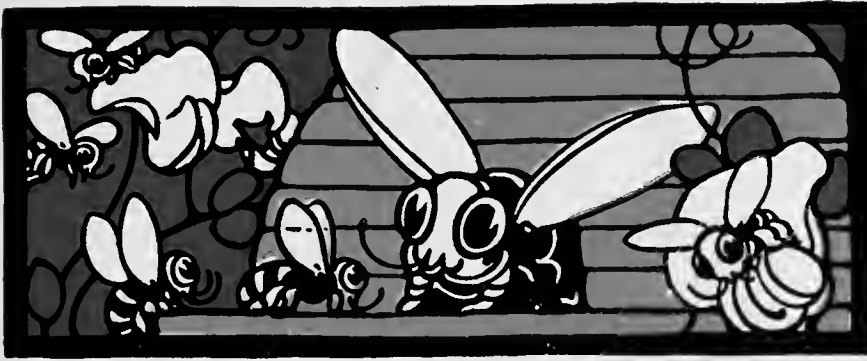


MOTHER · HONEY-BEE

Little Honey-bees are smart;
They are funny too,
For they work like everything,
Seldom getting through.
Work for Honey-bees is play;
Play for them is work.
Bizzy, buzzy, happy Bees,
Never sulk or shirk.
Just like you.



THE HONEY-BEES

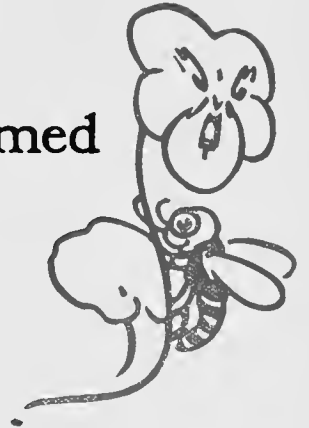


VER in the meadow,
In a snug beehive,
Lived a mother-honeybee
And her little honeys five.

“Buzz!” said the mother;

“We buzz,” said the five:

So they buzzed and they hummed
In the snug beehive.

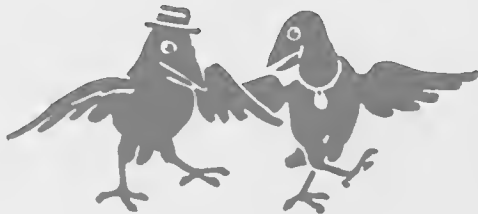




MOTHER CROW



Little Baby Blacky Crows,
Caw when mother caws,
Never hiding mouth or eyes
With their little claws.
They just like to go at once
Up into their nest,
For they know that mother knows
Just the thing that's best.
So do you.



THE CROWS



VER in the meadow,
In a nest built of sticks,
Lived a black mother-crow

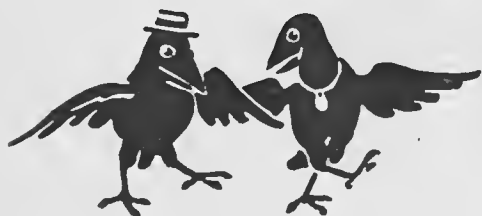
And her little crows six.

“Caw!” said the mother;

“We caw,” said the six:

So they cawed and they called

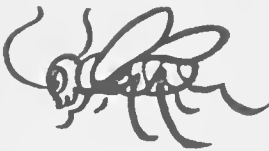
In their nest built of sticks.





MOTHER CRICKET

Little Crickets chip and chirp,
In the meadow grass;
Singing, jolly all the time
As the hours pass.
Never do they sulk or pout,
Moping under ground;
Folks are glad when they're about,
Folks want them around.
Just like you.



THE CRICKETS



EVER in the meadow,

Where the grass is so even,

Lived a gay mother-cricket

And her little crickets seven.

“Chirp!” said the mother;

“We chirp,” said the seven:

So they chirped cheery notes

In the grass soft and even.





MOTHER LIZARD

Little Lizards love to play
In the golden sun,
'Cause it's very good for them
And because it's fun.
But when mother tells them to
Study from their books,
Lizards never whine or cry,
Or give sulky looks.
Nor do you.



THE LIZARDS



OVER in the meadow,
By the old mossy gate,
Lived a brown mother-lizard

And her little lizards eight.
“Bask!” said the mother;
“We bask,” said the eight:
So they basked in the sun
On the old mossy gate.



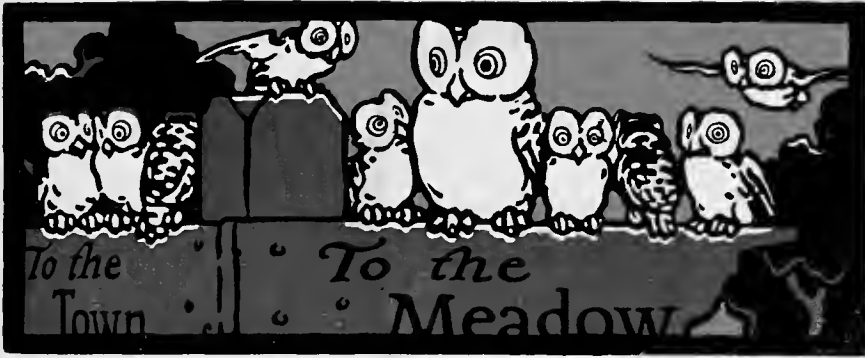


MOTHER OWL

Little Owls like the night
Better than the day.
They aren't frightened in the dark:
"Dark can't hurt," they say.
And they eat exactly what's
Given them for food;
Saying "Thank you, mother," and
Chewing fine and good.
So do you.



THE OWLS



OVER in the meadow,

Near the post-road sign,

Lives a gray mother-owl

And her little owlies nine.

“Hoot!” said the mother;

“We hoot,” said the nine:

So they hooted and they tooted

Near the post-road sign.





MOTHER SQUIRREL

Little Squirrels chatter some;
So do Girls and Boys;
But their jolly chattering
Never once annoys
Mother Squirrel, for you see,
They don't shout or shriek,
But use gentle words and voice
Always when they speak.
Just like you.



THE SQUIRRELS



OVER in the meadow,
In a cozy little den,
Lives an old mother-squirrel

And her little squirrels ten.

“Munch!” said the mother;

“We munch,” said the ten:

So they munched and they crunched

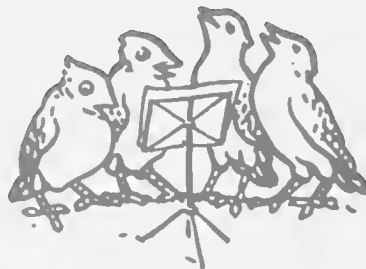
In the cozy little den.





MOTHER LARK

Little Larks are dear as dear,
Every song they sing
Bubbles from their throats and hearts
Like a crystal spring.
That's because their thoughts are pure,
And their hearts are glad.
So they never think or say
Naughty things, or bad.
Nor do you.



THE LARKS



LIVES in the meadow,

Where the grass touches heaven,

Lives an old mother-lark

And her little larkies eleven.

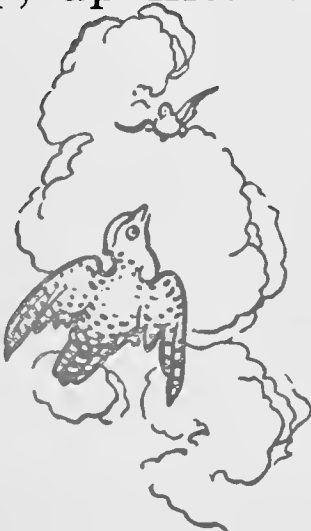


“Soar!” said the mother;

“We soar,” said the eleven:

So they soared and they soared

Up, up into heaven.



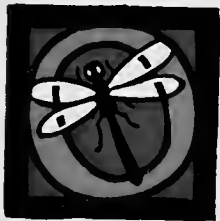


MOTHER DRAGON-FLY

Little Dragon-flies are smart;
They are quick and spry,
All around they flit and go,
But they always fly
Home again before the sun
Drops far out of sight.
Then they're put to bed and say,
"Mother, dear, GOOD NIGHT."
So do you.



THE DRAGON-FLIES



VER in the meadow,
Where the gray rocks shelve,
Lives a mother-dragon-fly

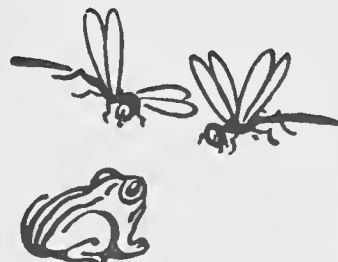
And her little dragons twelve.

“Hum!” said the mother;

“We hum,” said the twelve:

So they hummed in the sun

Where the gray rocks shelve.



TO THE CHILDREN

Quite a lot of people have worked together to make this little Book for you. Perhaps you would like to know who they were.

Years ago, a Lady whose name was Olive A. Wadsworth, wrote *twelve* verses called "OVER IN THE MEADOW." The first *eight*, the Printer Man has given you; the last *four* are new verses, because a certain little boy liked to hear about baby Owls, Squirrels, Larks, and Dragon-flies, so another Lady, whose name is Marguerite Richardson Wood, wrote about the Owls, Squirrels, Larks, and Dragon-flies. The Lady hopes you will like to hear about them.

Then another Lady composed the music for you to sing. Her name is Mabel Wood Hill. Then a smart young man drew all the pictures to make this book nice. He likes Children most, and Animals and Things next. He liked to make the pictures. His name is Harold Sichel.

Then the twelve little sermons were all written by a Man who hopes you will not dislike him for preaching. He will not tell his name, for fear that some day you might meet him and run away.

Then the Book was made into a Book by a Cor-po-ra-tion, called MORGAN SHEPARD COMPANY. (Do you know what a Cor-po-ra-tion is? I do not.)

I think that is all I will say about it.

MAN.

New York, October 1st,
1906.







