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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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Little Hill Men

Little Hill Men, so I am told,
On moonlit nights, go dig for gold.
So have a care, Little Hill Men,
The Fox may take it to his den.

One moonlit night, the Funny Fox and Mrs. Fox went out to see what they could see! To their delight, they saw the Little Hill Men were digging gold and singing:

"We're Little Hill Men, it's very funny,
We dig and dig and dig for money!"

"Click, click, click," went their little spades, "Clatter, clatter, clatter," went the coins in their little bags.



The Funny Fox said to Mrs. Fox, "You wait here until I blow the whistle." Then he went into plain view where the Little Hill Men could see him, and he danced the most wonderful dance.

He danced and sang:

"Dance in the moonlight, it is pleasure,
To trip to music's joyous measure."

The first Little Hill Man stopped digging. The second Little Hill Man stopped to watch him. Soon, they all stopped to see the Funny Fox dancing in the moonlight.

"The Little Hill Men all advance,
Come, Fox, and teach us how to dance."

The Funny Fox answered without even winking an eye:

"You can never dance, so I am told,
Laden with your bags of gold."

All the Little Hill Men unstrapped the bags of gold from
round their waists and laid them on the ground. The
Funny Fox said,

"Close your eyes 'till I count ninety-three,
Then a wonderful dancer each one shall be."

So, the Little Hill Men closed their eyes and danced the
new step until the Fox had counted to ninety-three, and
they counted so loud they did not notice that his voice
came from farther and farther off. When they looked
about, the Funny Fox and their gold had disappeared,
and they said, thinking of their hurry to learn to dance,
"Haste makes waste"

There was nothing left for them to do but to take up
their little shovels again, singing: "We're Little Hill Men,
Little Hill Men, We frolic and play now and then, Of the
dance, we all had a taste, But have learned that haste
makes waste."