

The Lay of the Sunnyside Ducks

humbly dedicated
to
Miss Florence Paffray.

By Sunnyside lower runs a little Indian brook,
As wild as wild can be;
It flows down from hills where Indians lived of old
To the mighty Cripple Sea.

And this little brook supplies a goodly little pond
Where the sunnyside ducks do play
* Snowy white little ducks with topknots on their heads
And merry little ducks are they.

And high up the hill stands fair Paffray Hall
Where a mighty chief doth dwell
And this little Indian brook flows through his lands
In its own little rugged dell.

turn over -

* When Fanchy had her ringlets tied up on her head we all used to call her "The
Swinging topknot duck"

And the Laird of Jaffray arose in his might
And he said to his wife one day
"This little Indian Brook, is an idle little brook
And shall no longer have its way.

No longer shall it run down to Sunnyside pond
Nor eke to the Tappan Sea
I'll stop it, with a dam, and pump it up hill with a ram
And make it work for a living", said he

"It shall run in pipes about our garden and lawn
Making jets and fountains clear
It shall run up stairs and down stairs of Jaffray Hall,
And into your bath-room my dear."

Then the sunnyside ducks they quaked with fear
And dolefully they did cry,
"Oh Laird of Jaffray spare our little brook,
Or we shall be left high and dry!"

But soon it appeared that this brave little brook
Defied the Laird of Jaffray's skill;
For though he dammed the little brook, and rammed the little brook
The little brook still ran down hill.

Then the Sunnyside ducks again plucked up heart,
And got over their granda - ry,
And the little brook still runs on to Sunnyside pond
And the mighty Tappan Sea!

Betty W. says
Above is Mrs E. S. Jaffray's writing

