THE

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THE LITTLE BROWN DOG AT THE DOOR.

Early and late you watch and wait,
Little brown dog at the door,
For a quick footfall and a boyish call,
For your master to come once more.

Eager to follow, through field and hollow,
Wherever his feet may roam,
Content to stray, if he leads the way,
Wherever he is, is home.

But you never hear the whistle clear,
Nor the sound of the boyish call,
Nor the scamper of feet all bare and fleet
Down through the shadowy hall;
Though long you wait at door and gate
For your playfellow of old,
With his eyes so blue and his heart so true,
And his hair like the sunshine's gold.

'Tis a year and a day since he went away
To a country beyond our ken,
And those who go that way we know,
Can never come back again.

Still early and late you watch and wait,
Little brown dog at the door,
But the voice is still, and watch as you will,
Your master will come no more.

DOROTHY DEANE.
POOR NOBODY AND RICH SOMEBODY.

Nobody sat at home in the cold—
Nobody, old and poor—
Her fire was out, her hearth unswept,
And no one came to her door.

Nobody's heart was heavy and sad,
Nobody wanted for bread,
And not one friend poor Nobody had—
Some had left her, some were dead.

Somebody lived in Nobody's town—
In the selfsame street, I ween—
Somebody rich and Nobody poor,
With only the street between.

This little Somebody, six years old,
Had sweet laughing eyes so blue,
Golden hair, nimble dancing feet,
And never a care she knew.

Enough and to spare her daily bread.
Well, on this cold snowy day,
Somebody donned her hood and her cloak,
And Somebody tripped away.

Where do you think that Somebody went
Out in the snow and the cold?
She knock-knock-knocked at Nobody's door,
Poor Nobody, lone and cold.
Ay, and a basket hung on her arm.
Poor Nobody said, "Come in."
Somebody kissed poor Nobody's cheek,
For love made them both akin.

Somebody lighted Nobody's fire,
And swept up her hearth so neat.
'Twas music sweet to Nobody's ears,
The trip of her dancing feet.

And when the kettle began to sing
She laid the table for tea.
Oh, Somebody's smile and Nobody's smile,
If you had been there to see!

When Somebody slept at home that night,
Nobody over the way
Dreamed 'twas an angel, with golden wings,
Had come through the snow that day.

THE BELL OF JUSTICE.
'There was a king, long years ago,
His name historian doth not know.
He lived beneath Italian skies,
A noble monarch, just and wise.
'That he might serve his people well,
In a high tower he hung a bell.
He who was wronged had but to ring
'The Bell of Justice, for the king
Was bound to make the humble prayer
The subject of his royal care.

At first men rung it every day;
Rotted at last the rope away.

And growing shorter by degrees,
Swayed lightly to each passing breeze.

For many a month it idly hung,
No longer needed. No one rung.

For Justice men had learned to fear,
And dreaded now the bell to hear.

At length a wandering grape-vine clung
Tight to the bell that idly hung,

And firmly held it sweetly grasped,
As if one hand another clasped.

A starving horse turned out to die,
One summer day was passing by,

And browsing where the grape-vine hung,
The Bell of Justice loudly rung.

Straightway a royal herald came,
And saw the horse half-starved and lame.

He told the king who rang the bell;
The monarch answered, "It is well.

"The brute for justice doth appeal,
For starving brutes, I pity feel.

"Go seek his owner out for me,
And tell him this is our decree:
"Long as he lives his horse must fare
On oats and grass of his. Beware

"If he again for justice call
My wrath shall on his owner fall."

Would God to-day there was a bell
That brutes could ring and thereby tell

The story of their cruel wrongs,
And win the justice that belongs

To every creature, great and small,
For God, their maker, loveth all.

ANON.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:

"Boh-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee."

Robert of Lincoln is gaily dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note:
“Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee,”

Robert of Lincoln’s Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
“Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.”

Modest and shy as a nun is she,
One weak chirp is her only note,
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
“Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
Chee, chee, chee.”

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
“Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.”
Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seed for the hungry brood:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee."

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air,
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee."

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee."

W. C. BRYANT.
THE LESSON OF THE WATER-MILL.

Listen to the water-mill;
Through the livelong day,
How the clicking of its wheel
Wears the hours away!
Languidly the autumn wind
Stirs the forest leaves,
From the field the reapers sing,
Binding up their sheaves;
And a proverb haunts my mind
As a spell is cast;
"The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past."

Autumn winds revive no more
Leaves that once are shed,
And the sickle cannot reap
Corn once gathered;
Flows the ruffled streamlet on,
Tranquil, deep, and still;
Never gliding back again
To the water-mill:
Truly speaks that proverb old,
With a meaning vast—
"The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past."

Take the lesson to thyself,
True and loving heart;
Golden youth is fleeting by,
Summer hours depart;
Learn to make the most of life,
Lose no happy day,
Time will never bring thee back
   Chances swept away!
Leave no tender word unsaid,
   Love while love shall last;
"The mill cannot grind
   With the water that is past."

Work while yet the daylight shines,
   Man of strength and will!
Never does the streamlet glide
   Useless by the mill;
Wait not till to-morrow's sun
   Beams upon thy way,
All that thou canst call thine own
   Lies in thy "to-day";
Power, and intellect, and health
   May not always last;
"The mill cannot grind
   With the water that is past."

O the wasted hours of life
   That have drifted by!
O the good that might have been—
   Lost, without a sigh!
Love that we might once have saved
   By a single word,
Thoughts conceived, but never penned,
   Perishing unheard;
Take the proverb to thine heart,
   Take, and hold it fast—
"The mill cannot grind
   With the water that is past."

Sarah Doudney.
JOHNNY.

(Founded on an Anecdote of the First French Revolution.)

Johnny had a golden head
   Like a golden mop in blow,
Right and left his curls would spread
   In a glory and a glow,
And they framed his honest face
Like stray sunbeams out of place.

Long and thick, they half could hide
   How threadbare his patched jacket hung;
They used to be his mother's pride;
   She praised them with a tender tongue,
And stroked them with a loving finger,
That smoothed and stroked and loved to linger.

On a doorstep Johnny sat,
   Up and down the street looked he;
Johnny did not own a hat,
   Hot or cold tho' days might be;
Johnny did not own a boot
To cover up his muddy foot.

Johnny's face was pale and thin,
   Pale with hunger and with crying;
For his mother lay within,
   Talked and tossed and seemed a-dying,
While Johnny racked his brain to think
How to get her help and drink,
Get her physic, get her tea,
    Get her bread and something nice;
Not a penny-piece had he;
    And scarce a shilling might suffice;
No wonder that his soul was sad,
When not one penny-piece he had.

As he sat there, thinking, moping,
    Because his mother's wants were many,
Wishing much, but scarcely hoping
    To earn a shilling or a penny,
A friendly neighbour passed him by
And questioned him—Why did he cry?

Alas! his trouble soon was told:
    He did not cry for cold or hunger,
Though he was hungry both and cold;
    He only felt more weak and younger,
Because he wished so to be old
And apt at earning pence or gold.

Kindly that neighbour was, but poor,
    Scant coin had he to give or lend;
And well he guessed those needed more
    Than pence or shillings to befriend
The helpless woman in her strait,
So much loved, yet so desolate.

One way he saw, and only one:
    He would—he could not—give the advice,
And yet he must: the widow’s son
    Had curls of gold would fetch their price;
Long curls which might be clipped, and sold
For silver, or perhaps for gold.
Our Johnny, when he understood
  Which shop it was that purchased hair,
Ran off as briskly as he could,
  And in a trice stood cropped and bare,
Too short of hair to fill a locket,
But jingling money in his pocket.

Precious money, tea and bread,
  Physic, ease, for mother dear,
Better than a golden head:
  Yet our hero dropped a tear
When he spied himself close-shorn,
Barer much than lamb new-born.

His mother throve upon the money,
  Ate and revived, and kissed her son:
But oh! when she perceived her Johnny,
  And understood what he had done,
All and only for her sake,
She sobbed as if her heart would break.

Christina Rossetti.

WHERE IS THE BRITON’S HOME?

Where is the Briton’s home?
Where the free step can roam,
Where the free sun can glow,
Where a free air can blow,
Where a free ship can bear
Hope and strength—everywhere:
Wave upon wave can roll—
East and west—pole to pole—
Where a free step can roam—
There is the Briton’s home!
Where is the Briton's home?
Where the brave heart can come,
Where labour wins a soil,
Where a stout heart can toil—
Any fair seed is sown—
Where gold or fame is won,
Where never sets the sun,
Where a brave heart can come—
There is the Briton's home?

Where is the Briton's home?
Where man's great law can come,
Where the great truth can speak.
Where the slave's chain can break,
Where the white's scourge can cease,
Where the black dwells in peace,
Where, from his angel-hall,
God sees us brothers all—
Where light and freedom come,
There is the Briton's home!

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTON.

HOW CHEERY ARE THE MARINERS!
How cheery are the mariners—
Those lovers of the sea!
Their hearts are like its yeasty waves,
As bounding and as free.
They whistle when the storm-bird wheels
In circles round the mast;
And sing when deep in foam the ship
Ploughs onward to the blast.
What care the mariners for gales?
There’s music in their roar,
When wide the berth along the lee,
And leagues of room before.
Let billows toss to mountain heights,
Or sink to chasms low,
The vessel stout will ride it out,
Nor reel beneath the blow.

With streamers down and canvas furled,
The gallant hull will float
Securely, as on inland lake,
A silken-tasselled boat;
And sound asleep some mariners,
And some with watchful eyes,
Will fearless be of dangers dark
That roll along the skies.

God keep those cheery mariners!
And temper all the gales
That sweep against the rocky coast,
To their storm-shattered sails;
And men on shore will bless the ship
That could so guided be,
Safe in the hollow of His hand,
To brave the mighty sea!

PARK BENJAMIN.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.
It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter
To bear him company.
Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
   Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
   That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
   His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
   The smoke, now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
   Had sailed the Spanish main,
"I pray thee put into yonder port,
   For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
   And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
   And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
   A gale from the north-east;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
   And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
   The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
   Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
   And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
   That ever wind did blow."
He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"—
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea."

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.
And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves,
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her sides,
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared.

At day-break, on the black sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe.

H. W. Longfellow.
BARBARA FRIETCHIE.
Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.
Round about the orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,
Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,
On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,
Over the mountains, winding down,
Horse and foot into Frederick town.
Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind; the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.
Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her four score years and ten;
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;
In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.
Up the street came the rebel tread,
"Stonewall" Jackson riding ahead.
Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.
"Halt!"—the dust brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The noble nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word.

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hillgaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.
Honour to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on "Stonewall's" bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of freedom and union, wave!

Peace and order, and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Into a ward of the whitewash'd halls—
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls—
"Somebody's Darling" was born one day,
"Somebody's Darling," so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
"Somebody's Darling" is dying now.
Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow,  
Brush all the wandering waves of gold;  
Cross his hands on his bosom now;—  
"Somebody's Darling" is still and cold.

Kiss him once for "Somebody's" sake,  
Murmur a prayer, soft and low;  
One bright curl from its fair mates take,  
They were "Somebody's" pride, you know  
"Somebody's" hand had rested there.  
Was it a mother's, soft and white?  
And have the lips of a sister fair  
Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best; he has "Somebody's" love;  
"Somebody's" heart enshrined him there;  
"Somebody" wafted his name above,  
Night and morn on the wings of prayer.  
"Somebody" wept when he marched away,  
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;  
"Somebody's" kiss on his forehead lay,  
"Somebody" clung to his parting hand.

"Somebody's" waiting and watching for him—  
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;  
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,  
And the smiling childlike lips apart.  
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,  
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;  
Carve on the wooden slab at his head—  
"'Somebody's Darling' slumbers here!"

Mrs. Lacosts.
THE STORY OF GRUMBLE-TONE.

There was a boy named Grumble-tone, who ran away to sea.

"I'm sick of things on land," he said, "as sick as I can be,
A life upon the bounding wave will suit a lad like me."

The seething ocean billows failed to stimulate his mirth,
For he did not like the vessel, or the dizzy rolling berth,
And he thought the sea was almost as unpleasant as the earth.

He wandered into foreign lands, he saw each wondrous sight,
But nothing that he heard or saw seemed just exactly right,
And so he journeyed on and on, still seeking for delight.

He talked with kings and ladies fair, he dined in courts, they say,
But always found the people dull, and longed to get away,
To search for that mysterious land where he should like to stay.

He wandered over all the world, his hair grew white as snow,
He reached that final bourne at last, where all of us must go;
But never found the land he sought. The reason would you know?
The reason was that, north or south, where'er his steps were bent,  
On land or sea, in court or hall, he found but discontent,  
For he took his disposition with him, everywhere he went.  

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

ONE CAN ALWAYS END IT.
There's a knowing little proverb,  
From the sunny land of Spain;  
But in Northland as in Southland  
Is its meaning clear and plain.  
Lock it up within your heart;  
Neither lose nor lend it—  
Two it takes to make a quarrel;  
One can always end it.

Try it well in every way,  
Still you'll find it true.  
In a fight without a foe,  
Pray what could you do?  
If the wrath is yours alone,  
Soon will you expend it—  
Two it takes to make a quarrel;  
One can always end it.
Let's suppose that both are wroth,
And the strife begun,
If one voice shall cry for "Peace,"
Soon it will be done.
But if one shall span the breach,
He will quickly mend it—
Two it takes to make a quarrel;
One can always end it.

ANON.

JEANNETTE AND JO.
Two girls I know—Jeannette and Jo,
And one is always moping;
The other lassie, come what may,
Is ever bravely hoping.

Beauty of face and girlish grace
Are theirs, for joy or sorrow;
Jeannette takes brightly every day,
And Jo dreads each to-morrow.

One early morn they watched the dawn—
I saw them stand together;
Their whole day's sport 'twas very plain,
Depended on the weather.

"'Twill storm!" cried Jo. Jeannette spoke low,
"Yes, but 'twill soon be over."
And, as she spoke, the sudden shower
Came beating down the clover.
"I told you so!" cried angry Jo;  
"It always is a-raining!"
Then hid her face in dire despair,  
Lamenting and complaining.

But sweet Jeannette, quite hopeful yet—  
I tell it to her honour—  
Looked up and waited till the sun  
Came streaming in upon her;

The broken clouds sailed off in crowds  
Across a sea of glory.  
Jeannette and Jo ran, laughing in—  
Which ends my simple story.

Joy is divine. Come storm, come shine,  
The hopeful are the gladdest;  
And doubt and dread, dear girls, believe,  
Of all things are the saddest.

In morning's light let youth be bright,  
Take in the sunshine tender;  
Then, at the close, shall life's decline  
Be full of sunset splendour.

And ye who fret, try, like Jeannette,  
To shun all weak complaining;  
And not, like Jo, cry out too soon,  
"It always is a-raining!"

Mary Mapes Dodge.
THE GOLDEN KEY—A PARABLE.

Night's drooping flags were slowly furled;
The sun arose in joy;
The boy awoke, and all the world
Was waiting for the boy.

And out he ran. Lo! everywhere
Was full of windy play;
The earth was bright and clear and fair,
All for his holiday.

The hill said "Climb me"; and the wood,
"Come to my bosom, child;
I'm full of gambols; they are good,
My children, and so wild!"

He went, he ran. Dark grew the skies,
And pale the shrinking sun.
"How soon," he said, "for clouds to rise
When day was but begun!"

The wind grew wild. A wilful power,
It swept o'er tree and town.
The boy exulted for an hour,
Then sat with head bowed down.

And as he sat the rain began,
And rained till all was still:
He looked, and saw a rainbow span
The vale from hill to hill.
He dried his tears. "Ah! now," he said,
"The storm brings good to me:
Yon shining hill—upon its head
I'll find the golden key."

But ere, through wood or over fence,
He could the summit scale,
The rainbow's foot was lifted thence,
And planted in the vale.

"But here it stood. Yes, here," he said,
"Its very foot was set;
I saw this fir-tree through the red,
This through the violet."

He sought and sought, while down the skies
Went, slowly went, the sun.
At length he lifted hopeless eyes,
And day was nearly done.

Low radiant clouds of level red
Lay o'er a sun-filled tomb;
And all their rosy light was shed
On his forgotten home.

"So near me yet! Oh happy me,
No farther to have come!
One day I'll find the golden key,
But now away for home!"

He rose, he ran, as yet in play,
But rest was now before;
And as the last red streak grew gray
Opened his father's door.
His father stroked his drooping head,
And gone were all his harms;
His mother kissed him in his bed,
And heaven was in her arms.

He folded then his weary hands,
And so they let them be;
And ere the morn, in rainbow lands,
He found the golden key.

G. MACDONALD.

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THE WIND.

There is a queer old fairy, who lives where no one knows,
For none can see him coming, or tell where 'tis he goes.

Down from his mountain fortress he rushes through the land,
Leaving a track behind him as made by armed band.

But on the mighty ocean he rolls the booming wave,
And sends his shipwrecked sailor down to a lonely grave.

But, oh! not always wildly, not always full of wrath,
Comes this old fairy, bringing destruction in his path.
Sometimes all softly, gently, on velvet wings he goes,
To kiss the cheek of girlhood, or dally with the rose.

Sometimes in madcap frolic he joins the boys at play.
And far, far up to cloudland he bears their kites away.

Who is this queer old fairy, now tell me, children all,
Sometimes so big and angry, sometimes so soft and small:

In winter, wildly howling across the open moor,
In summer sweetly sighing beside the cottage door?

It is the wind, dear children, who lives where no one knows,
For none can see him coming, or tell where ’tis he goes.

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SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP.

Over the sea a lady came,
   Sleep, sleep, sweetly sleep;
Night was the beautiful lady’s name,
   Sleep, sleep, sleep.
Her eyes like two stars shone soft and bright,
Her voice like the breeze’s murmur light,
Kind and gentle and lovely night;
   Sleep, baby, sleep.
How tender her love for each little one,
   Sleep, sleep, sweetly sleep;
She softly called when the day was done,
   "Sleep, sleep, sleep."
"Dear little children," I heard her say,
"You must be tired now, stop your play,
And come with me to dreamland away;
   Sleep, baby, sleep.

"Shut your eyes if you want to go,
   Sleep, sleep, sweetly sleep;
Safe in my arms, I'll carry you so,
   Sleep, sleep, sleep.
Over the ocean flying fast,
Earth with its cloud and storm is past,
Here is the beautiful land at last;
   Sleep, baby, sleep.

"Such a wonderful happy land,
   Sleep, sleep, sweetly sleep;
Children laughing on every hand,
   Sleep, sleep, sleep.
Flowers more gay than our beauties of spring,
Music more full than our birds can sing,
Sunshine and fairies and—every bright thing;
   Sleep, baby sleep."

JOSEPHINE B. PARKMAN.