



HEY, HEY, MY DAPPLE GREYS



Ukrainian Nursery Rhymes

Drawings by People's Artist of the Ukraine
and Shevchenko Prize Winner

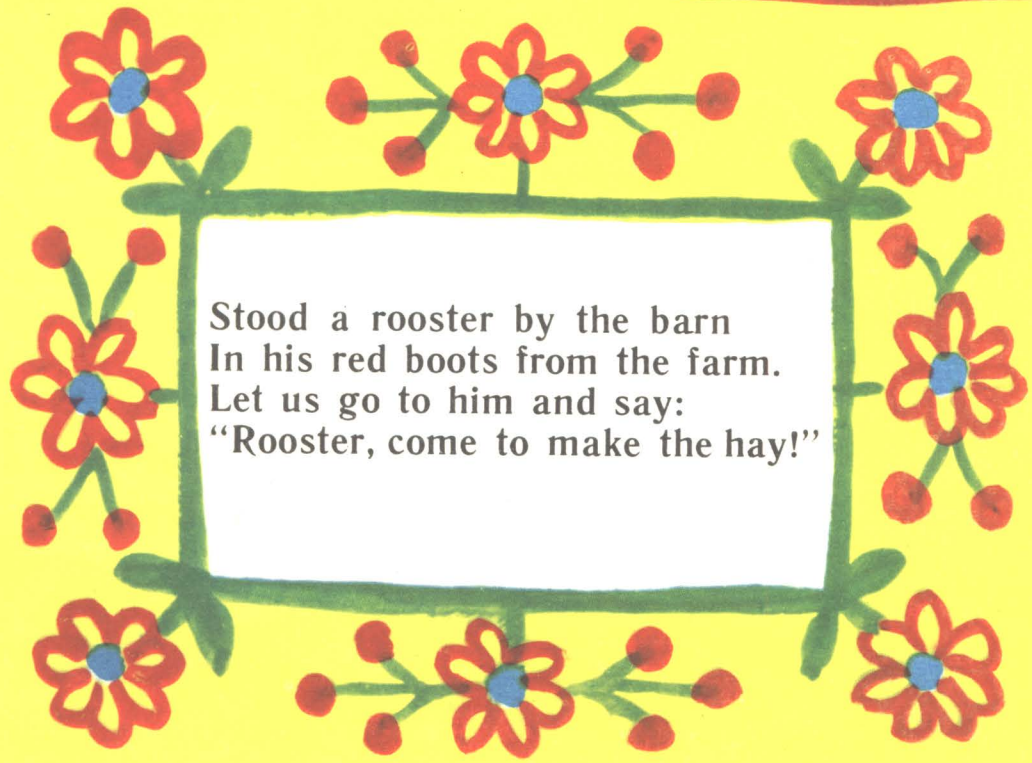
MARIA PRIMACHENKO

Translated from Ukrainian by **LILIA TITAR**

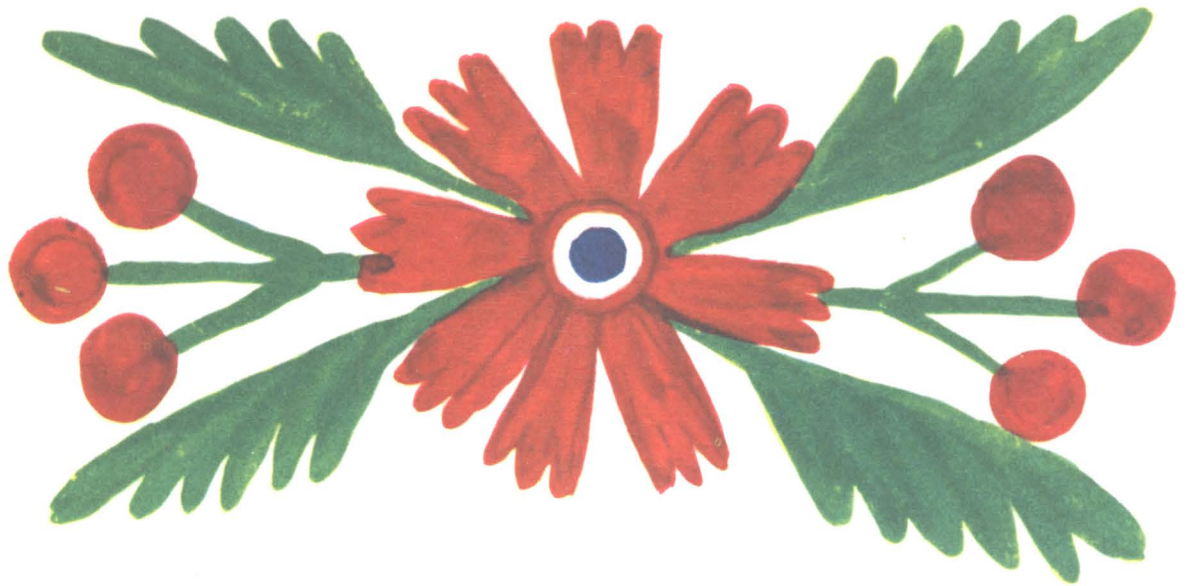
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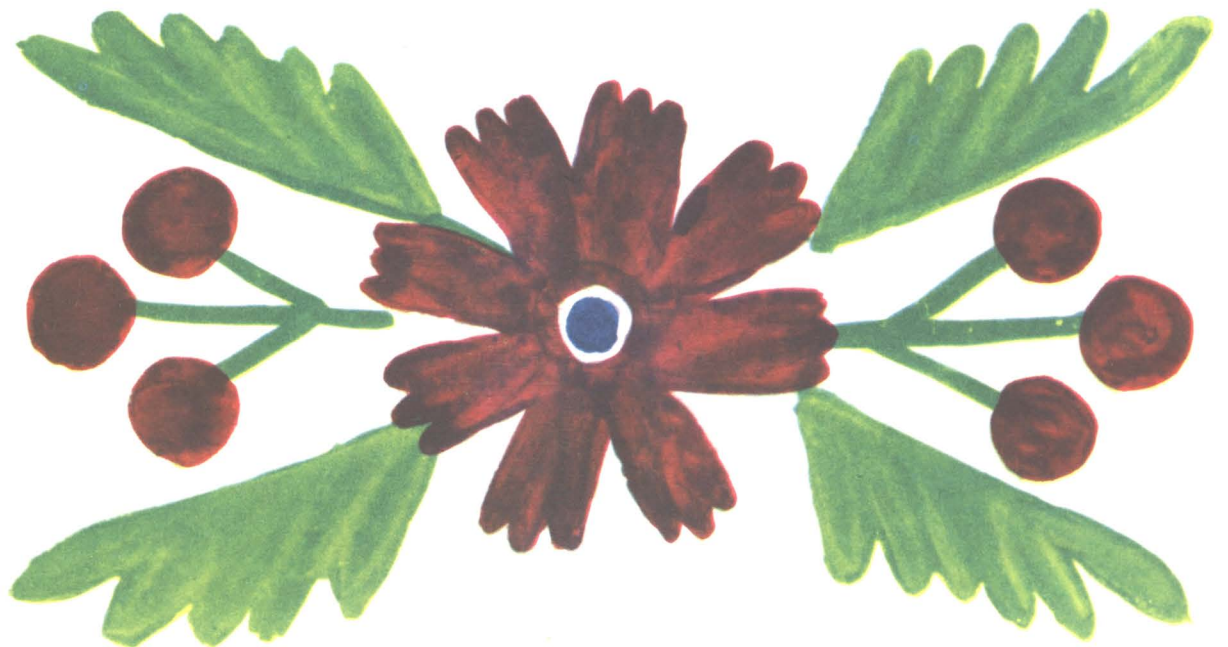




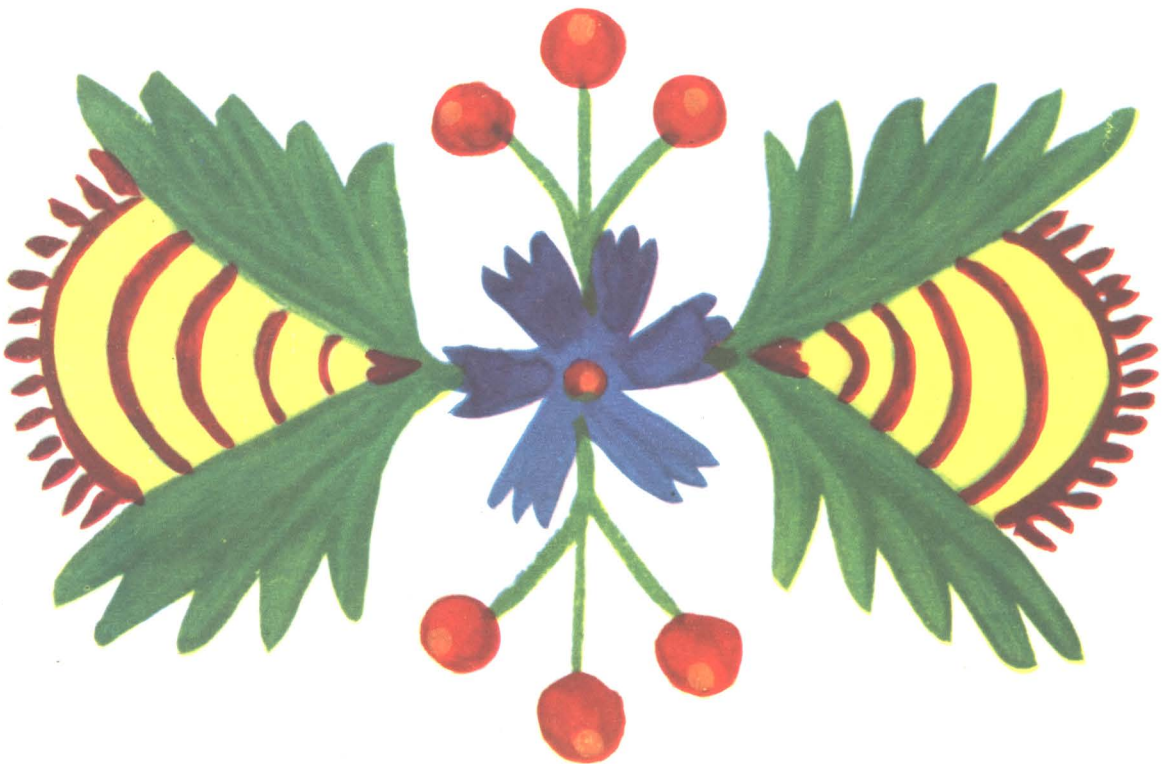
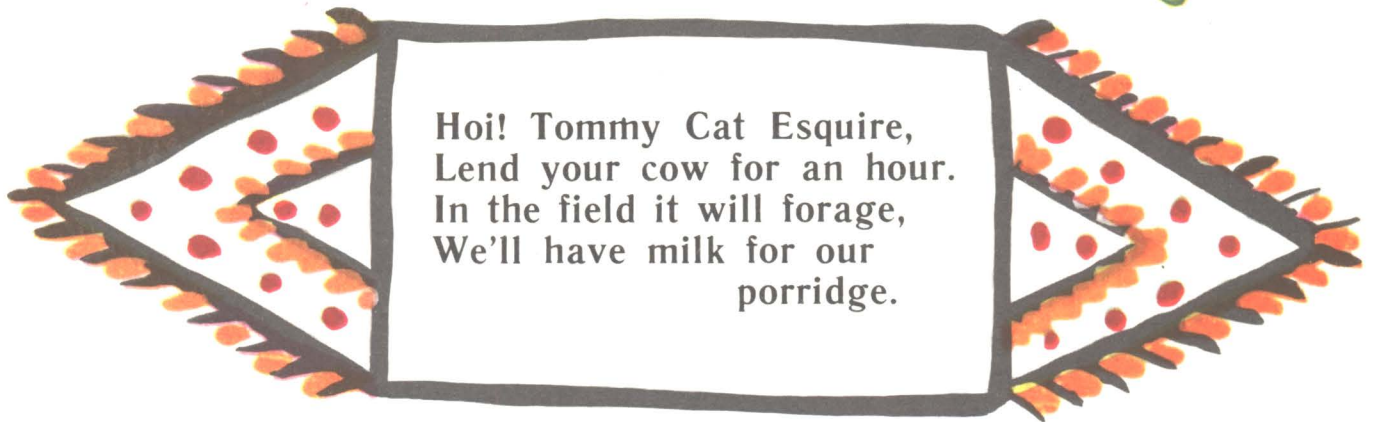
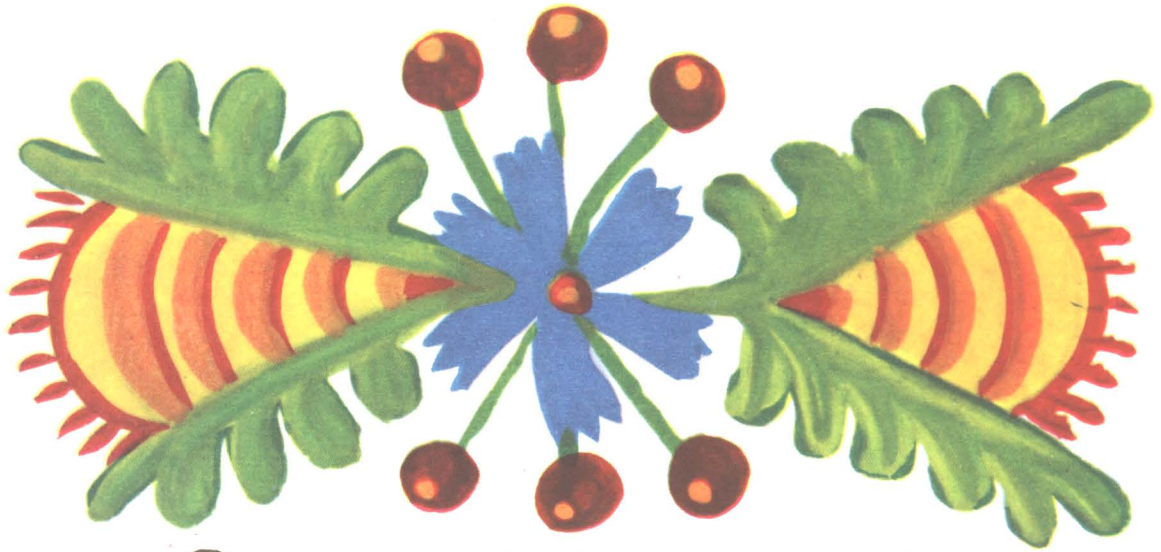
Stood a rooster by the barn
In his red boots from the farm.
Let us go to him and say:
"Rooster, come to make the hay!"



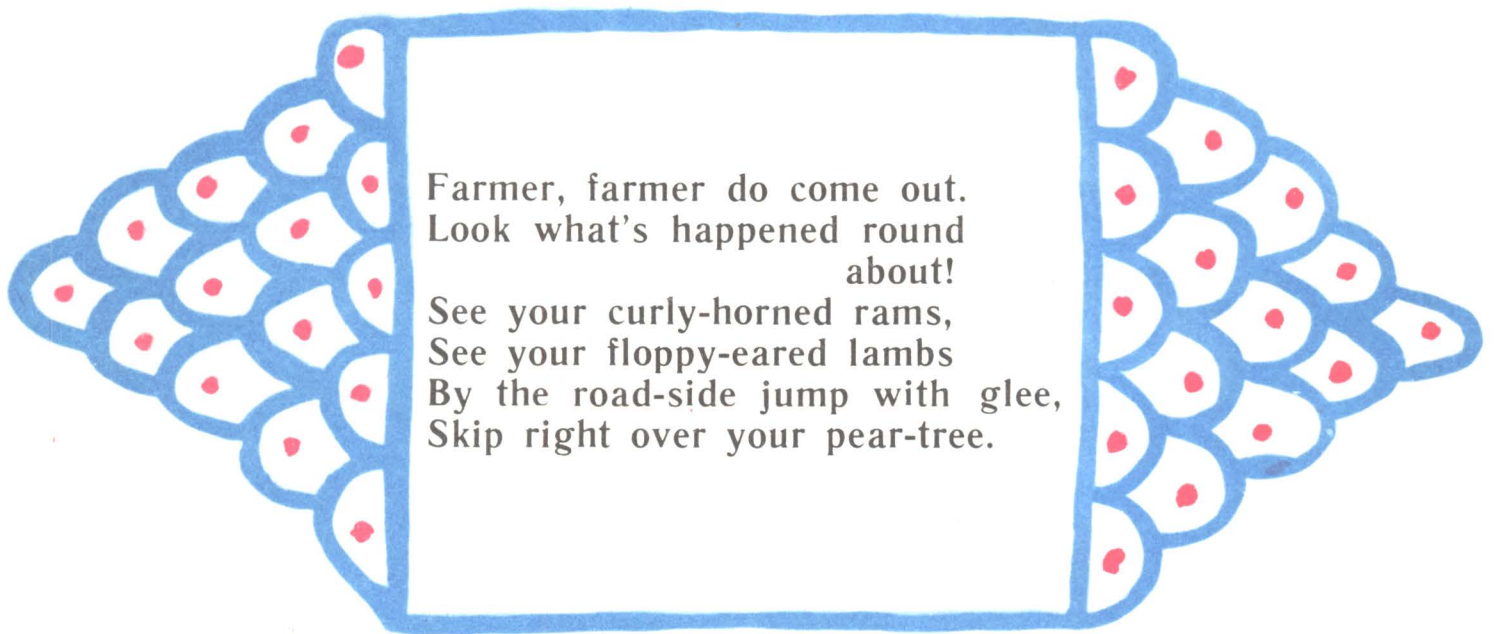
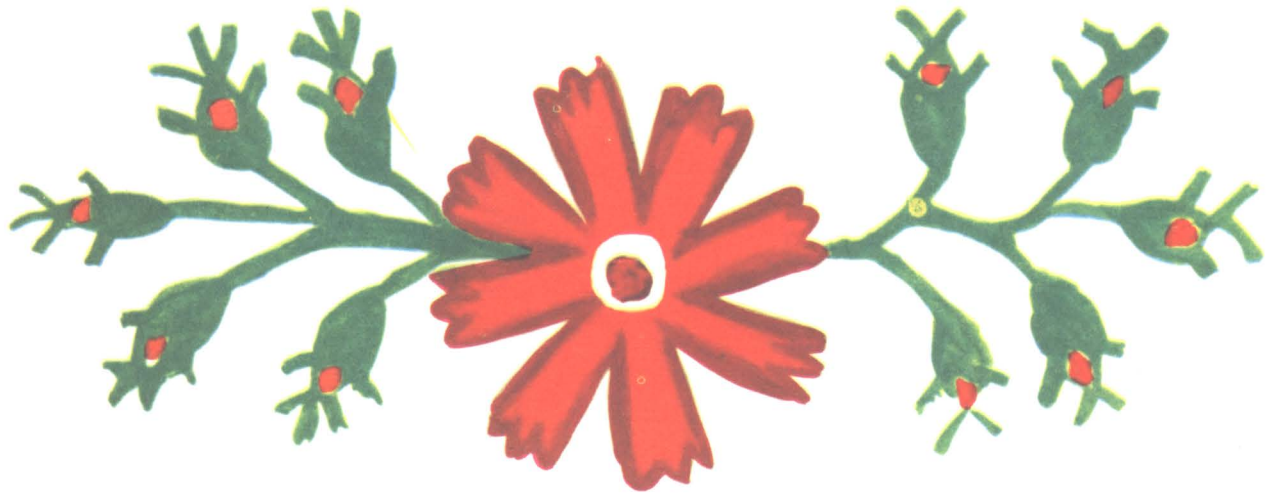
Hey, hey, my dapple greys!
Fed on oats all these days!
Are you strong enough to pull
Through the village a cartful?
Could you drag a cart with wheat
Up that hillocky
So steep,
To those cottages
So neat?





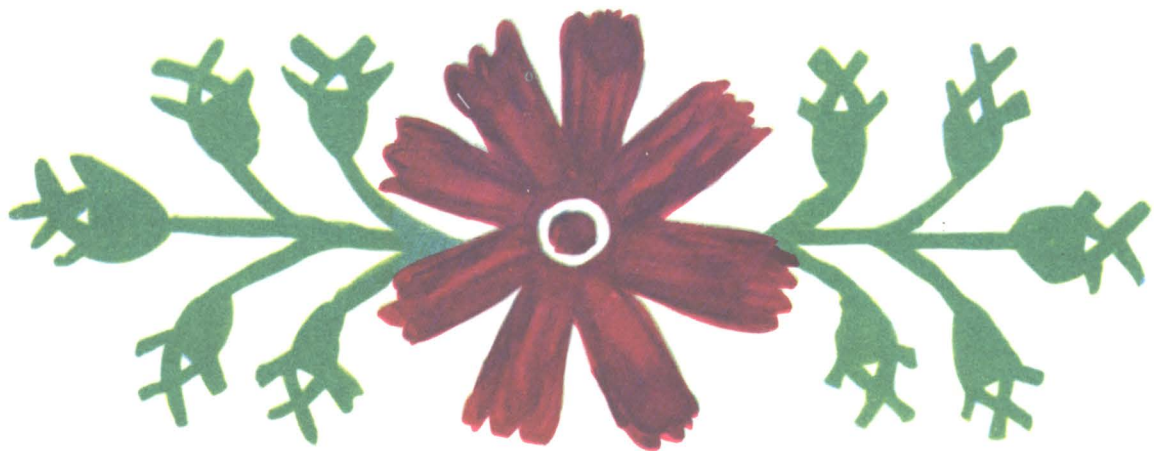






Farmer, farmer do come out.
Look what's happened round
about!

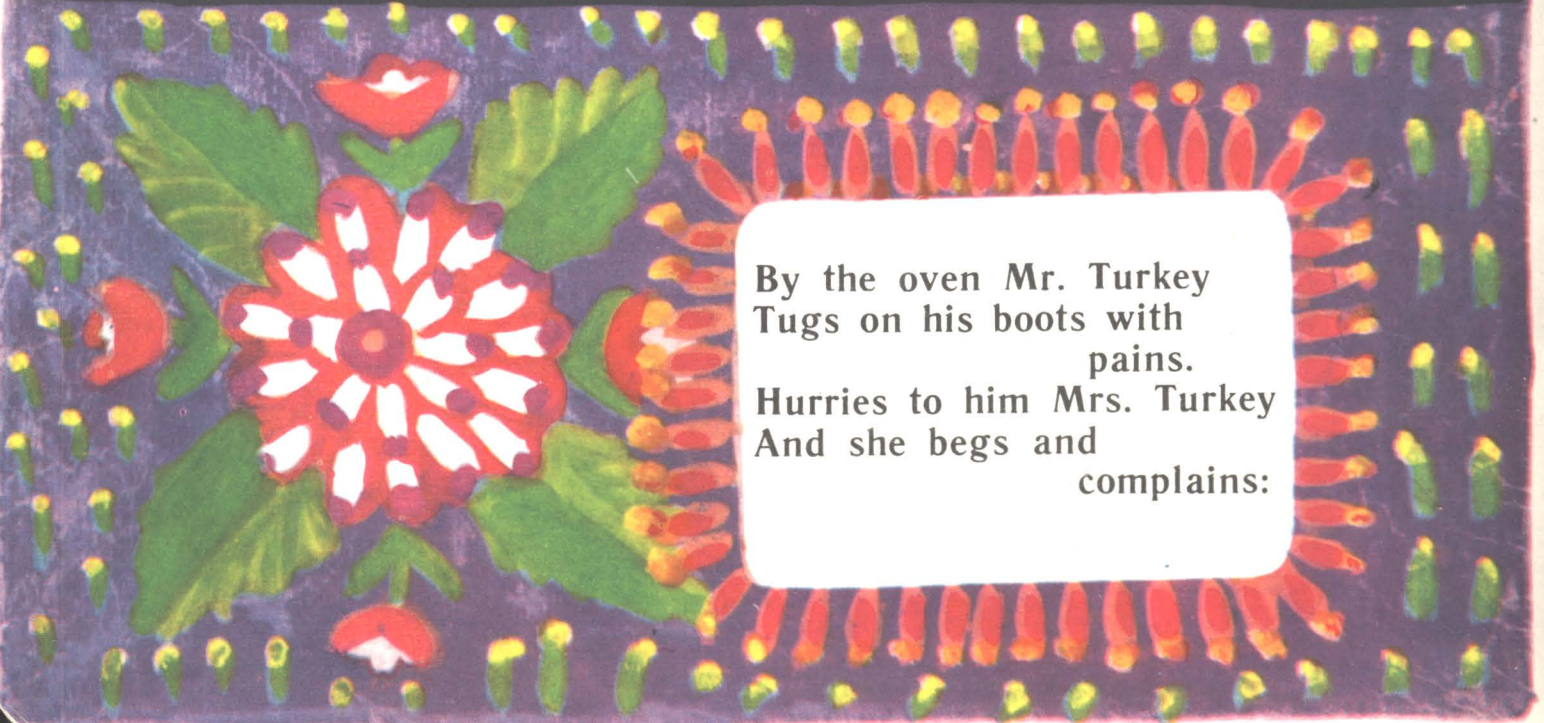
See your curly-horned rams,
See your floppy-eared lambs
By the road-side jump with glee,
Skip right over your pear-tree.







By the oven Mr. Turkey
Tugs on his boots with
pains.
Hurries to him Mrs. Turkey
And she begs and
complains:



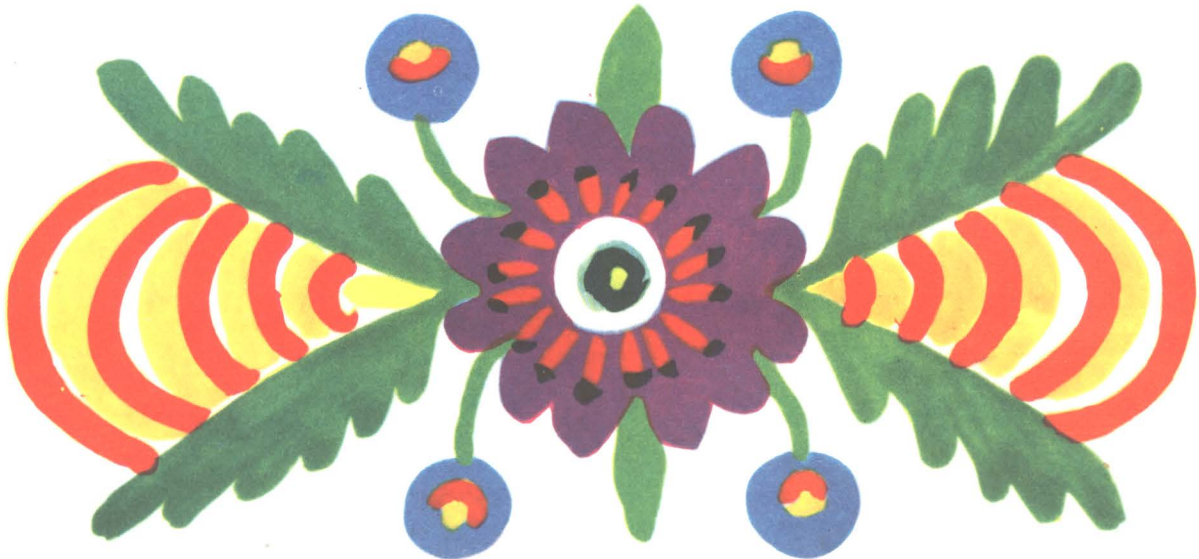


"Mr. Turkey, my dear,
Let's flee from here
For the winter's severe,
My wings'll freeze, I fear!"

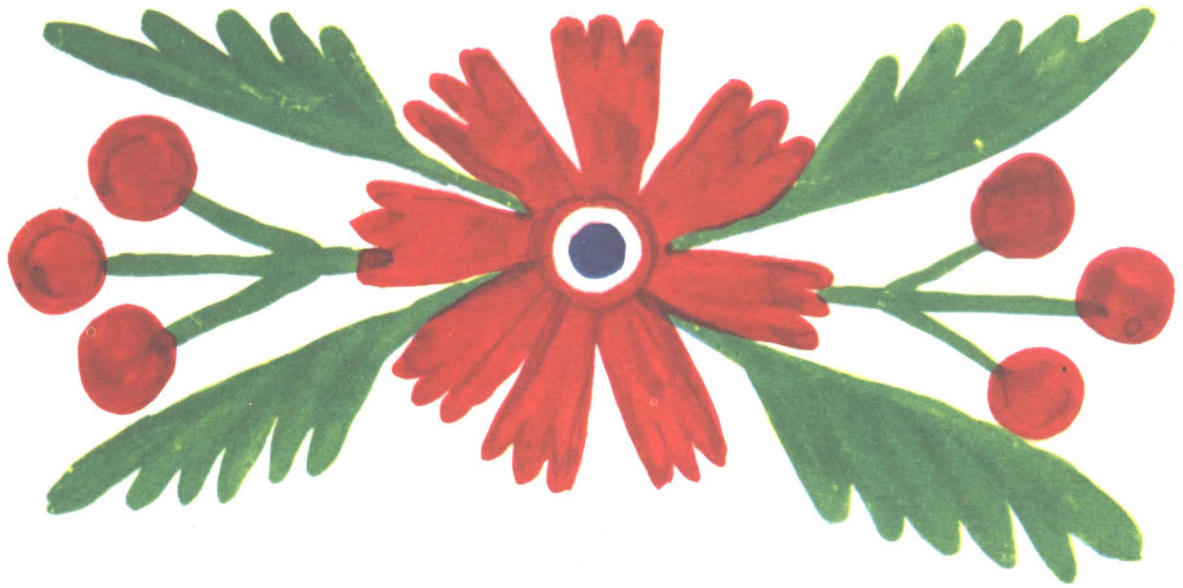




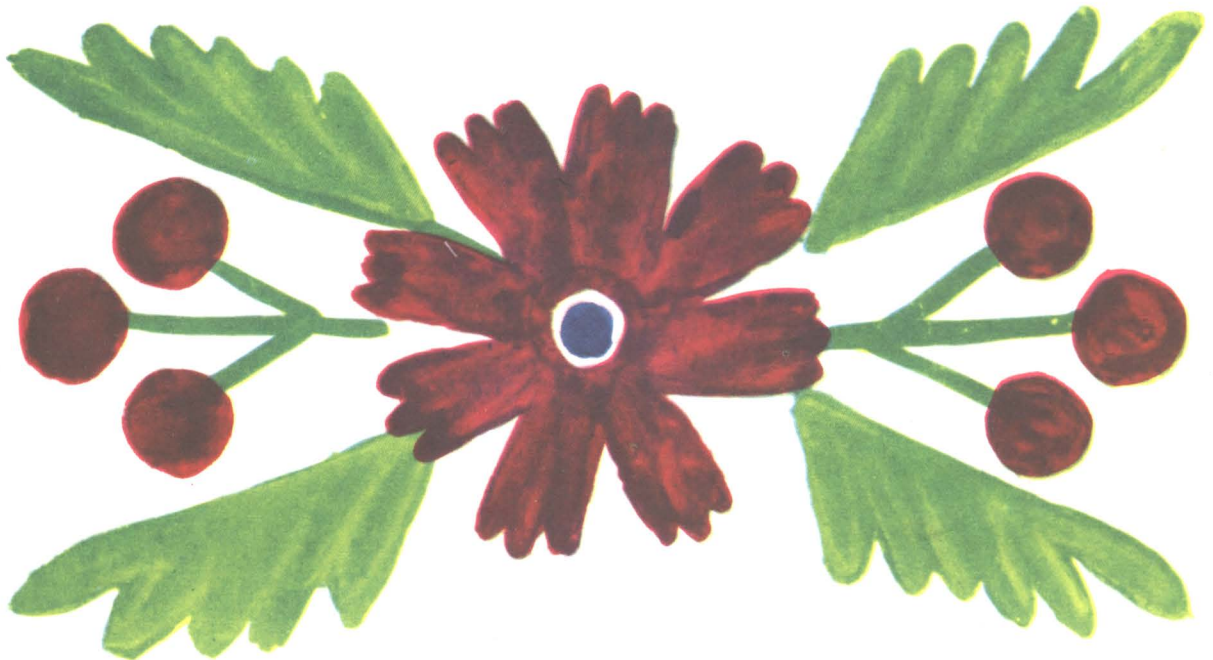
Mother Duck likes to lead
Her ducklings to feed
Where there are weeds
With tasty seeds,
To the cool, cool river
Where the grass is greener.







Oh! You bad Pussy-cat
Granny's honey you ate!
In the corner you sat,
Tip of tail I just saw
And a tip of your paw!







Mother Hen's leg
Is tied to a peg.
But her chicks she led
To the flower-bed.
Says Mother Hen:
"Cluck, cluck, cluck!
The rope's short, bad luck!"







About the steep slopes roams Nanny Goat.
Tap, tap, tap, goes her hoof.
She tells the wolf she meets on the road:
"I'm not afraid of the big, bad wolf!"

