



CAMPING

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Tenting Time.

The rain comes down on the snowy tent,
And patters a merry lay ;
So we'll tell stories within it pent,
To jolly the time away.



The rain will stop and the clouds will flee,
And out in the dancing sun,
Where the flowers are nodding, wildly free,
We will caper and frisk and run.



The fisherman's life is the life for us ;
Then here's for the greenwood tree.
Away from town, with its endless fuss,
We'll go where all are free.

No more we'll yield to parents' will,
Nor bow to teachers' yoke ;
Of larks and sport we'll have our fill,
And life'll be one long joke.





Hear the rosy blazes sizzle,
Which the breezes fan,
Hear the good catch flap and frizzle
In the frying pan.

See the glad cooks sprinkle salt on
Every little fish—
Doesn't each small Izaak Walton
Dream of fork and dish!

Soon they'll mix the juicy catfish
On an old tin plate
With the round and with the flatfish,
As they laugh elate.

And they'll smile at one another
While, replete, they sigh
Something that begins with "Mother,"
And winds up with "pie."

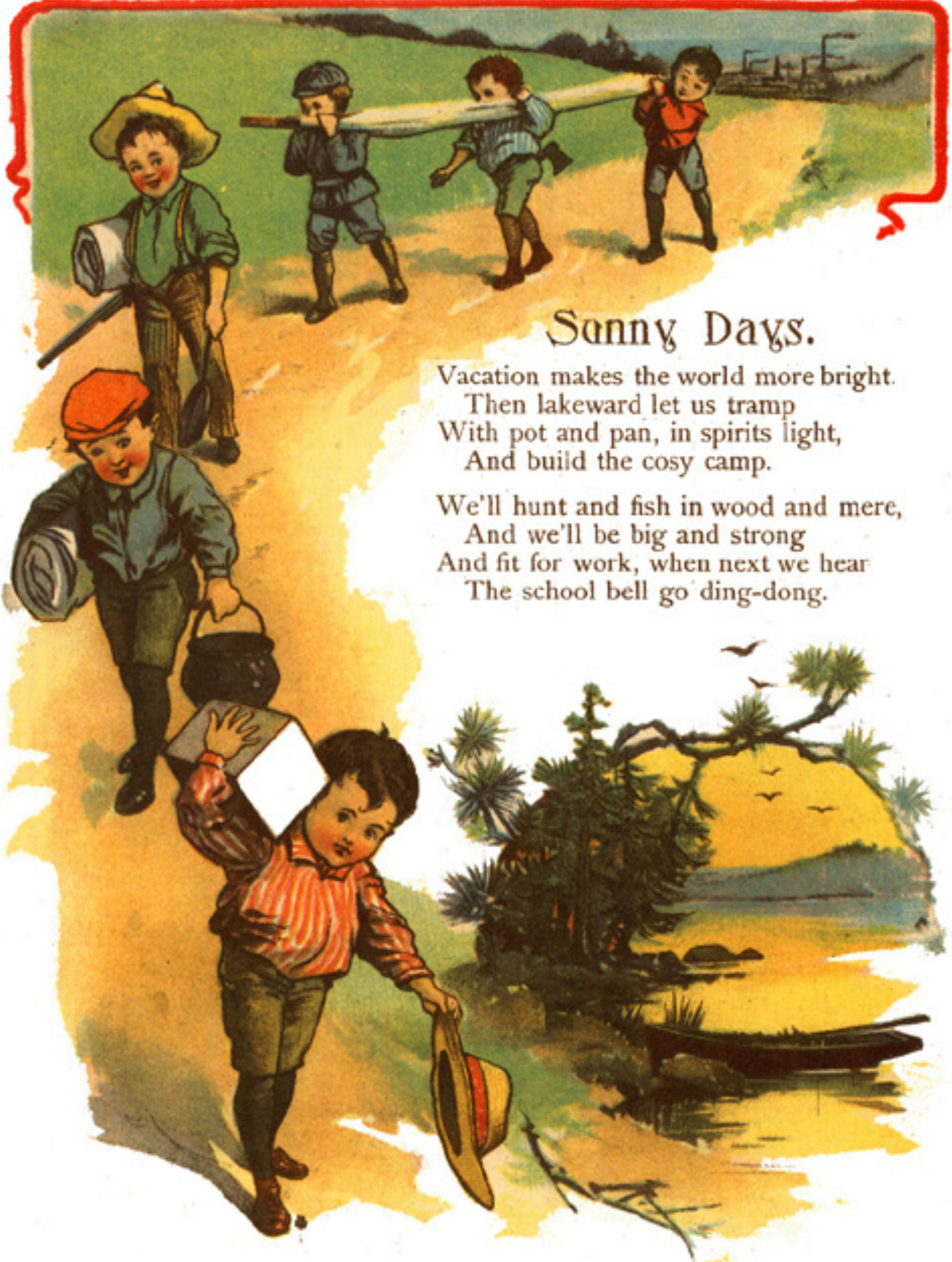




Now, if Jonsey failed
to clean the fish,
And Mark to pluck
the pheasant,
There'il be scales
and feathers in the dish—
Yet sometimes a change
is pleasant.

Now, Benny, clean
the pots and pans,
And, Georgie,
get the soap;
If Jack should fail
to wash his hands,
We'll hang him
with a rope.





Sunny Days.

Vacation makes the world more bright.

Then lakeward let us tramp
With pot and pan, in spirits light,
And build the cosy camp.

We'll hunt and fish in wood and mere,
And we'll be big and strong
And fit for work, when next we hear
The school bell go' ding-dong.





Keeping Prepared.

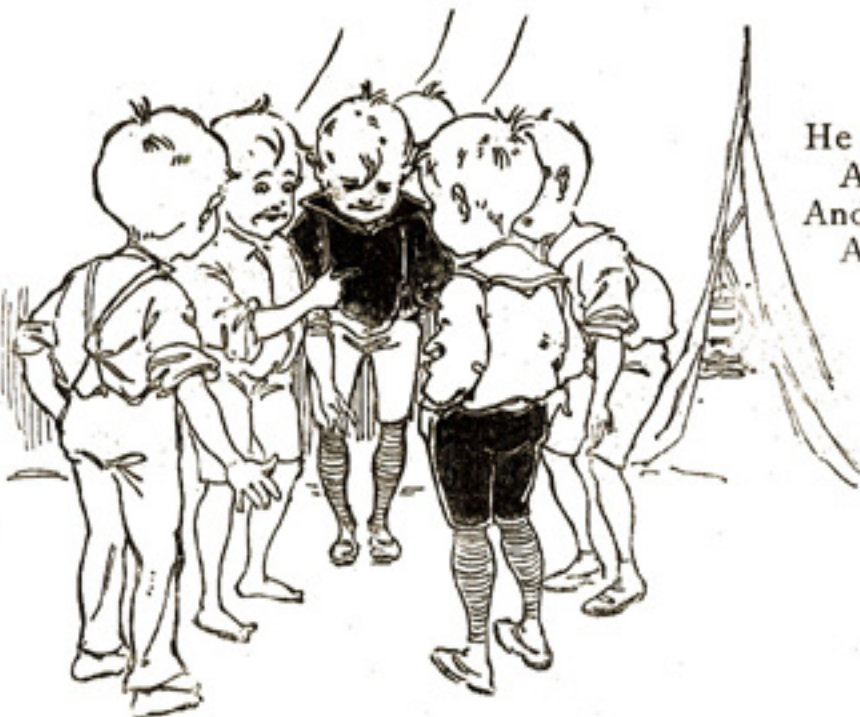
Of drilling they've a habit,
That certain they may be
Of bringing down the rabbit
To gild the fricassee.



And when they put a cartridge
Into each little gun,
Oh, woe unto the partridge
That won't their pathway shun!

They simply pull the trigger,
And, in an instant, whew!
Comes down the game, the bigger
The better, for the stew.





He soon gives up the chase,
All weary, blown and bent;
And they sit face to face,
And banquet in the tent.

Human Boys.

Now with the farmer's rare
Green melons, off they run,
And with his apples, fair
As roses in the sun.

Oh! faster now they go,
Until they almost fly!
Oh, would you like to know
The wherefore and the why?

Oh, then, look up
the lane,
And you will
surely see

A farmer, full of pain,
Shout loud and lustily

What he to them will do.
They make a greater burst
Of speed, and murmur, "You
Would better catch us first."





At Candlelight.

Now they're telling stories,
While the candle beams,
Of the shining glories
Of the woods and streams.

And they talk of hunting
Cat-bird, robin, quail,
Yellow-hammer, bunting,
Ptarmigan and rail,

Till the light's gold, streaming
Through the darkness deep,
Glimmers on them, dreaming,
In a happy heap.



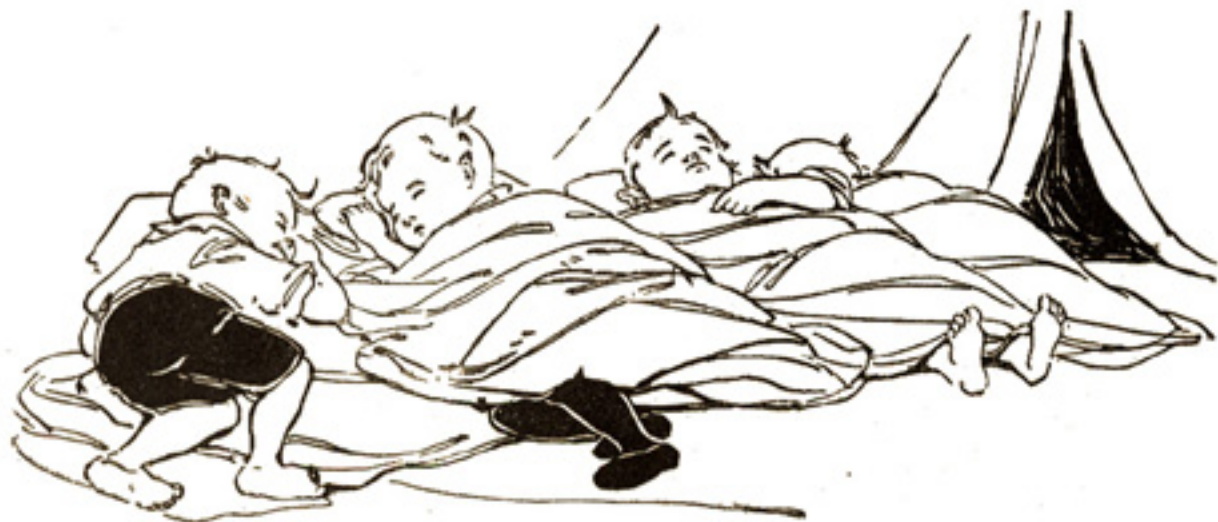


The Little Guardsman.

While within the tent they're sleeping,
Full of pie and bun,
Little Benny guard is keeping
With his loaded gun.

At the tent door he is standing;
If the fox or bear
Venture near, he'll be demanding
Quickly, "Who goes there?"

So in dreams they're gaily leaping,
Full of madcap fun ;
Benny, guard, they know is keeping,
With his loaded gun.



The End.

