

A Collection of Poems and Other Things

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These little poems were quoted to me by Poppa.

A Flea and an Fly in a Flue

Author Unknown.

A flea and a fly in a flu,
Were trapped. So what could they do?
 “Let’s flee,” said the fly.
 “Let’s fly,” said the flea.
So they flew through a flaw in the flu.

A Man on a Boxcar

Author Unknown.

A man sat on a boxcar,
His feet drug on the ground.
 — Longfellow

A Skunk on a Stump

Author Unknown.

A skunk stood on a stump.
The stump thunk the skunk stunk
And the skunk thunk the stump stunk.

A Young Fellow Named Hall

Author Unknown.

There was a young fellow named Hall,
Who fell in a spring in the fall.
 ’twould have been a sad thing
 Had he died in the spring,
But he didn’t. He died in the fall.

A Young Lady Named Hall

Author Unknown.

One time a young lady named Hall,
Wore a newspaper dress to a ball.
 The dress caught on fire
 And burned her attire,
Front page, comic section, and all.

Fuzzy Wuzzy

Author Unknown.

Fuzzy Wuzzy was a bear.
Fuzzy Wuzzy lost his hair.
Then Fuzzy Wuzzy wasn’t fuzzy,
Was ’e?

It’s Easy to Drift

Author Unknown.

It’s easy to drift with the current swift,
You just lie in your boat and dream.
But in Nature’s Plan, it takes a real man
To paddle a boat upstream.

It’s Off to Bed¹

Author Unknown.

“It’s off to bed!”, said Sleepy Head.
“Let’s wait a while!”, said Slow.
“Put on the pot!”, said Greedy Gut.
“We’ll eat before we go!”

Safety

Author Unknown.

Don’t leave safety to mere chance.
That’s why belts are sold with pants.

Starkle, Starkle, Little Twink

Author Unknown.

Starkle, starkle, little twink,
What you are, the heck I think.
I’m not under the alcafluence of incahol,
But thinkle peep I am.

The Rain Falls

Author Unknown.

The rain falls on the just
And on the unjust fella,
But mostly it falls on the just
’cause the unjust got the just’s umbrella.

¹ Poppa once commented that each of the characters in the poem reminded him of one each of us three kids. After all of these years, I don’t remember which character in the poem corresponded to which of us kids. At this late date, I must confess that all of the characters seem to be me: sleepy, slow, and greedy. Darn.

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The next poem is the words to a song that was sung to me by my grandmother, my father's mother, when I was very young. I remember the tune but I don't know how to write it.

Poor Babes in the Woods

Author Unknown.

Oh, don't you remember a long time ago,
Two poor little babes, their names I don't know,
Went strolling away on a bright summer's day
And were lost in the woods, I've heard people say.
And when it was night, so sad was their plight!
The sun had gone down and the stars gave no light.
They sobbed and they sighed, and most bitterly cried.
Poor babes in the woods, poor babes in the woods.

And when they were dead, the Robins so red
Brought strawberry leaves and over them spread,
And sang them a song the whole day long.
Poor babes in the woods, poor babes in the woods.

The next two poems were quoted to me by my Aunt Eloise, one of my father's sisters. She also glumly commented, "Us Milams was never meant to be rich."

The Thunder and the Pig

Author Unknown.

The thunder roared!
The clouds were big!
The lightening flashed!
And killed a pig!

Ooie Gooie

Author Unknown.

Ooie Gooie was a worm.
A little worm was he.
He went out on the railroad track.
The train, he did not see.

—Ooie Gooie

These next items aren't poems but Poppa used to quote them to me so I'm including them here anyway.

A Woodpecker and a Pack of Shingles

Author Unknown.

If it took a woodpecker a week to peck a pack
of shingles out of a board fence, then how
long would it take a rooster to lay a door-
knob?

Betty Botter

Author Unknown.

Betty Botter bought a bit of butter to put in
her batter, to make her batter better. "But,"
said Betty, "This butter's bitter. If I put it in
my batter it'll make my batter bitter. But a
bit of better butter would make my batter
better." So Betty Botter bought a bit of bet-
ter butter and put it in her batter to make
her batter better.

Rubber Baby Buggy Bumpers

Author Unknown.

Rubber baby buggy bumpers

The Big Black Bug

Author Unknown.

A big black bug bit a big black bear on his
big black back.

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The Fungry Little Hox

from Aesop's Fables

Once upon a lime tong, tong ago a fungry little hox saw a bunderful wunch of bright gred apes vanging on a hine. This hine was vung along a try hellis and though he bid his dest to reach them by junning and rumping as cigh as he hood, it was absolusely uteless, so he mied no trore, but turned away with a shrould of his shruggers saying, "I thought these rapes were gripe but I see they're seally rour." The storl of this mory is, no matter how many bunderful wunches of bright gred apes you see vanging on a hine it's easier to open a wottle of bine.

Thirty Days Has September

Author Unknown.

Thirty days has September, April, June and no wonder!

All the rest have thirty-one,

Except for my sister,

And she married a chiffonier.

(You know what a chiffonier is, don't you?

It's a tall thing with drawers.)

Woodchucks

Author Unknown.

How much wood could a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood?