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Old Garden

Woodward Cloud

and Other Ballads

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From an Old Garden

By Virginia Woodward Cloud

*The Norman, Remington Co.
Baltimore*

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1922

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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 do 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'!

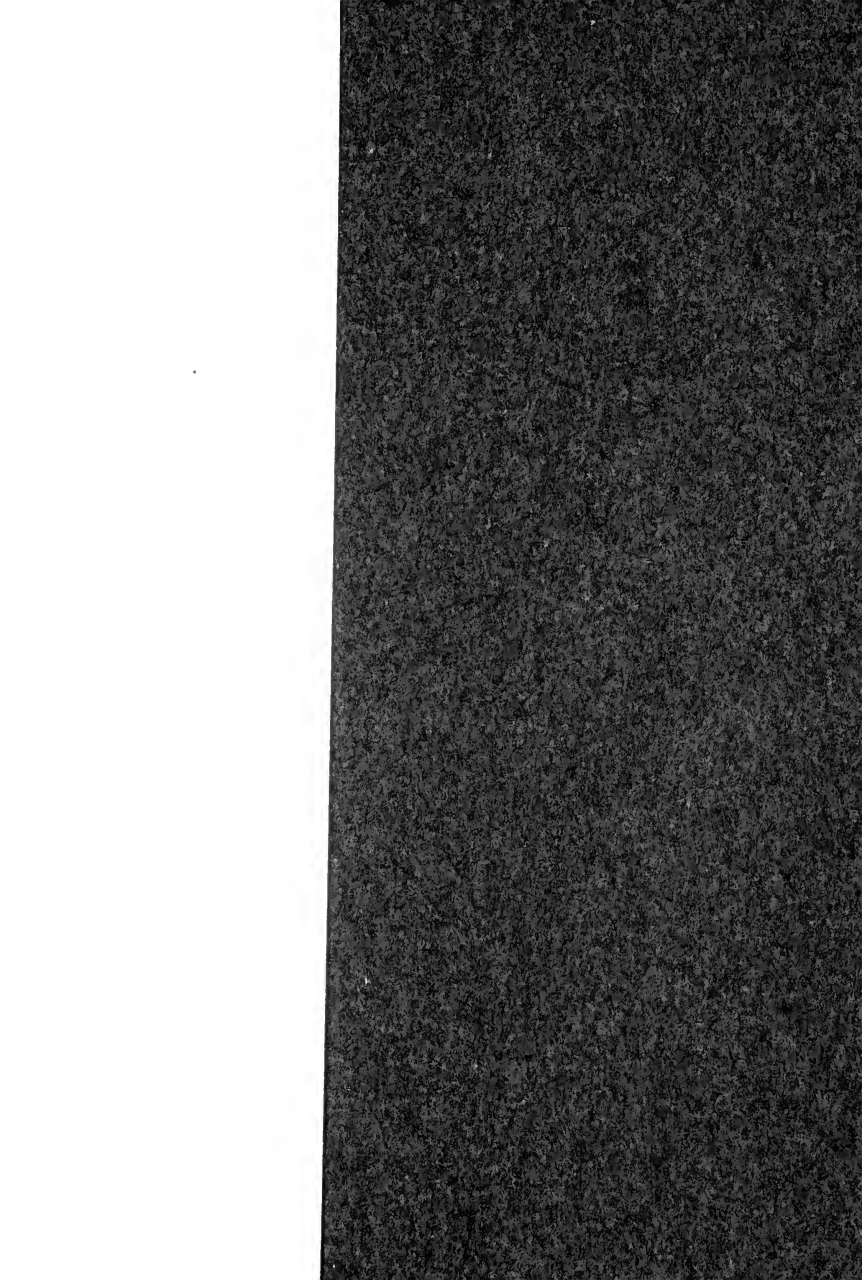
In Autumn

—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!

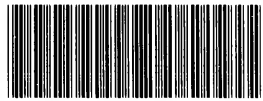
But down in de wood's pa'f,
 longside de stream,
Seem lak I'm a-walkin' inter
 somebuddy's dream.
Dee ain' no birds a-flyin'
 ter de raid creeper-vine;
De trees all hol' dey bref,—
 Somebuddy's bu'nin' pine.

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!



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