

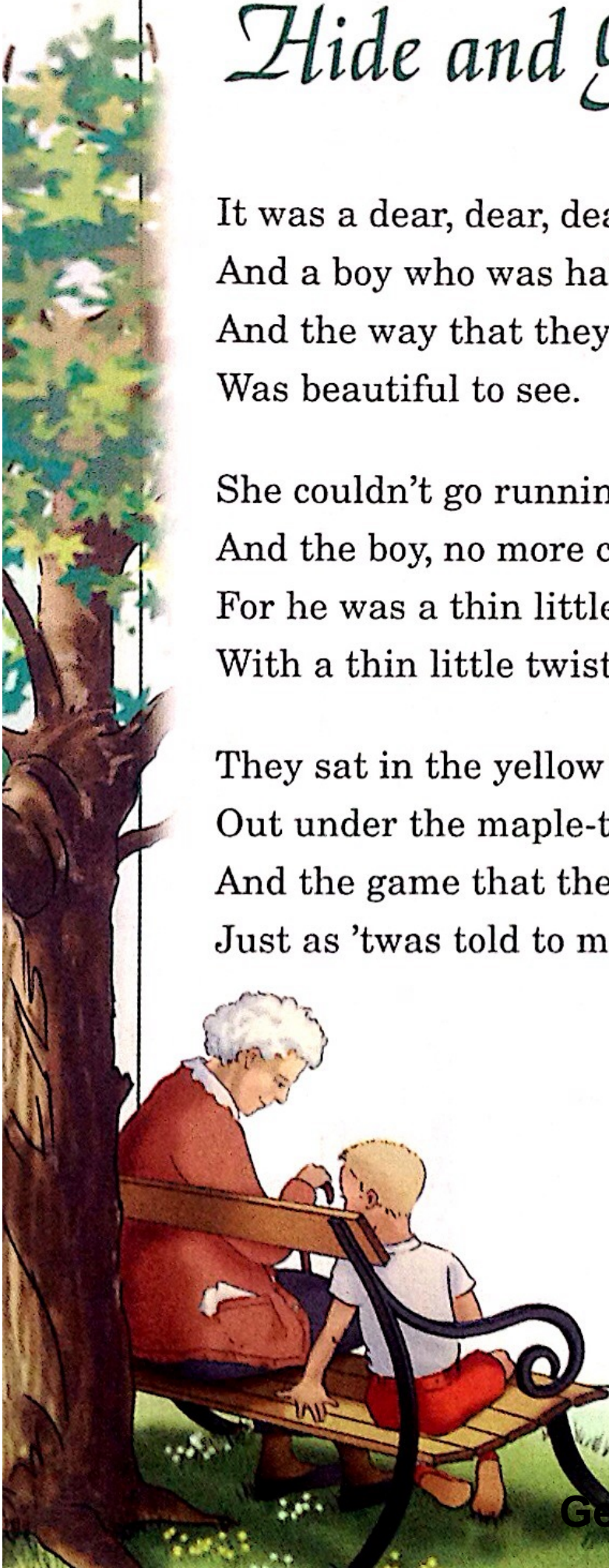
Hide and Go Seek

—H. C. Bunner

It was a dear, dear, dear old lady—
And a boy who was half-past three—
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping
And the boy, no more could he—
For he was a thin little fellow
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple-tree—
And the game that they played I'll tell you,
Just as 'twas told to me.



It was Hide-and-go-Seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be—
With a dear, dear, dear old lady
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down—
On his one little sound right knee—
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses, One-Two-Three!

“You are in the china closet!”
He would cry and laugh with glee—
It wasn't the china closet,
But he still had Two and Three!

“You are up in Papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the old brass key!”
And she said, “You are warm and warmer,
But you're not quite right,” said she.



“It can’t be the little cupboard
Where Mama keeps things for tea—
So it must be the front porch, Grandma,”
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where he was hiding,
With a One and Two and Three.

And they never had stirred from their places
Right under the maple-tree
This dear, dear, dear old lady—
And the boy with the lame little knee.
This dear, dear, dear old lady
And the boy who was half-past three.

