

# Farmer Fox

## And Other Rhymes

Verse and Pictures by  
L. J. Bridgman



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# ***Farmer Fox*** ***And Other Rhymes***

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**L. J. Bridgman**



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There was a fine fox, as I've heard tell,  
He went to market some eggs for to sell;  
He went to market all on a market-day,  
And he fell asleep on the bear's highway.

Along came a big bear heavy and stout,  
Took out her scissors and snipped round about,  
Snipped off the fox's tail. "Good brush, I say!"  
Said the old bear, "It's my dusting day!"





When the fine fox woke up with a start,  
He began to wonder and he began to smart;  
He began to wonder and he began to cry,  
"I have a fine tail, so this can't be I!"



"But if it be I, as I do hope it be,  
I know a tell-tale and he'll tell me;  
If it be I, why he will tell the tail,  
And if it be not I, my poor wife will wail!"

Off went the fox to the tell-tale's den.  
The tell-tale laughed. The fox said, "Then,  
If I'm not myself since I awoke,  
I surely must be an endless joke!"




An ostrich, whose name was Amandy,  
Said, "Necks should be long, to be handy.  
My parasol, tied  
To my neck, on one side,  
Keeps me cool on these plains, hot and  
sandy."



There was an old rabbit, a white rabbit too;  
She had so many children she didn't know what to do;



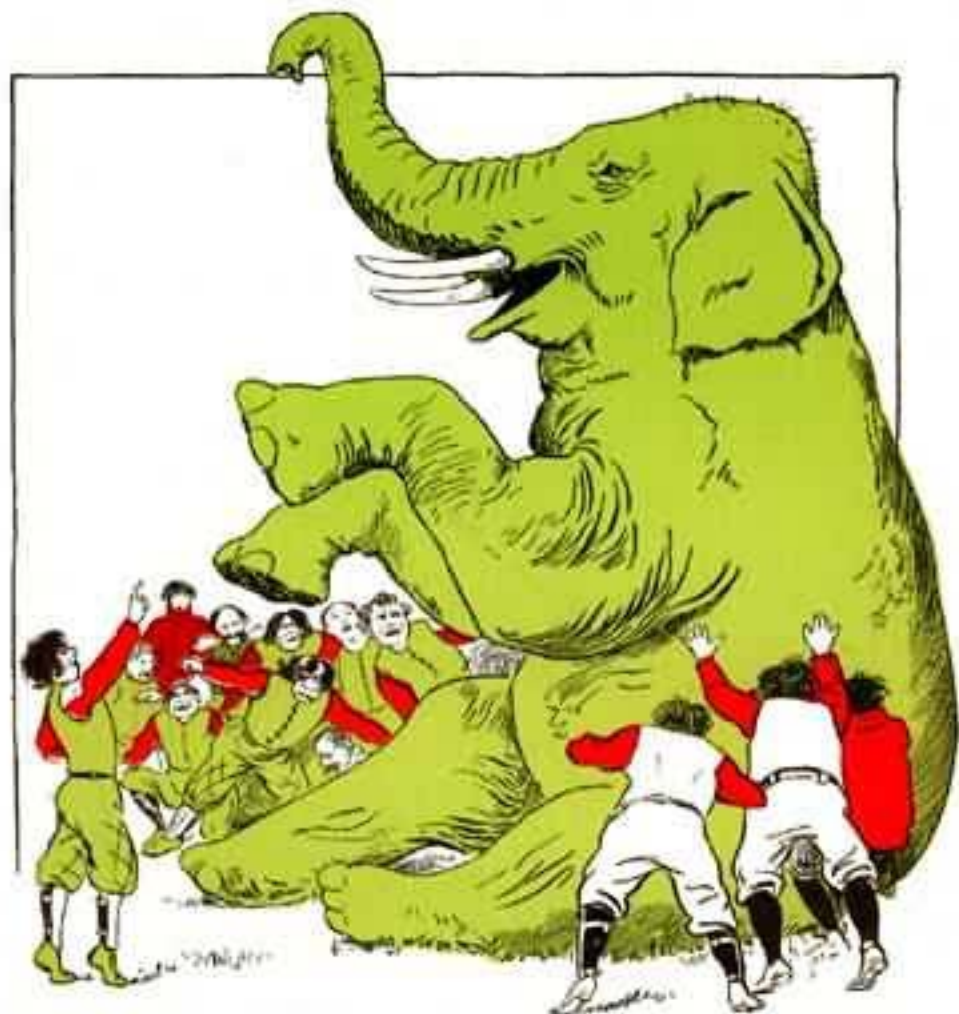
She pinned them all up by the ears to the trees  
And said, "Children dear, don't run off, if you please"



The popin-jays are popping corn,  
The poppies all are blowing,  
The populace all blow the horn,  
Beneath the poplars going.

The paper puppies pop their eyes  
Wide open at the popping  
Of ginger-pop, and each July's  
Quite apt to keep folks hopping.





Humpty Dumpty sat on the ball  
All of the players set up a great squall.  
All of the players, eleven strong men,  
Couldn't make the big fellow get  
off it again!

A crooked crocodile once swam a crooked mile  
And found a crooked bonnet, the very latest style.  
He crooked the ribbon strings, and put on some other things,  
And made some crooked faces at some little colored kings



Off to hunt the buffalo!  
Shall we take gun or trap?  
We little folks had better go  
And find him on the map.





"You look like a blown up old big rubber coat;  
Though your neck is so wide, you can't twitter a note!"  
Jeered a mocking-bird flying that way.  
The sea-lion waddled down off of his throne  
And he gazed where the saucy young bird had just flown  
Then went fishing for cod in the bay.





The sea-lion sat on a ponderous throne,  
A sea-washed and hollowed old barnacled stone,  
And he gazed on his realm of the sea:  
"I think I'm a picture. How well I would look,  
If someone should photograph me for a book,  
So majestic and grand," said he.



When the red-headed woodpeckers come,  
Each announces himself with a drum,  
“A-rap-a-tap-tap,”  
And he bobs his red cap,  
“Are there worms about? Let us have some!”



Said the short-billed young teal,  
Now, of course, I don't steal.

But the long-billed old woodcock, all mottled,  
Takes ridiculous care  
Of his sweets, I declare.

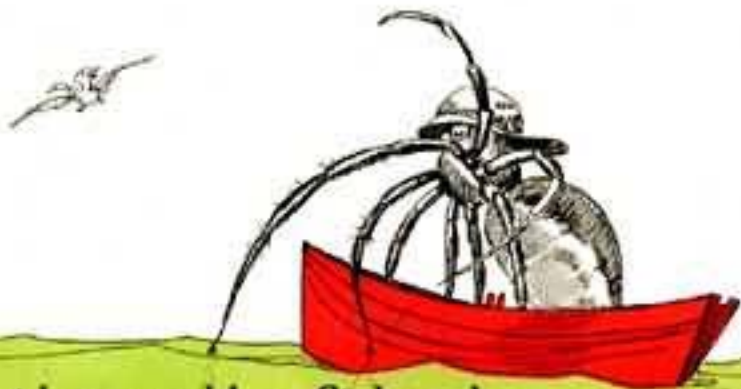
When he keeps them securely all bottled!"



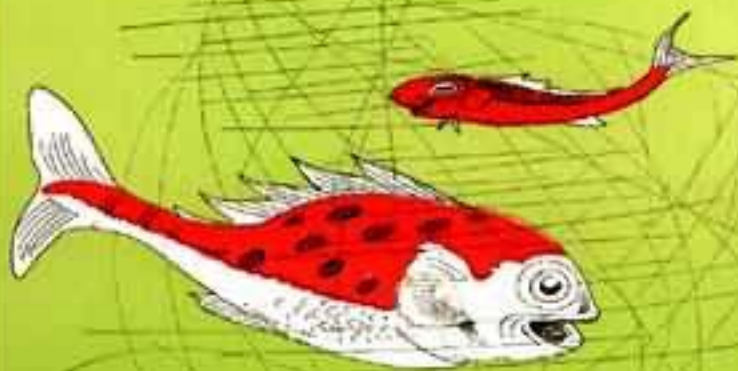
As I was sailing, the sea across,  
I met a talkative albatross

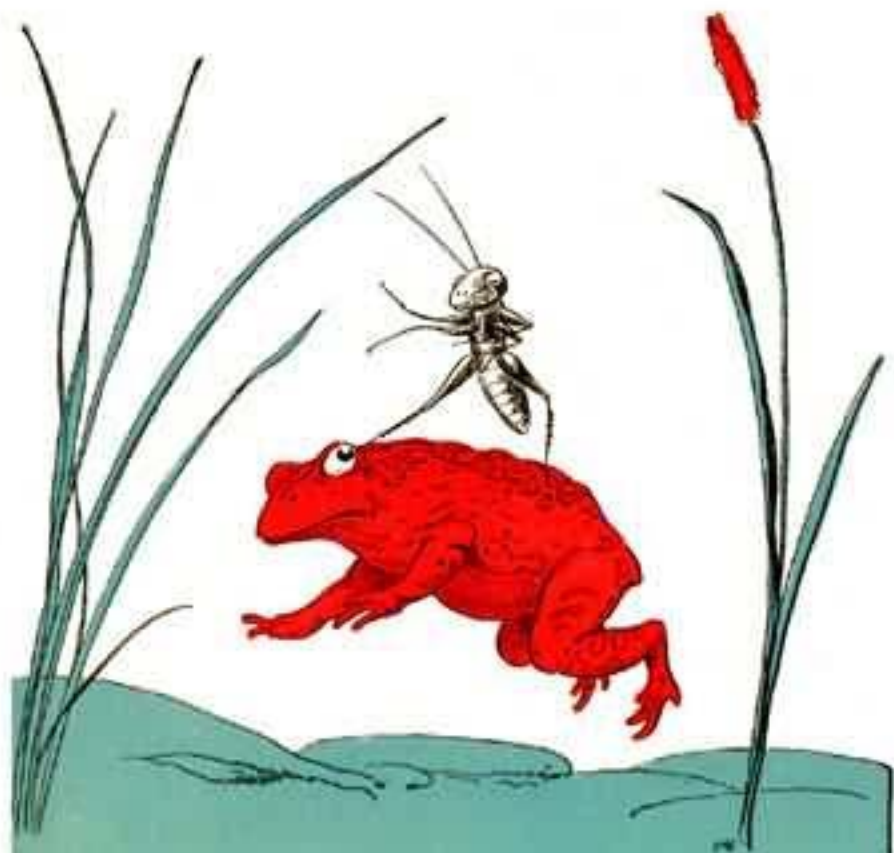


Who said, "It is better to swim than sail,  
You can't suffer ship-wreck in any big gale."



A spider would a fisher be,  
And cast his net out in the sea:  
The fish swam through his flimsy net,  
He cried, "This sea seems very wet!"





Madam Hop-toad slowly hops;  
Out a saucy cricket pops,  
Rides her back and says, "I thank you!"  
"Saucy thing!" she says, "I'll spank you!"



Who says the dragons are all dead?  
Once, gazing on the sky,  
I saw, myself, with my own eyes,  
A little dragon fly!



The ermine said, "My pretty coat  
Is worn in many a land  
By kings, — I wear it first, you know,  
Their clothes are second-hand!"

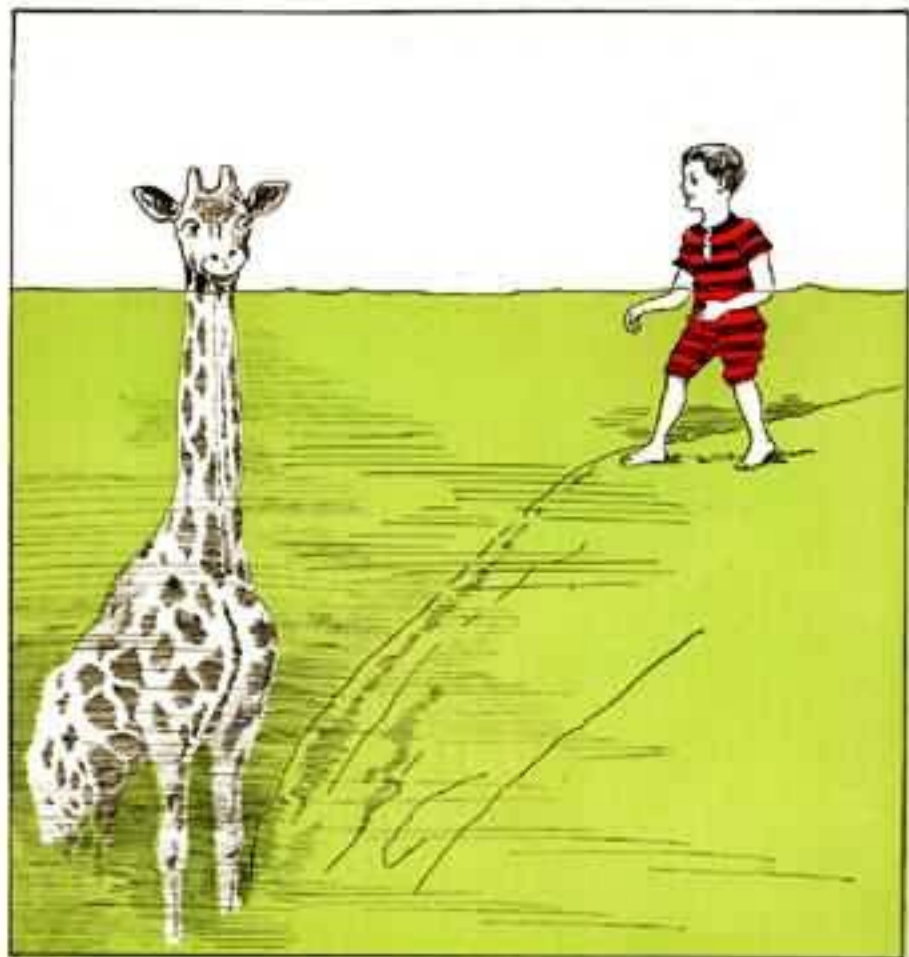


When the farmer trapped the weasels,  
"Got you safe!" I heard him shout.  
But the weasels got the measles  
And they all broke out!



Pat a cake, pat it as all beavers  
can,  
Pat a mud cake with your tail,  
little man,  
Slap it and mix it with sticks from  
a tree;  
Every cake helps in the pile, dont  
you see?





The tall giraffe, while bathing, shouts  
To little Johnny Quinn,  
"O just come here! It isn't deep,  
It's just up to my chin!"



**M**y St. Bernard, old doggie Spot,  
Just laughs and laughs when he is hot  
He never stops to think of me  
Though I am warm as I can be.



There was a pug dog they called Dennis  
Who travelled as far as old Venice,  
And when they asked, "How  
Do you like it?" "Bow-wow!"  
Said the pug, "It's too wet here for tennis!"

"Chewink, chewink, chewink,"  
Said a little bird, "What do you think?  
I didn't wait  
For sages great,  
But named myself chewink."



The moose has grown a tufty beard  
That hangs beneath his head.  
Now don't go up and pull it, please,  
For that would be ill-bred!







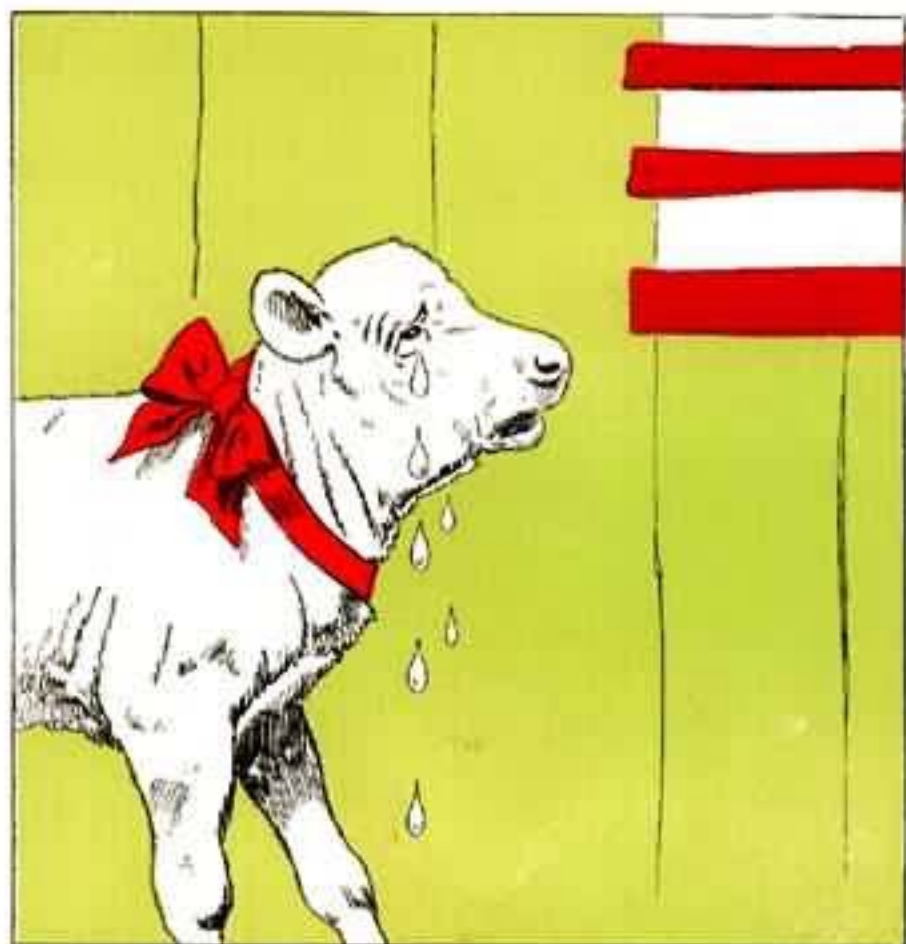
Said the spotted and sportive young ounce,  
"That old fat armadillo I'll trounce!  
He rolled up like a ball;  
He was no ball at all  
For I tried him and he wouldn't bounce!"



The gardener and potato-bug  
Once played at hide-and-seek,  
All Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,  
Friday—— all the week.

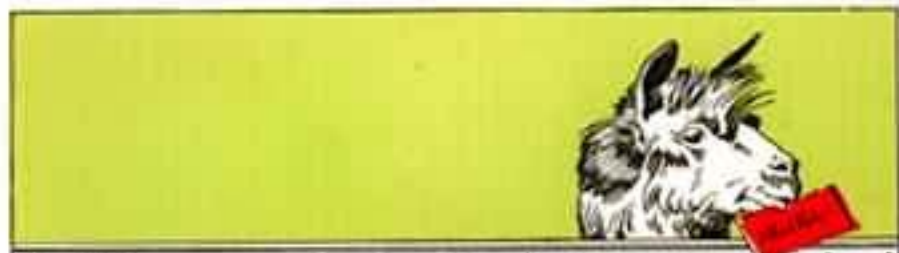
And when the gardener found the bug,  
——Now what do you think of that?——  
He found the bug had stayed each day  
On the rim of his straw hat!



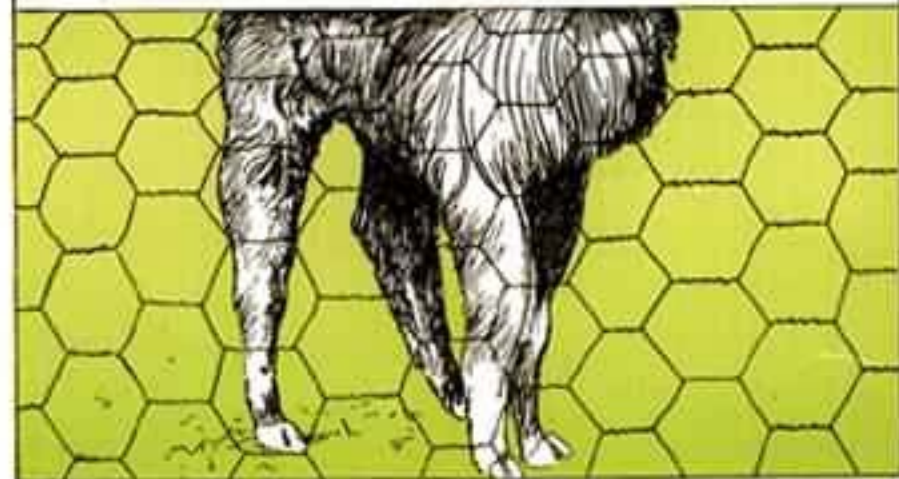


The calf is but a baby cow,  
I learned from my dear pa,  
But should you think a child so big  
Would cry so for his ma?

I saw alpacas, frowsy furred,  
All feeding on the plain,  
But later, in the Zoo I saw  
Just one of them again;



And he was sleek, his hair was combed  
Quite neatly. He was blacker  
He'd changed his name and he was known  
As Mr. Alfred Packer.





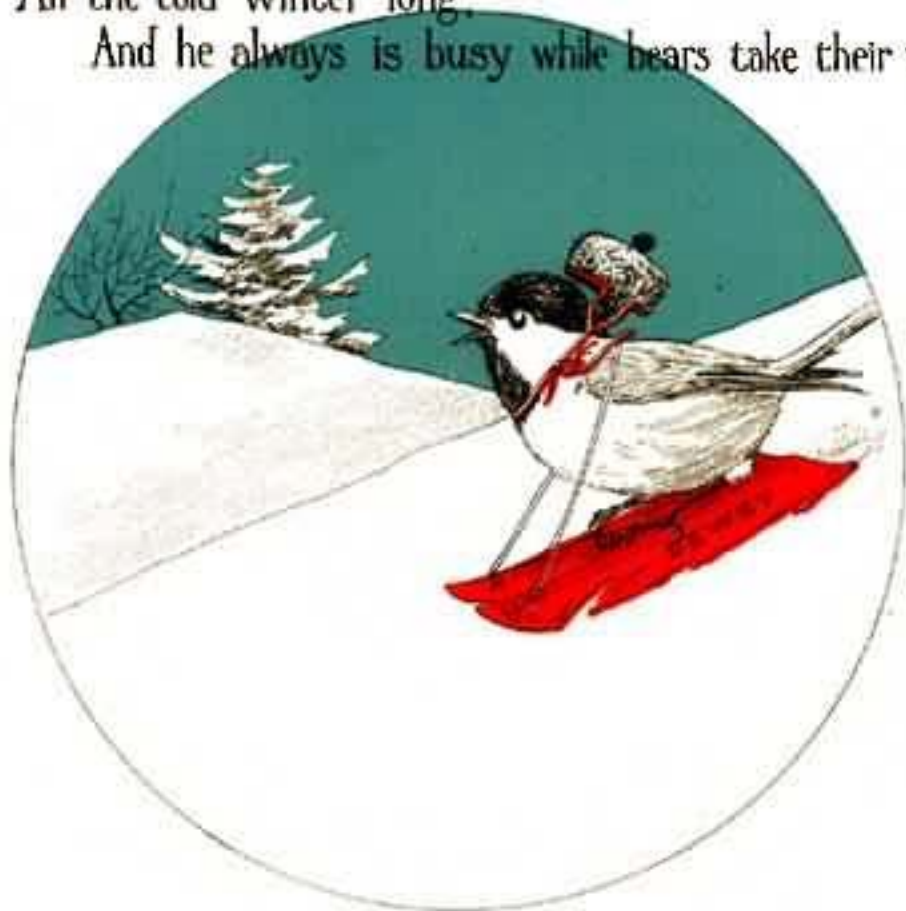
A gosling once stopped in his play  
To gaze on a swan. "Now I say,  
When I get big and fat  
I shall look just like that!"  
But he still is a goose, to this day.

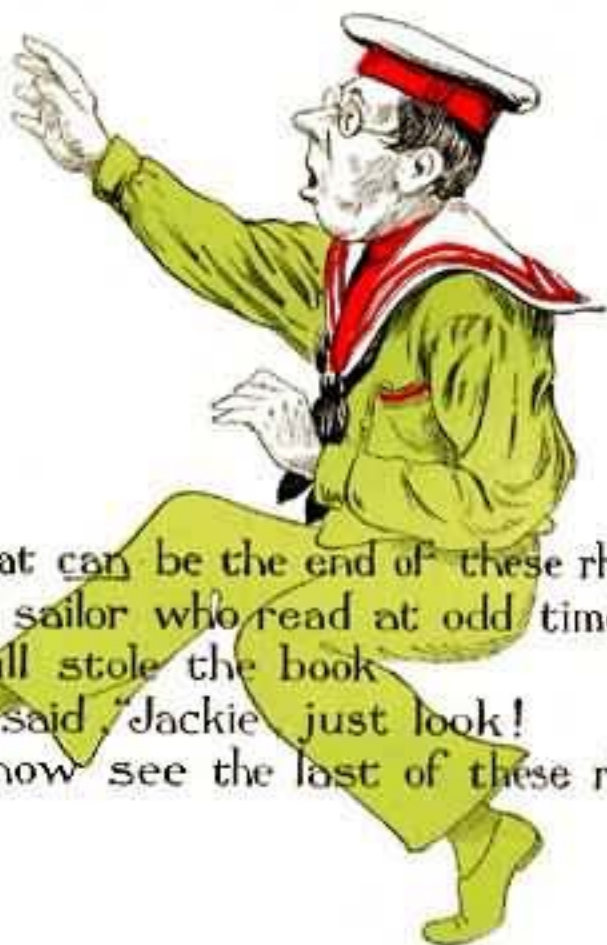
“On the snow let us play  
All the cold day-day-day.”

Sings the brisk little chickadee, brave little chap!

“Day-day-day,” is his song  
All the cold winter long.

And he always is busy while bears take their nap.





“Now what can be the end of these rhymes?”  
Said a sailor who read at odd times,  
A gull stole the book  
And said, “Jackie, just look!  
For you now see the last of these rhymes.”



The End.



