

# Over the Hills and Far Away

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**By Ida Mary Griffin**

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# OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY

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SAULSBURY PUBLISHING COMPANY,  
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DEDICATED TO  
MY LITTLE DAUGHTER

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*Who doth yet abide  
In the years where fairies hide.*



## INTRODUCTION

HOPE I may be very dear  
And live with you at least a year,  
But that I may keep clean and bright  
Please put me in my place at night  
For Fate is sometimes very hard  
On books left outdoors in the yard,  
A rain can stick their pages tight  
Or swell their covers like a fright.  
No matter how you try, too late,  
You never can resuscitate,  
I'll not be fit for your book-shelf  
And must dwell ever by myself.





## OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY



VER the hills and far away  
Castles loomed up great and gray,  
Brave true knights and ladies gay  
Lived in them, that yesterday.

Castles now have crumbled away,  
Few are left in the world to-day.  
Men have changed and so have they,  
Castle customs could not stay.

A little kingdom in a hall,  
An empire bounded by a wall.  
In each was room, although so small,  
For Virtue's grace or Vice's thrall.

The drawbridge swung, the portcullis fell,  
The sentinel proclaimed, "All's well,"  
As dews and damp of evening fell  
Over the forest and the dell.

Now, smile not at their taking pains.  
The highways, then, were only lanes,  
And some were eager for the gains  
That wealth, not worth, sometimes attains.

Each Saxonthane withstood the Dane,  
That they loved liberty was plain.  
They sang the songs of Alfred's reign  
And dreamed of being free again.

While only monks and nobles read,  
The songs decried the man of greed.  
The ballads and the stories plead  
The cause of Justice be decreed.

They told or sang how Robin Hood  
Went roaming through the great Sherwood,  
A hundred archers with him stood  
To punish wrong and serve the good.

Were wantonly the poor oppressed  
By them the knave would be repressed;  
Full many grave wrongs were redressed  
At Robin's Merry Men's behest.

The wandering minstrel went about  
Always welcomed with a shout;  
And it is true, beyond a doubt,  
He carried more than songs about.

A King, who would a throne retrieve  
Put papers up a minstrel's sleeve  
Who, then, was fain to make believe  
He only gave, nor did receive.

A boy, at seven, was a page,  
A squire, at fourteen years of age,  
At twenty-one, possessed of courage,  
He was given a knight's entourage.

The vows they took were true and keen,  
In keeping them none could be mean.  
But in fulfillment, proof was seen—  
The same is true to-day, I ween.

Now, man need not be dubbed a knight,  
Nor wear an armor, burnished bright,  
To prove his worth and stand for right.  
All men are knights 'gainst rule of might.

The castle served another day  
Over the hills and far away.  
The humblest has the right to-day  
To be a knight in his own way.

Through all ages men brave and true  
Have done the things 'twas best to do;  
Despite the might, their courage grew,  
The many gained what lost the few.

Pages, squires and knights so gay  
Went on Crusades in that day,  
Over the hills and far away  
They sallied forth in fine array.

Judean hills were far ahead,  
O'er deeps and steeps the pathways led,  
The great cause for which they bled  
Its halo o'er the centuries shed.



## THE TWINS

WINKLE TWEE and Dimple Dee

Dwell together playfully,  
And they have such jolly mates  
Chuckle Chee and Gurgle Gee,  
Who, altho they live behind,  
And their dwelling's hard to find,  
Always join the other twins  
When the romp and play begins.

When the twins are all abroad  
Then the game goes gleefully.  
Though the first two lead the same,  
The others are lurking near  
And their merriment you'll hear,  
As around about they race  
Over baby's shining face.

Then, as they all older grow  
More sedately, to, they go.  
And, though they are treasures rare,  
You will come to know meanwhile  
Dimple Dee's become a smile.  
Empires have been won or lost  
As she in the game was tossed.



Chuckle Chee and Gurgle Gee

Grow into a laugh, you see  
Twinkle Twee, eyes kindly light.

All of them will help you work,  
Never were they known to shirk.

So continue little one,  
To invite them to the fun.





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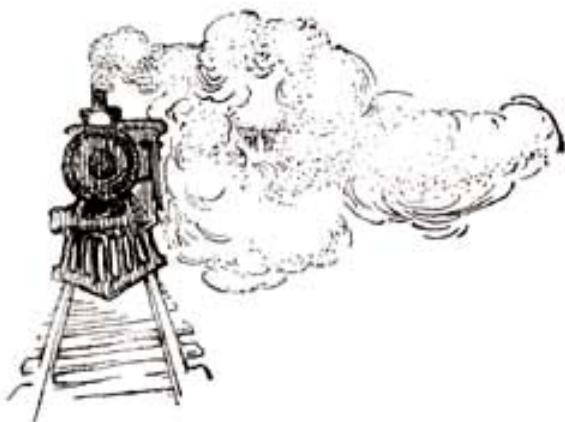
Oh, the English language  
Is so hard to spell,  
I am sure that never,  
Shall I do it well.



If you do not think so  
Tell me what to do,  
There are so many ways  
Just to spell oo oo.

Here is a telegram  
They tell me was sent  
By an engineer in trouble  
When no jokes were meant.

"Number two  
Blew a flue  
Going through  
Kickapoo,  
What would you  
Have me do?"  
—"Donahue."





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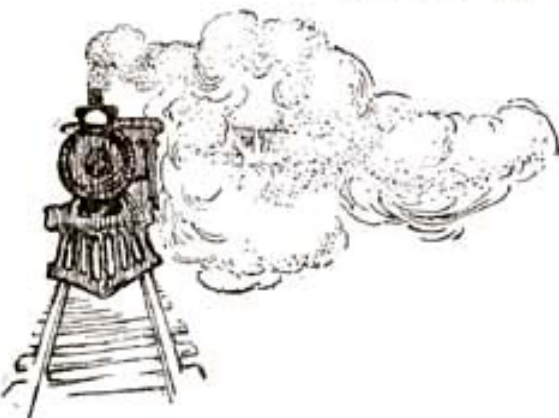
## PLANTS

PLANTS like folks, in families live,  
We also surnames to them give,  
According to the way they grow,  
Or any habits that we know.  
Would you think the bright tomato  
Cousin to the brown potato?  
Who is such a miserly grouch,  
He hides beneath the ground his pouch  
To make us dig all his treasure.  
Tomato says, "fill your measure."  
Now, each of these is famine's foe,  
But it is well for us to know  
All are not. Deadly night-shade, too,  
And tobacco some men chew,  
Are cousins and are useful, too,  
In helping insects to subdue;  
That earth may be a pleasant place  
Made better for the human race.



## TIME AND TRAVEL

WHEN my great-grandsire went abroad,  
In heavy chaise with four,  
He boasted that with speed so great  
No one could wish for more.



When my grandsire, in course of time,  
Came into man's estate;  
He had to catch the 8:15  
Or else he would be late.

My father says, "there is no use  
To dodge the issue true,  
You've got to have your own machine  
If any thing you'd do."

And now, it is so very plain  
That I shall have to fly,  
And travel not as my forbears,  
But 'twixt the earth and sky.





## A WISH

WISH my dearest dolly  
Wore her own-est hair,  
Then she would not, so often,  
Look just like a scare.

“But I ’spose that’s wicked,  
’Cause it’s very plain  
Wigs must save my dolly  
Such a lot of pain.

“If I only had one,  
Wouldn’t mama jump  
If, when she pulled the hardest,  
My hair’d come off, kerplunk?”





## SEASONS

**WHEN** the boys come home enquiring,  
    "Where's my bat and where's my ball,  
Where's the mitt, the glove, the face-shield,  
    Guess I'll have to sew, that's all."

When they fall to work like tigers  
    Pulling thread and needle through  
All the oldest gloves and mittens  
    Trying hard to make them do,

Then, I know that spring is coming  
    Just as sure, as though I'd see  
All the robins and the violets  
    Making curtsies unto me.



And, when Autumn's cooler breezes  
    Chase away the Summer's heat,  
We've no need of nuts and pumpkins  
    To name seasons on our street.

Boys come trooping from all quarters  
    And the football is brought out,  
Blowed and laced, and sent a-flying  
    For a friendly little bout.

Harbingers of games in earnest  
On the gridiron to be played,  
Where each boy, on some eleven,  
Hopes to make successful raid.



# THE BLESSED LAND



**I**n the Isle of Borneo,  
It is always hot, oh,  
Palm trees wave to and fro,  
Fruits and flowers always grow,  
Scented breezes ever blow,  
On the Isle of Borneo.

In the land of ice and snow,  
It is always cold, oh,  
There the largest icebergs grow,  
There the seal and walrus go,  
And the whale comes up to blow,  
In the land of ice and snow.

In the blessed land I know,  
It is both or neither, oh,  
Tingling ears and freezing toe  
While we skate or coasting go;  
Then we picnic or we row  
While the heated breezes blow,  
In the blessed land I know.





## SUSY LOU

UT of love for aunties two,  
They named the baby, Susy Lou.  
Soon she became a target, too.  
For good intentions aunties brew.



Aunt Susy was a rare athlete  
And knew no such thing as defeat.  
She thought her joy would be complete  
If little Sue all records beat.

Now, auntie Lou inclined to go  
The other way, and have her know,  
To knit, to cook, to tat, to sew,  
And daub her chubby hands with dough.



Thus, baby had so much to do  
To prove she was a namesake true,  
Her parents learned the day to rue  
On which they named her Susy Lou.





## WOULD YOU?

HOW would you like a Christmas  
Without any ice or snow?  
Yet that is just the Christmas  
Many little children know.

There's the land of palm and vine  
Where it's summer all the time.  
No merry sleigh-bells mingle  
Music with the Christmas chime.

If you go on traveling  
Your faces toward the south,  
You find the Fourth and Christmas  
Just the other way about.

And, while it would not matter  
Very much to you and I  
The poor folk, who live there,  
Keep not the Fourth of July.





## PEGGY AND I

PEGGY and I are comrades quite,  
Though Peggy is a little mite  
And I, oh, I would have you know,  
I passed the telling long ago.

Peggy and I are comrades dear,  
Though Peggy has not lived a year,  
While I have journeyed from afar  
And near the twilights restful hour.



Peggy and I are comrades gay,  
No matter what others say  
Of years nor yet of avoirdupois;  
'Tis loving hearts make comrade joys.





## OUR SHIPS

LOUD-SHIPS floating in the blue,  
One for me and one for you;  
Now, are laden with white wool  
Soft and fleecy brimming full.

Let's see which one will float best  
To its harbor in the west,  
Where the sun, Alchemist old,  
Turns their cargoes into gold.





## TAKING TURNS

HE winter day was sinking to rest,  
The round red sun hung low in the west,  
When Donald tired of books and play  
At the window watched the close of day.

The sun looked so friendly and so near,  
As if at something it would peer.  
"Why is the sun stooping over so  
"Please," said Donald, "I'd like to know?"

His mother answered as mothers do,  
"Now little question-box, what think you?"  
Donald's answer was ready quite soon,  
"The sun is stooping to call the moon."



## AWAY FROM HOME

**R**LOSSIE was a coal-black kitten,  
And you would have thought her crazy  
With the fear of being lazy,  
Had you seen her play.

Brownie was a little mousie—  
Very hungry for his luncheon,  
Hunting something he might munch on,  
Came in kitty's way.

Flossie watched him all the morning.  
Brownie longed for home and quiet,  
But when he essayed to try it—  
Kitty had a lunch.

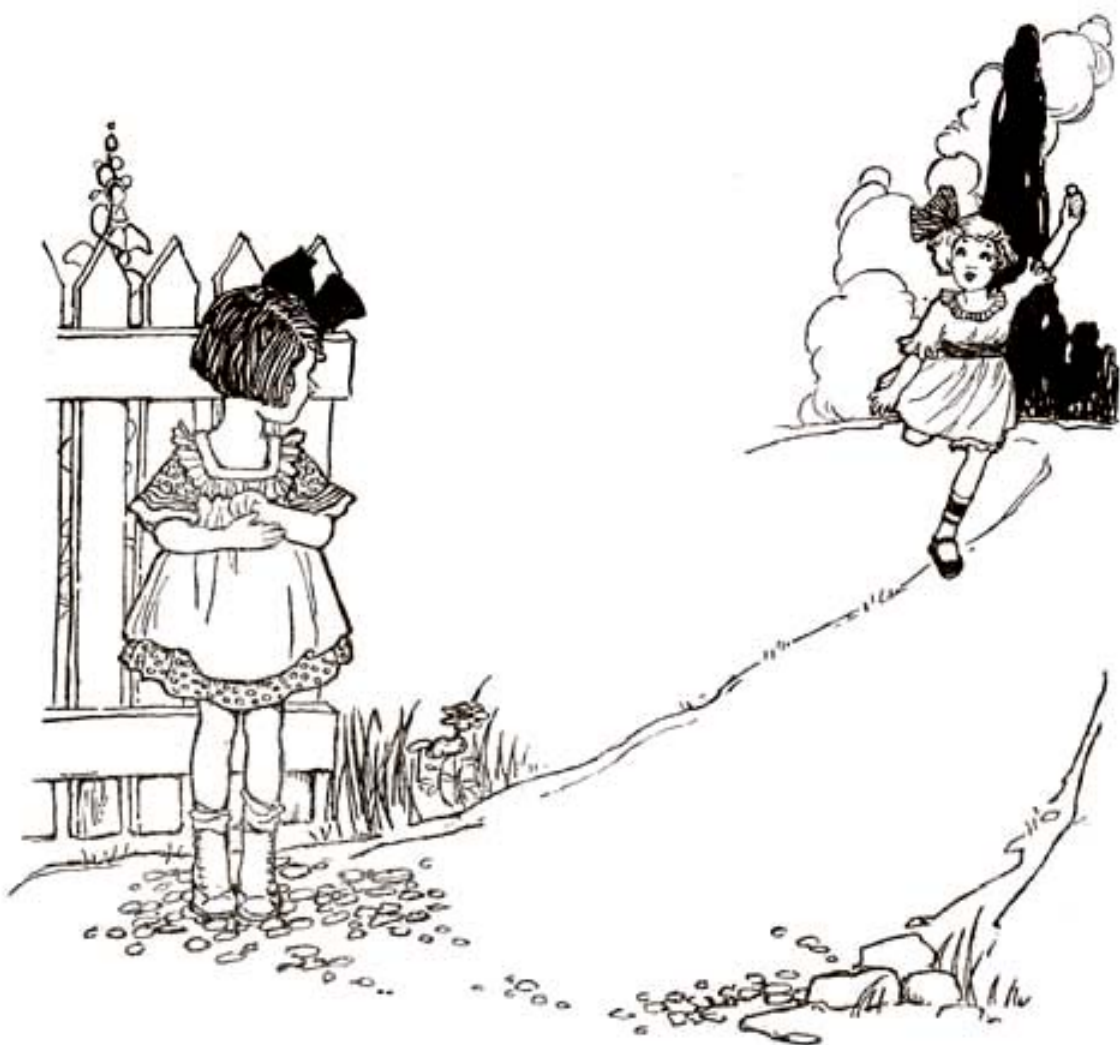


## THE LITTLE BOTANIST

HE little botanist wanders afield  
To gather the treasures nature may yield.  
With laden arms he comes joyously back,  
But when he would learn of them, alack,  
"The names are too hard," he cries in dismay,  
"I never could learn a name a day."

Then his mother comes to the rescue quick  
And teaches him the secret of the trick.  
"The little green leaves you see at the base  
Are calyx, or cup, and like a rose in a vase  
Within you will see the corolla, or crown;  
While stamens and pistils within both are found.  
And now, you can name the four parts of a flower  
Though mother and you have talked scarce an hour."





M

### SAVINGS

AMA says to save the pennies,  
And as sure as I'm alive,  
I have only just been counting  
And I have not saved, but five.

There's the post card to grandma,  
Grandma lives so far, you know,  
And she'd never know I love her  
If I did not tell her so.

There's the little store where pennies  
    Go the very longest way,  
Buying wonderful big pieces  
    Of sweet things every day.

Wonder how the merry rich men  
    Ever made and saved so much,  
Guess they did not buy lolly-pops  
    And so very much of such.

Now, there comes my dear friend Florence  
    Going for an ice-cream cone  
And the five, I have been saving,  
    Will just buy one of my own.

Will soon be 'lowance day again,  
    Then I'll have a shining dime.  
Guess I will just begin saving  
    In some other better time.





## THE SPRING BRANCH

IVE busy boys with sisters two,  
Once a beautiful spring-branch knew,  
Sailed on it fleets of tin-can boats  
With sugar-bag sails gaily afloat.  
Tiny waterfalls came tumbling down  
Cornstalk water-wheels whirled around,  
They pumped no water, ground no meal  
But were admired more than an utility wheel.

A footbridge span made a pleasant seat  
For those who came to watch the fleet,  
A minnow pool at the root of a tree  
Made harbor safe for boats not at sea.  
They thought all things had come their way  
Naught but maneuvers the live long day.  
One night a cloud burst, and what a plight,  
The fleet washed away in a single night.

They found boats upturned in bushes high  
Where the water had hung them up to dry.  
The loss was immense, their grief intense,  
Rebuilding was their recompense.  
They learned to rise above defeat,  
That one could enjoy rebuilding a fleet.



## XMAS

MAS time is coming  
Children cry in glee  
Mistletoe and holly  
Everywhere we see.

Folks with smiling faces  
Go about their work  
Most amazing secrets  
In each corner lurk.

Mother is so busy  
Giving her advice,  
We are never certain  
Just what is nice.

There is just one present  
We and father get,  
But mother always says,  
"Oh, the nicest yet."

Xmas trees all sparkling  
Wait for Santa Claus  
To come 'twixt dark and daylight  
And put on the toys.

Happy, weary children  
Are tucked into bed,  
Plans to peep or listen  
In each little head.

But when it is morning  
And each eager one  
Affirms he laid awake  
Santa's work is done.

Oh, but it is glorious  
Just a child to be  
When mistletoe and holly  
Everywhere you see.



# THE WAIL OF THE YOUNGEST SON



DO not mind my mother's cuff  
Nor even daddy's whippings,  
It's when the older ones annoy  
And mother calls them each "my boy,"  
That life's bereft of all its joy.





## A PARODY

PUT away the little dresses,  
That the boy was wont to wear,  
He will need them in life never,  
He has made one step toward care.

Next, must go the curls that cluster  
All around his brow so fair;  
For a boy in trousers, never  
Should be seen with girlish hair.

Anxious is he for the changes,  
Thinks the birthdays go so slow,  
Checks the days as they are passing,  
Thinking they'll be hastened so.

As they pass, may fairer laurels  
Crown where curls now cluster 'round,  
And may all the boyish wishes  
As near realized be found,

As they ever are, when leaving  
Days of make-believe and fun  
For the days when work in earnest  
Really, truly, must be done.



## THE LITTLE MOTHER

H, you little dolly,  
    Dirty as a pig,  
I shall have to dress you  
    In another rig.

Then I'll have to take a day  
    Washing all your clothes;  
Oh, the many troubles  
    Only mother knows.

But, when Christmas coming  
    I write to Santa Claus,  
I always add a dolly  
    To my list of toys.



## LULLABY

SING low, 'tis baby's by-low hour,  
The dew is now upon the flower,  
The busy bee has ceased to hum,  
The little singing birds are dumb;  
Sing low, it is baby's by-low hour.

Sing low, 'tis baby's by-low hour,  
The crescent moon hangs in the west,  
All nature's seeking needed rest,  
And baby, who is nature's pet,  
Is all the one to struggle yet;  
Sing low, it is baby's by-low hour.

Sing low, 'tis baby's by-low hour,  
The eyelids droop, the feet are still,  
And, though it is against his will,  
He cannot longer keep away  
The sleep that comes at close of day;  
Sing low, it is baby's by-low hour.





THE-END





The End.



