

**"KIDDIES SIX". A
MODEST LITTLE
VOLUME OF VERSE**

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"Kiddies six". A modest little volume of verse by Will M. Maupin & Richard L. Metcalfe

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WILL M. MAUPIN & RICHARD L. METCALFE

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VOLUME OF VERSE**

"KIDDIES SIX"

A MODEST LITTLE VOLUME OF VERSE

FROM THE PEN OF

WILL M. MAUPIN

WITH A FOREWORD FROM
RICHARD L. METCALFE



DONE INTO PRINT BY UNION WORKMEN
IN THE EMPLOY OF THE CLAFLIN
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LINCOLN, NEBR.,  OCTOBER 1, 1911

FIRST EDITION, TWO THOUSAND

DEDICATION

To My Own Children, and to the Children of All
Men Everywhere:-

From the pink-faced Newest Arrival to the Biggest Boy who has flown the nest--the children whose love and laughter make the world worth while; the unfolding of whose precious lives is a constant miracle, mystery and entertainment; the responsibility for whom acts as a balance wheel to keep us from running wild; whose caresses are balm for every wound received on life's battlefield; whose happiness is ample reward for every sacrifice; whose sorrows and troubles make us forget our own—to them, in the hope that something herein may add a bit of joy to their lives and give evidence of the love I bear them, this little volume is lovingly dedicated.

WILL M. MAUPIN.

Lincoln, Nebraska, August, 1911.

A FOREWORD

Some one has said that "Poets are all who love—who feel great truths and tell them." That being true, Will M. Maupin is entitled to rank among the real poets.

Some of the sweetest things I have ever read came from the pen of this talented man; and over and over again during a quarter of a century he has made my own heart go pit-a-pat with the music of his words.

"Give me a theme!" the little poet cried,
 'And I will do my part,'
 "'Tis not a theme you need,' the world replied;
 'You need a heart.'"

Mr. Maupin has "the heart," and he could not, if he would, conceal it in his song.

If poetry is something to make us wiser and better by continually revealing those types of beauty and truth which God has set in all men's souls, then Will M. Maupin has rendered a service to mankind.

I am sure that everyone who reads "Kiddies Six" will feel that he has advanced many miles along the road to Loveville. The gates of that beautiful city open wide to the music of a pen that would have made Mr. Maupin the master of millions of money of the realm if half the loving heartbeats it has brought to life could be coined into gold.

RICHARD L. METCALFE.

MY PRAYER

God, for the gladness of this day,
Grateful, I come tonight.
Through all the days to come, dear Lord,
Guide Thou my steps aright.

I thank Thee, God, for health and friends,
And strength to work with cheer;
Grant me refreshing sleep this night,
Free from all care and fear.

And may I waken calmed, renewed,
And ready for the day;
Whether of sorrow or of joy,
Help me to keep Thy way.

Grant, Father, purity of heart,
And courage for the right;
Grant me the gift of cheer alway,
And favor in Thy sight.

Amen.

VAIN SURMISING

Mamma's knitting little stockin's just as cute as they
can be,
An' I wonder who will get them, 'cause they're much
too small for me.
Just th' littlest, tweeniest stockin's, almost like my
dollies wear,
But they ain't made for my dollies, 'cause they both have
got a pair.
An' some dresses—long an' ruffled, an' th' sweetest,
softest lace—
An' a lot of other fixin's mamma sews with smilin' face.
My, I just can't help but wonder when such pretty things
I see
Who will get them when they're finished, 'cause they're
all too small for me.

Yesterday, when I was playin' with my dollies on th'
floor
Mamma stood an' watched a minute as she leaned against
the door;
Then she smiled at me and asked me if I wouldn't
rather dress
A cute little baby brother, an' of course I answered, yes.
"Will you get me one?" I asked her; but she smiled and
walked away
To sew more on little dresses purt' nigh all the livelong
day.
An' I couldn't help but wonder for whose child they all
could be,
For I know I couldn't wear 'em 'cause they're all too
small for me.

Just last night I asked my papa if a brother cost too
much,
An' he laughed an' said to mamma, "Don't her questions
beat the Dutch?"
Then my mamma smiled and kissed me an' said, "Well,
perhaps some day
We will get one from the doctor as he drives along this
way."
So all day here by the window I have watched for Doctor
Strong,
An' I wish that he would hurry, 'cause I hate to wait
so long.
If he hasn't got a baby he must get one, for, you see,
All the dresses mamma's making are a lot too small
for me.

FROM THE VALLEY

No, I ain't a carin', doctor, whether it be girl or boy,
Though f'r weeks I've calculated that I'd like t' have
th' joy
Of a man child t' come after an' t' bear his father's
name;
But a girl or a boy child, doctor, I confess it's jus' th'
same
Till I know that she who brung it from th' shadow o'
th' vale
With th' col' damp on her forehead an' her checks so
thin an' pale,
Is a goin' t' stay with me—that is what I want t' know,
'Cause if she can't journey with me, then I jus' don't
want t' go.

Boy or girl—I ain't a carin' till she who's a layin' there
With th' sunshine of th' old days still a gleamin' in her
hair,
Puts her hand in mine an' whispers, as she did in days
of old,
“I'll go with you on life's journey,” an' th' skies were
bright as gold—
Till she smiles again an' presses her wan, fevered hand
in mine
An' clings to it like th' tendrils of th' mornin' glory
vine,
I'm not carin' if th' baby is a daughter or a son,
F'r I'm thinkin' of another, an' yon suff'rer is th' one.

Feelin' all right, is she, doctor? See, she's smilin' up at
me
An' the old love-light is shinin' brighter'n than it uster
be.
An' a little bit o' color in her cheeks begins t' shine
Like it did away back yonder when she laid her hand
in mine.
Now we'll jus' inquire out yonder where we hear that
little cry
If th' stork has brung a daughter or a son—say, doc-
tor, I
Wisht you'd just inquire an' tell me—I'm a brimmin'
o'er with joy.
Glory, halleluja, doctor! F'r th' stork has brung a boy!