

PS 3505  
L963  
F7  
1922  
Copy 1

*From an Old Garden*



*Virginia Woodward Cloud*

*Author of "Dawn, Dusk, Lane, and Other Ballads," etc.*

*The Norman, Remington Co.  
Baltimore*



Class PS3505

Book L963 F7

Copyright No. 1922

**COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT**





# *From an Old Garden*

*By Virginia Woodward Cloud*

*The Norman, Remington Co.  
Baltimore*

PS 3505  
L 963 F 7  
1922

*Copyrighted, 1922, by  
The Norman, Remington Co.*

---

*Published December, 1922*

*Printed in the United States of America*

© CI A 692578

DEC 27 '22

no 1

## ***Contents***

### IN SPRING

“One time I wake up early” . . . . .	9
Pussy-Willows . . . . .	10
Daffodils . . . . .	11
Tulips . . . . .	13
Violets . . . . .	13
Dandelions . . . . .	14
Lilacs . . . . .	15

### IN SUMMER

Hollihocks . . . . .	19
Honeysuckle . . . . .	20
Mignonette . . . . .	21
The Holly-Tree . . . . .	22
Heartsease . . . . .	23
Morning Glories . . . . .	24
The Hundred-Leaved Rose . . . . .	25
Sweetbrier . . . . .	26

### IN AUTUMN

“De garden hit’s all pupple” . . . . .	29
--	----





*In Spring*



One time, I wake up early  
when dat Pecker-Bird come tappin',—  
'Cause he ain' studyin' enny much  
'bout leabin' folks a-nappin',—  
"Howdy!" he say, "Please, ma'am, look out.  
Dey's sumpin happenin' all erbout."

An', honey, hit's des lak I say,  
de garden done got blue en gray;—  
Ain' zackly made hit's mine up when  
ter tu'n in an' begin ergain.—  
Things moves whar nobuddy caint see,  
inside dat Weepin'-Willier tree.  
Things talks whar nobuddy caint heah,—  
a pusson dassent go too neah . . .  
Den, easylike, one mo'nin bright,  
I opens de do'.

All in er night

De Spring done come!—  
Dem lil green haid lif' up en say,—  
"We-all is heah ter spen' de day.  
Is dere ennybuddy home?"

## *Pussy-Willows*

Ole Win' don' tech 'em hard en rough,  
But ef you kin git clost enough  
Ter stroke 'em wid yo' finger,—so  
Dey nods en bows,—pleased 'cause you know  
Dat Pussy-Williers—an' dem—  
Is nuffin' 'cep' babies on er stem.

## *Daffodils*

Dem bright Daffydillies,  
wid flyin' yaller hayar,  
I knowed dey likeness—  
I ain' sayin' where. . . .  
Eyes made o' April; teahs easy, too,  
Smilin' de nex' minit, at—  
I ain' sayin' who. . . .

Light gone out f'om de Big House now.  
Ole Win' creak de shetters,  
en break de white bough . . . .  
But de Daffydils is flyin',  
An' I'll tell you-all dis,—  
*Dey teks de pa'f huh young feet took—*  
—————My Lil Miss.

## *Tulips*

Dem Miss Tulipses sho'ly is proud!  
Dey mixes wid deysefs, en not wid de crowd.  
Dress fine in dey silks, dey wait an' dey wait  
In er row longside of de garden gate,  
'Tel folks come erlong, an' see 'em whar dey  
stan',  
En say "Raid Tulips!—Now, ain' dey gran'?"

## *Violets*

—De lil Vi'let chillun,  
so silump an' so shy,  
Dey smile up des ez pretty,  
no matter who come by.  
Dey steals up f'om de medder  
an' huddles neaf mah tree,  
Lak mebbly dey's a-waitin'  
fo' a wud f'om me.

But I leab 'em hab dey huids,  
'less I skeer 'em, dey so still,  
An' dey tiptoes up de lane,  
en roun' de milk-house hill,  
'Tel dey gadders des ez natchul,—  
yas, miss, clar ter de do'!—  
A-lookin' lak dey know I was  
a'spectin' of 'em so.

But whut dey got ter tell me  
befo' dey go so soon,  
Dee ain' nobuddy 'spicion,  
'less hit's ole Miss Moon—  
An' she ain' sayin' nuffin—Den  
dere comes er night  
Brer Win' talk loud all ter hissef,  
'n dey's went wid de light!

## *Dandelions*

Dandy Lion he done come ter town  
Wid 'is gol' all pack in 'is bes' hat crown.  
He settle hissef so steady in de grass,  
He ain' step aside fo' nobuddy ter pass.—  
Acks des lak he owned dis town,—  
    Wid 'is gol' all pack in 'is  
        bes'  
            hat  
                crown!



## *Lilacs*

Miss Lady Lilack, she's slim an' white,  
Mos' lak er hant in de dim May night,  
She stan' at de gate an' she wave huh white  
han',  
But, dee ain' nobuddy kin onderstan'  
Who she's a-'memberin' an'  
a-wavin' to  
Wid 'er han's so sweet in de sof' may dew ...  
I reckon mebbly 'taint ter me ner  
ter you .....



*In Summer*



## Hollihocks

Ole Sis Hollihawk  
stan'in by de wall,  
In a pink party frock  
en a green shawl;  
She stan' en she stan',  
but not by enny chance  
Does big Brer Sunflower  
ax'er out ter dance.  
She ain' des sprightly  
en she ain' des sweet,  
But she hol' huhsef straight,  
en she keep huhsef neat,  
En she seem to be a-sayin'  
to all 'at pass'er by,—  
"Don' you think dat nuffin  
kin erscape my eye!"

—*En it don't.*

## *Honeysuckle*

Yo'ng Mis' Honeysuckle  
  runnin' all erbout,  
Ef you stop by ter see'er  
  you'll shorely fine huh out.  
Up en down de lane she go,  
  en ober fences, too,—  
'Pears lak Mis' Honeysuckle  
  ain' enough ter do!  
But sweet? . . . Ume . . . Ume!  
  Dat sweet she mek you smile  
Des lak you was a-watchin'  
  de playfulles' chile.  
When de win' blow thoo de garden  
  so sweet am dat air,  
I know 'thout a-lookin'  
  Mis' Honeysuckle's dere.

## *Mignonette*

Lil Mis' Minnyette,  
    settin' in de sun,  
She ain' 'complish nuffin much  
    when de day is done;  
But she th'ow huh lil w'ite han's out  
    wid sech a pretty grace,  
She's allers gittin' gaddered up  
    fo' Ole Mis's vase.

## *The Holly-Tree*

Ole Marse Holly-Tree's  
a bad ole man;  
Seem lak he show 'is spite  
Whenebber he can;  
Wid 'is lil red eyes,  
en 'is th'ee-corner hat,  
En 'is ebbows dey sticks out,—  
'cause he nebber yit growed fat!—  
He got a green satin weskit  
clear ter 'is th'oat,  
En a lil sharp s'wode  
stuck unnerneaf 'is coat,—  
De onies' way ter git erlong  
wid Ole Marse Holly-Tree,  
Is e'der one ter chop 'im down  
or des leab 'im be!



## *Heartsease*

Yander Mis' Pansy,  
down in de bo'der,  
She stay right to home  
en keep huh house in order;  
She's allers please ter hab you stop  
en pass de time o' day,  
En mek you feel you's mighty glad  
you come along dat way.  
She ain' one fo' runnin' 'roun'  
dis-away or dat;  
She seem ter say,—“Now, do set down  
an' res' yo' hat!”

## *Morning-Glories*

De Mo'nin'-Glo'y ladies,  
dey's de 'ticulares' ob de lot,  
Dey nebber shows dey faces  
when de sun grows hot;  
Dey got sech nice complexions  
a-washin' wid de dew,—  
Mis' Pink en Mis' W'ite,  
Mis' Puppel en Mis' Blue.  
Dey's pow'ful skeered o' gettin'  
all freckled wid de sun,  
En dey don't hol' up dey haid  
'tel anudder day's begun;  
But dey allers mines dey manners,  
a-cutsyin' ter you,—  
Mis' Pink en Mis' W'ite,  
Mis' Puppel en Mis' Blue.

## *The Hundred-Leaved Rose*

Big Mis' Hunnerd-Leaf,  
kine ob quiet huh way;  
Pink en sweet en des de same,  
day after day;  
She mek all de rose-water'n  
when de petals fall,  
Ketch'em in a jar,  
en dey's sweetness fo' all.  
Climbin' up de Big House,  
f'om de sullar to de roof,—  
She 'minds me ob Ole Mis' . . . .  
Ain' dat de trufe!

## *Sweetbrier*

Dat Sweetbr'ar baby's  
de mos' onrulies' chile!  
Losin' huhsef along de stream,  
or in de dus' a mile;  
She's de things I disremember,  
but ma ole heart cain't fo'get,—  
Lak when I's barefoot milkin',  
en de clober tops was wet.  
She's de ole w'ite rose dat smell so sweet  
'longside ma cabin do' . . . . .  
En de Whip-poor-Wills, down in de woods  
one time befo' de woah . . . . .  
She's de smile to de eyes,  
en de th'on to de bres',—  
But ob all ma flower chillun  
she's de one I lub de bes'!

*In Autumn*



—De garden hit's all pupple,  
    'scusin' de yaller'n raid,  
Mos' lak dis hank'chief  
    I weahs on mah haid.  
De aster an' de gol'nrod's  
    a-troopin' down de hill,  
An' ole Brer Win' ain' lettin' on  
    he's feelin' mighty chill!

But down in de wood's pa'f,  
    longside de stream,  
Seem lak I'm a-walkin' inter  
    somebuddy's dream.  
Dee ain' no birds a-flyin'  
    ter de raid creeper-vine;  
De trees all hol' dey bref,—  
    Somebuddy's bu'nin' pine. ....

De dusk hit tu'ns gray early, 'n  
    mah cannle's soon lit,  
But 'tain' time fo' nuffin  
    'cep' ter rock an' ter sit,  
Studyin' on de col' nights,  
    when things ain' bloom no mo' . . .  
Den I lights up de fiah,  
    an' up'n shets de do' ;

An' I 'members 'bout a night  
when de Lord done come,  
An' met wid all dem in a  
lil small room . . . . .  
Ole Win' he sen' de leaves down  
wid a sof', rockin' sweep . . . . .  
'N I knows de garden's lak we-all —  
hit's des  
    goin'  
        ter sleep!













LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 873 302 A