RILEY CHILD VERSE; PP. 17-58 (NOT COMPLETE)

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Riley Child Verse; pp. 17-58 (not complete) by James Whitcomb Riley

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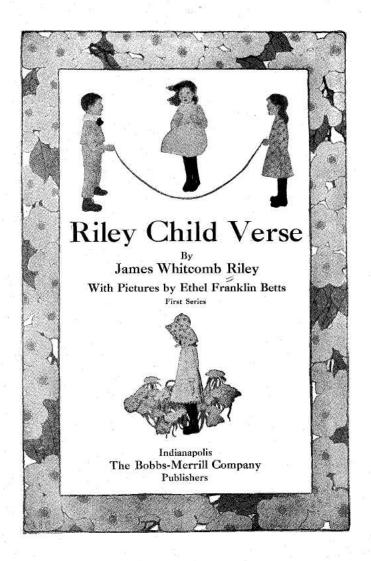
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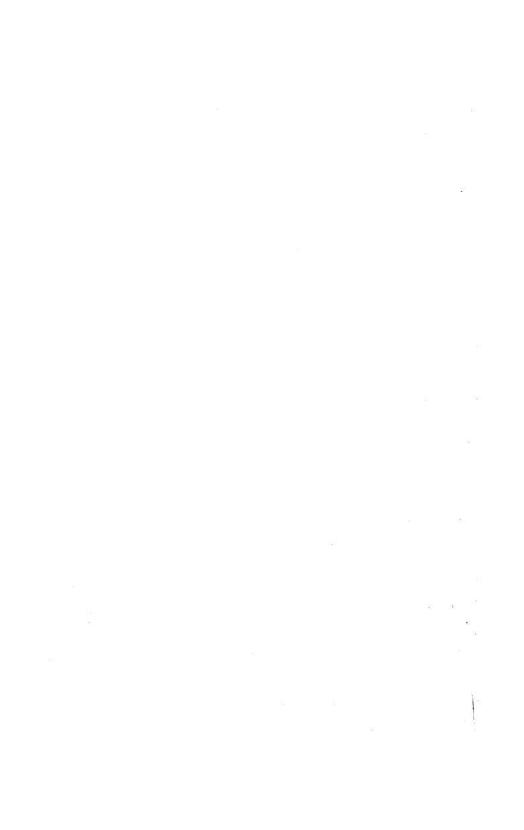
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

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THE RAGGEDY MAN

THE RAGGEDY MAN! He works fer Pa;
An' he's the goodest man ever you saw!
He comes to our house every day,
An' waters the horses, an' feeds 'em hay;
An' he opens the shed—an' we all ist laugh
When he drives out our little old wobble-ly calf;
An' nen—ef our hired girl says he can—
He milks the cow fer 'Lizabuth Ann.—
Ain't he a' awful good Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

W'y, The Raggedy Man—he's ist so good He splits the kindlin' an' chops the wood; An' nen he spades in our garden, too, An' does most things 'at boys can't do!—He clumbed clean up in our big tree An' shooked a' apple down fer me—An' nother'n', too, fer 'Lizabuth Ann—An' nother'n', too, fer The Raggedy Man.—Ain't he a' awful kind Raggedy Man! Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

An' The Raggedy Man, he knows most rhymes
An' tells 'em, ef I be good, sometimes:
Knows 'bout Giunts, an' Griffuns, an' Elves,
An' the Squidgicum-Squees 'at swallers therselves!
An', wite by the pump in our pasture-lot,
He showed me the hole 'at the Wunks is got,
'At lives 'way deep in the ground, an' can
Turn into me, er 'Lizabuth Ann,
Er Ma er Pa er The Raggedy Man!
Ain't he a funny old Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

