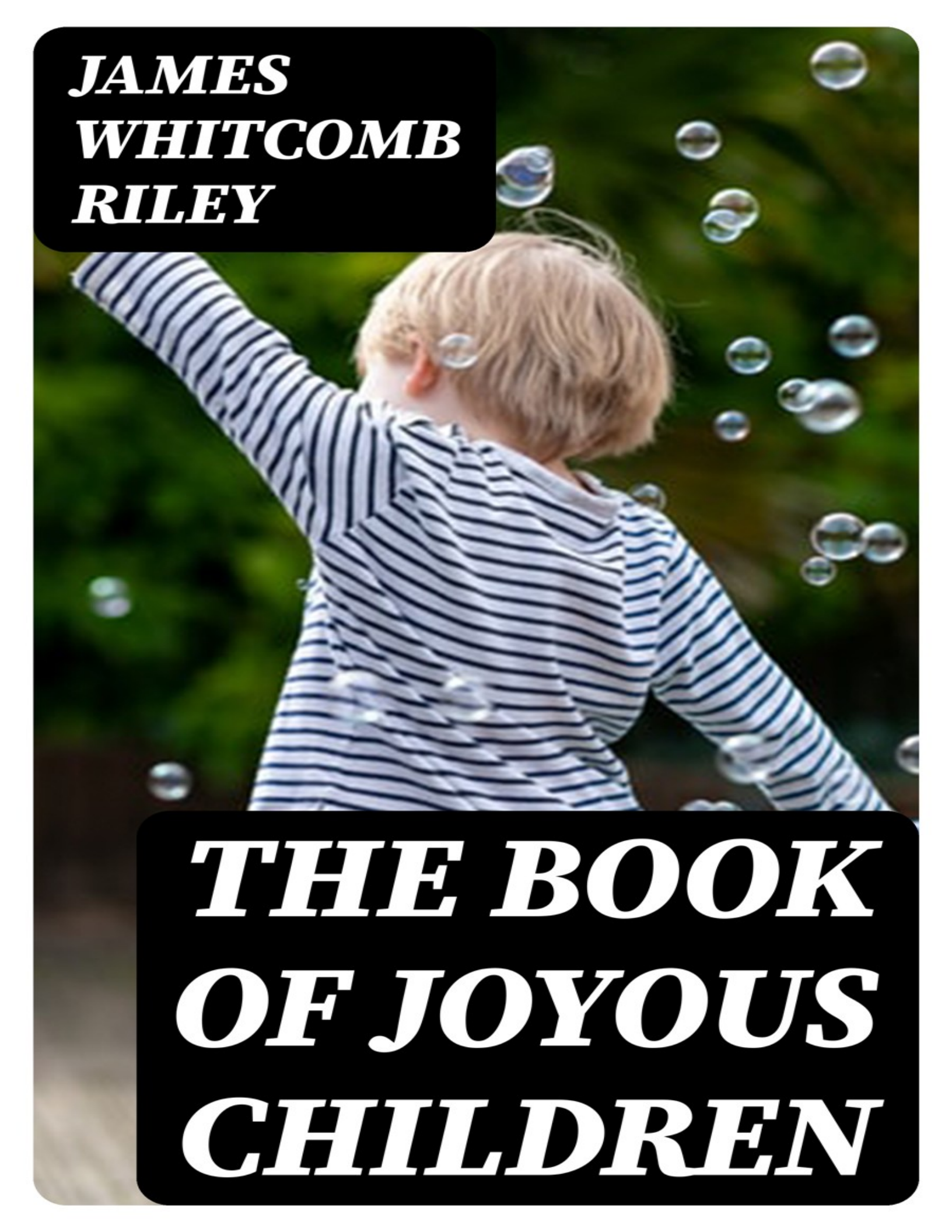




***JAMES
WHITCOMB
RILEY***

***THE BOOK
OF JOYOUS
CHILDREN***

James Whitcomb Riley

The Book of Joyous Children

EAN 8596547350668

DigiCat, 2022

Contact: DigiCat@okpublishing.info



TABLE OF CONTENTS

DREAM-MARCH
ELMER BROWN
NO BOY KNOWS
WHEN WE FIRST PLAYED "SHOW"
A DIVERTED TRAGEDY
THE RAMBO-TREE
FIND THE FAVORITE
THE BOY PATRIOT
EXTREMES
INTELLECTUAL LIMITATIONS
A MASQUE OF THE SEASONS
THOMAS THE PRETENDER
LITTLE DICK AND THE CLOCK
FOOL-YOUNGENS
THE KATYDIDS
BILLY AND HIS DRUM
THE NOBLE OLD ELM
THE PENALTY OF GENIUS
EVENSONG
"IGO AND AGO"
THE LITTLE LADY
"COMPANY MANNERS"
IN FERVENT PRAISE OF PICNICS
THE GOOD, OLD-FASHIONED PEOPLE
THE BEST TIMES
"HIK-TEE-DIK!"

THE WAR-CRY OF BILLY AND BUDDY

A CHRISTMAS MEMORY

"OLD BOB WHITE"

OLD BOB WHITE

A SESSION WITH UNCLE SIDNEY

[1869]

A DUBIOUS "OLD KRISS"

A SONG OF SINGING

THE JAYBIRD

A BEAR FAMILY

SOME SONGS AFTER MASTER SINGERS

I

II

III

IV

V

VI

OLD MAN WHISKERY-WHEE-KUM-WHEEZE

LITTLE-GIRL-TWO-LITTLE-GIRLS

A GUSTATORY ACHIEVEMENT

CLIMATIC SORCERY

A PARENT REPRIMANDED

THE TREASURE OF THE WISE MAN



When I wuz ist a little bit
o' weenty-teenty kid
I maked up a Fairy-tale,
all by myse'f, I did:—

I

Wunst upon a time wunst
They wuz a Fairy King,
An' ever'thing he have wuz *gold*—,
His clo'es, an' ever'thing!
An' all the other Fairies
In his goldun Palace-hall
Had to hump an' hustle—
'Cause he wuz bosst of all!

II

He have a goldun trumput,
An' when he blow' on that,
It's a sign he want' his boots,
Er his coat er hat:

[9]



They's a sign fer ever'thing,—
An' all the Fairies knowed
Ever' sign, an' come a-hoppin'
When the King blowed!



Wunst he blowed an' telled 'em all:
"Saddle up yer bees—
Fireflies is gittin' fat
An' sassy as you please!—
Guess we'll go a-huntin'!"



So they hunt' a little bit,
Till the King blowed "Supper-time,"
Nen they all quit.

IV

Nen they have a Banquet
In the Palace-hall,
An' ist et! an' et! an' et!
Nen they have a *Ball*;
An' when the *Queen* o' Fairyland
Come p'omenadin' through,
The King says an' halts her,—
"Guess I'll marry you!"



DREAM-MARCH

[Table of Contents](#)

"Wasn't it a funny dream!—perfectly bewild'rin'!—
Last night, and night before, and night before that,
Seemed like I saw the march o' regiments o' children,
Marching to the robin's fife and cricket's rat-ta-tat!



Lily-banners overhead, with the dew upon 'em,
On flashed the little army, as with sword and flame;
Like the buzz o' bumble-wings, with the honey on 'em,
Came an eerie, cheery chant, chiming as it came:—



*Where go the children? Travelling! Travelling!
Where go the children, travelling ahead?
Some go to kindergarten; some go to day-school;
Some go to night-school; and some go to bed!*



Smooth roads or rough roads, warm or winter weather,
On go the children, tow-head and brown,
Brave boys and brave girls, rank and file together,
Marching out of Morning-Land, over dale and down:

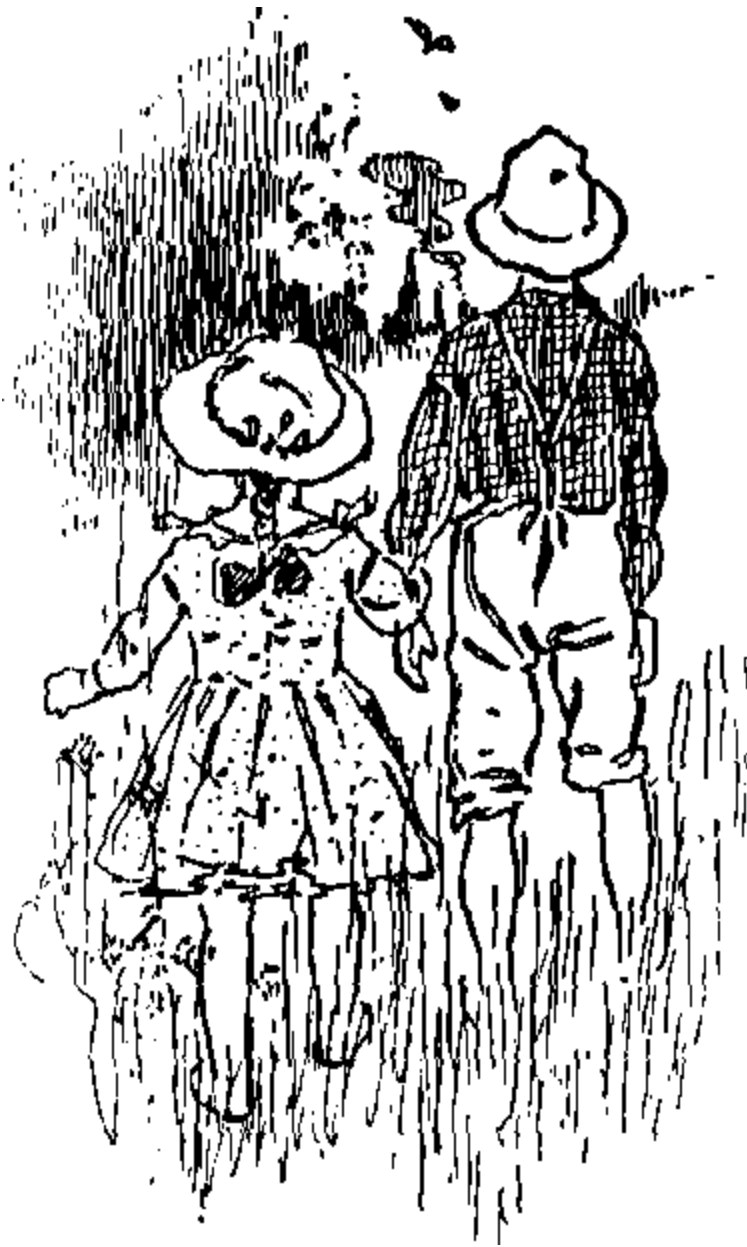


Some go a-gypsying out in country places—
Out through the orchards, with blossoms on the boughs
Wild, sweet, and pink and white as their own glad faces;
And some go, at evening, calling home the cows.



*Where go the children? Travelling! Travelling!
Where go the children, travelling ahead?
Some go to foreign wars, and camps by the firelight—
Some go to glory so; and some go to bed!*

Some go through grassy lanes leading to the city—



Thinner grow the green trees and thicker grows the dust;
Ever, though, to little people any path is pretty
So it leads to newer lands, as they know it must.
Some go to singing less; some go to list'ning;
Some go to thinking over ever-nobler themes;
Some go anhungered, but ever bravely whistling,
Turning never home again only in their dreams.

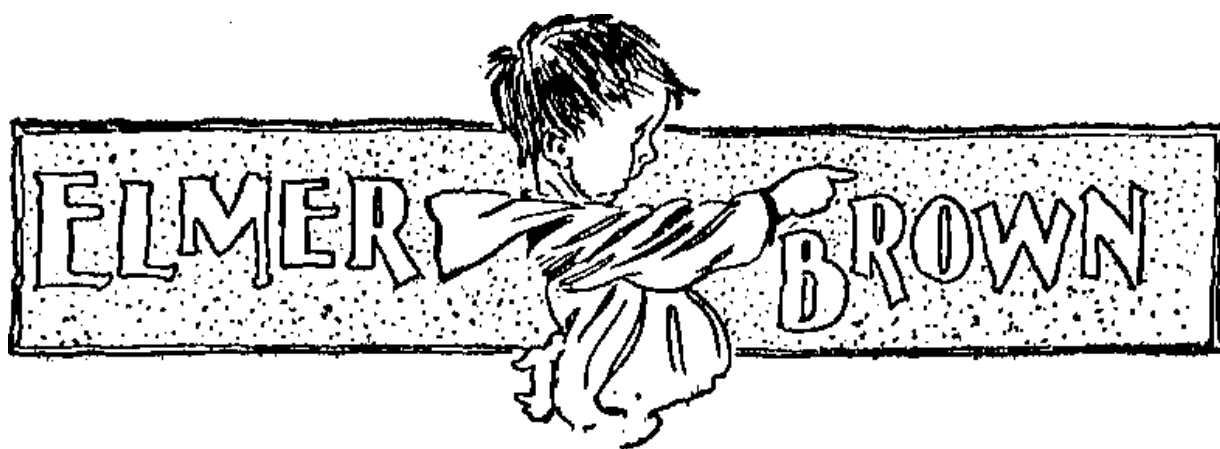


*Where go the children? Travelling! Travelling!
Where go the children, travelling ahead?
Some go to conquer things; some go to try them;
Some go to dream them; and some go to bed!*



ELMER BROWN

[Table of Contents](#)





Awf'lest boy in this-here town
Er anywheres is Elmer Brown!
He'll mock you—yes, an' strangers, too,
An' make a face an' yell at you,—
"*Here's the way you look!*"



Yes, an' wunst in School one day,
An' Teacher's lookin' wite that way,
He helt his slate, an' hide his head,
An' maked a face at *her*, an' said,—
"*Here's the way you look!*"