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AUNT LOUISA'S



OF TOLD TALES

by Laura Valentine

edited by Dr. Bruess

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Aunt Louisa's OFT TOLD TALES

written by
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COMPRISING

ROBINSON CRUSOE



CHILDREN IN THE WOOD



HARE AND TORTOISE



WORLD-WIDE FABLES



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(MOM loves you)

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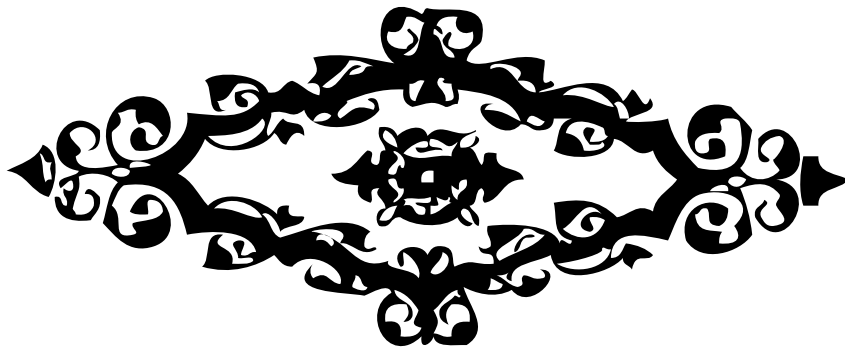
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ROBINSON CRUSOE



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ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE

Come, gather round me, little ones,
And hearken unto me,
And you shall hear a tale about
A lad that went to sea—

About a lad that ran away,
Oh, many years ago,
And left his home and parents dear—
Young Robinson Crusoe!

Now when this lad grew up a man,
It came about one day,
That he was cast upon a rock
An island far away.

And there to shield him from the storm,
And keep him safe and: sound,
He built a house, and thatch'd it o'er,
And fenced it round and round.

Far off upon a sandy bank
His ship lay all a wreck;
And oft-times when the sea was low
He got upon the deck.

For many things he there had found
That he could bring ashore,
Upon the raft that he had made,
And carry to his store.

Two kittens and a faithful dog,
With powder, guns, and shot,
Three cheeses and a chest of tools,
'Mong other things he got.

And now he bravely went to work,
Made tables, chairs, and stools,
And shelves around his little home,
On which to lay his tools.

He set a cross up on the beach,
Lest time should go astray,
And with his knife he cut a notch,
To mark each passing day.

He caught and tamed a little kid,
That trotted at his heels; _
And with his dog and cats at home,
It shared his daily meals.

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ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE

Yet sometimes he grew very sad,
And then he sat him down
Upon the shore, and thought his God
Looked on him with a frown.

And he would gaze upon the sea,
Across the billows wild;
And wring his hands and cry aloud,
And weep like any child.

He thought upon his father's words—
His mother's prayers and tears;
How they would grieve for him, their son,
Away so many years!

Then he would fall upon his knees,
And clasp his hands in prayer,
And ask his God, with many tears,
His wicked life to spare.

At times, with gun upon his back,
He roamed the island round,
Where melons, grapes, and sugar-canes,
All growing wild he found.

A parrot, that some years before
He artfully had caught,
Would hop upon his thumb, and shriek
The lessons it was taught.

And so, to keep it snug, he made
A cage to put it in:
And he made a big umbrella, too,
And all his clothes of skin.

I wot he was the strangest sight
That ever you might see;
In jacket, breeches, cap, and shoes,
A hairy man looked he.

With big umbrella o'er his head,
His sword hung at his side,
His gun and axe upon his back,
He rambled far and wide.

Now on the island herds of goats
Were running wild and free;
But when he tried to catch the things,
Away they all would flee.

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ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE

And, so to get them in his power,
He dug pits in the ground;
And there one morn at break of day,
A goat and kids he found.

The goat he let away again,
For it was fierce and strong;
The little kids he tied with strings,
And took with him along.

And then from running wild again,
His little flock to keep,
A piece of ground he fenced around,
Where they might feed and sleep.

His crops of barley and of rice,
Now rich and ripe had grown;
For seeds he found upon the wreck,
He long ago had sown.

The corn he pounded into meal,
And made it into bread;
The rice he baked in little cakes,
At times to eat instead.

At length he longed when days were fine,
Upon the waves to float;
So with his tools he went to work,
And made a little boat.

He got a mast and sail before,
A rudder, too, behind;
And with his dog and gun on board,
He sped before the wind.

One summer morning as he walked
Abroad, with gun in hand,
He stood aghast as he beheld
A footprint in the sand!

Though many years had passed away,
Since to that lonely place
He came, yet he had never caught
A sight of human face.

He thought of dreadful savages,
All naked, wild, and black;
And paused at every step he took,
To look in terror back.

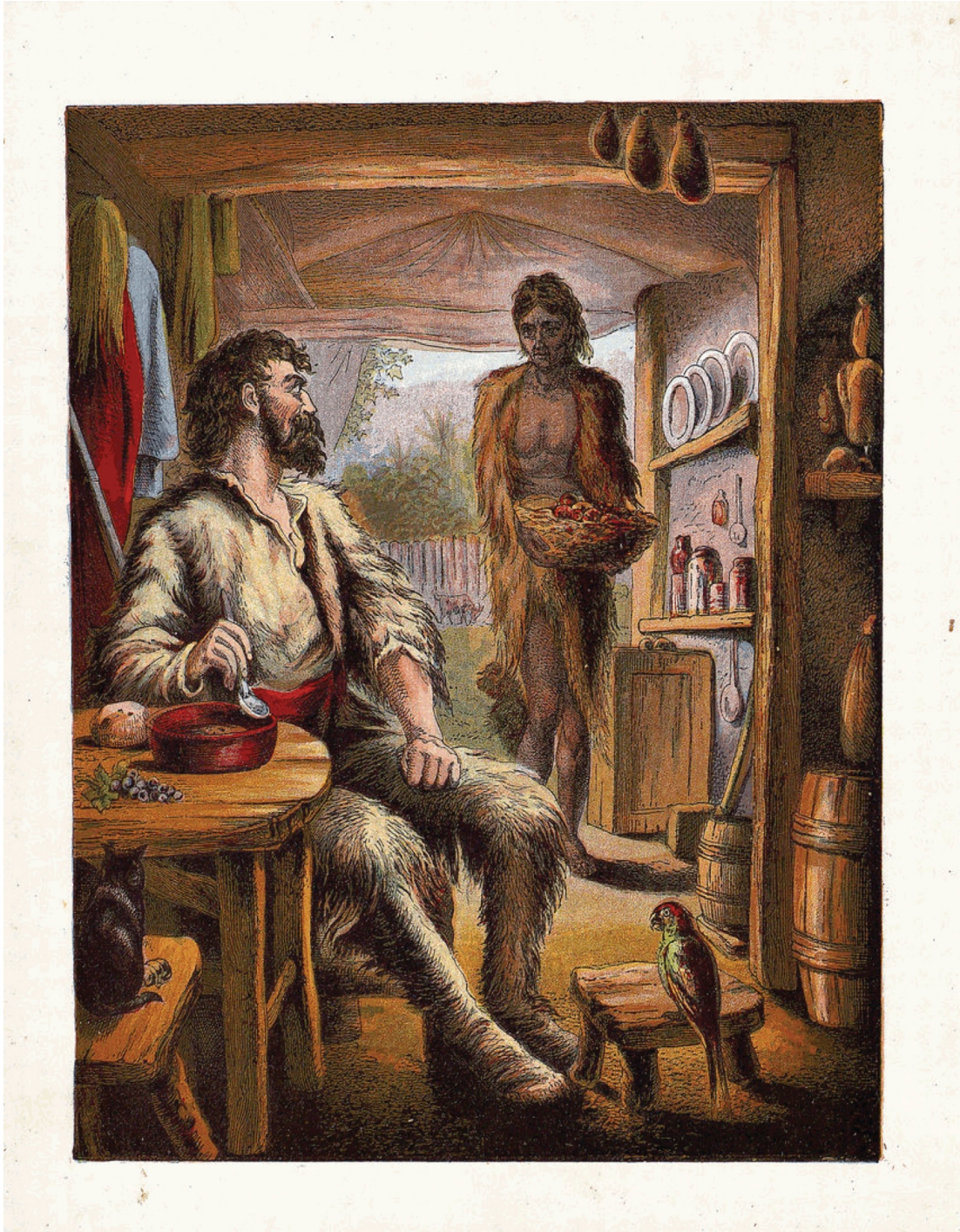
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ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE

He dreamt about them in the night,
And thought of them by day :
He scarce would stir, lest they by chance
Should come across his way.

At last one day he climbed a hill,
Where oft he used to lie,
And took with him his telescope,
To see what he could spy.

And looking off towards the shore,
A sight he did behold,
That set his very hair on end,
And made his blood run cold.

A band of painted savages,
He saw to his dismay,
All dancing round a fire, on which
A human body lay.

He saw them kill a helpless man,
And one was standing by,
All in an agony of fear,
For he, too, was to die.

But ere his enemies had time
A hand on him to lay,
He turned and bounded like a roe,
Away—away—away.

Across a stream he swam with speed,
Close followed by his foes ;
But he was saved by our good friend
The man in hairy clothes !

A young and comely man he was,
So timid and go shy,
With tawny skin and hair of jet,
And mild and beaming eye.

And oft he paused and looked around,
And knelt as if in fear ;
But Crusoe made him signs to come,
And softly he drew near.

Then Crusoe named him Friday there,
And ever called him so,
Because upon that very day
He saved him from the foe.

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ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE

And Friday quickly learned to work,
For ready hand had he ;
And helped, in time, to build a boat
And launch it in the sea.

His master taught him many things,
Of God he told him, too,
Who made the sun and moon and stars,
And watches all we do.

A touching sight it was to see,
Poor Friday kneel to pray —
To hear him cry to God for help,
In his poor broken way.

Where'er he was, in house or field,
He ever was the same ;
Obeyed his master with a smile,
And feared his Maker's name.

One morning Friday came in haste,
In trembling and in awe,
And told his master three canoes
Upon the beach he saw,

Then Crusoe bade him bring the guns,
And prime without delay ;
And soon they beat the savages,
And drove them all away.

In one canoe upon the sands,
Half dead and strongly bound,
All ready for to kill and eat,
A poor old man they found.

When Friday saw his face, he paused,
Another look to take, and wept,
Then laughed and cried, and sobbed and
As if his heart would break.

He clasped the old man round the neck,
And kissed him o'er and o'er;
And leapt and danced with very joy,
To see that face once more.

He gave him food, he brought him drink,
He cut his bonds in twain ;
The dear old father that he loved,
Nor thought to see again.

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ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE

Poor Friday, though his skin was black,
His heart was warm and kind
My little ones, a lesson this,
For all to bear in mind.

Now eight and twenty weary years,
Had Crusoe been ashore,
Upon his island, night and day,
Nor thought to leave it more.

Then oh, what joy was his to see
One morn a spreading sail
Come dancing o'er the waters blue,
Before the swelling gale.

He watched with Friday from a hill,
Though distant many a mile,
Until he saw a boat put off
And row towards the isle.

And now at last, his trials o'er,
With grateful heart he trod

And bowed in thanks to God.
Once more on board an English ship.

His faithful Friday went with him,
His Friday, true and kind,
Who loved him more than all on earth,
He could not leave behind.

His big umbrella, too, he took,
His hairy cap as well ;
And parrot with its noisy tongue,
Of other days to tell.

And then with heavy heart he turned,
To bid his home adieu ;
And soon, as onward sped the ship,
It faded from his view.

And when old England's shore he saw,
Oh, he shed many tears ;
For he had been away in all
Full five and thirty years.

THE END

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