

Wells Carolyn

Children of Our Town



Carolyn Wells
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FLYING KITES

A blustering windy day's just right
For boys who want to fly a kite;
And it affords the greatest joy
To make and use the pretty toy.

But Aged Duffers, do not try
A large-sized paper kite to fly;
You could not manage tail or string,
And ten to one you'd spoil the thing.

BOATS ON THE LAKE

A morning full of happiness any boy may find
By sailing boats upon the lake, if he is so inclined;
The wind it drives them out to sea, he pulls them back, and
then
They jerk and struggle to be free – away they go again!
They wobble-wobble as they sail, and sometimes they upset,

Of course he reaches out for them, – of course he gets quite
wet.

But Aged Grandsires, if you must sail boats in Central Park,
Play properly, don't splash yourself, and run back home ere
dark.

AT CONEY ISLAND

See proud Belinda smartly dressed
In all her flaunting Sunday best;
With muslin hat and ruffles big
She cannot comfortably dig.

Ask her if she would like to play, —
She will not answer either way;
She'll only shake herself, and then,
Just pout and grin and pout again.

Dear Grandams, meekly learn from this,
How very ill-advised it is
To don a costume fine and grand
When you go playing in the sand.

Instead of your bespangled net,
Or moire velvet edged with jet,
Just wear a gingham, simply made,
So you can tuck it up and wade.

IN CENTRAL PARK

In Central Park, along the Mall,
We see the gay goat-carriage crawl;
With little boys and girls inside,
Enjoying their exciting ride.

Right willingly each nimble steed
Exerts his very utmost speed;
And o'er the smooth hard road they race
At something like a turtle's pace.

But stout old men and portly dames,
Pray, do not urge your rightful claims;
And even though you have the price,
Listen, I beg, to my advice.

Do not insist on getting in
The little carriage for a spin;
You'd not look picturesque at all
Careering up and down the Mall.

THE FIRST OF APRIL

'Tis taught by philosophic schools
The human race is mostly fools.
And once a year you see this truth
Able set forth by jocund youth,
Who broach the tenets of the creed
Plainly that he who runs may read.

But Aged Idiots, 'tis not meet
For you to run along the street,
And with a manner bold and sly
Pin tags on ladies passing by,
Or sit upon the curb and look
For fools to snatch your pocket-book.

PLEBEIAN

Lucinda's tastes are so depraved;
She likes to play and romp
With children poor and ill-behaved,
Who boast no style or pomp.

Their costumes are not quite correct,
They have no pretty tricks;
Lucinda! pray be more select,
In higher circles mix.

PATRICIAN

Ah, sweet Lucinda, best of girls,
How quick to take advice.
Behold her with unpapered curls,
And frock so rich and nice!

Her haughty stare! Who would suppose
That dress would change her so
Oh, blessed influence of fine clothes,
How much to thee we owe!

QUARRELSOMENESS

Dear lady-readers of whatever age,
Look backward and with me enjoy this page.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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