

HERO

I'm a hero, I fear none —
God's the one exception!
On my arm a wooden gun,
Through my foe a tin sword I run,
Cannons powerful I have ten
Made from elderberry stem.
On a sturdy steed I speed,
None I fear and none I heed!
Except my mum and dad, that's true,
Except the next-door neighbours, too,
Except the neighbours' old grey cat
And the shaggy dog called Mat,
Except all who are stronger than me
And our cock when it looks at me!
I'm a hero, I fear none —
God's the one exception!

SIMPLICITY

To her brother Susan bragged
That her hair was black;
Then her little brother asked:
»Why is your hair black?«

Pleasantly and tenderly
Susan answered back:
»From the hot sun's rays, you see,
That is why it's black!

To her brother Susan bragged
That her eyes were blue;
Then her little brother asked:
»Why are your eyes blue?«

But this Susan was a child
Of quick wits and shrewd:
»I looked at the bright blue sky,
That is why they're blue!«

THIN LITTLE DWARF

Betty was crying, trying to cajole
Both of her brothers to take her a stroll —
They knew quite well she'd get in their way!
Swayed by her tears, they threatened this way:
»On foot you'll go all of the time.
You're not to moan or whimper or whine!«

Ripdinkumdorf
Thin little dwarf,
Betty, my dear,
Why not stay here!

Two hundred paces they'd barely gone
N'Betty was thinking this was too long.
Whimper she must not, that was no use,
She had to find another excuse.

Ripdinkumdorf
Thin little dwarf,
Betty, my dear,
I'm right, I fear!

Betty had on a new pair of shoes
Whose squeak-squeak-squeak she decided to use,
»Listen, my shoes are shedding hot tears.
Thoughts of long walks arouse their worst fears!
Johnny, please carry me home again,
My little shoes are suffering great pain!«
Both brothers laughed at her immense guile
Carrying her home »piggy-back« style.

Ripdinkumdorf
Thin little dwarf,
Betty, my dear,
Oh, what good cheer!

STRANGE MEDICINE BOX

Johnny's collar's too tight for him,
And his top-coat's far from warming;
First it's this that hurts, then that thing,
Fingers sore or ears both aching.
Something's always wrong, or partly.
Listen, though, to how he smartly
Finds the cures for his afflictions
In a peculiar box of medicines.

»Mummy, this tooth aches today;
Kiss the pain away«
»Mummy, I fell off the chair;
Buy a carriage and pair!«
»Mummy, I've a bleeding nose:
Sugar, please — a dose!«
»Mummy, I'm — being watched by a fly:
Bring some apple pie!« —

Mummy treats and he invents
New cures and complaints —
Could not one of us tell him
To have a little restraint? —
So his mother won't work on
A medicine that does not
For the moment yet adorn
His strange medicine box!