

FALLING! FALLING!

Down goes baby,  
Mother's pet;  
Up comes baby,  
Laughing yet.  
Baby well may laugh at harm,  
While beneath is mother's arm.

Down goes baby,  
Without fear;  
Up comes baby,  
Gaily here.  
All is joy for baby while  
In the light of mother's smile.

EMILIE POULSSON.

THE WEATHER-VANE.

WEATHERCOCK, what makes you go  
Round and round the whole day so?

'Tis the wind whirls me!  
'Tis the wind twirls me!  
So to all the world I show  
How the merry wind doth go.

Pretty kite, what makes you fly,  
Up above the tree-tops high?

'Tis the wind lifts me!  
'Tis the wind drifts me!  
Tosses me in merry play,  
Here and there and every way.

Windmill, high on yondèr hill,  
What makes your sails go turning still?

'Tis the wind loves them!  
'Tis the wind moves them!  
Helps them turn the mill-stones round,  
So your meal and flour's ground.

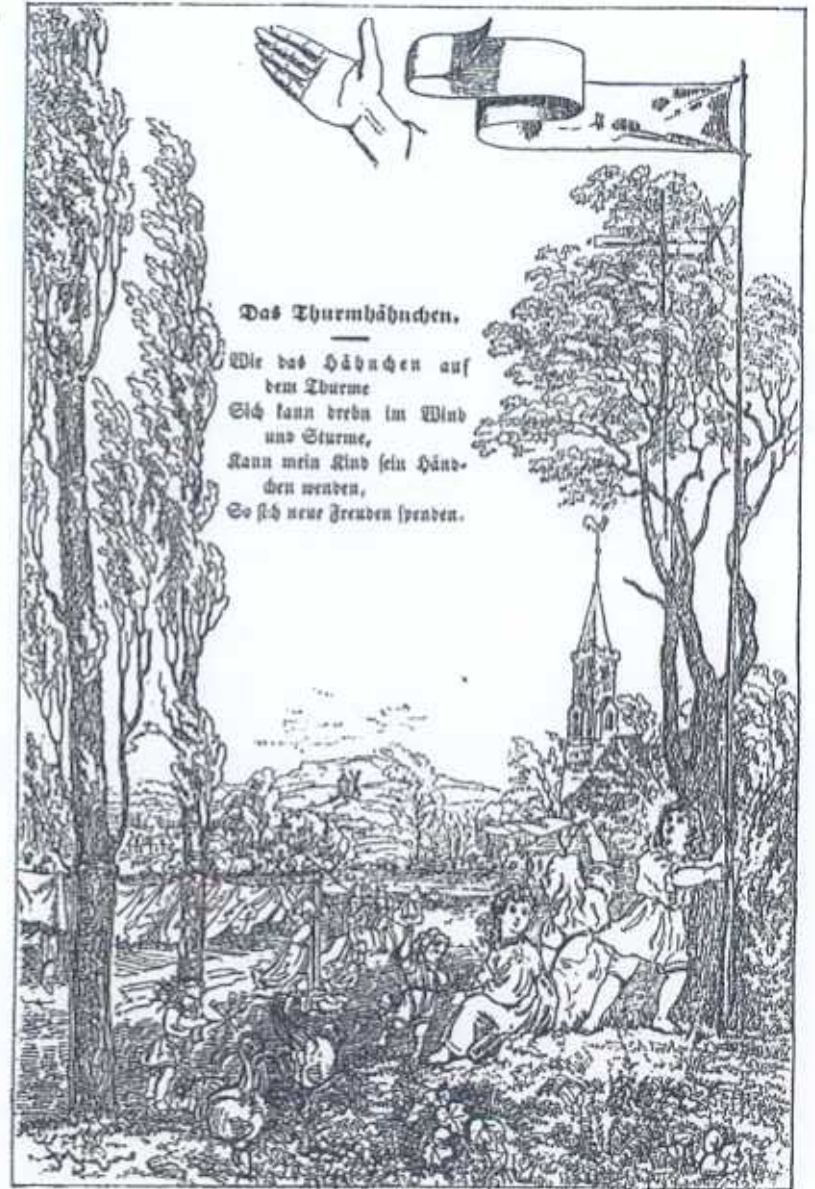
The wind can do so many things,  
The airy sprite on viewless wings:  
It waves the flag, it bends the tree,  
It shakes our curls for you and me;  
And in our merry play we too,  
Show all the things the wind can do.

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

THE WEATHER-VANE.

THIS way, that way,  
Turns the weather-vane;  
THIS way, that way,  
Turns and turns again.  
Turning, pointing, ever showing,  
How the merry wind is blowing.

EMILIE POULSSON.



Das Thurmhähnchen.

Wie das Hähnchen auf  
dem Turme  
Sich kann drehn im Wind  
und Sturme,  
Kann mein Kind sein Hän-  
den wenden,  
So sich neue Freuden spenden.