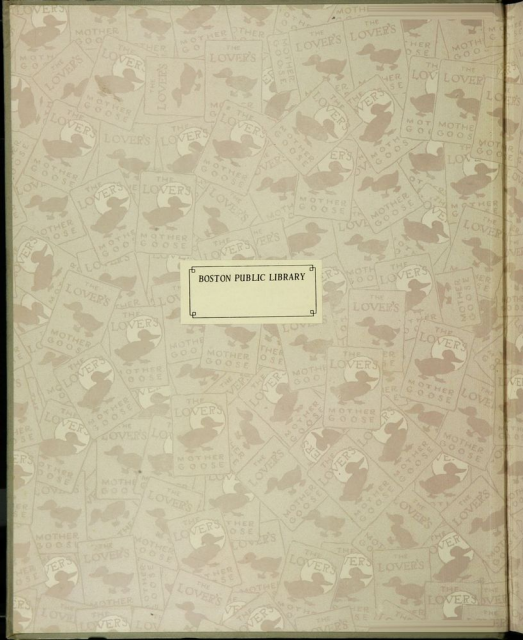


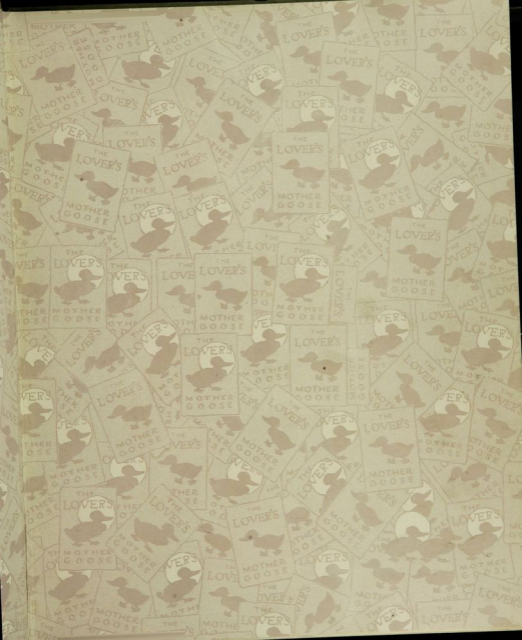
T H E  
LOVER'S  
MOTHER GOOSE



*John Macilley*

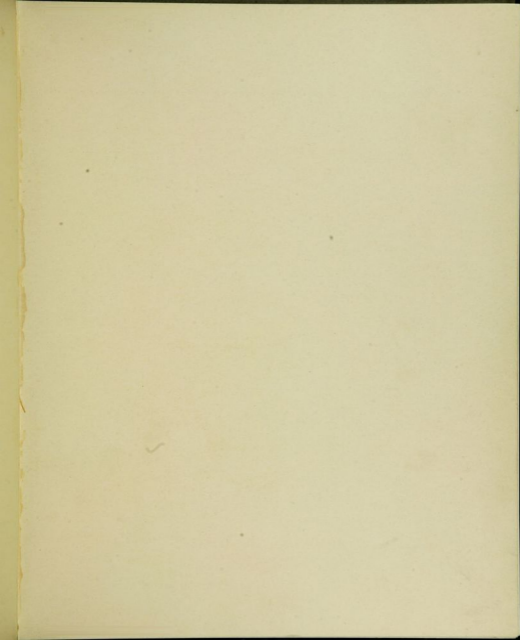


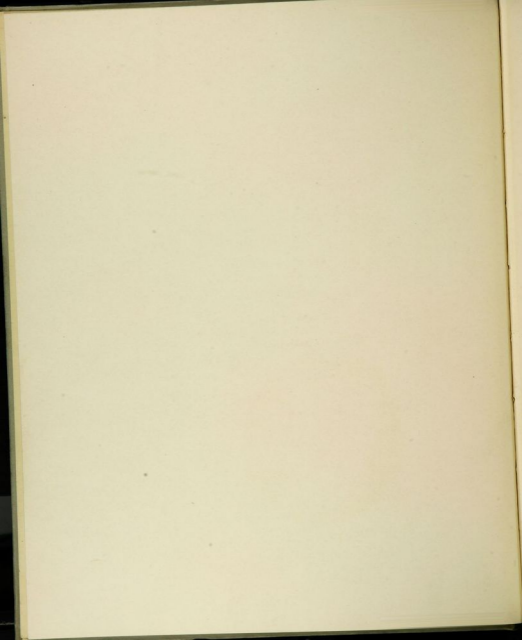
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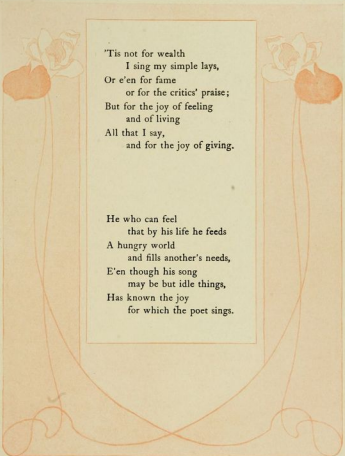


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'Tis not for wealth  
I sing my simple lays,  
Or e'en for fame  
or for the critics' praise;  
But for the joy of feeling  
and of living  
All that I say,  
and for the joy of giving.

He who can feel  
that by his life he feeds  
A hungry world  
and fills another's needs,  
E'en though his song  
may be but idle things,  
Has known the joy  
for which the poet sings.



I



*Was A Bottle Of Ink*



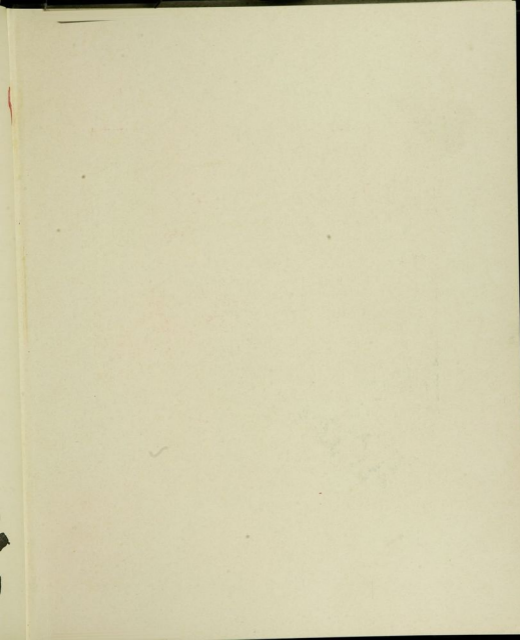
Of the fabric of filmy dreams, Dear,  
I wrought in the days gone by,  
And I built me a land whose golden strand  
Lay under a shining sky;  
None knew the road to that far abode  
Save only my dreams and I.

There were paths for my every whim, Dear,—  
Hills for the boldest view,—  
For humbler moods the valley roads  
To deeds that I meant to do:  
And byways fair found vistas rare  
All fashioned of hopes come true.

There came a maid to my dreams, Dear,  
One time as I wandered wide,  
And it scarcely seemed that I could have dreamed  
That we wandered side by side;  
For hand in hand we roamed the land,  
And the world was glorified.

That realm is fading away, Dear,  
Its heights I can scarce define;  
The winding road to that far abode  
Is a tangle of weed and vine.  
Yet—wondrous thing!—though the dreams took wing,  
Her hand still rests in mine.







*The House That Jack Built-*





The  
LOVER'S  
MOTHER  
GOOSE

BY  
*Julia Cecil Day*

*Times: Four*

Patton, tell me, Dimple-Chin,  
At what age does Love begin?  
You like eyes love scarcely seen  
Glimpse them, my Fairy Queen,  
For a miracle of events,  
Just approaches, the stream,  
Nearer the bank under them,  
Wishes to your pretty hair;  
When shall I have a heart to win?  
Patton, tell me, Dimple-Chin!

"Oh I," the rosy lips reply,  
"I can't tell you if I try,  
I can't say I can't remember,  
But I can't remember less than I."

"Oh I," she says, Grinned-Face,  
"I'll show you and lead long pace!  
"I've seen baby Love appear,  
When he has put out the fire!  
"I've seen him here below  
In the first December snow!  
"I've seen him with soft words to press,  
When he has to smooch and kiss!  
"I've seen him give up the chase!  
"I'll show you now, Grinned-Face!"

"Oh I," she says, all lips reply,  
"I'll tell you how and strength may die,  
But I'll show you the incident,  
And I'll show you more than I."

THE BURNS-McFARLAND COMPANY  
PUBL. 407 W. WASHINGTON ST. CHICAGO, ILL. U.S.A.



*The House That Jack Built*



The  
LOVER'S  
MOTHER  
GOOSE

BY  
*Sabine Day*

*Thyrs: Anax*

Prhee, tell me, Dimple-Chin,  
At what age does Love begin?  
Your blue eyes have scarcely seen  
Summers three, my Fairy Queen,  
But a miracle of sweets,  
Soft approaches, shy retreats,  
Show the little archer there,  
Hidden in your pretty hair;  
When didst learn a heart to win?  
Prhee, tell me, Dimple-Chin!

"Ah!" the rosy lips reply,  
"I can't tell you if I try,  
'Tis so long I can't remember;  
Ask some younger lass than I."

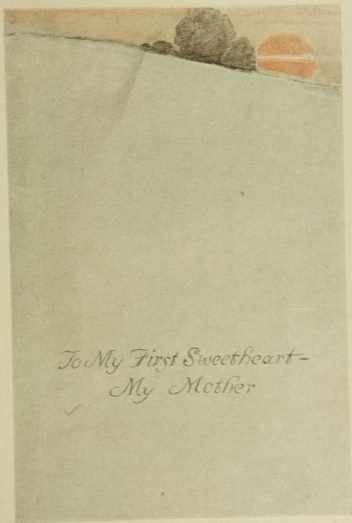
Tell, O tell me, Grizzled-Face,  
Do your heart and head keep pace?  
When does hoary Love expire,  
When do frosts put out the fire?  
Can its embers burn below  
All that chill December snow?  
Care you still soft hands to press,  
Bonny heads to smooth and bless?  
When does Love give up the chase?  
Tell, O tell me, Grizzled Face!

"Ah!" the wise old lips reply,  
"Youth may pass and strength may die,  
But of Love I can't forsake;  
Ask some older sage than I."



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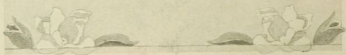




*To My First Sweetheart -  
My Mother*



*What's In The Pond*



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*To Cupid*

Master I have, and I am his man,  
Gallop a dreary dun;  
Master I have, and I am his man,  
And I'll get a wife as fast as I can;  
With a heighly, gaily, gamberally,  
Higgledy piggedly, niggledy, niggledy,  
Gallop a dreary dun.



Love's wings are over fleet,  
And like the panther's feet  
The feet of Love.



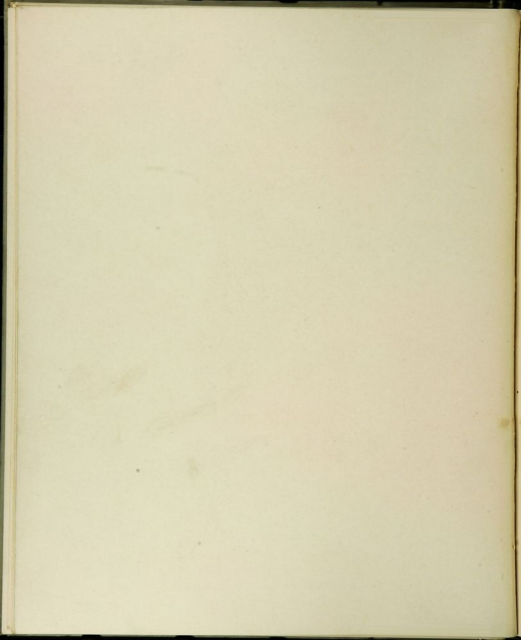
That age is best which is the first,  
When youth and blood are warmer.



Pussy cat, pussy cat,  
What do you see?  
Much, my dear lady,  
Amusing to me.



Pussy cat, pussy cat,  
Are you discreet?  
That which I hear,  
I never repeat.



Circumstances over which I have no control.



Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie,  
Kissed the girls to make them cry.  
Some of them cried, but more than half  
Held up their heads for more, and laughed.

*Multiplication is vexation.*



*The rule of three perplexes me -*



*Division is as bad,*



*And practice drives me mad!*

The mariner knows what port he seeks,  
Chart and compass and sun hath he.  
He sails till a pilot, one day, he speaks  
Beyond the pathless sea.

But whither and where is the maiden bound?  
What port shall hold her? What pilot guide?  
Nobody knows till the pilot's found,  
Her port is by his side.





*Curly Locks, Curly Locks. Wilt Thou Be Mine?*



She is so shy that all my prayers  
Scarce win a few small kisses—  
She lifts her lovely eyes to mine  
And softly grants, with blush divine,  
Such slender grace as this is.

I watch her with a tender care  
And joy not free from sadness—  
For what am I that I should take  
This gentle soul and think to make  
Its future days all gladness?

Can I fulfil those maiden dreams  
In some imperfect fashion?  
I am no hero, but I know  
I love you, dear—the rest I throw  
Upon your sweet compassion.





Where are you going, my pretty maid?

I'm going to-day to be married, she said.

May I go with you, my precious maid?

If you'll always be true and will love me, she said.



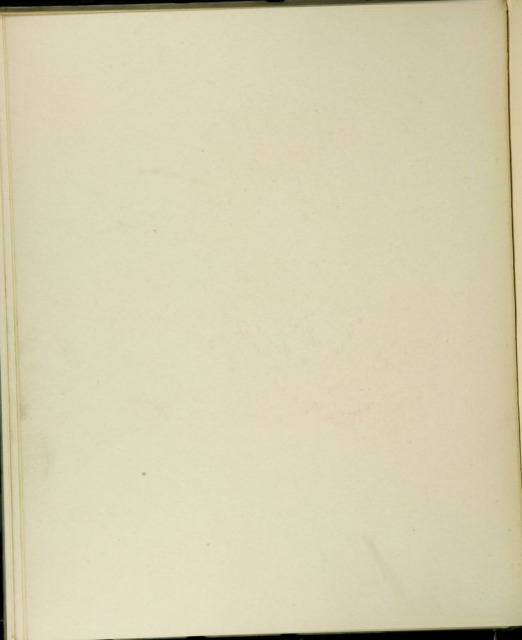
Then hand and hand we shall pass up the hill,  
I say not down;  
That twain go up, of love, who've loved their fill,  
To gain love's crown.

Love me, and let my life take up thine own,  
As sun the dew.  
Come, sit, my queen, for in my heart a throne  
Awaits for you!





Jack and Jill—







The rose is red, the violet's blue;  
The pink is sweet, and so are you.



Oh, Love is not a Summer mood,  
Nor flying phantom of the brain,  
Nor youthful fever of the blood,  
Nor dream, nor fate, nor circumstance.  
Love is not born of blinded chance,  
Nor bred in simple ignorance.





**BEWARE** the WINDS of **MARCH**.

For love, like a south wind, steals on all,  
When the grass begins to grow.

A little widow is a dangerous thing.



Little Jack Horner sat in a corner—  
Don't foolishly ask me why.  
The picture will tell—  
He kissed her!—Ah well—  
You've kissed her yourself—  
So have I!





And the best and the worst of this is  
That neither is most to blame  
If you've forgotten my kisses  
And I've forgotten your name.



But April's sun strikes down the glades to-day;  
So shut your eyes upturned, and feel my kiss  
Creep, as the Spring now thrills through every spray,  
Up your warm throat to your warm lips: for this  
Is even the hour of Love's sworn suit-service,  
With whom cold hearts are counted castaways.





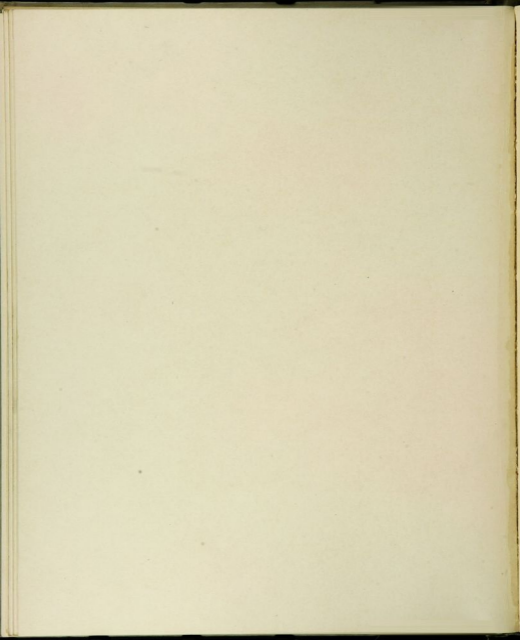


*Man shall not live by bread alone.*





*Little Boy Blue And Little  
Bo Peep*





✓  
*Amelia*

*Little Belle Bond.*



I dare not ask a kiss,  
I dare not beg a smile;  
Lest having that or this  
I might grow proud the while.

No, no, the utmost share  
Of my desire shall be  
Only to kiss that air  
That lately kissed thee.



Little kiss, little kiss,  
What do you there?  
I rest on the lips of my lady so fair.  
Little kiss, sweet kiss,  
Wilt thou be mine?

*Note:* The last line is lost—but is stealing a crime?



There is a change in every hour's recall,  
And the last cowslip in the fields we see  
On the same day with the first corn poppy.  
Alas for hourly change! Alas for all  
The loves that from his hand proud Youth lets fall,  
Even as the beads of a told rosary!





*A Fool and His Heart are Soon Parted.*



If love were what the rose is,  
And I were like the leaf,  
Our lives would grow together  
In sad or singing weather,  
Blown fields or flowerful closes,  
Green pleasure or gray grief;  
If love were what the rose is,  
And I were like the leaf.

If you were queen of pleasure,  
And I were king of pain,  
We'd hunt down love together,  
Pluck out his flying feather,  
And teach his feet a measure,  
And find his mouth a rein;  
If you were queen of pleasure,  
And I were king of pain.





Cupid is blind; the reason why is this,—  
Love loveth most when love most secret is.



He jumped into a bramble bush  
And scratched out both his eyes.



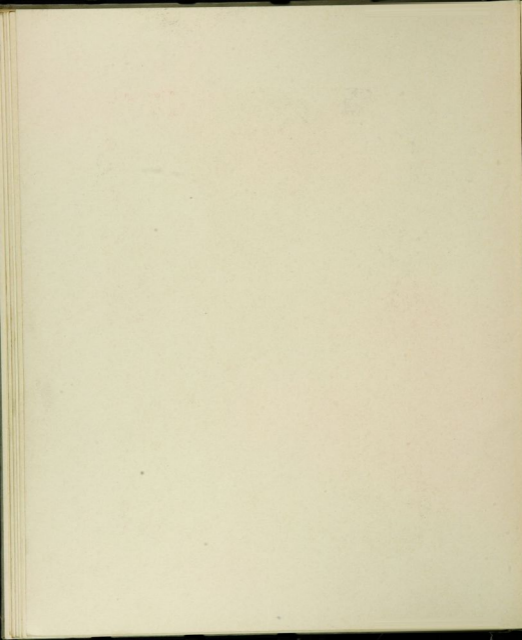
*Youth's Antiphony*

"I love you, sweet: how can you ever learn  
How much I love you?" "You I love even so,  
And so I learn it." "Sweet, you can not know  
How fair you are." "If fair enough to earn  
Your love, so much is all my love's concern."  
"My love grows hourly, sweet." "Mine, too, doth grow,  
Yet love seemed full so many hours ago!"  
Thus lovers speak, till kisses claim their turn.

Ah! happy they to whom such words as these  
In youth have served for speech the whole day long,  
Hour after hour, remote from the world's throng,  
Work, contest, fame, all life's confederate pleas,—  
What while Love breathed in sighs and silences  
Through two blent souls one rapturous undersong.



*Humpty Dumpty*





Goosie, Goosie, Gander—  
Is it any wonder  
That I love her, love her, love her so—  
You silly little gander?



*Cyrano*

A kiss, when all is said—what is it?  
An oath that's ratified—a sealed promise—  
A heart's avowal claiming confirmation—  
A rose-dot on the 'i' of 'adoration'—  
A secret that to mouth, not ear, is whispered—  
Brush of a bee's wing, that makes time eternal—  
Communion perfumed like the spring's wild-flowers—  
The heart's relieving in the heart's outbreathing,  
When to the lips the soul's flood rises, brimming.



A song in the heart is worth two in the book.



I'll tell you a story,  
About John and Dora:  
And now my story's begun.

It ends like all others,  
He told her he loved her:  
And now my story's done.

What of her glass without her? The blank gray  
There where the pool is blind of the moon's face.



And sadder they whose longing lips  
Kiss empty air, and never touch  
The dear warm mouth of those they love—  
Waiting, wasting, suffering much.





*A Riddle*

I've seen you where you never were,  
And where you ne'er will be,  
And yet you in that very same place  
May still be seen by me.

*Answer:* In my heart.





*What Elsie?*

They walked together in the dusk,  
Along the garden's shrubbery-edge;  
The heavy roses' scattered musk  
Elew faint across the cedar-hedge:  
A spotted snake came gliding through—  
To shield her from imagined harms,  
What should he do, what *could* he do,  
But take her safe into his arms?

While for one happy moment still  
Her head was leaning on his breast,  
He felt a little tremor thrill

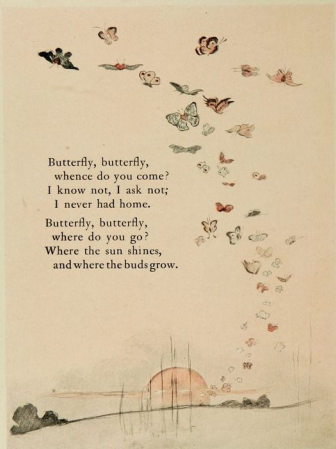
The hand against his shoulder prest:  
The parted lips were trembling, too:  
Some feeling for her fears to show,  
What should he do, what *could* he do,  
But kiss her ere he let her go?

Redder than in the garden bed  
The roses blossomed to her cheek:  
"You wicked, wicked cheat!" she said,  
Soon as the injured lips could speak.  
Lest he should prove her charge for true  
And seem the most depraved of men,  
What should he do, what *could* he do,  
But give her back the kiss again?



*A Riddle*

As I went through the garden gap,  
Whom should I meet but Dick !!!!  
What's the Answer?

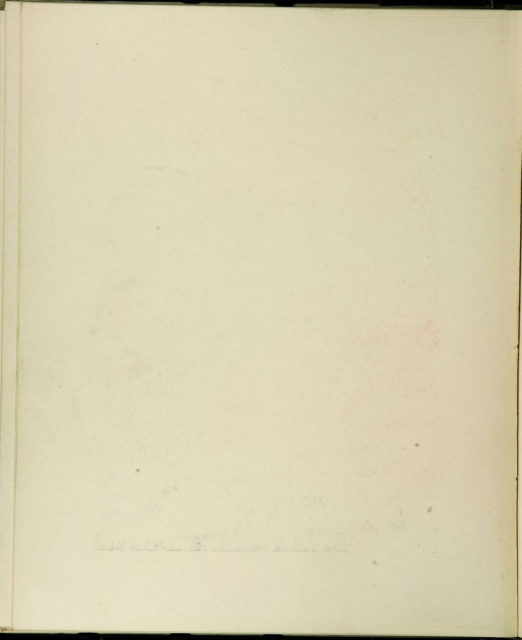


Butterfly, butterfly,  
whence do you come?  
I know not, I ask not;  
I never had home.

Butterfly, butterfly,  
where do you go?  
Where the sun shines,  
and where the buds grow.



*Butterfly Butterfly -*



Mistress Mary, quite contrary,  
What are you planting, dear?  
I'm planting hearts of summer loves—  
They last but half a year.

Mistress Mary, quite contrary,  
What are you planting, dear?  
I'm planting hearts of lovers true—  
They often break, I fear.

Mary, Mary, don't be contrary,  
Plant this poor heart of mine;  
With just a little tenderness,  
'Twill blossom all the time.



Beneath her eyelids deep  
Love lying seems asleep,  
Love, swift to wake, to weep,  
To laugh, to gaze.







Now doth sweet Summer dream her sweetest dream;  
With full-fringed lids half-closed against the sun,  
And thirsting lips, she nods beside the stream  
Within whose silent bed no waters run.  
Full wearily she stretcheth now her limbs;  
Anon her breast is stirred with languid sighs;  
Lulled by the murmur of slow forest hymns,  
She draws the shadows with her drowsing eyes.



When the sleepy man comes with dust on his eyes

(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)

He shuts up the earth and he opens the skies.

(So hush-a-by, weary, my Dearie!)

He smiles through his fingers, and shuts up the sun;

(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)

The stars that he loves he lets out one by one.

(So hush-a-by, weary, my Dearie!)

He comes from the castles of Drowsy-boy Town;

(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)

At the touch of his hand the tired eyelids fall down.

(So hush-a-by, weary, my Dearie!)

He comes with a murmur of dream in his wings

(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)

And whispers of mermaids and wonderful things.

(So hush-a-by, weary, my Dearie!)

Then the top is a burden, the bugle a bane

(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)

When one would be faring down Dream-a-way Lane.

(So hush-a-by, weary, my Dearie!)

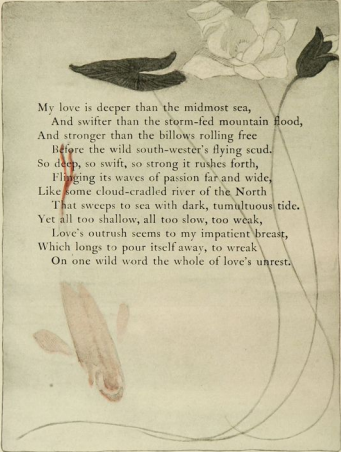




Little Tommy Tittlemouse  
Lived in a little house,  
Where he was very happy  
With Mrs. Tommy Tittlemouse.

P. S. DEAR READER: The baby has  
arrived since I wrote the above, and I  
am told that now there should be two  
'verys' before happy.

MOTHER GOOSE.



My love is deeper than the midmost sea,  
And swifter than the storm-fed mountain flood,  
And stronger than the billows rolling free  
Before the wild south-wester's flying scud.  
So deep, so swift, so strong it rushes forth,  
Flinging its waves of passion far and wide,  
Like some cloud-cradled river of the North  
That sweeps to sea with dark, tumultuous tide.  
Yet all too shallow, all too slow, too weak,  
Love's outrush seems to my impatient breast,  
Which longs to pour itself away, to wreak  
On one wild word the whole of love's unrest.

*"Simply this and nothing more"*



*Atlantic City - As Seen By Him.*



O Linnet, in the wild-rose brake,  
Strain for my Love thy melody,  
O Lark, sing louder for love's sake,  
My gentle Lady passeth by.

She is too fair for any man  
To see or hold his heart's delight,  
Fairer than Queen or courtesan,  
Or moon-lit water in the night.

Her hair is bound with myrtle leaves,  
(Green leaves upon her golden hair!)  
Green grasses through the yellow sheaves  
Of autumn corn are not more fair.

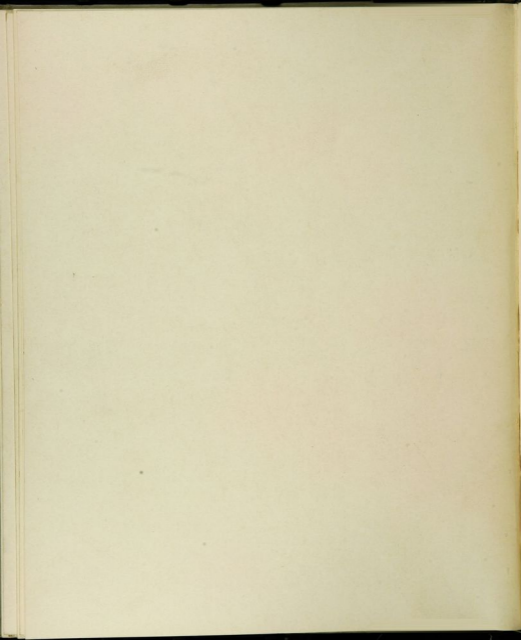
Her little lips, more made to kiss  
Than to cry bitterly for pain,  
Are tremulous as brook-water is,  
Or roses after evening rain.

Her neck is like white mellilot,  
Flushing for pleasure of the sun,  
The throbbing of the linnet's throat  
Is not so sweet to look upon.

As a pomegranate cut in twain,  
White-seeded, is her crimson mouth,  
Her cheeks are as the fading stain  
Where the peach reddens to the south.



*Why Jack Dumped Over The Candlestick*





*A Riddle.*



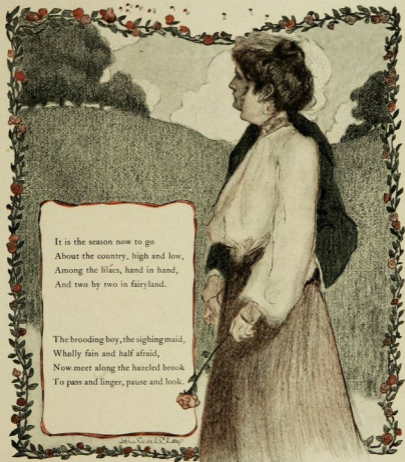
Little Nancy Etticoat,  
In a white petticoat,  
Like a red rose;  
The longer she lives,  
The sweeter she grows.

*Answer:* MY SWEETHEART.



Across the hills, and far away  
    Beyond their utmost purple rim,  
And deep into the dying day  
    The happy princess followed him.





It is the season now to go  
About the country, high and low,  
Among the lilacs, hand in hand,  
And two by two in fairyland.

The brooding boy, the sighing maid,  
Wholly fain and half afraid,  
Now meet along the hazeled brook  
To pass and linger, pause and look.

*John C. O. O. O.*

I that have love and no more  
Give you but love of you, sweet:  
He that hath more, let him give;  
He that hath wings, let him soar;  
Mine is the heart at your feet  
Here, that must love you to live.





There was a young lady whose shoe was a two,  
So small and so dainty—all satin and blue.  
I got just one peep—her victory complete;  
I now am her slave, with my heart at her feet.



With lips whereon has bled  
Some great pale fruits' slow color.

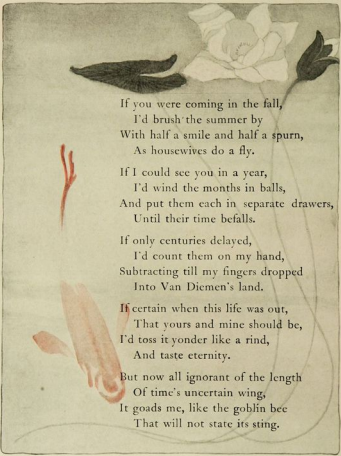


Her beauty was new color to the air  
And music to the silent many birds.  
Love was an-hungered for some perfect words  
To praise her with.



Fill a cup with golden wine,  
And while yet your lips are wet  
Set their perfume unto mine,  
And forget  
Every kiss we take or give  
Leaves us less of life to live.

Yet again! your whim and mine  
In a happy while have met.  
All your sweets to me resign,  
Nor regret  
That we press, with each breath,  
Sighed or singing, nearer death!



If you were coming in the fall,  
I'd brush the summer by  
With half a smile and half a spurn,  
As housewives do a fly.

If I could see you in a year,  
I'd wind the months in balls,  
And put them each in separate drawers,  
Until their time befalls.

If only centuries delayed,  
I'd count them on my hand,  
Subtracting till my fingers dropped  
Into Van Diemen's land.

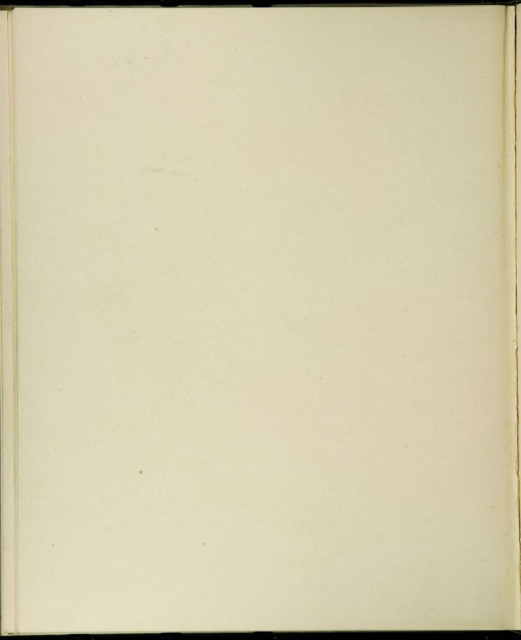
If certain when this life was out,  
That yours and mine should be,  
I'd toss it yonder like a rind,  
And taste eternity.

But now all ignorant of the length  
Of time's uncertain wing,  
It goads me, like the goblin bee  
That will not state its sting.





*Bobby Shafto's Gone To Sea*



*A Riddle.*



I went to the world and got it,  
I sat me down and looked at it,  
The more I looked at it the less I liked it,  
And brought it home because I couldn't help it.



*True Love.*

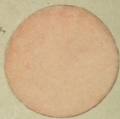
Let not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove:  
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark  
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;  
It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.  
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass come;  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
If this be error and upon me proved,  
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

The bliss of being sad made melancholy.



*Cross-Patch Lift The Latch -*

Since to be loved endures,  
To love is wise:  
Earth hath no good but yours,  
Brave, joyful eyes:  
Earth hath no sin but thine,  
Dull eyes of scorn:  
O'er thee the sun doth pine  
And angels mourn.

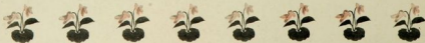




*There Was A Crooked Man.*



At reck'ning let's play,  
And, prithee, let's lay  
A wager, and let it be this:  
Who first to the sum  
Of twenty doth come,  
Shall have for his winning a kiss.





Persuasion turns a sweet averted mouth.



And all her face was honey to my mouth.



Have you got a brook in your little heart,  
Where bashful flowers blow,  
And blushing birds go down to drink,  
And shadows tremble so?  
And nobody knows, so still it flows,  
That any brook is there;  
And yet your little draught of life  
Is daily drunken there.  
Then look out for the little brook in March,  
\* When the rivers overflow,  
And the snows come hurrying from the hills,  
And the bridges often go.  
And later, in August it may be,  
When the meadows parching lie,  
Beware, lest this little brook of life  
Some burning noon go dry!

Men ask what is the issue of my quest.

I answer "This—that issue there is none:  
The energy of love may never rest;

Its life were over if its work were done.

Love were not love if it could win its prize:

Love were not love if it could reach its goal:  
Love were not love if in the loved one's eyes

It could not find unfathomed depths of soul.

Love is enough: I love, nor ask for more:

Love is its own reward, its own delight:

Love is the atmosphere through which I soar:

Love's are the wings on which I take my flight.





*My Fairest Fair*

There is, they say, no sweetest rose,  
There is no fairest face; for fancy grows  
Its own deceiver.

But, right or wrong, what does love care?  
I say, "World over, only one's all fair,"  
And so believe her.

*Little Miss Donnet In A New Bonnet.*

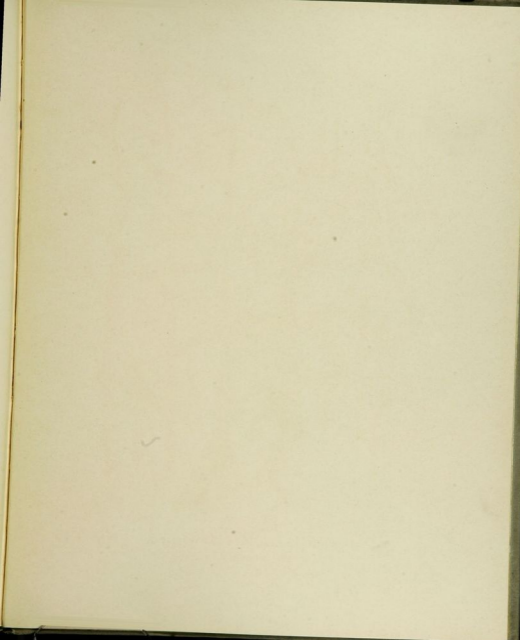


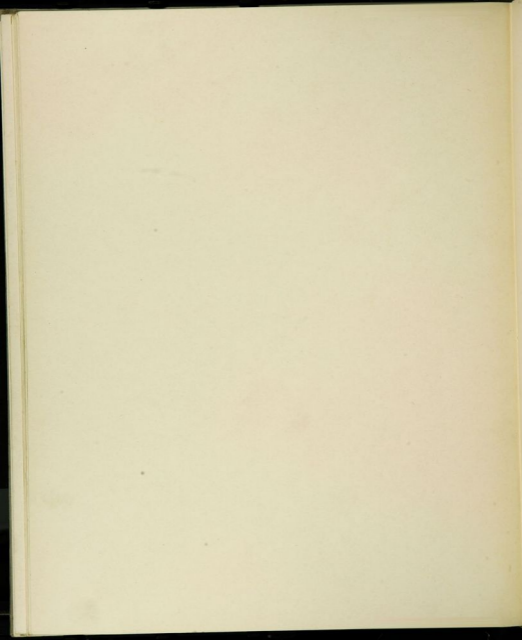
*Mother Goose's Last Little Duck.*

And thus our brief acquaintance ends;  
Nor was it all for naught,  
Henceforth not strangers we, but friends,  
Who once have met in thought.

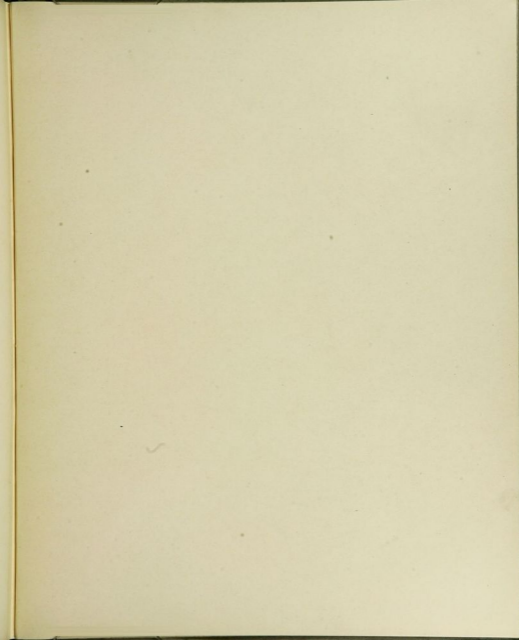


While far fails the last dim daylight,  
And the fireflies in the Twilight  
Drift about like flakes of starlight.









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