Herford Oliver

A Child's Primer Of Natural History

Oliver Herford A Child's Primer Of Natural History

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A Seal

SEE, chil-dren, the Fur-bear-ing Seal; Ob-serve his mis-di-rect-ed zeal: He dines with most ab-ste-mi-ous care On Fish, Ice Water and Fresh Air A-void-ing cond-i-ments or spice, For fear his fur should not be nice And fine and smooth and soft and meet For Broad-way or for Re-gent Street And yet some-how I of-ten feel (Though for the kind Fur-bear-ing Seal I har-bor a Re-spect Pro-found)

The Giraffe

SEE the Gi-raffe; he is so tall There is not room to get him all U-pon the page. His head is high-er — The pic-ture proves it – than the Spire. That's why the na-tives, when they race To catch him, call it stee-ple-chase. His chief de-light it is to set A good example: shine or wet He rises ere the break of day, And starts his break-fast right away. His food has such a way to go, — His throat's so very long, – and so An early break-fast he must munch To get it down ere time for lunch.

The Yak

THIS is the Yak, so neg-li-gée: His coif-fure's like a stack of hay; He lives so far from Any-where, I fear the Yak neg-lects his hair, And thinks, since there is none to see, What mat-ter how un-kempt he be. How would he feel if he but knew That in this Pic-ture-book I drew His Phys-i-og-no-my un-shorn, For chil-dren to de-ride and scorn?

A Whale

THE con-sci-en-tious art-ist tries On-ly to draw what meets his eyes. This is the Whale; he seems to be A spout of wa-ter in the sea. Now, Hux-ley from one bone could make An un-known beast; so if I take This spout of wa-ter, and from thence Con-struct a Whale by in-fer-ence, A Whale, I ven-ture to as-sert, Must be an an-i-mat-ed squirt! Thus, chil-dren, we the truth may sift By use of Log-ic's Price-less Gift.

The Leopard

THIS is the Le-o-pard, my child; His tem-per's any-thing but mild. The Le-o-pard can't change his spots, And that – so say the Hot-ten-tots — Is why he is so wild. Year in, year out, he may not change, No mat-ter how the wea-ther range, From cold to hot. No won-der, child, We hear the Le-o-pard is wild.

The Sloth

THE Sloth en-joys a life of Ease; He hangs in-vert-ed from the trees, And views life up-side down. If you, my child, are noth-ing loath To live in In-dol-ence and Sloth, Un-heed-ing the World's frown, You, too, un-vexed by Toil and Strife, May take a hu-mor-ous view of life.

The Elephant

THIS is the El-e-phant, who lives With but one aim – to please. His i-vo-ry tusk he free-ly gives To make pi-a-no keys. One grief he has – how-e'er he tries, He nev-er can for-get That one of his e-nor-mous size

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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