

Recitations for Girls and Boys

From Six to Ten Years of Age



Grace M. Tuffey

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by

GRACE M. TUFFEY



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POOR PETER.

BILLY has gone to buy marbles,
Purple and yellow and white,
Helen is up on the hillside,
Flying a wonderful kite.
Michael is making an engine—
Now he is painting it red—
But Peter is terribly grumpy,
Because of a cold in his head...
And Mother has sent him to bed!

THE TIN SOLDIER.

IT was night-time in the nursery, and the fire was nearly out,
When the new tin soldier, Thomas, left the cupboard with a shout,
Quickly slid towards the carpet and began to march about.

“I’m the new tin soldier, Thomas, and my coat is painted red.
I’ve a brightly-painted helmet on my brightly-painted head,
I’m the pride of all the nursery. I’m a splendid toy,”
he said.

All the cupboard doors were opened, and the dolls came out to stare.

“What a dreadful noise you’re making!” said a wise old Teddy Bear.

“And why ever are you strutting up and down the carpet there?”

“Go to bed, you foolish creature! Put your silly sword away!

We are tired and want to sleep now; we’ve been working all the day.

And what makes you think that you are such a splendid creature, pray?

“Now, suppose you were an engine, and could run about on wheels,

Or a nicely brought-up doll, and sat at table for your meals,

But a little stuck-up toy, that only struts about and squeals—”

Then they shut the doors up tightly, and they all went back to bed,

And the new tin soldier, Thomas, thought of all the Bear had said.

He took off his shining helmet, and hung down his foolish head.

Then he quietly climbed the cupboard, and he quietly crept inside.

“Why, I couldn’t buy my breakfast with my old sword if I tried!

I’m a very silly soldier! I will mend my ways!” he cried.

LOOKING FOR TREASURES.

DAVID hunts for treasure-trove,
Down beside the sea,
While the little dancing waves
Splash above his knee.
Once he found a spinning-top,
Merrily afloat,
Once he found a little tiny
Wooden sailing boat.
David wants a rubber ball,
Painted green and red,
But he spent his money on
Sailors made of lead.
So he's going to look and look—
Surely there must be
India-rubber balls afloat,
Somewhere in the sea!

RED RIDING HOOD.

LITTLE Red Riding Hood, I understand,
Walked through the pretty wood, basket in hand.

Mother had packed inside butter and cream.
“Be quick, dear,” Mother cried. “Go by the stream,

“Over the little bridge, into the wood,
Grandma is ill in bed, Red Riding Hood.

“If someone speaks to you, hurry away.
When you get home again, then you can play.”

Little Red Riding Hood hurried along,
Swinging her basket and singing a song,

Till in the hedges she suddenly spied
Twelve lovely violets trying to hide.

All that her Mother had carefully said
Straightway went out of Red Riding Hood’s head.

Down went the basket as fast as it could.
“Grandma will love them!” said Red Riding Hood.

While she was picking them, down on her knees,
Up came a wicked wolf out of the trees.

“Good afternoon,” he said, “my little dear!
Where are you going and what have you here?”

“I’m going to see Grandma,” the little girl said.
“She lives over there, and she’s staying in bed.”

Straightway the wily wolf ran on before,
Came up the pathway and knocked at the door.

“Come in!” cried Grandma. “I hope you’re from
town!”

In rushed the wicked wolf; gobbled her down,

Put on her nightcap, and sprang into bed.

“Wait till Red Riding Hood gets here!” he said.

In came Red Riding Hood. “Dear Grandmama,
Do you feel better? How big your eyes are!”

“The better to see you!” the old wolf replied.

“Oh, what big ears you have!” Riding Hood cried.

“The better to hear you!” the wily wolf smiled,
As he pulled up the blankets and stared at the child.

“What a big mouth!” said the child, drawing near.

“The better to gobble you up with, my dear!”

He threw off the bedclothes and sprang on the floor;
Little Red Riding Hood flew to the door;

But just as the wicked wolf jumped off the bed,

In rushed her father and chopped off his head.

MY WISH.

WHEN they're grown up, some boys I know would
like to drive a train.
They'd drive it down to Devonshire and drive it home
again.
They'd go at sixty miles an hour, and thunder down
the track;
They'd drive it up to Lancashire and then they'd
drive it back.

When they're grown up, some boys I know
would like to sail the seas,
And right across the ocean go and land just where
they please.
They'd have a hundred sailors bold to keep the
decks ashine,
They'd sleep beneath the starry skies—at least,
when it was fine!

But I don't want to sail the seas to find the
Spanish Main,
Nor thunder down to Devonshire and thunder back
again.
I'll tell you what I really want: my plans are all
complete—
I want to drive a tramcar and go clanging down the
street!

I AM GLAD!

WHEN I see the silver rain
Falling on the window pane,
 Rain in all the garden places,
 All the flowers with shining faces,
Raindrops in a silver line,
I am glad it isn't fine!

When I see the golden sun
Kiss the flowers one by one,
 Sunshine on the trees and hedges,
 Bees about the window ledges,
Sunbeams in a golden net,
I am glad it isn't wet!