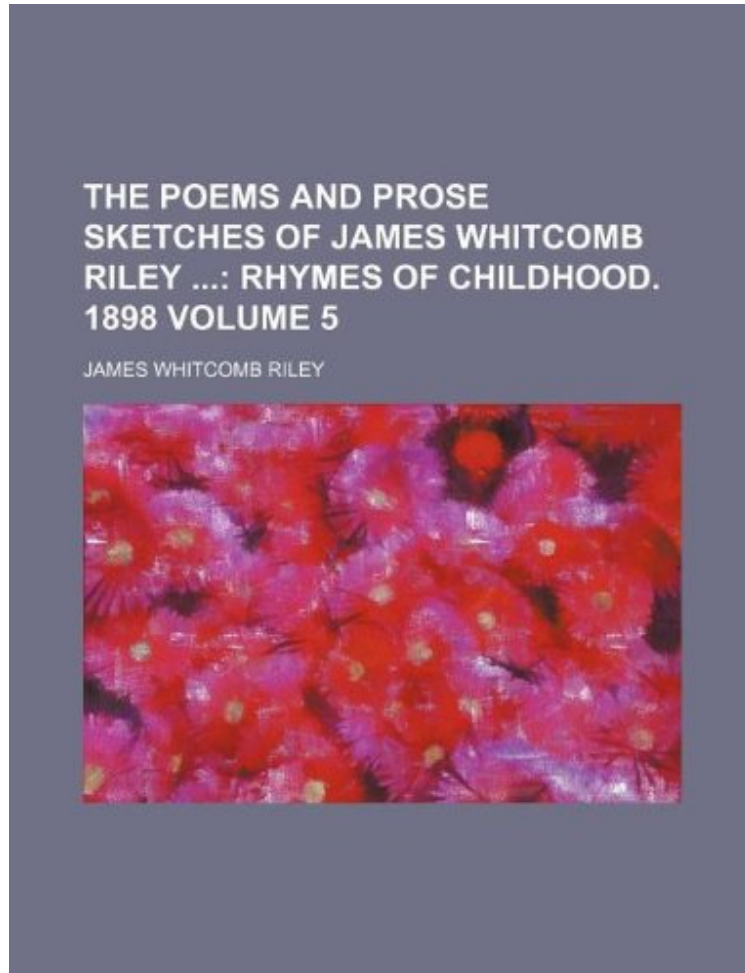


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James Whitcomb Riley

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[E-BOOK] The Poems and Prose Sketches of James Whitcomb Riley Volume 5; Rhymes of childhood. 1898

The Poems and Prose Sketches of James Whitcomb Riley Volume 5; Rhymes of childhood. 1898

James Whitcomb Riley : The Poems and Prose Sketches of James Whitcomb Riley Volume 5; Rhymes of childhood. 1898 before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Poems and Prose Sketches of James Whitcomb Riley Volume 5; Rhymes of childhood. 1898:

This historic book may have numerous typos and missing text. Purchasers can download a free scanned copy of the original book (without typos) from the publisher. Not indexed. Not illustrated. 1898 Excerpt: ...all the town, With his lips curved ever upward and his eyebrows ever down, And his chief attention paid to the little mule that played A tattoo on the dash-board with his heels, in the Parade. Oh! the Circus-Day Parade! How the bugles played and played! And how the glossy horses tossed their flossy manes and neighed, As the rattle and the rhyme of the tenor-drummer's

time Filled all the hungry hearts of us with melody sublime! THE OLD HAY-MOW The Old Hay-mow's the place to
play Per boys, when it's a rainy day! I good 'eal ruther be up there Than down in town, er anywhere! When I play in
our stable-loft, The good old hay's so dry an' soft, An' feels so fine, an' smells so sweet, I 'most ferget to go an' eat. An'
one time onc't I did ferget To go tel dinner was all et,--An' they had short-cake--an'--Bud he Hogged up the piece Ma
saved fer me! Nen I won't let him play no more In our hay-mow where I keep store THE OLD HAY-MOW An' got
hen-eggs to sell,--an' shoo The cackle-un old hen out, too! An' nen, when Aunty she was here A-visitun from
Rensselaer, An' bringed my little cousin,--he Can come up there an' play with me. But, after while--when Bud he bets
'At I can't turn no summersetts, I let him come up, ef he can Ac' ha'f-way like a gentleman! JOHN TARKINGTON
JAMESON John Jameson, my jo John! Ye're bonnie wee an' sma'; Your ee's the morning violet, Wi' tremblin' dew an'
a'; Your smile's the gowden simmer-sheen, Wi' glintin' pearls aglow Atween the posies o' your lips, John Jameson, my
jo! Ye hae the faither's braidth o' brow, An' synes his look benign Whiles he hings musin' ower the burn, Wi' leestless
hook an' line; Ye hae the mither's mou' an' cheek An' denty chin--but O! It's maist ye're like your ain braw sel', John
Jameson, my jo! JOHN TARKINGTON JAMESON...