

**POEMS MY
CHILDREN
LOVE BEST OF ALL**

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Poems My Children Love Best of All by Clifton Johnson

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CLIFTON JOHNSON

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Little Annie's Garden

Poem on page 21

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P O E M S
MY CHILDREN LOVE
BEST OF ALL
EDITED BY CLIFTON ^{O.C.} JOHNSON
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Poems My Children Love

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO

A little boy got out of bed—
'Twas only six o'clock—
And out the window poked his head,
And spied a crowing cock.

The little boy said, "Mr. Bird,
Pray tell me who are you?"
And all the answer that he heard
Was, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

"What would you think, if you were me,"
He said, "and I were you?"
But still that bird provokingly
Cried, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

"Now hark to me, you stupid head,
How much is two times two?"
That old bird winked one eye, and said
Just "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

The boy then slammed the window down,
To a fence the old bird flew,
And flapping hard his two wings brown
Cried, "Cock-a-doodle-doodle-doodle-doo!"

THE WIND AND THE LEAVES

"Come, little leaves," said the wind one day,
"Come over the meadows with me and play.
Put on your dresses of red and gold;
For summer is gone, and the days grow cold."

Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all.
O'er the brown field then they danced and flew
Singing the soft little songs they knew.

Dancing and whirling, the little leaves went,
Winter had called them, and they were content.
Soon, fast asleep on their earthy beds,
The snow laid a coverlet over their heads.

George Cooper.

DAYBREAK

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said: "O mists, make room for me!"

It hailed the ships, and cried: "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,
Crying: "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest: "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

The Priest and the Mulberry Tree 3

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said: "O bird, awake and sing!"

It whispered to the fields of corn:
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn!"

It shouted through the belfry tower:
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

Henry W. Longfellow.

THE PRIEST AND THE MULBERRY TREE

Did you hear of the curate who mounted his mare,
And merrily trotted along to the fair?
Of creature more tractable none ever heard,
In the height of her speed she would stop at a word;
But again with a word, when the curate said, "Hey,"
She put forth her mettle and galloped away.

As near to the gates of the city he rode,
While the sun of September all brilliantly glowed,
The good priest discovered, with eyes of desire,
A mulberry tree in a hedge of wild briar;
On boughs long and lofty, in many a green shoot,
Hung large, black and glossy, the beautiful fruit.

The curate was hungry and thirsty to boot;
He shrunk from the thorns, though he longed for the
fruit;

With a word he arrested his courser's keen speed,
And he stood up erect on the back of his steed;
On the saddle he stood while the creature stood still,
And he gathered the fruit till he took his good fill.

4 Little Folks' Book of Verse

"Sure never," he thought, "was a creature so rare,
So docile, so true, as my excellent mare;
Lo, here now I stand," and he gazed all around,
"As safe and as steady as if on the ground;
Yet how had it been, if some traveller this way,
Had, dreaming no mischief, but chanced to cry,
'Hey!'"

He stood with his head in the mulberry tree,
And he spoke out aloud in his fond reverie;
At the sound of the word the good mare made a push,
And down went the priest in the wild-briar bush.
He remembered too late, on his thorny green bed,
Much that well may be thought cannot wisely be
said.

Thomas Love Peacock.

WINTER JEWELS

A million little diamonds
Twinkled on the trees;
And all the little children cried,
"A jewel, if you please!"

But while they held their hands outstretched
To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came
And stole them all away.

Mrs. Mary F. Butts.

THE COW AND THE ASS

Beside a green meadow a stream used to flow,
So clear, one might see the white pebbles below.
To this cooling brook the warm cattle would stray,
To stand in the shade on a hot summer's day.

A cow, quite oppressed by the heat of the sun,
Came here to refresh, as she often had done;
And standing quite still, stooping over the stream,
Was musing perhaps, or perhaps she might dream.

But soon a brown ass, of respectable look,
Came trotting up also, to taste of the brook
And to nibble a little at daisies and grass.
"How d'ye do?" said the cow. "How d'ye do?" said
the ass.

"Take a seat," said the cow, gently waving her hand.
"By no means, dear madam," said he, "while you
stand."
Then stooping to drink, with a complaisant bow,
"Ma'am, your health," said the ass. "Thank you,
sir," said the cow.

When a few of these compliments more had been passed,
They laid themselves down on the herbage at last,
And waiting politely, as gentlemen must,
The ass held his tongue, that the cow might speak first.