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# R GANDER'S MELODIES

ADELAIDE F. SAMUELS





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Book 3

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# FATHER GANDER'S MELODIES

FOR

## Mother Goose's Grandchildren

BY

ADELAIDE F. SAMUELS

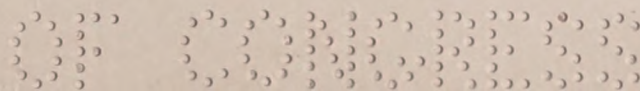
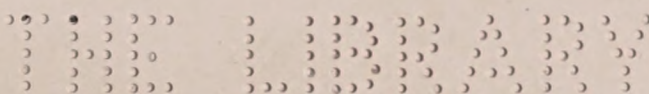
*Bassett*  
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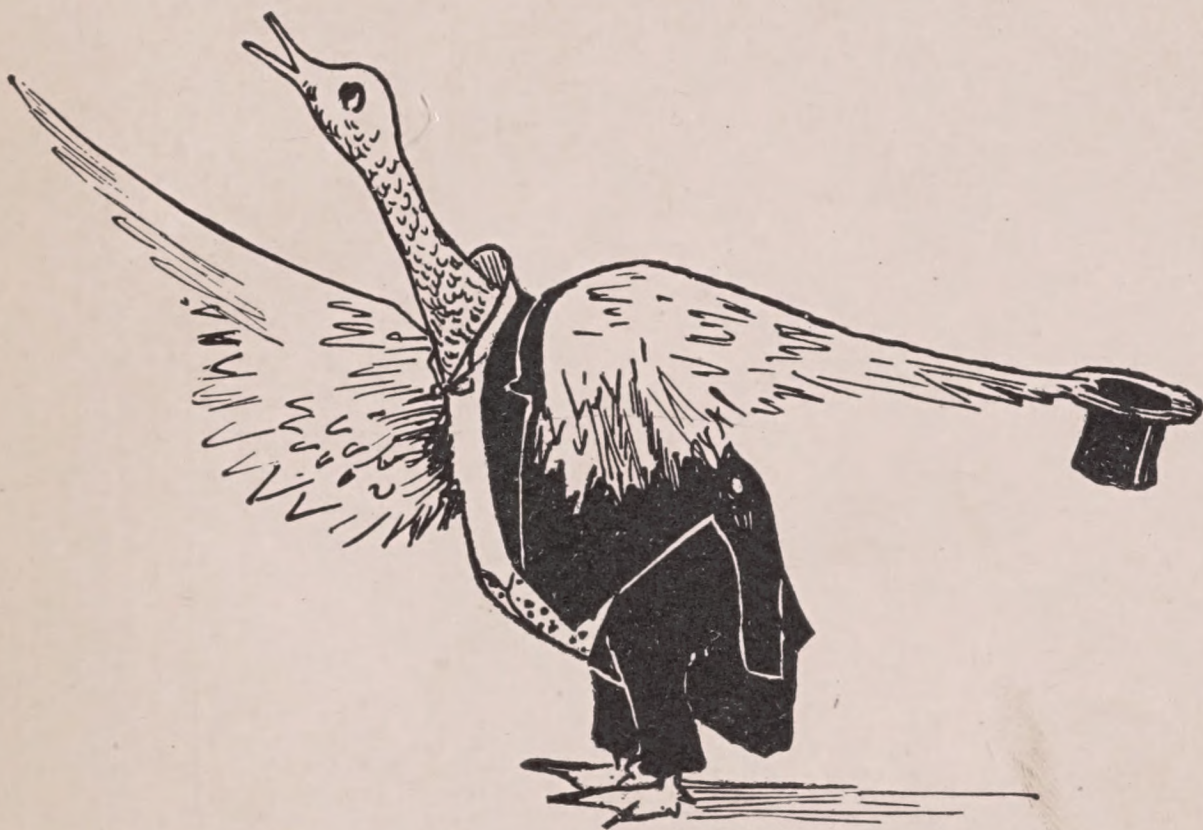
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## Introduction.



My wife, good Mother Goose,  
Wrote many songs for you.  
As they've been long in use,  
I thought I'd write some new.  
To please you she worked hard;  
While writing them I fanned her.  
You liked those by a goose,  
May you like these by her gander.





# Father Gander's Melodies.



ROUND the world the sun and moon  
Are always playing "peek-a-boo."  
Down the sun goes; pretty soon  
The moon comes up with, "I see you!"  
Up the sun comes in the morn,  
Making jewels of the dew,  
With, "Bless me, all the stars are gone!  
Ha, ha! Old Moon, now I see you!"



Out in the road  
I saw a green toad,  
And I said to him: "What do you there?"  
Said he, with a sigh,  
"I've just lost a fly;  
And the worst of it is, you don't care."



IF I were only rich,  
I know what I would do.  
I'd buy a horse, a cow, a pig,  
A hen and rooster, too.

I'd buy a little house;  
I'd have apple-trees, and pear;  
I'd plant and mow,  
And dig and hoe,  
And never feel a care.

If I were only rich,  
I'm sure that I would be  
The captain of a merchant-ship,  
To sail across the sea.  
I'd go to sunny France,  
To Portugal and Spain.  
How proud of me,  
My friends would be,  
When I came back again!

If I were only rich,  
I'd like to be a dude;  
I'd wear the latest style in dress,  
And live on dainty food.  
I'd walk upon the street  
To make the people stare;  
I'd swing my cane,  
And smiles I'd gain  
From ev'ry passing fair.

If I were only rich,  
Of this I'm very sure:  
I'd spend my time and money, too,  
In caring for the poor.

I'd teach them not to smoke or chew,  
Or drink, to their distress;  
And every day,  
I'd show the way,  
The bright way, to success.





JANE'S doll had a hole in the top of her head,  
Through which, every day, that dollie was fed.  
Bread-crumbs and cookies, and jelly and jam,  
Into that hole, every day, Jane did cram.  
It followed, that after such excellent feeding,  
The doll came to life, and showed her good breeding  
By making a courtesy, and saying, "Miss Jane,  
My Queen you shall be, and long may you reign."



I'd like to be a kitten! Would n't I?  
To walk upon my hind-legs I would try.  
The people would exclaim,  
To see a puss so tame,  
And would feed me on their sweet preserves and pie.

---

CHERRIES and apples and peaches and pears,  
For anything better than they are, who cares.



THIS little speckled frog jumped up, with a great sigh;  
He'd ate a piece of fly-cake, and a mosquito-pie.  
Said he, "I'm going to migrate; a wig I must buy.  
A green frog with a curly head no one would care to fry."





SAID the dog to the cat:

“Pray, what have you done  
For the good of the world?

You but scamper and run.”

Said the cat, in reply:

“I kill ev'ry rat!

Pray, what have you done

That is better than that?”

“I chase all strange cats!  
That fact is well known.  
I walk with my master,  
And pick ev'ry bone.”

“Indeed that you do!”  
Replied Pussy. “’T would be  
To your credit, I think,  
If you left some for me.”

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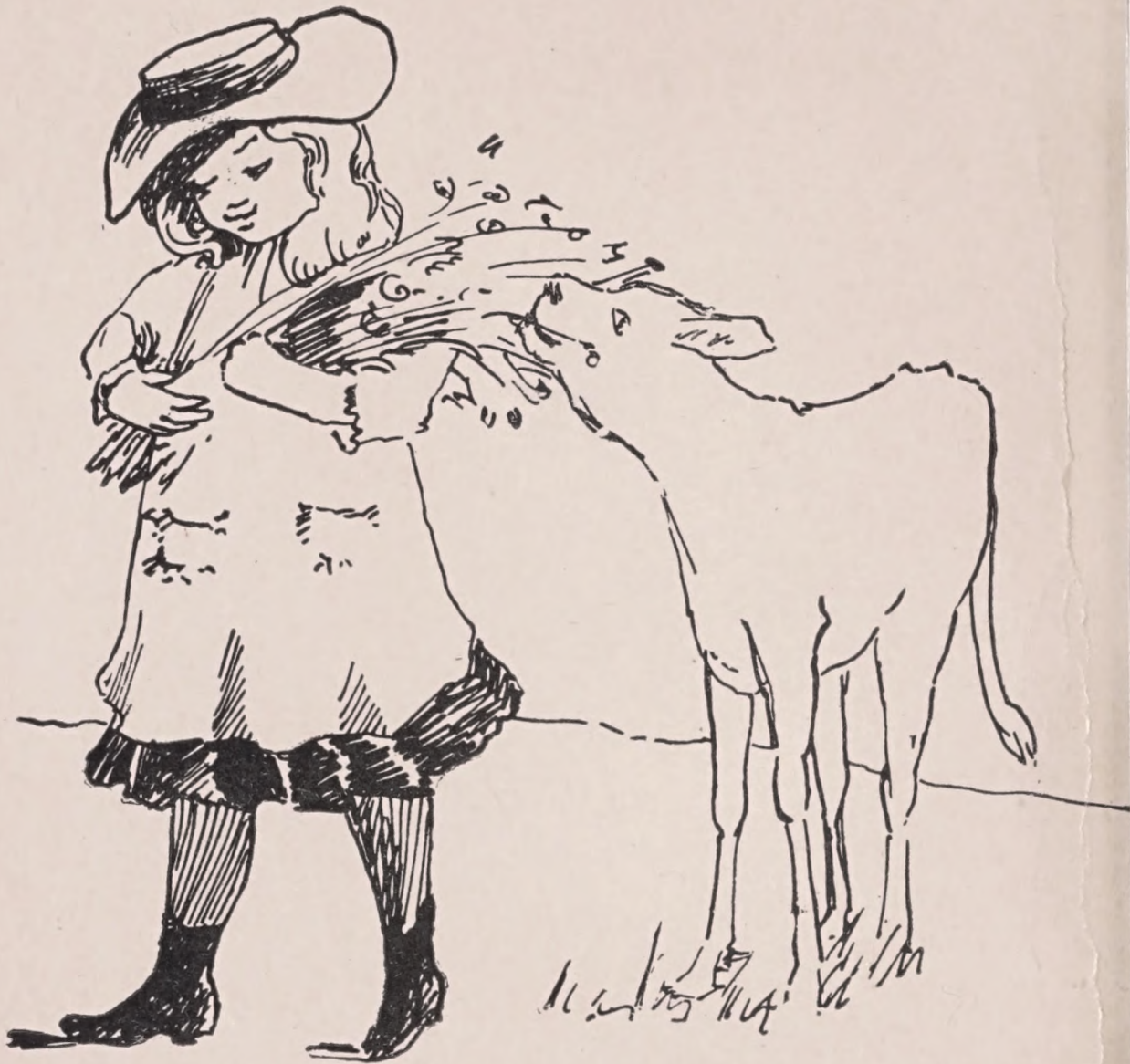
“I WISH I were handsome!” Miss Lucy said;  
“My skin is brown and my hair is red;  
No one will ever say to me,  
You’re just as pretty as you can be.”  
Don’t sigh, Lucy, if you but knew,  
When friends look into your eyes of blue,  
That tell of a heart that is brave and true,  
They think no one so handsome as you.

---

TOM and Will on an outing went;  
They carried a kettle, a boat, and tent;  
They said they would stay a week or two,  
But hurried home as dark it grew.



YOUNG Master Jack, alack! alack!  
Got tired of everything, white or black.  
They gave him a goat with bandy-legs,  
And fed him on butter and cheese and eggs.



LITTLE Miss Sweet had an armful of wheat,  
And was trotting along, quite gay.  
The lambs made her laugh; but she cried when the  
Stole her bundle of wheat away.



OLD man Benny sat on his shed,  
And fiddled as though he was out of his head ;  
He fiddled and fiddled every day,  
To make his cabbages grow, they say.



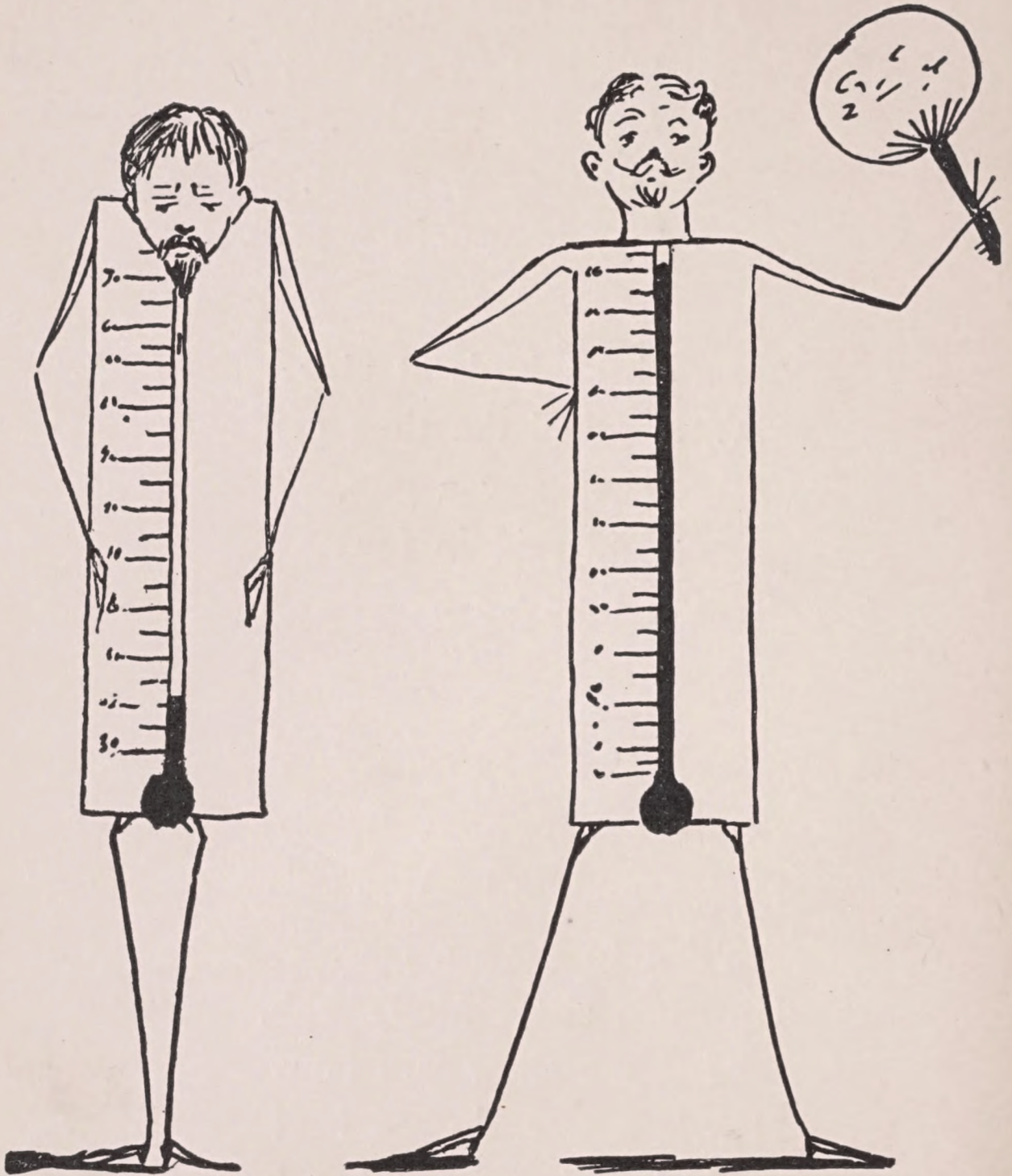
Two little kittens, black,  
Were tied up in a sack;  
The string it slipped,  
Away they skipped,  
And never did come back.

Two little girls from school  
Ran out to ride a mule ;  
    The day was hot,  
    But they were not,  
For they landed in a pool.

Two little birds at play  
Were asked the time of day.  
    They saw a gun,  
    And said in fun :  
“ ’T is time we flew away.”

---

LITTLE Sally Blue-eyes  
    Tried to draw a cow.  
Up came sister Molly with,  
    “ Let me show you how.  
Here ’s a cow, do see her!  
    She ’s going through a bog.”  
“ Pshaw!” said little Sally,  
    “ It looks more like a frog.”



THIS is a funny Thermometer man;  
He'll let you know if you need blanket or fan.  
If the weather is cold, he'll shrink to naught;  
But he swells with importance when it is hot.





WHAT shall I sing about now?  
The cat, or the dog, or the cow?  
Or little boy blue, who took off his shoe,  
And to put it on did n't know how;

---

SUN and moon and stars in the sky,  
Everything beautiful, far and nigh, —  
Birds and animals, trees and flowers!  
What a wonderful place is this world of ours!



Poor old Johnny Jumping-Jack,  
He has to work so hard,  
Before he goes to bed each night  
They grease his joints with lard;  
Early in the morning, and  
All day, he works at kicking:  
The only thing that saves him, is,  
They feed him on Spring chicken.



“PUSSY-CAT, pussy-cat, come spell your name!”

“That I have tried to do, time and again.

All the letters I know are m-e-u;

They do not spell Pussy — now do they? Say true.”



TAKE some balls of dough;  
Place them in a row;  
Bake them brown;  
Then go to town,  
And eat them as you go.

---

How many letters to spell Katie?  
Only two letters: how can that be?



“SAY, little girl, will you be my wife?  
I’ll love you all the days of my life;  
I’ll buy you a gown, and a golden ring,  
And make you as happy as birds that sing.”

---

A DOG, while gnawing a nice shin-bone,  
Was taken up by a fierce cyclone.  
He could n’t get down he went so far;  
You see him now as the big Dog Star.



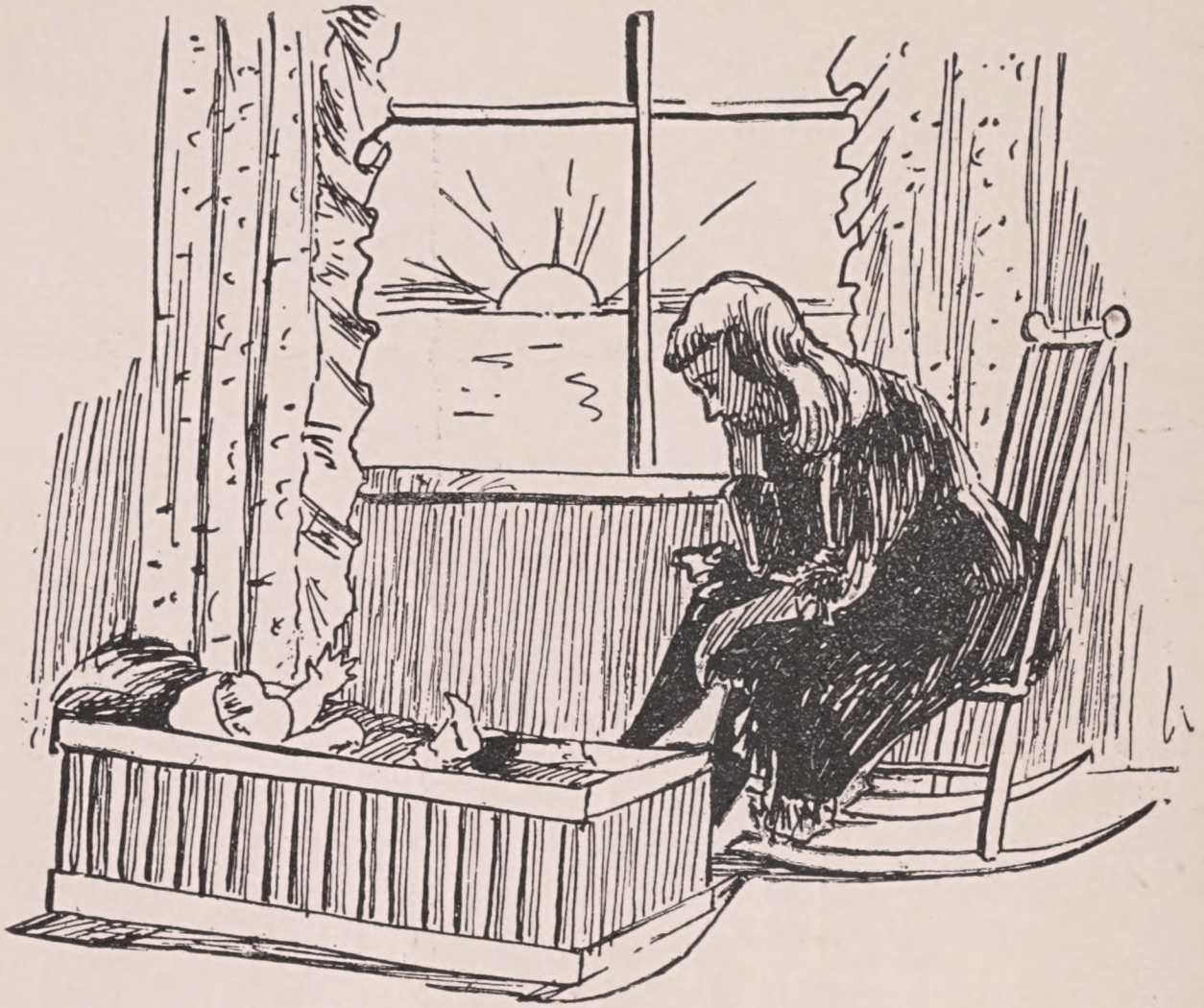
BABY took a step ahead,  
Then he tumbled down.  
I wonder, oh, I wonder,  
If he'll ever walk to town!

---

TEN black crows found a field of corn,  
But could not eat till the man was gone.  
They waited an hour for him to go,  
And then discovered 't was an old scare-crow.



SING about a woman;  
Sing about a girl;  
Sing about a little boy  
Who has a yellow curl;  
Sing about a lovely doll,  
In tiny shoes of leather:  
Sing about the whole of them,  
Off to town together.



WHAT makes the sunset red and blue,  
And bright as gold with yellow, too?  
Oh, who can tell? — I wish I knew,  
What makes the baby's eyes so blue;  
What makes the baby's cheek so red,  
And hair like gold on baby's head!





“WHY can't the sun come out, mamma?  
I think it's horrid weather!  
Just drizzle, drizzle, mist and rain,  
For three long days together.

“But, as you said, the grass and trees  
And flowers all enjoy  
This drizzling rain, that spoils the play  
Of every girl and boy.

“The sun will soon come out again;  
Forgotten, then, will be,  
These days of drizzle, mist, and rain,  
That seem so long to me.”

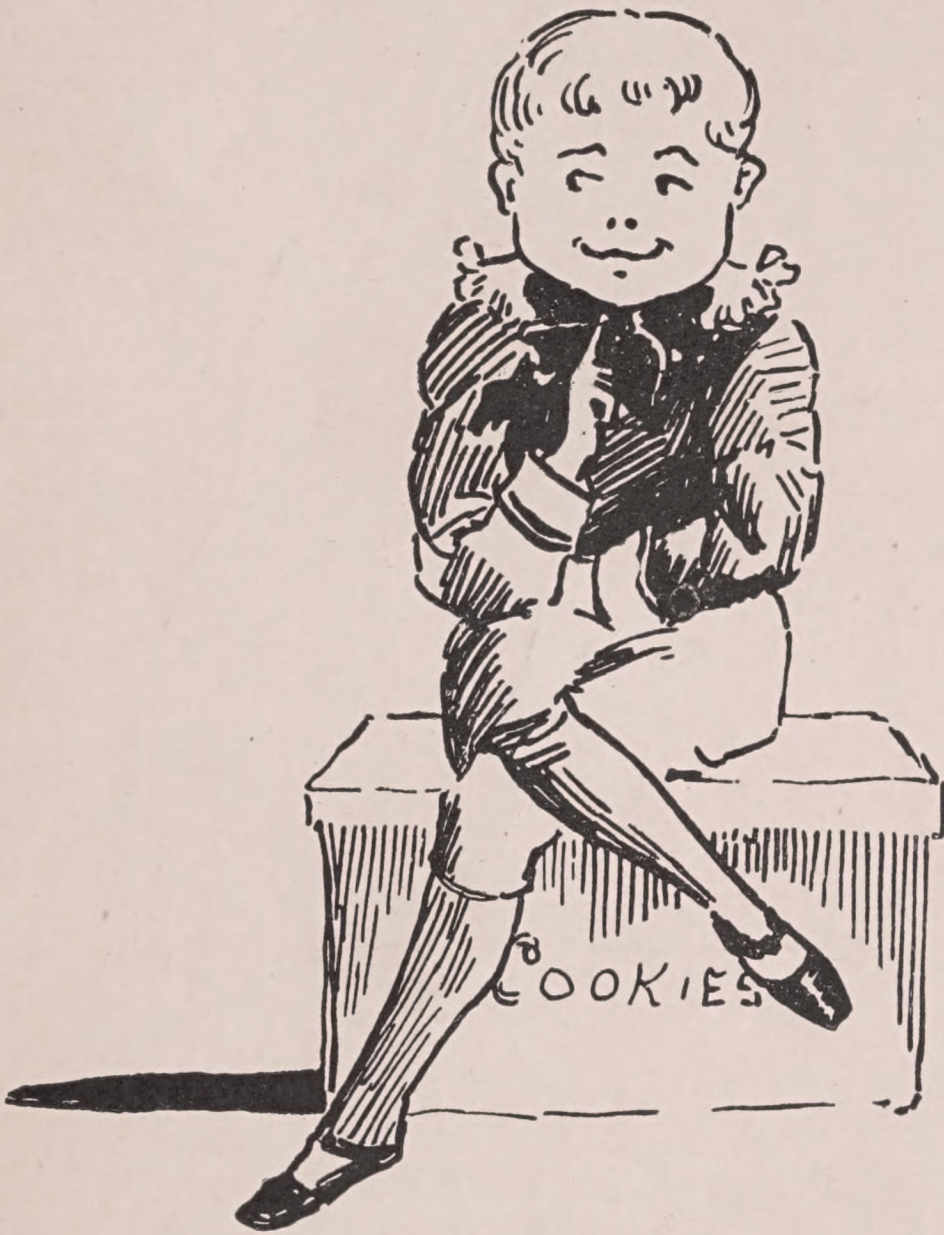


Look at Patsy Verydull!

He ran against a stump,  
And hurt his toe; upon his head,  
He had a dreadful bump.

Then with his stick he beat the stump,  
With all the strength he had.

Was ever boy so silly as  
Young Patsy, when quite mad!  
I wonder if he thinks the stump,  
Next time, to him will say,  
"I'm sorry I am in your path,  
Please go the other way."



JOHNNY GREEN, if you had your wish,  
Would you be animal, bird, or fish?  
Said Johnny Green, with a smile and wink.  
"I'd rather be Johnny Green, I think."



SCISSORS, needles, spool of thread,  
Cloth as tall as mamma's head;  
Fit it to the baby's form,  
Make a dress to keep him warm.



LITTLE fishes, how they squirm!  
Papa'll catch them with a worm.  
Mama'll cook them in the pot;  
Papa'll eat them while they're hot.



“COME along, Jenny; let’s go to the fair!”

“How can I go? I have nothing to wear.”

“What do you want?” “A bonnet will do,

With ribbons put on in the style that is new.”



“KATY-DID, Katy-did!”

What did Katy do?

She broke the pitcher, spilt the milk,

And lied about it, too.

Much better 't would have been for her,

Had she the truth confessed;

But Katy was a coward,

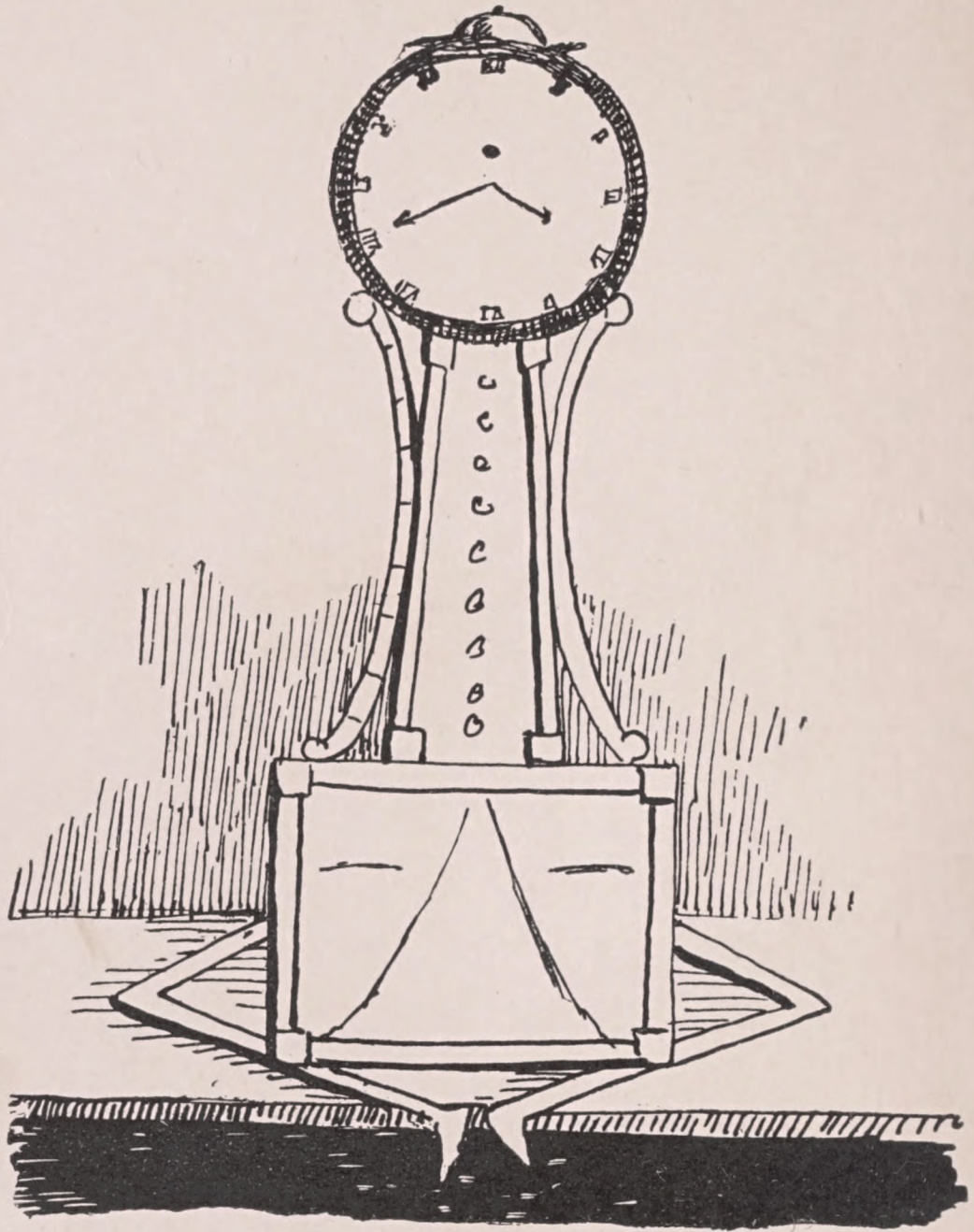
So thought a lie was best.

And that is why the insects,

That 'mong the leaves are hid,

Sing out in glee, from ev'ry tree,

What naughty Katy did.



THIS is a surly fellow, his name is Alarm Clock;  
 He talks from one day to the next, and only says, "Tick  
 tock!"

But sometimes in the morning, if he sees a sleepy-head,  
 He'll scold with ev'ry word he knows, to get him out of bed  
 And "Tick, tock, tick, tock," means for you  
 To do the work you have to do.





LITTLE Miss Greedy — oh, my! —  
Ate the whole of a blueberry-pie;  
Her mamma, though it shocked her,  
Cried: “Send for the doctor,  
Or the child will assuredly die!”



LITTLE boy Elf  
Got up on the shelf,  
    And there he the sugar-bowl found;  
As though doing stumps,  
He chewed at the lumps,  
    Without ever once looking 'round.



MUGGINS was a yellow dog;

When autumn leaves were thick,  
He'd roll among them merrily,  
And to his wool they'd stick.

Once, up he got and ran about;

The children's shouts I heard,—  
“Let's go and pick the feathers out  
Of our four-legged bird.”



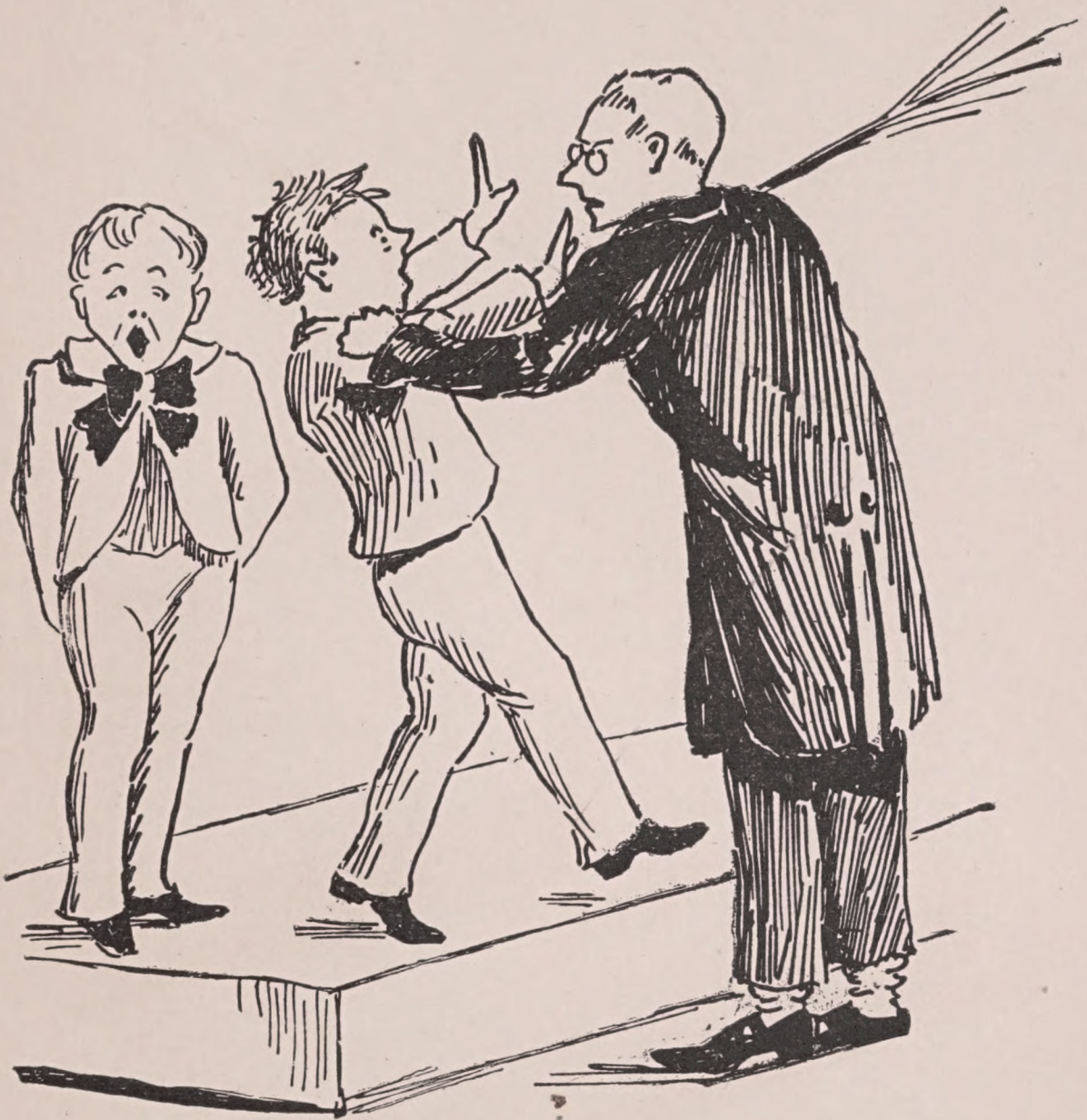
THIS little boy is a Lapp;  
You'll find where he lives on the map.  
His house is a hut,  
Well furnished with smut;  
And he plays with a dog and a strap.



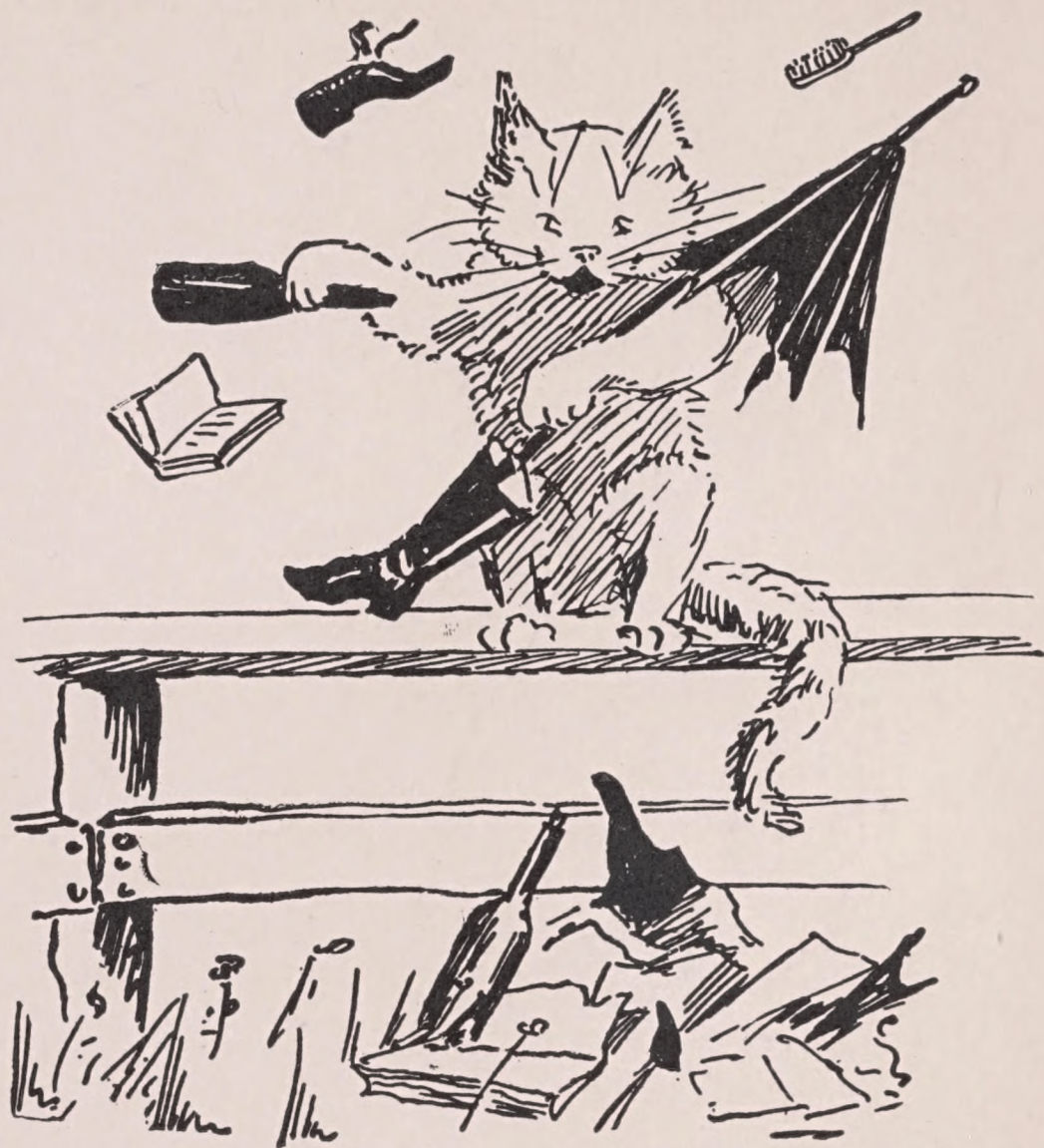
ONCE a learned man  
Counted all the stars;  
He counted all the planets  
From Uranus to Mars.  
When asked to count the eyelet-  
Holes upon a shoe;  
He turned as pale as a clipper's sail,—  
For that he could not do.



ONCE on a time,  
A ginger-bread man  
Made up his mind  
To jump out of the pan;  
Upstairs and downstairs,  
He hastily ran,  
Crying: "Save me! Oh, save me!  
If any one can!"



SAID the ash to the oak:  
"Oh, my! What a joke!  
That teacher, why he  
Cut a big branch of me  
To punish the boys  
Who were making a noise!"  
Said the oak to the ash:  
"I consider that rash,  
For, Great Guns and Powder!  
Their noise will be louder."



OLD Thomas Cat sat on a fence,  
And there began to sing:  
" 'Tis funny how the people love  
To throw me everything.  
I've heard sweet singers of their kind,  
Whose songs brought but a penny;  
But gifts they shower upon me,  
Are varied, and so many!



I cannot take them with me,  
Yet I hate with them to part;  
I'd surely make my fortune,  
If I owned a horse and cart."

---

BLOW, March winds, and drift the snow!  
What care we how cold you are!  
On our hearths the fires glow;  
From our hearts dull care is far.  
To the poor we'll carry food;  
To the birds our crumbs we'll throw.  
What care we if you are rude!  
Blow, March winds, and drift the snow.!

---

WHEN papa bought some candy  
For his little girl, said he:  
"If Flossy, now, is generous,  
She'll give a bite to me."  
"A big, big man like papa  
Wants candy? That is queer!  
Why, you may have the whole of it!  
Do take it, papa, dear!"



A PAN and a pitcher and skillet,  
All started out for a ride;  
But a man took the pitcher to fill it,  
From a brook that ran near the roadside.

A girl took the skillet to pick in,  
For berries were plentiful there.  
"Oh, dear!" cried the pan, "next a chicken,  
They'll be cooking in me, I declare!"

---

A DANDY giraffe went out on a raft,  
To find a new land o'er the sea.  
His neck was too long, the raft was not strong,  
So into the water went he.  
How every one laughed, when that dandy giraffe  
Pushed his head out of the sea,  
Saying: "I'm not mistaken, my faith is not shaken:  
There's land at the bottom for me!"

---

"SAY, little girl, if you wish to speak,  
Tell how you pass the days of the week."  
"Monday, I wash, Tuesday, I iron;  
Wednesday, I go my new dress to try on;  
Thursday I'll cook both puddings and pies;  
Friday, I'll call on friends that I prize;  
Saturday, sure, I'll ride out of town;  
Sunday, to church I'll wear my new gown."





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