

# Over In The Meadow

By Olive A. Wadsworth

## OVER IN THE MEADOW

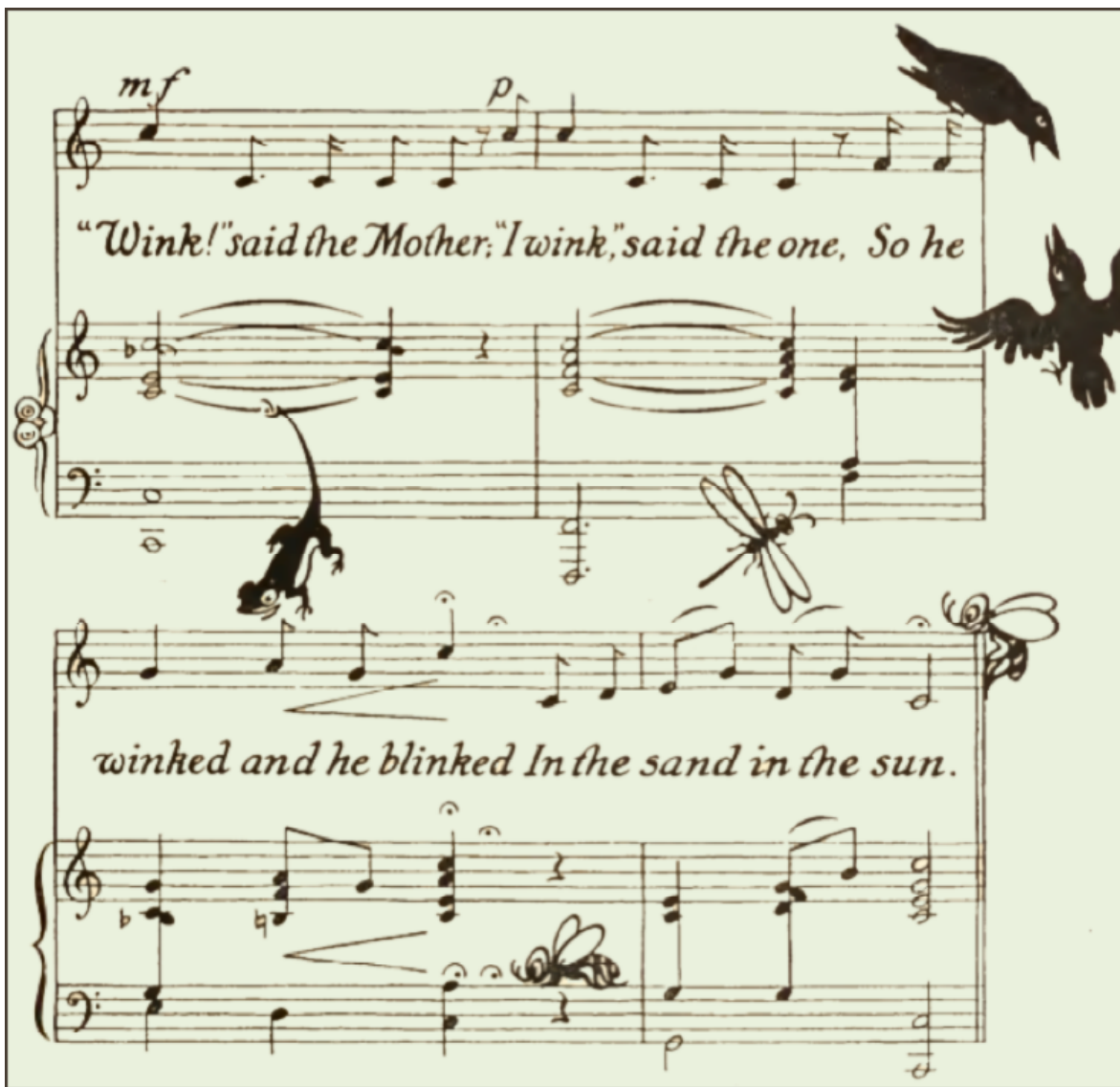
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*Moderato*

Over in the meadow In the sand, in the sun, lives an

old Mother Toad And her little Toadie one.





## **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?

## THE TOADS



Over in the meadow,  
In a hole in a tree,  
Lived a mother-blue-bird  
And her little birdies three.  
“Sing!” said the mother;  
“We sing,” said the three:  
So they sang, and were glad,  
In the hole in the tree.



## **MOTHER FISH**

Baby Fish are very small,  
But their mother knows  
Just the place to learn to swim,  
Where the water goes.  
If she tells them not to go  
On the land to play,  
They don't grumble or complain;  
Baby Fish obey.  
So do you?

## THE FISHES



Over in the meadow,  
Where the stream runs blue,  
Lived an old mother-sish  
And her little fishes two.  
“Swim!” said the mother;  
“We swim,” said the two:  
So they swam and they leaped  
Where the stream runs blue.



### **MOTHER BLUE-BIRD**

Baby Blue-Birds are genteel,  
They don't scratch or bite.  
And when Birdies talk to them  
They are real polite.  
If Jim Crow is rough and gruff,  
That's no reason why  
Blue-Birds can't be courteous,  
They at least can try.  
So can you.



## THE BLUE-BIRDS



Over in the meadow,  
In a hole in a tree,  
Lived a mother-blue-bird  
And her little birdies three.  
“Sing!” said the mother;  
“We sing,” said the three:  
So they sang, and were glad,  
In the hole in the tree.



### **MOTHER MUSKRAT**

Little Muskrats dig in mud  
With their mouths and feet,  
But they always bathe a lot,  
So are clean and neat.  
Never were good, little Rats  
Known to tell you lies;  
They just tell the truth and look  
Straight in mother's eyes.  
So do you?

## THE MUSKRATS



Over in the meadow,  
In the reeds on the shore,  
Lived a mother-muskrat  
And her little ratties four.  
“Dive!” said the mother;  
“We dive,” said the four:  
So they dived and they burrowed  
In the reeds on the shore.



## **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.

## THE HONEY-BEES



Over in the meadow,  
In a snug beehive,  
Lived a mother-honeybee  
And her little honeys five.  
“Buzz!” said the mother;  
“We buzz,” said the five:  
So they buzzed and they hummed  
In the snug beehive.



### **MOTHER CROW**

Little Baby Blacky Crows,  
Caw when mother caws,  
Never hiding mouth or eyes  
With their little claws.  
They just like to go at once  
Up into their nest,  
For they know that mother knows  
Just the thing that's best.  
So do you.

## THE CROWS



### THE CROWS

Over in the meadow,  
In a nest built of sticks,  
Lived a black mother-crow  
And her little crows six.  
“Caw!” said the mother;  
“We caw, said the six:  
So they cawed and they called  
In their nest built of sticks.



## **MOTHER CRICKET**

Little Crickets chip and chirp,  
In the meadow grass;  
Singing, jolly all the time  
As the hours pass.  
Never do they sulk or pout,  
Moping under ground;  
Folks are glad when they're about,  
Folks want them around  
Just like you.



## THE CRICKETS



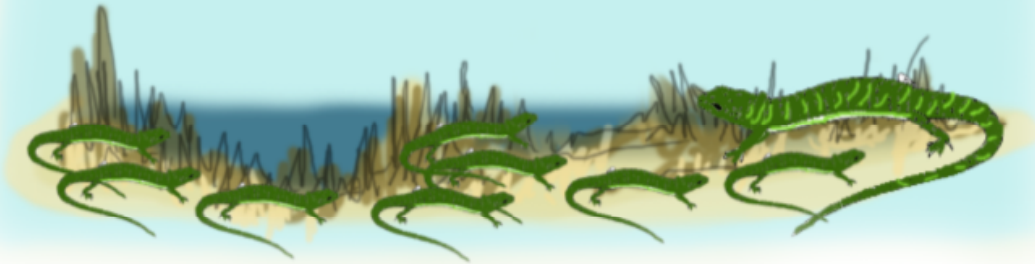
Over in the meadow,  
Where the grass is so even,  
Lived a gay mother-cricket  
And her little crickets seven.  
“Chirp!” said the mother;  
“We chirp,” said the seven:  
So they chirped cheery notes  
In the grass soft and even.



## **MOTHER LIZARD**

Little Lizards love to play  
In the golden sun,  
'Cause it's very good for them  
And because it's fun.  
But when mother tells them to  
Study from their books,  
Lizards never whine or cry,  
Or give sulky looks  
Nor do you.

## THE LIZARDS



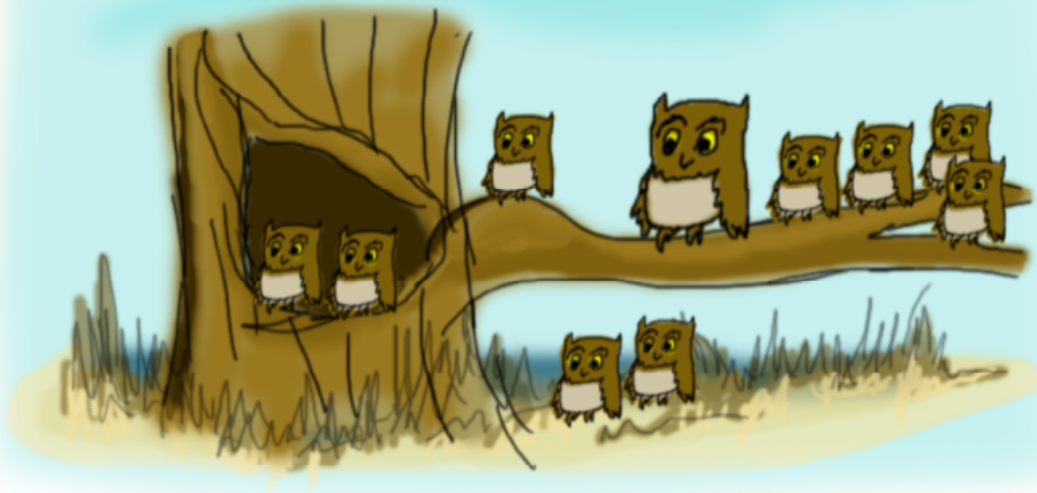
Over in the meadow,  
By the old mossy gate,  
Lived a brown mother-lizard  
And her little lizards eight.  
“Bask!” said the mother;  
“We bask,” said the eight:  
So they basked in the sun  
On the old mossy gate.



## **MOTHER OWL**

Little Owls like the night  
Better than the day.  
They aren't frightened in the dark:  
"Dark can't hurt," they say.  
And they eat exactly what's  
Given them for food;  
Saying "Thank you, mother," and  
Chewing fine and good.  
So do you.

## THE OWLS



Over in the meadow,  
Near the post-road sign,  
Lives a gray mother-owl  
And her little owlies nine.  
“Hoot!” said the mother;  
“We hoot,” said the nine:  
So they hooted and they tooted  
Near the post-road sign.



### **MOTHER SQUIRREL**

Little Squirrels chatter some;  
So do Girls and Boys'  
But their jolly chattering  
Never once annoys  
Mother Squirrel, for you see,  
They don't shout or shriek,  
But use gentle words and voice  
Always when the speak.  
Just like you.

## THE SQUIRRELS



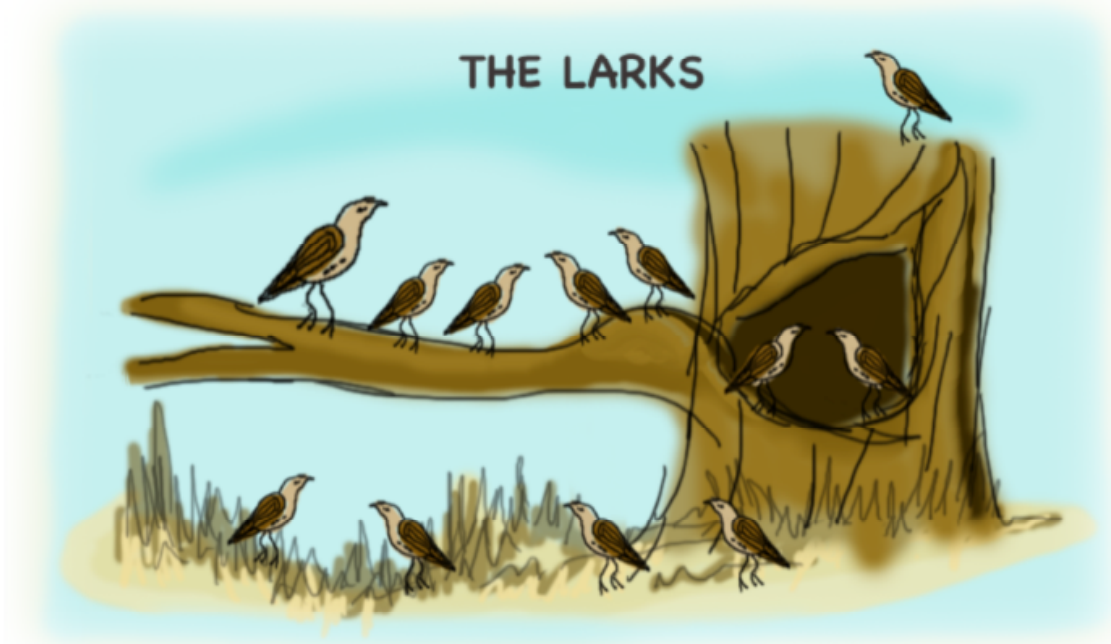
Over in the meadow,  
In a cozy little den,  
Lives an old mother-squirrel  
And her little squirrels ten.  
“Munch!” said the mother;  
“We munch,” said the ten:  
So they munched and they crunched  
In the cozy little den.



## **MOTHER LARK**

Little Larks are dear as dear,  
Every song they sing  
Bubbles from their throats and hearts  
Like a crystal spring.  
That's because their thoughts are pure,  
And their hearts are glad.  
So they never think or say Naughty things, or bad.  
Nor do you.





Over in the meadow,  
Where the grass touches heaven,  
Lives an old mother-lark  
And her little larkies eleven.  
“Sour!” said the mother;  
“We sour,” said the eleven:  
So they soared and they soared  
Up, up into heaven.



### **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

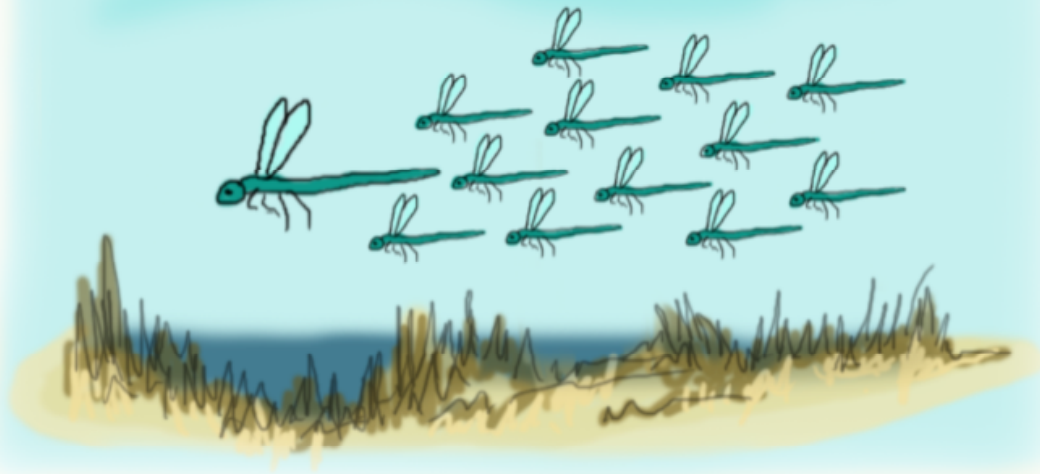
Drops far out of sight.

Then they're put to bed and say,

"Mother, dear, GOOD NIGHT."

So do you.

## THE DRAGON-FLIES



Over 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  
Where the gray rocks shelve.



**THE END**