

THE THIRD READER

READING-LITERATURE
THIRD READER

BY
**HARRIETTE TAYLOR
TREADWELL**

AND
MARGARET FREE

**ILLUSTRATED BY
FREDRICK RICHARDSON**

**YESTERDAY'S CLASSICS
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PURPOSE AND PLAN

THOSE who have examined this book, together with the Primer and First and Second Readers, should have no difficulty in apprehending the purpose of the series,—to train children in reading and appreciating literature through *reading literature*.

The Primer contains nine of the best folk tales, true to the original, and yet written in such a simple style that children can begin reading the *real story* during the first week in school. The First Reader contains thirteen similar stories, of gradually increasing difficulty, and thirty-three of the best rhymes and jingles suitable for young children. This constitutes a *course in literature*, twenty-two stories and thirty-three child poems, as well adapted to first-grade children as are the selections for “college entrance requirements” to high-school students.

The Second Reader introduces fables and fairy stories and continues folk tales and simple poems. Others have used some of the same material in readers, but in a quite different way. Their purpose seems to have been to “mix thoroughly.” We have organized the material: a group of fables, several groups of folk and fairy stories, a group of Mother Goose, of Rossetti, of

Stevenson, and so on; so that the child may get a body, not a mere bit, of one kind of material before passing to another. Thus from the first he is trained to associate related literature and to organize what he reads.

The transition to this Third Reader will be found easy and to accord with the normal interests of the children. In prose the folk and fairy story is retained, but is merged into the wonder tale, which becomes a dominant note, while the fable gives place to more extended and more modern animal stories. The poetry begins with the group from Stevenson, whom the children have already learned to enjoy. Then follow selections from Lydia Maria Child, Lucy Larcom, Eugene Field, and a score of others dealing mainly with children's interests in animals and other forms of nature.

With these books, besides merely learning to read, the child has the joy of reading the *best in the language*, and he is forming his taste for all subsequent reading. This development of taste should be recognized and encouraged. From time to time the children should be asked to choose what they would like to re-read as a class, or individuals who read well aloud may be asked to select something already studied to read to the others. This kind of work gives the teacher opportunity to find out what is in a selection that the children like, and to commend what seems to her best.

The fact that some children voluntarily memorize a story or a poem should have hearty approval. It shows

abiding interest and enjoyment, and it is likely to give, for the young child at least, the maximum of *literary saturation*.

The authors and publishers gratefully acknowledge permission of Charles Scribner's Sons to reprint the three selections from Eugene Field's "Poems of Childhood."

—THE AUTHORS.

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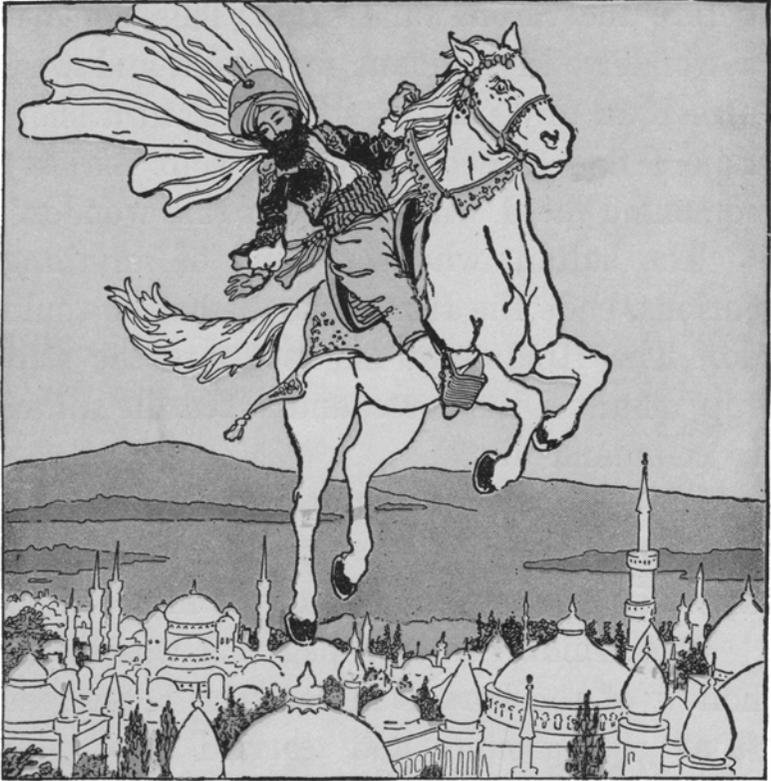
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The Enchanted Horse

In far away Persia the sultan held great feasts on the first day of the year. To one of these feasts came a Hindu with a wooden horse. It was so well made that it looked in every way like a real horse.

The Hindu threw himself upon his face before the throne, and said, "This horse is a wonder. If I mount my horse and

wish myself in any part of the earth, in a short time I find myself there. If your majesty command me, I will show you this wonder.”

The sultan, who was fond of anything curious, bade the Hindu show what he could do. The Hindu put his foot into the stirrup, mounted the horse, and asked the sultan to command him.

“Ride to yonder mountain,” said the sultan, “and bring me a branch of the palm tree that grows at the foot of the hill.”

The Hindu turned a peg that was in the hollow of the horse’s neck. The horse rose from the ground and carried his rider through the air with the speed of the wind. In a few minutes the man returned with the palm branch and laid it at the feet of the sultan. The sultan was filled with wonder and wished to have the horse.

“Sire,” said the Hindu, “I will not part with my horse unless I receive the hand of your fair daughter as my bride. This is the only bargain I can make with you.”

The people laughed at this proposal, and the prince was very angry. “Father,” he said, “I hope you will consider that an insult.”

“Son,” said the sultan, “I will not give him my daughter, but before I bargain with him try the horse yourself and tell me what you think of it.”

The Hindu was delighted to have the prince try the horse. He ran before the prince to help him mount the horse, and to show him how to guide it. But the prince mounted the wonderful horse without waiting for the Hindu to help him. He turned the peg which he had seen the Hindu use. Instantly the horse rose into the air and they were soon out of sight.

The Hindu was alarmed. He threw himself at the feet of the sultan and cried, “Sire, your majesty saw that the horse flew away so rapidly I could not tell the prince the secret of bringing him back. Let us hope that he will find the peg which will do so.”

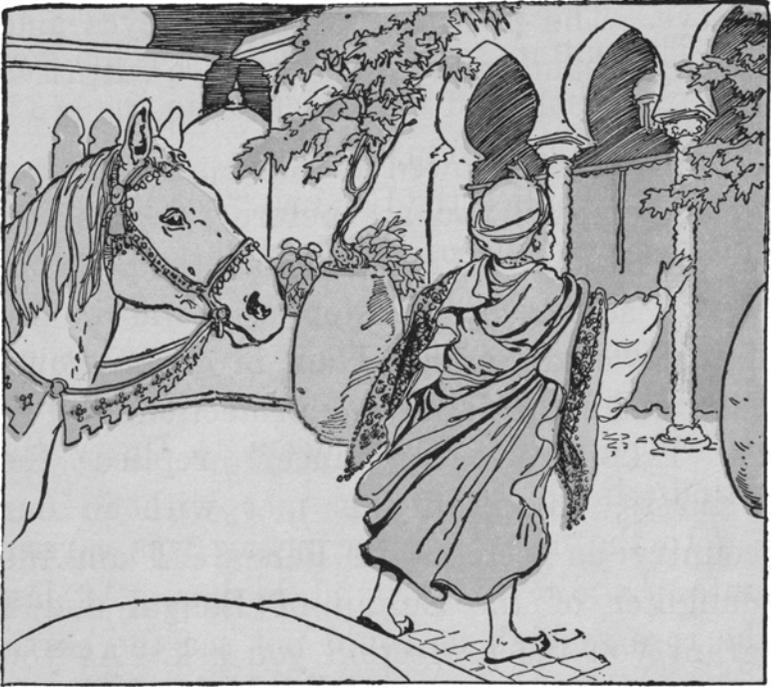
The sultan saw the danger for his son. “May he not land on a rock or in the sea?” he asked the Hindu.

“No,” replied the Hindu. “The horse will go where he wishes, and he will wish to land in a place of safety.”

“Your head shall answer for my son’s life if he does not return,” said the sultan. He then ordered his officers to throw the Hindu into prison.

In the meantime the prince was carried into the air, higher and higher. At last he rose so high he could not see the earth. It was then he began to think about returning. He turned the peg the other way, but to his horror he found that the horse rose still higher. Then he remembered he had not waited to learn how to descend. He examined the horse’s head and neck, and found a small peg behind his ear. He turned this peg and soon found that he was slowly descending.

It was dark and he did not know where he was going, but he wished he would



land in a place of safety. When the horse alighted he found himself on the roof of a grand palace. He looked about and saw a bright light shining through the curtains. He listened. All was quiet. He pulled a curtain aside and stepped in.

There on a couch lay the most beautiful maiden he had ever seen. He fell on his knees beside her and gently touched her sleeve. The princess opened her eyes

and, seeing a handsome prince, was too surprised to speak.

The prince bowed low and said, “Beautiful princess, you see before you the son of the Sultan of Persia. I have had a wonderful adventure. Yesterday I was in my father’s court, to-day I am in an unknown land and I pray for your protection.”

“Take courage, prince,” replied the princess, “hospitality is met with in our country as well as in Persia. I am the daughter of the Sultan of Bengal and I grant you the protection you ask. As you must be in need of food and rest I will order my servants to attend you.”

The next morning the princess dressed herself with great care, and sent word to the prince that she would see him. He hastened to her. After thanking her he told her all about the enchanted horse. Then he said, “I must return to my father, the sultan.”

The princess begged that he remain long enough to know something of the country.

The prince could not refuse the request and for many days there was great feasting. At last the prince saw that he must return to his home. He then begged the princess to go back to Persia with him as his bride.

The next morning they went to the roof of the palace. The prince turned the head of the horse toward Persia. He placed the princess behind him and turned the peg, and the horse once more mounted into the air. In a very short time they arrived at the capital of Persia.

The sultan was delighted to see his son again and consented to his marriage with the princess.

Then he sent for the Hindu and said, "My son has returned. Take your horse and be gone forever."

The Hindu was very angry and wished to be revenged. He mounted his horse and, snatching up the princess of Bengal, placed her behind him. Then he turned the peg and the horse rose into the air.



When the prince saw his beloved princess borne away on the enchanted horse he lost no time, but dressed himself as a dervish and started in search of her.

In the meantime the Hindu, with the princess, had arrived at the capital of Cashmere. He did not enter the city, but left the princess on a grassy spot in the woods and went to get her some food and drink. Hearing someone passing, the princess cried out for help. It was the

Sultan of Cashmere returning from the hunt. He heard the cries of the princess and went to her rescue.

The princess said, "I am a princess. This Hindu is a wicked magician who brought me here on an enchanted horse."

The sultan ordered the guard to bind the Hindu and throw him into prison. Then he took the princess to his palace. She thought, when she had told her story, that he would help her to return to Persia, but the sultan resolved to marry her himself the very next day.

At daybreak the princess was awakened by the sound of drums and bugles. The sultan soon arrived and informed her that it was a part of their marriage ceremony.

This filled the princess with horror and she pretended to go mad.

The sultan ordered the wedding to be put off until the princess was better. But the princess was too wise to get better.

The sultan sent for all the doctors in the country to cure her madness, but the

princess flew at them in such a rage that they were afraid to go near her.

The prince of Persia heard of this princess who had gone mad, and of the enchanted horse. He decided it must be the princess of Bengal. He hastened to the kingdom of Cashmere dressed as a doctor. He went to the palace and declared he could cure the princess. The sultan had given up all hope, but he allowed the doctor to see the mad princess.

When he entered the room the princess turned to fly at him. But when she saw that it was her own dear prince she fell into his arms and wept for joy. Then she told him all that had happened, and that she had only pretended to go mad.

The prince went to the sultan and said, "There is only one way to cure the princess. Some of the magic from the enchanted horse has entered into her. She must be set on the horse's back, a fire lighted around her and an incense burned in the flames. I promise you that the princess will be completely cured in a few minutes."

The next day the enchanted horse was brought into the open square. A great crowd of people gathered to see the wonderful cure. The sultan and his court were in the gallery which was built for the occasion.

The princess, dressed in a fine robe and covered with jewels, was placed on the horse. The fire was lighted and some incense thrown into it. Soon a dense cloud of smoke surrounded the princess so that she could not be seen. The prince jumped up behind her and turned the peg.

Just as the horse rose into the air the prince said, "Sultan, if you would marry a princess, you must first get her consent."

That same day they arrived in Persia, where they were married and lived happily ever after.

—*Arabian Nights.*



Aladdin and His Lamp

Aladdin lived with his mother in a large city of Persia. His father had been a tailor and had left them very poor.

One day when the lad was playing in the street a stranger passed by. This stranger was a magician from Africa. When he saw Aladdin he thought, “This boy will serve me.” He asked the boy’s companions about him and his father. Then, taking the boy

aside, the stranger said, “Are you not the son of Mus-ta-pha the tailor?”

“I am, sir,” said Aladdin, “but my father has been dead many years.”

The stranger threw his arms around the lad and kissed him many times. “I am your uncle,” he said. “Your father was my own brother. I have been out of the country and did not know of his death.” He then gave Aladdin a handful of money and sent him home.

Aladdin ran home to his mother and, when he told her about it, she said, “Your father had a brother but he is dead.”

The next day the magician found Aladdin again. This time he put two pieces of gold into his hand and said, “Carry this to your mother and tell her that I will come to see her to-night.”

That night during supper the magician talked much of his brother and told Aladdin that he would take a shop for him. Then the widow believed that he was her husband’s brother.

Next day the magician bought Aladdin a fine suit of clothes and took him all over the city. Then they went a long way into the country. At last they came to the mountains. The magician said, "Gather some sticks and I will kindle a fire and show you something wonderful."

Aladdin did as he was bid. Then the magician took some powder from his girdle, threw it on the fire, and said some magic words. The earth trembled and opened before them. And there lay a flat stone with a brass ring in the middle.

"Beneath this stone lies a treasure which is to be yours," said the magician, "but you must do just as I tell you."

Aladdin grasped the ring and, saying the names of his father and grandfather as he was told, he lifted the stone.

"At the bottom of these steps you will find a door," said the magician. "It will lead you into a place divided into three halls. In each of these halls you will see four large brass cisterns filled with gold

and silver. But do not meddle with them. Above all things do not touch the walls with your clothes or you will die instantly. These halls lead into a garden of fine fruit. Walk on until you come to a lighted lamp set in a niche. Take the lamp down and bring it to me.”

The magician then drew a ring from his finger and gave it to Aladdin. “It is a charm to guard against all evil,” said he, “so long as you obey me.”

Aladdin found everything just as the magician had said. He put the lamp in his waistband and started back. Going through the garden he noticed that on the trees were fruits of all colors. Some were white, some clear as crystal, some red, some green, some blue, some purple, and others yellow. The white were pearls, the crystal were diamonds, the red were rubies, the green were emeralds, the blue were turquoises, the purple were amethysts, and the yellow were ambers.

Aladdin loaded himself with all these riches and returned to the mouth of the

cave. As soon as he saw the magician he cried out, "Pray, uncle, lend me your hand to help me out."

"Give me the lamp first," said the magician.

"I can not give it to you now," answered Aladdin, "but I will as soon as I am up."

The magician, who thought only of the lamp, said, "You must give me the lamp first."

And Aladdin, whose arms were full of the fruit, answered, "I can not give it to you unless you help me out first."

At this the magician flew into a passion. He threw some powder on the fire, said some magic words, and the stone rolled back into its place. When he saw he could not get the lamp, he left Persia and returned to Africa.

Aladdin remained in the cave without food or drink two days, crying and wondering what to do. At last he clasped his hands in prayer. In so doing, he rubbed the ring which the magician had given him. A great



genie rose out of the earth saying, “What would’st thou have? I am the slave of the ring and will obey thee in all things.”

“Deliver me from this cave,” cried Aladdin. Immediately the earth opened and Aladdin found himself outside. He went home to his mother, showed her the lamp and the colored fruit, and told her all that had happened. He was faint from hunger, but the widow had no money to buy food.

“I will go and sell the lamp and the money will buy us food for breakfast and dinner,” said Aladdin.

His mother said, “The lamp is very dirty. If I clean it you can get more for it.”

But no sooner had she begun to rub it than the genie of the lamp appeared and said, “What would’st thou have?”

“Bring us something to eat,” said Aladdin boldly.

The genie disappeared and immediately returned with a silver plate full of rich meats, two silver cups, and two bottles of wine.

Thus Aladdin and his mother lived for many years.

One day the Sultan ordered that every one was to stay at home and close his shutters while the princess passed by.

Aladdin was seized with a desire to see her face. So he peeped through the shutters. As the princess went by she lifted her veil, and Aladdin saw her face.

Then he went and told his mother that he loved the princess, and that he could not live without her. He begged her to go to the emperor and ask for his daughter in marriage. So, to please her son, the mother took some jewels for the emperor and set out, trusting in the lamp. She went every day for a week and stood in the same place before the emperor. The sixth day he called her to him and asked what she wanted. She knelt before the throne and told him of her son's love for the princess. Then she gave him the jewels.

The emperor was surprised to see so many large and beautiful jewels. He looked at them a long time. Then he exclaimed, "Is not this present worthy of the princess? Shall I not give her to the one who sends it?" Turning to the poor widow, he said, "Good woman, go home and tell your son that I can not marry the princess to any one for three months. At that time come again."

When the three months were over Aladdin again sent his mother to the

emperor. He said, "Your son must first send me forty basins of gold brimful of jewels, carried by forty black slaves, led by forty white ones, all richly dressed."

"I would do more than that for the princess," answered her son when his mother told him the emperor's demand.

He called the genie and in a few moments forty black slaves and forty white ones set out for the palace, followed by Aladdin's mother. Entering the palace, they knelt before the emperor.

"Good morning," said the emperor, "return and tell your son I wait for him with open arms."

When the mother told Aladdin, he called his genie and said, "I want a fine robe, a white horse harnessed in gold and jewels, and twenty slaves to attend me. Beside this I want six white slaves to attend my mother, and ten thousand pieces of gold for the people along the streets."

It was no sooner said than done. When the emperor saw Aladdin, he came down



from his throne to meet him. He then led him into the hall, where a wedding feast was spread. The emperor intended to marry him to the princess that very day.

But Aladdin said, “I must first build a palace for the princess.” He called his genie again and said, “Build me a palace of the finest marble set with jasper and agate and precious stones. In the center build me a great hall with a dome, whose walls must be of silver and gold. Each side must have six windows set with diamonds and

rubies. There must be stables, and horses, and slaves, and a treasure house filled with gold and silver.”

The next day the palace was finished. The princess said good-bye to her father and set out for Aladdin’s palace. She was followed by a hundred slaves and a band of musicians. Four hundred pages with torchlights led the procession.

Aladdin met her and took her by the hand and led her into the great hall. The princess was charmed with him. After the wedding there was much feasting, singing and dancing.

Aladdin was always loving to his bride and generous to the people. Every time he went out he took two slaves to throw handfuls of money among them. He was made general of the army and won several battles. Thus he lived happily for several years.

By that time the magician in Africa had learned of the escape of Aladdin with the magic lamp. Immediately he set out for

Persia. When he reached the city he found that Aladdin had gone hunting for eight days. This gave him plenty of time. He bought a dozen copper lamps, put them into a basket and went to the palace crying, "New lamps for old ones."

The princess sent a slave to learn what the man was calling. Then she said, "There is an old lamp here which he may have."

Now this was Aladdin's magic lamp and the magician knew it was the one he wanted, because all the others were gold and silver. He took it eagerly and hurried out of the city.

When it became dark he drew the lamp from his breast and rubbed it. The genie appeared and the magician said, "I command thee to take me and the palace with all its people to Africa."

The next day the emperor looked out of the window toward the palace, and rubbed his eyes, for it was gone. Then he knew that all had been done by magic, and he flew into a great passion. He sent thirty

men to bring Aladdin to him in chains. They met Aladdin riding home, bound him and carried him back to the emperor, who commanded him to be put into prison. At that the people, who loved Aladdin, raised a great cry and demanded that his life be spared.

Aladdin then begged for forty days in which to find the princess, and he said, “If in that time I do not find her, I will return for my punishment.”

Aladdin’s wish was granted and he went forth to find his bride. After three days of search he knelt down to pray. In doing so he rubbed the magic ring, and immediately the genie of the ring appeared. “What would’st thou have?” asked the genie.

“Save my life and bring my palace back,” replied Aladdin.

“That is not in my power,” said the genie. “I am only the slave of the ring. You must ask the slave of the lamp.”

“Then,” said Aladdin, “take me to the



palace and set me down under the window of the palace of the princess.”

He at once found himself in Africa. The princess heard his call, she opened the window and Aladdin entered.

After shedding tears of joy, Aladdin asked about the old lamp. The princess told him that she had changed it for a new one, and that the next thing she knew she

was in Africa. “The man who has the lamp is here,” she said, “and wishes me to marry him. He said my father had beheaded you.”

Aladdin then told her to order supper as soon as the man returned. Then he gave her a powder and told her to put it into the magician’s cup. The princess did just as Aladdin had told her. The magician drank from the cup and fell from his chair. Then Aladdin rushed in, took the lamp from the magician’s bosom and rubbed it. The genie appeared.

“I command you to get the palace back to Persia,” said Aladdin.

The next morning the emperor looked out of the window. He rubbed his eyes in wonder, for there stood the palace as before.

After this Aladdin and the princess lived in peace. When the emperor died, Aladdin and the princess ruled together for many years.

—*Arabian Nights.*

Sinbad the Sailor

My father was a rich merchant of Persia and left me a fortune, which I quickly spent. I soon grew tired of an idle life, and my love for adventure made me take to the sea. I joined a company of merchants, and we fitted out a sailing vessel. We went from island to island buying and selling goods.

One day we landed on an island covered with trees, but we could see neither man nor beast. We walked about picking fruit and eating it. At last, growing tired, I sat down under a tree and fell asleep. I cannot tell how long I slept, but when I awoke the ship was gone.

I rushed to and fro and cried in my despair. I climbed a tall tree and gazed toward the sea, but I could see nothing except sky and water. Then I turned toward



the land and, in the distance, I saw a large white object.

I came down from the tree and set off for it as fast as I could. It was a great white ball, as smooth as ivory, and seemed fifty paces around. I went to the other side to see if there were an opening, but I found none.

All of a sudden the sky became dark, as if covered by a thick cloud. I looked up and saw a large bird flying toward me. I had heard sailors speak of a large bird called the roc. I crept close to the large white ball. The bird settled upon it and covered it with her wings. I now knew the ball was a roc's

egg. Before me was one of the legs of the bird, which was as large as the trunk of a tree. I took off my turban and tied myself fast to the leg. I hoped the bird would carry me from this lonely island.

The next morning the bird flew off. It carried me so high that I could not see the earth. Then it came down so fast that I lost my senses. When I opened my eyes, I was in a deep valley surrounded by high mountains which reached into the clouds.

The mountains were so steep and rocky that I could not climb them. The valley was covered with dazzling diamonds of great size. I wandered about all day hunting a way to escape. When night came, I crept into a small cave and blocked the entrance with stones.

The next day something fell on the ground beside me. I looked and saw a large piece of raw meat. Then several more pieces rolled over the cliff. I soon understood this. Some merchants were throwing the meat from the rocks above.

This fell upon the sharp points of the diamonds, which stuck into it. Then, when the rocs carried the meat to their nests on the cliff, the merchants frightened them away and picked the diamonds from the meat. I watched this a little while. Then I thought of a way of escape.

I filled my wallet with the largest diamonds. Then I tied a large piece of meat to my back and lay down upon my face. I soon heard the flapping of wings, and a roc caught me up with the meat and carried me to his nest.

The merchants rushed to get the diamonds. They were much surprised to find me. I told them my story, showed them my diamonds, and gave them each one.

I stayed with the merchants till they were ready to go home. Then we traveled many days across high mountains until we came to the sea, where we set sail. At last we reached Persia, and I settled down to enjoy my riches.

—*Arabian Nights.*

The Land of Nod

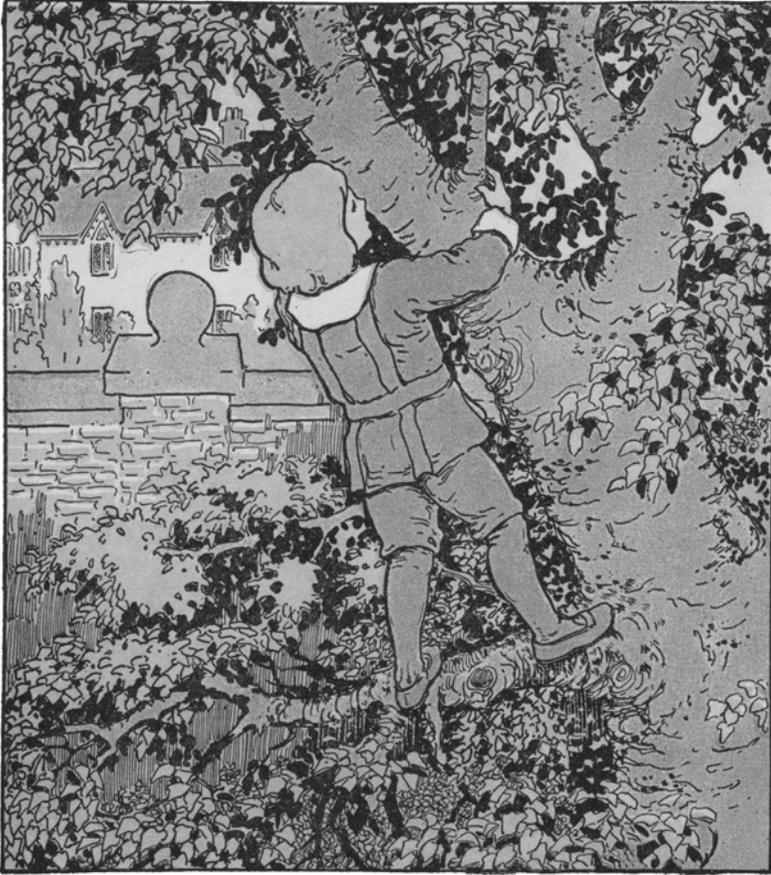
From breakfast on through all the day,
At home among my friends I stay,
But every night I go abroad
Afar into the land of Nod.

All by myself I have to go,
With none to tell me what to do—
All alone beside the streams
And up the mountain sides of dreams.

The strangest things are there for me,
Both things to eat and things to see,
And many frightening sights abroad
Till morning in the land of Nod.

Try as I like to find the way,
I never can get back by day,
Nor can remember plain and clear
The curious music that I hear.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*



Foreign Lands

Up into the cherry tree
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next door garden lie,
Adorned with flowers, before my eye,
And many pleasant places more
That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass
And be the sky's blue looking-glass;
The dusty roads go up and down
With people tramping into town.

If I could find a higher tree
Farther and farther I should see,
To where the grown-up river slips
Into the sea among the ships,

To where the roads on either hand
Lead onward into fairy land,
Where all the children dine at five,
And all the playthings come alive.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

The Land of Counterpane

When I was sick and lay a-bed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bed clothes, through the
hills;

And sometimes sent my ships in
fleets
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

Marching Song

Bring the comb and play upon it!
Marching, here we come!
Willie cocks his highland bonnet,
Johnnie beats the drum.

Mary Jane commands the party,
Peter leads the rear;
Feet in time, alert and hearty,
Each a Grenadier!

All in the most martial manner
Marching double-quick;
While the napkin like a banner
Waves upon the stick!

Here's enough of fame and pillage.
Great commander Jane!
Now that we've been round the
village,
Let's go home again.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.



The Land of Storybooks

At evening when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can
 spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the
 woods,
These are my starry solitudes;
And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lion comes to drink.

I see the others far away
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

So when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear land of Storybooks.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*