OVER IN THE MEADOW

By Olive A. Wadsworth
Set to simple music
by Mabel Wood Hill



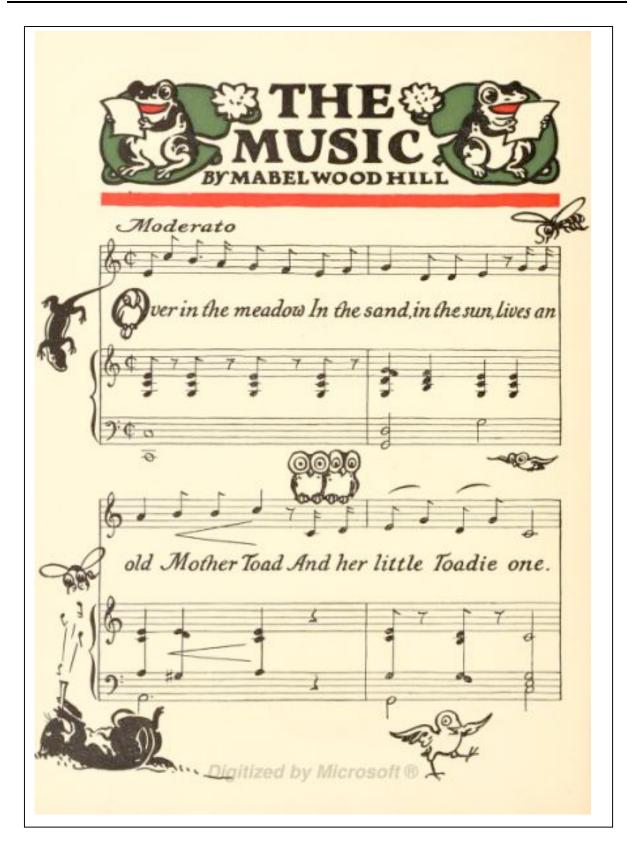
The pictures of all the Meadow People were drawn & Harold Sichel

MORGAN SHEPARD COMPANY
NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO 1906

This Book is Dedicated to RICHARDSON KING WOOD (a little Boy)



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VER in the meadow, In the sand, in the sun, Lived an old mother-toad

And her little toadie one. "Wink!" said the mother; "I wink," said the one: So she winked and she blinked In the sand, in the sun.







MOTHER TOAD

Little Toads most always are
Happy Toads, and kind;
When their mother asks them things,
Toadies always mind.
When they're told to go to bed,
Or to wash their hands,
Every well-bred little Toad,
Minds and understands.
So do you?

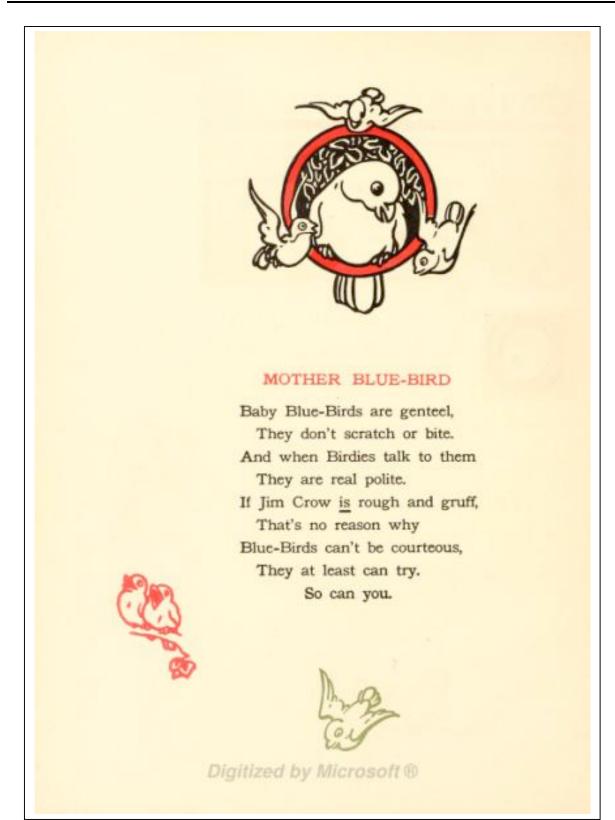


















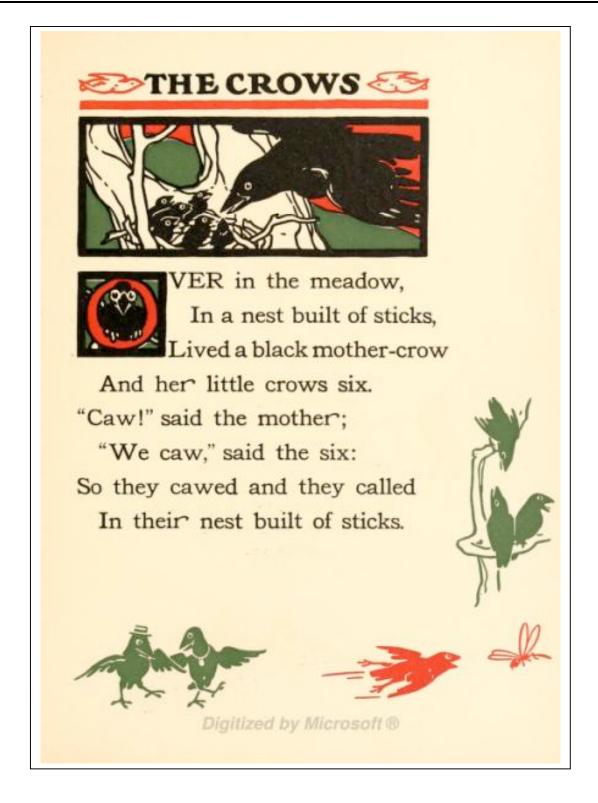


MOTHER HONEY-BEE



Little Honey-bees are smart;
They are funny too,
For they work like everything,
Seldom getting through.
Work for Honey-bees is play;
Play for them is work.
Bizzy, buzzy, happy Bees,
Never sulk or shirk.
Just like you.













VER in the meadow,

By the old mossy gate,

Lived a brown mother-lizard

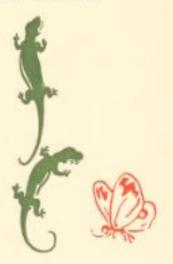
And her little lizards eight.

"Bask!" said the mother;

"We bask," said the eight:

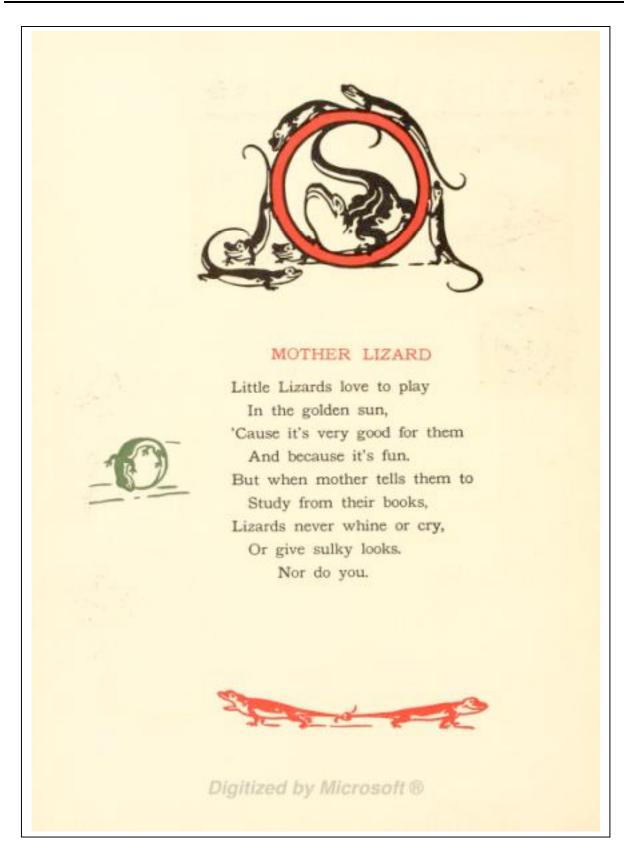
So they basked in the sun

On the old mossy gate.

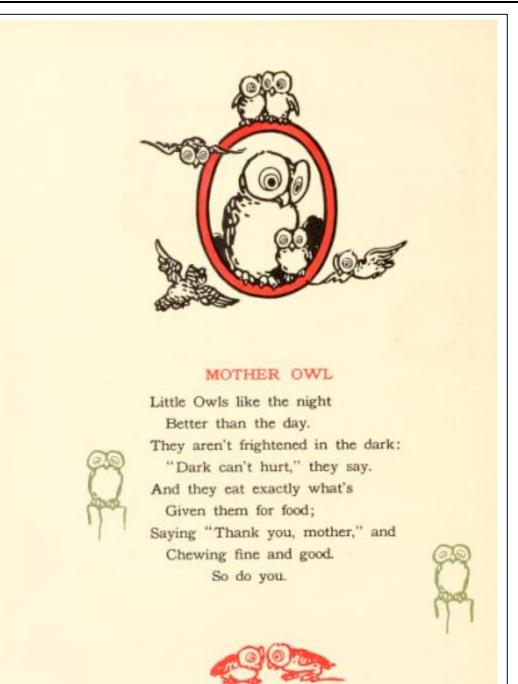


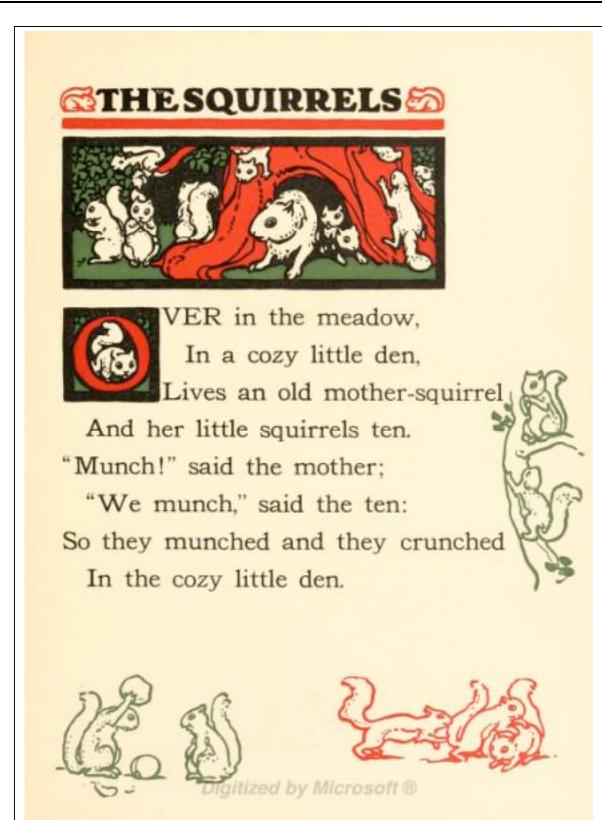


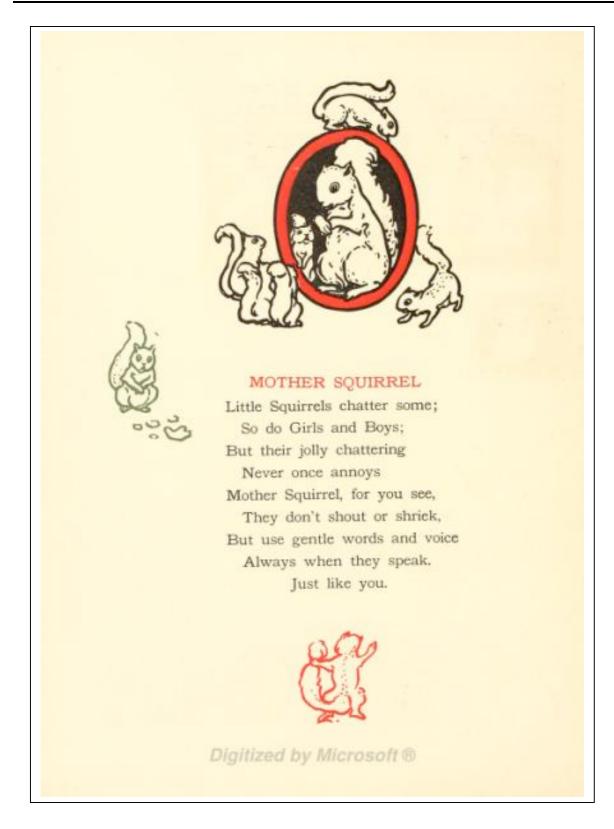




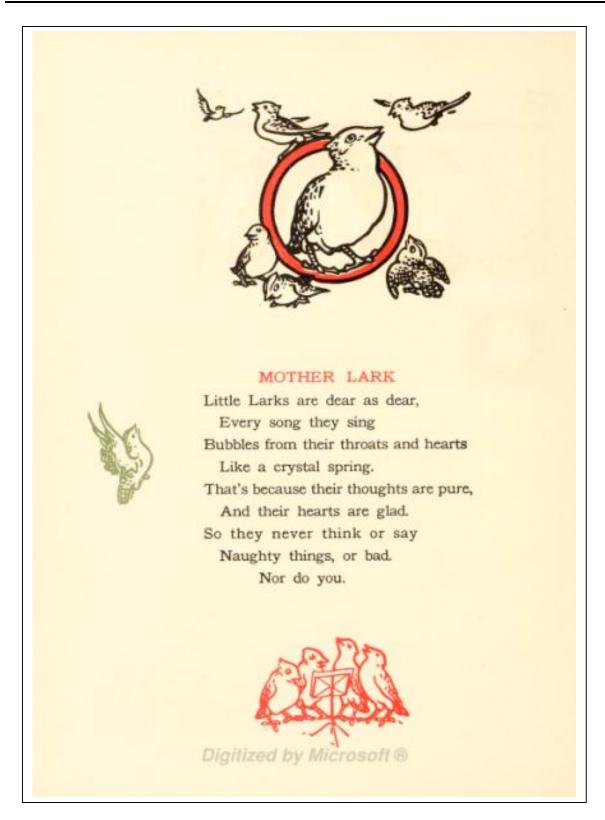
















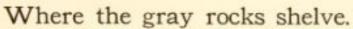
VER in the meadow, Where the gray rocks shelve, Lives a mother-dragon-fly

And her little dragons twelve.

"Hum!" said the mother;

"We hum," said the twelve:

So they hummed in the sun







MOTHER DRAGON-FLY



Little Dragon-flies are smart;
They are quick and spry,
All around they flit and go,
But they always fly
Home again before the sun
Drops far out of sight.
Then they're put to bed and say,
"Mother, dear, GOOD NIGHT."
So do you.



TO THE CHILDREN

Quite a lot of people have worked together to make this little Book for you. Perhaps you would like to know who they were.

Years ago, a Lady whose name was Olive A. Wadsworth, wrote twelve verses called "OVER IN THE MEADOW." The first eight, the Printer Man has given you; the last four are new verses, because a certain little boy liked to hear about baby Owls, Squirrels, Larks, and Dragon-flies, so another Lady, whose name is Marguerite Richardson Wood, wrote about the Owls, Squirrels, Larks, and Dragon-flies. The Lady hopes you will like to hear about them.

Then another Lady composed the music for you to sing. Her name is Mabel Wood Hill. Then a smart young man drew all the pictures to make this book nice. He likes Children most, and Animals and Things next. He liked to make the pictures. His name is Harold Sichel.

Then the twelve little sermons were all written by a Man who hopes you will not dislike him for preaching. He will not tell his name, for fear that some day you might meet him and run away.

Then the Book was made into a Book by a Cor-po-ra-tion, called MORGAN SHEPARD COMPANY. (Do you know what a Cor-po-ration is? I do not.)

I think that is all I will say about it.

MAN.

New York, October 1st, 1 9 0 6

