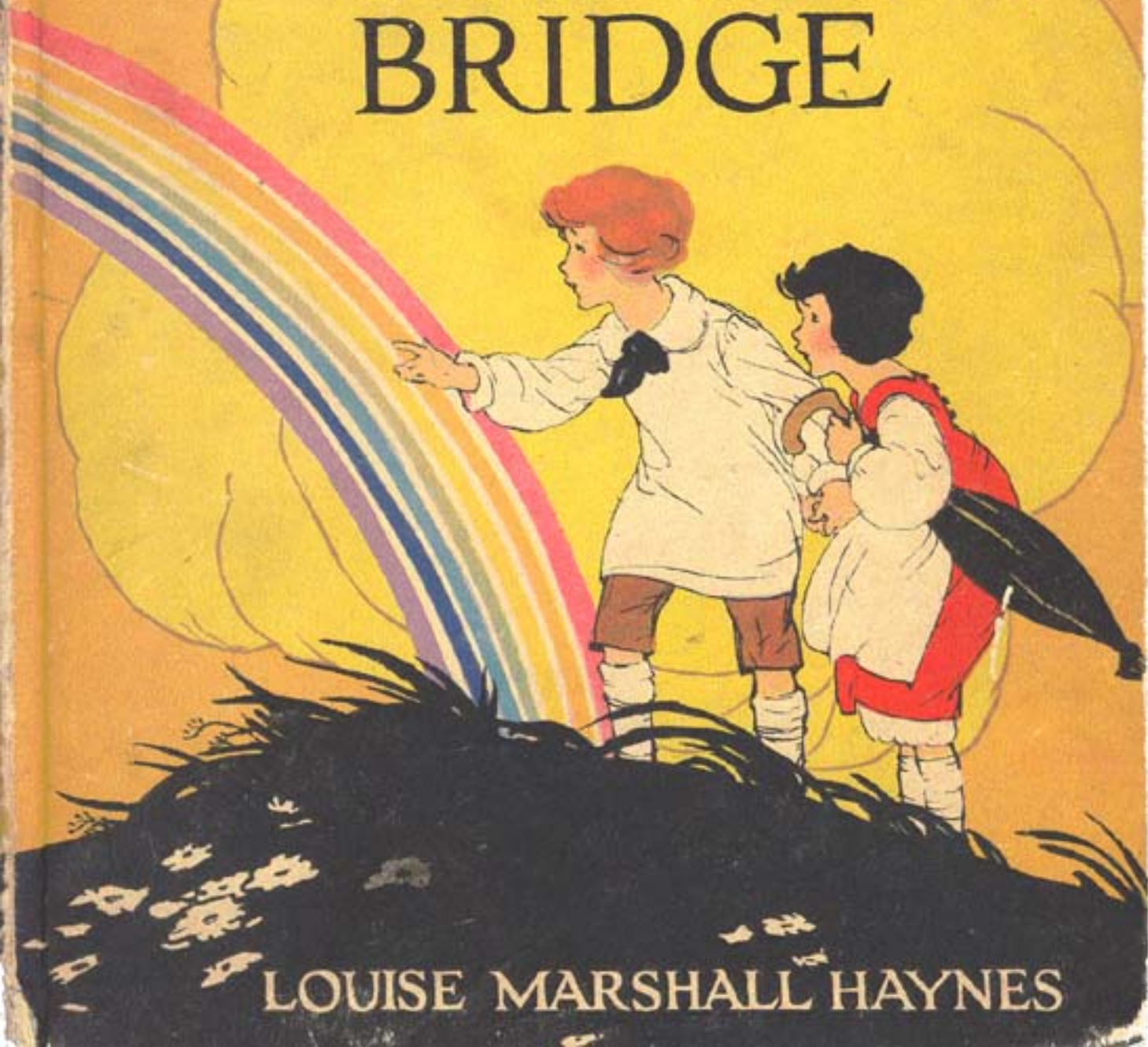


# OVER *the* RAINBOW BRIDGE



LOUISE MARSHALL HAYNES

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1920

DO COME !  
*Oh, who will join the happy band  
Of little children, who, hand in  
hand,  
Run laughing over the shining sand  
Into the country of Playtime Land,  
OVER the RAINBOW BRIDGE?*





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To  
All good mothers, so dear and wise,  
And little children with shining eyes.



# OVER *the* RAINBOW BRIDGE

*Written by*  
Louise Marshall Haynes

*Illustrated by*  
Carmen L. Browne



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## A THOUGHT

The strangest thought just came to me,  
As I was playing by the sea:  
The children of far foreign lands  
Must play like me in their sea sands,  
And though I'd not know what they say,  
We play the same way every day.





## MY PLAYMATE

I have the finest kind of fun  
By playing hide and seek with one  
That I have never even seen;  
Now you can't guess who 'tis I mean!  
Down in a rocky glen we play  
On every pleasant sunny day,  
And when I'm hidden out of sight  
I call "He! Hoo"! with all my might.  
And how he finds me I can't think,  
But just as quickly as a wink,  
"See you", my little friend calls out,  
As joyfully as he can shout;  
And though we play so happily,  
My little friend I never see,  
And don't believe you ever will,  
For he's the echo on the hill!



## UNLIKE COLUMBUS

We played we were Columbus, brave,  
My brother Ned and I,  
And climbed the mast of our big ship  
Till we could see the sky.

We called our boat the "Pinta," too,  
And had the finest time  
(It really was an apple tree,  
With limbs not hard to climb).

But when we saw America,  
A distant land ahead,  
We had no chance to claim it then,  
'Cause Nurse called us to bed.



## A SHOCK

A wee brown seed I found one day  
And planted in the ground,  
I knew it must be very rare,  
It was so smooth and round.

Each day I went to look at it  
And give my seed a drink;  
I watched the leaves appearing, till—  
Whatever do you think?

It grew so wonderfully tall,  
That clever little seed—  
I showed it to our gardener-man,  
He laughed and said: "A weed!"



## FLOWER CLOTHES

I take my little china doll  
And to the garden go,  
I fit her there to hats and gowns,  
But do not need to sew.

Our garden tailor has them all,  
Just fitting, ready made—  
The dresses are such pretty ones  
I wish they would not fade.

The fallen hollyhocks make gowns  
Of colors soft or gay,  
And dolls may have so many kinds  
All through a summer day.

A blade of grass will make a sash  
And pretty necktie, too.  
But best of all—on flower clothes  
I've not a stitch to do!



## WHEN WE GROW UP

When Mother makes my birthday cake,

She lets us scrape the dish,

And eat the batter, oh, so sweet!—

But never all we wish.

And when it's done, and on the top

The lighted candles blink,

Of course, it is just beautiful,

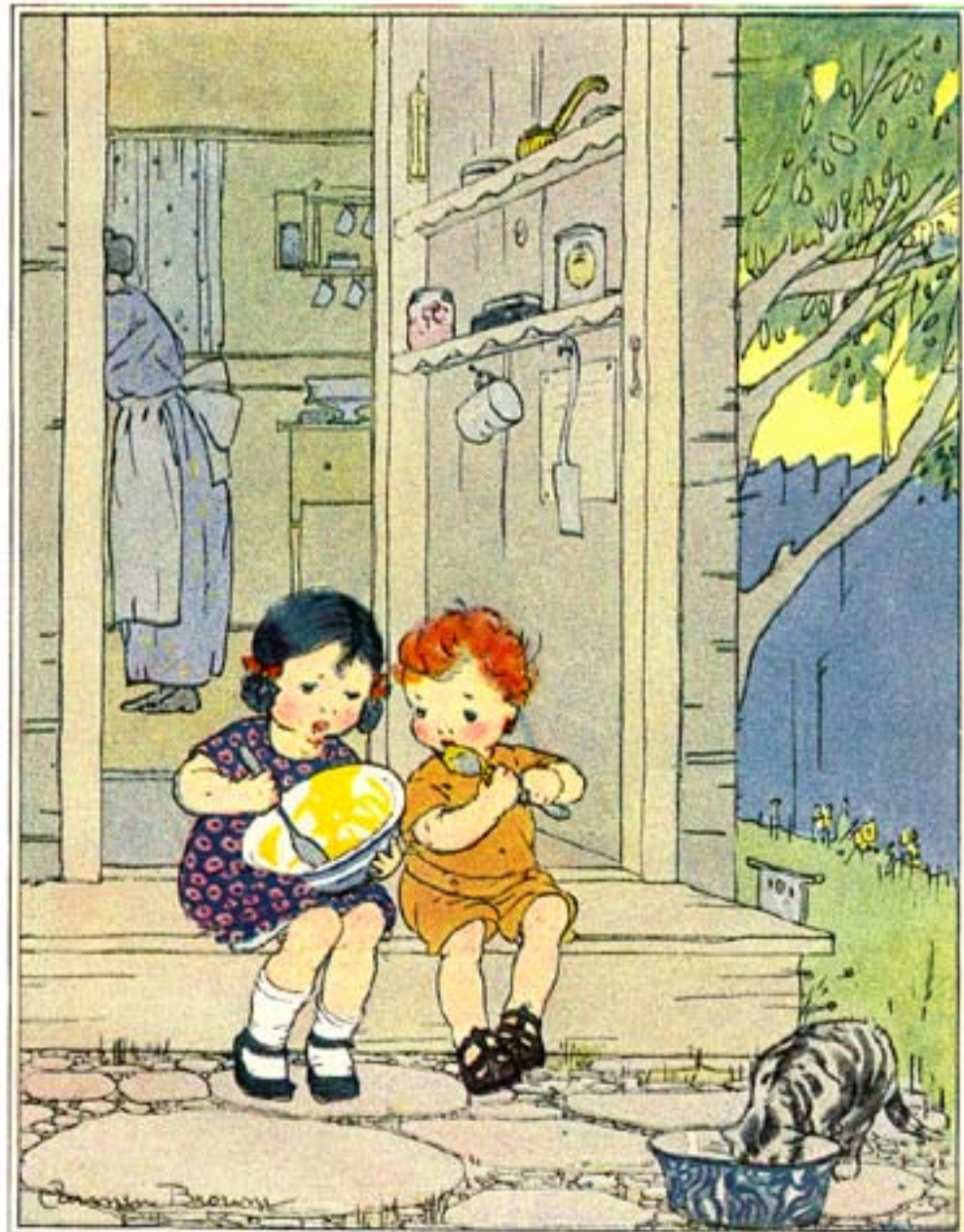
But sister and I think,

When we are big and learn to cook

We'll make all kinds of cake,

And never wait till they are done,

But eat them 'fore they bake!



## THE WIND CHILD

I hear someone calling whenever winds blow,  
And somebody knocks at the window so;

Who-o-o-o?

'Tis my playmate, the wind child, I wish she  
could stay,

I hear her call out, as she hurries away:

"You-u-u-u!"

I beg her to stop just a minute or two,  
She echoes my words, when I call out "Oh, do!"

"Do-o-o-o!"

Sometimes I don't notice that she is around,  
She creeps up so softly, not making a sound.

"Boo-oo-oo!"

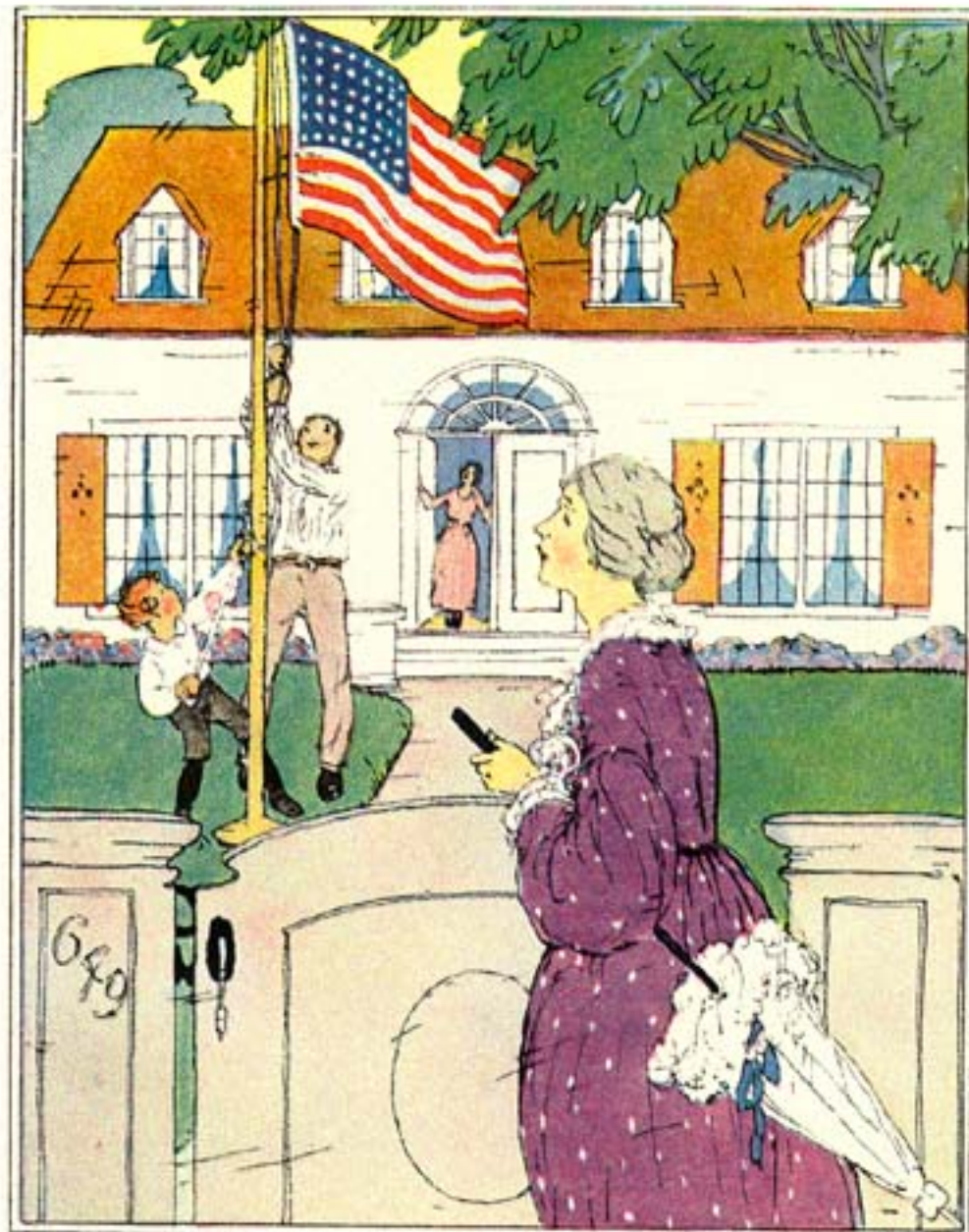
She shouts it, and whistles in greatest of glee,  
I know she just loves to play this way with me,

Too-o-o-o.



## OUR FLAG

I love to help my father raise  
Our flag upon all holidays  
Our country's flag, so good and true;  
I love the red and white and blue:  
It floats above our home and trees,  
And shows its colors in the breeze.  
Then everyone who passes by  
And sees our flag against the sky  
Salutes it there, with reverent eye,—  
Our country's flag that floats on high!



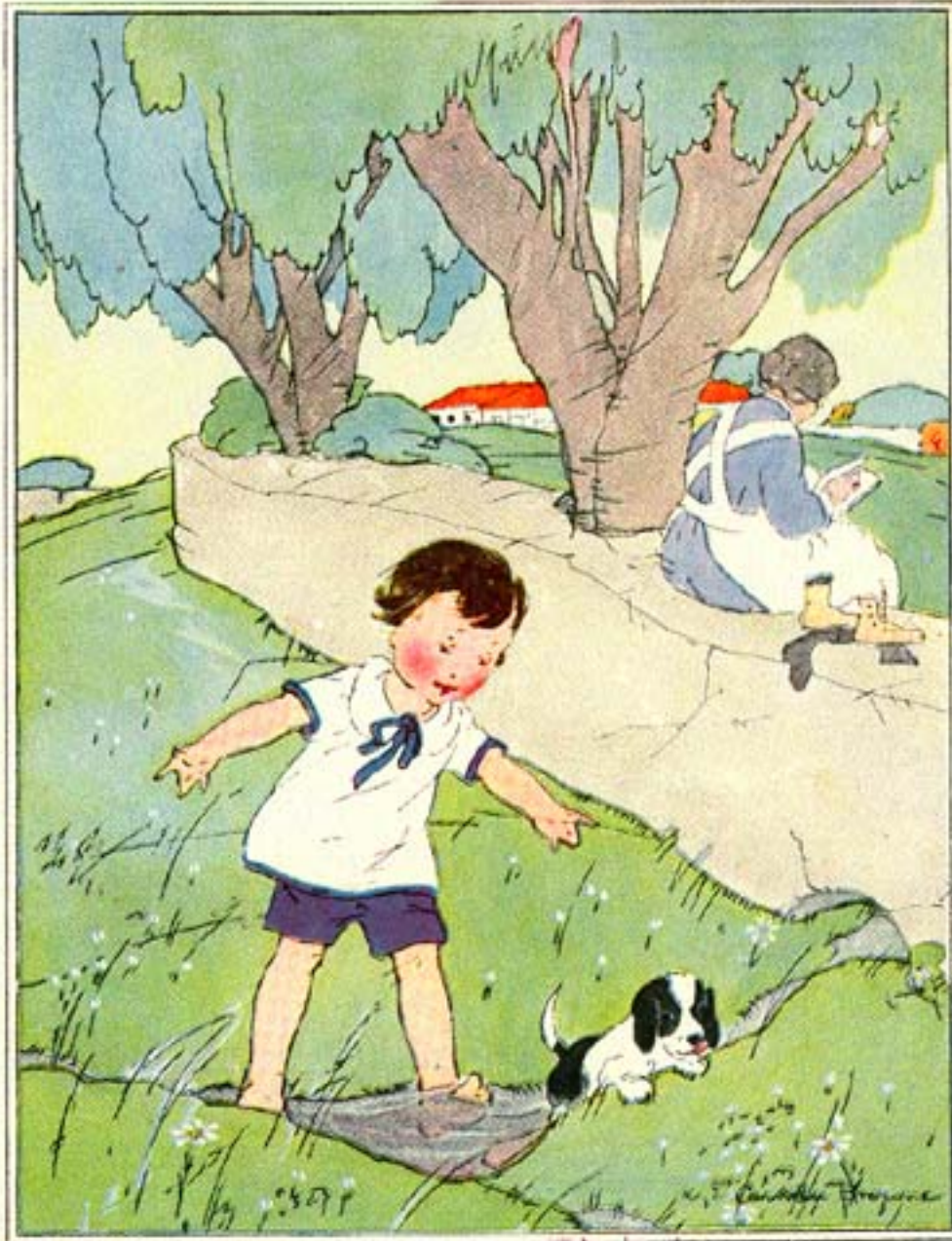
## BAREFOOT FUN

Sometimes upon a sunny day,  
My nursie, as a treat,  
Will let me run about and play  
Awhile in my bare feet.

The slippery grasses tickle so  
I have to squeal and run,  
But if I find a puddle, then,  
It is the greatest fun.

I play my toes are little frogs  
That wiggle in the pool,  
And make deep hollows in the sand  
That feels so soft and cool.

But nursie calls me very soon,  
So there's no time to lose,  
It makes me wish that I were poor  
And hadn't *any* shoes!





## PANSY FACES

Each pansy has a smiling face  
To greet me when I go  
To work among them with my spade,  
And help to make them grow.  
But if my face gets streaked with dirt,  
Their smiles then seem so wide,  
I drop my little spade in shame  
And run away and hide.



## THE RAINBOW

The flowers I pick all fade so fast,

I hate to see them go;

But once I heard a lovely tale,

I wonder if you know,—

An Indian child told it to me,

She said, "When flowers die

They bloom again in colors soft

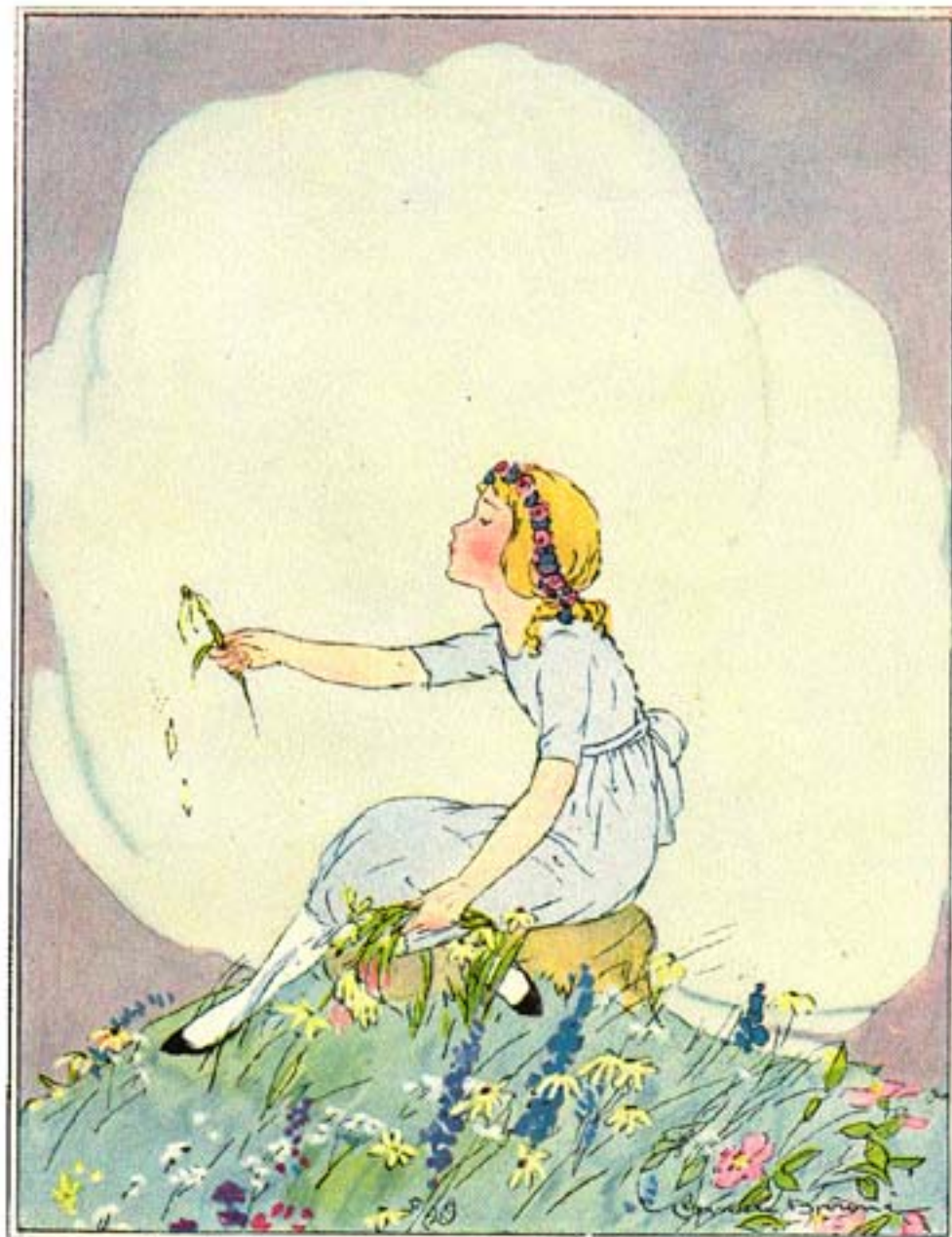
As rainbows in the sky."

So now I wait for showers to come

To see my flowers again

As heavenly blossoms, shining bright—

I wonder when 'twill rain!



## NEAT LITTLE STITCHES

Upon my wall a sampler hangs,  
All safe within its frame;  
Great-grandma worked it, when a child,  
It tells her age and name.

And that was how she learned to sew  
A little, every day—  
Each stitch was made so carefully,  
Before she went to play;  
To make my stitches small like hers  
My very best I try,  
So my grand-children will be just  
As proud of me bye-'n'-bye.



## MOTHER KNOWS

I wonder how the mother hen  
Knows what her chickens say;  
I listened hard, but I can't tell  
Although I tried all day.

And when my little kitty mews,  
Her mother seems to see  
Just what to do to comfort her;—  
She's clever as can be.

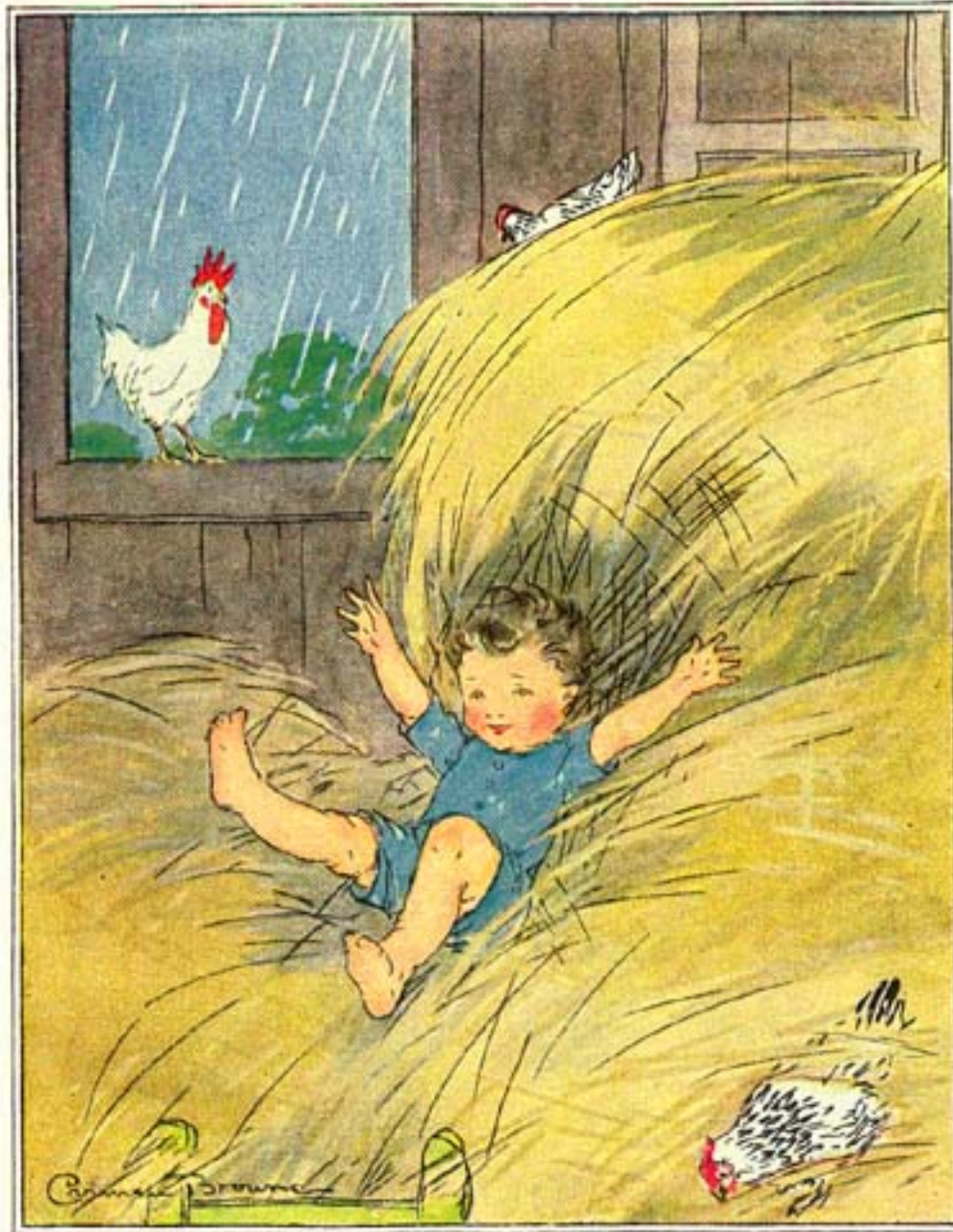
But my own mother's just the same  
And knows the things to do—  
It seems so wonderful to me,  
Now doesn't it to you?



## ON RAINY DAYS

On rainy days I love to play  
In our big barn, up in the hay,  
And hear upon the roof the patter  
Of merry raindrops, as they spatter  
And slide, and run in rainy glee—  
It is a happy sound to me.

Inside, the crickets chirp all day,  
As, hidden in the fragrant hay,  
They sing to all who may be near,  
Their joyous little chirps of cheer.  
So that is why I love to play  
Out in the barn, each rainy day.

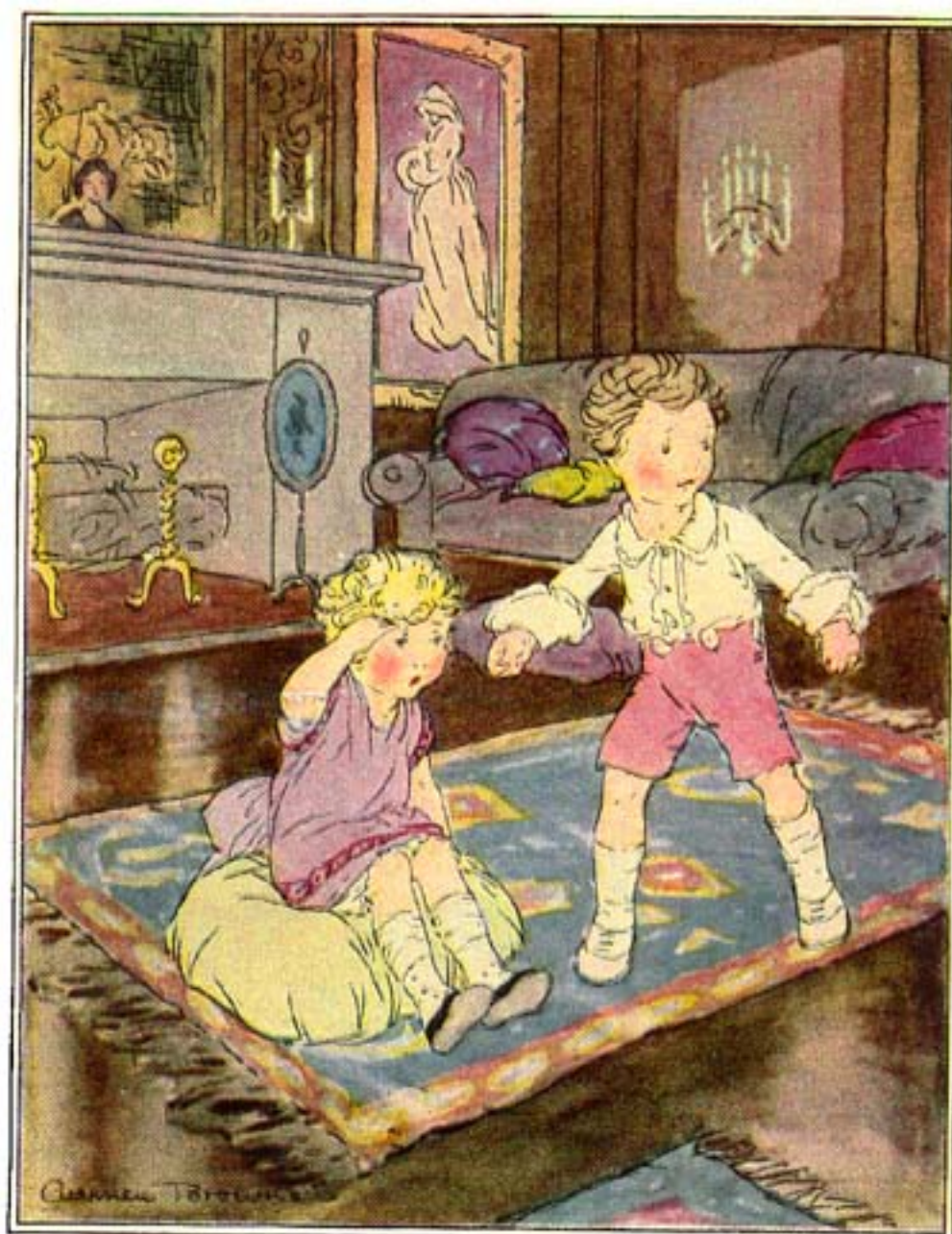


## SHIP AHOY!

Sister and I hop carefully

From one rug to another,  
And never on the polished floors,  
Although I, clumsy brother,  
One day did fall right on the floor  
And had to swim so fast,  
Till sister threw a rope to me  
And rescued me at last.

Our new nurse thinks we're wonderful  
To walk so carefully  
And never mar the polished floors—  
It's 'cause she cannot see  
That rugs are rocks and ships with sails,  
And bare floors are so deep,  
If we fell in we'd likely drown!  
And that is why we leap.



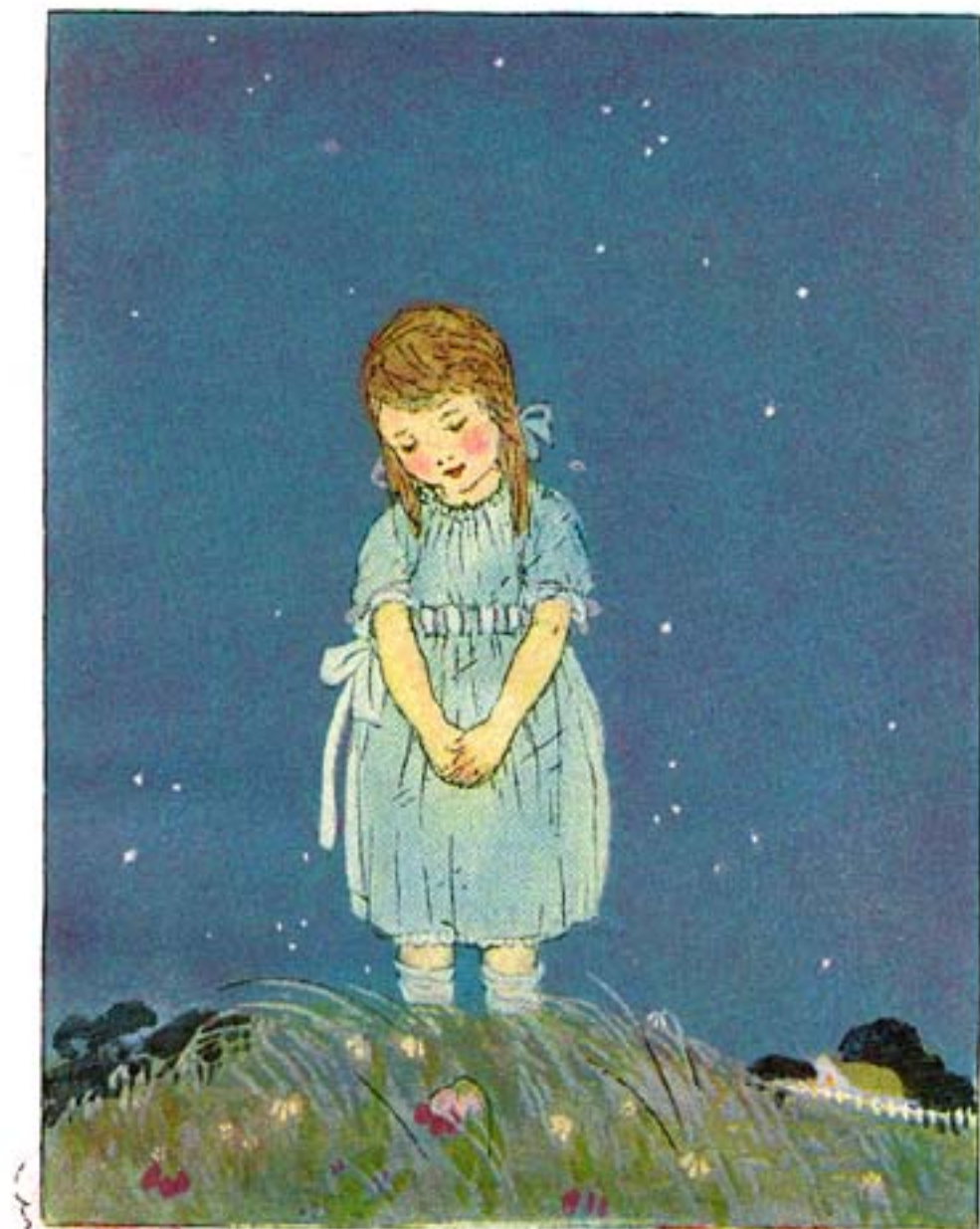
## CARELESS OLD SNOWMAN!

We made a lovely big snowman  
Beside the garden wall,  
And put a real hat on his head  
To make him extra tall.  
We gave him such a pretty face  
With eyes, so black and round,  
(We found the nicest pebbly eyes  
All waiting on the ground!)  
He seemed as happy as could be,  
Till it began to rain,  
And then big tears flowed down his cheeks,  
Just's though he had a pain.  
Next morning he had run away,  
What do you think of that?  
But we 'spect he'll be back again  
'Cause he forgot his hat.

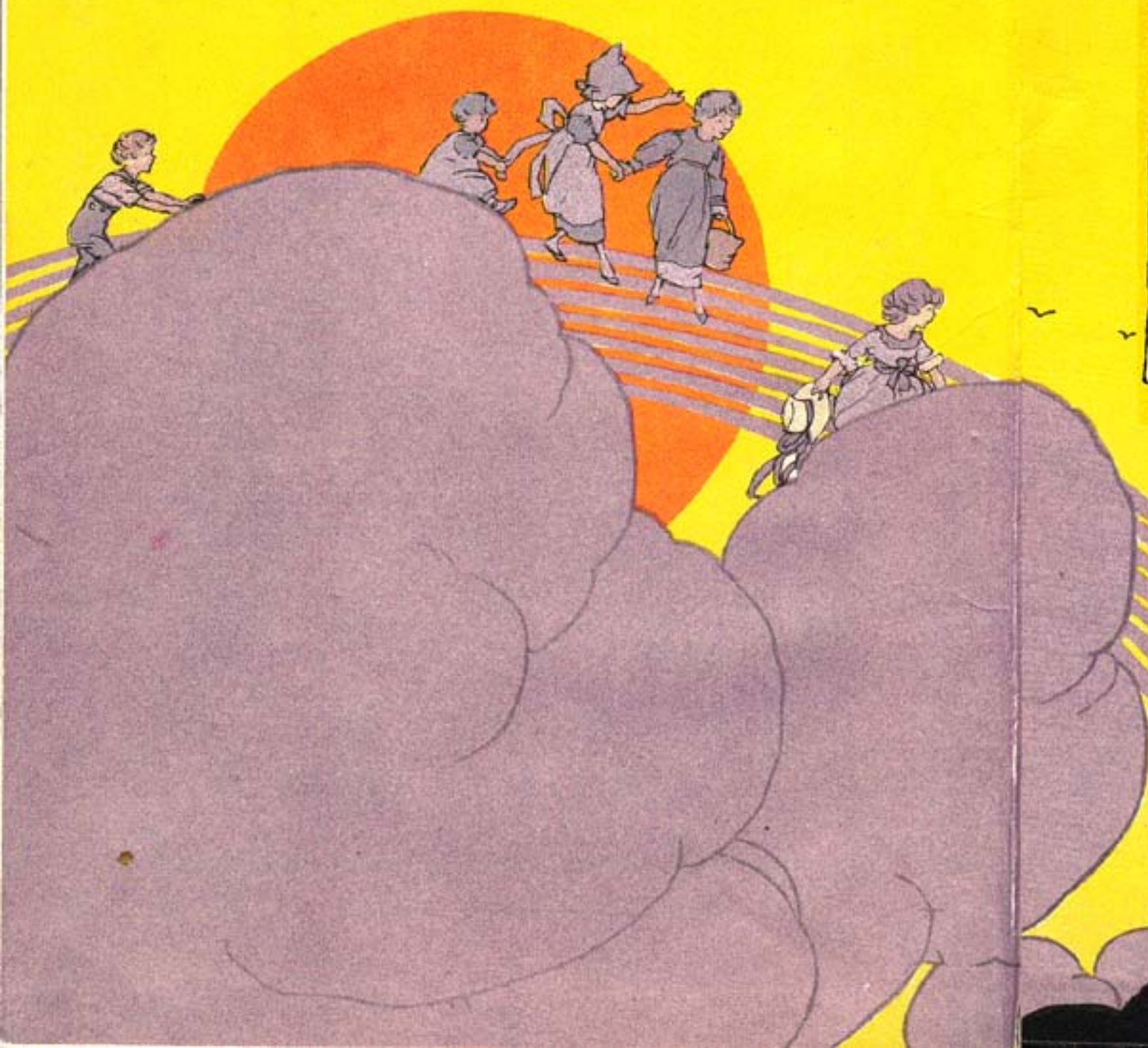


## THEIR EVENING PRAYER

One twilight to the fields I went,  
And found the flowers with heads all bent,  
Their leaves drawn close together there,  
Like little hands that fold in prayer,  
I knew then 'twas their bedtime hour,  
As drowsy nodded each fair flower.







HOME AGAIN !  
The sun goes to sleep in a rosy glow,  
The shadows are coming a-creep,  
you know,  
And mothers are calling far off  
and low:—  
Home again, playmates, and sing  
as we go  
OVER the RAINBOW BRIDGE !



VOLLAND  
"SUNNY BOOK"  
SERIES

