



# A TIRED BOY

BY

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My papa's a photographer—  
An "amateur" they say—  
And he's out taking pictures  
Most every pleasant day.

Now what they mean by "amateur"  
I really cannot tell,  
But there is one thing that I'm sure  
I do know very well.

He's always fixing me somewhere  
To have my picture taken:  
Out in the swing, or on the step,  
And if I'm not mistaken

He even takes me when I sleep;  
He takes me when I cry,  
And when I laugh, and run, and play,  
And I have seen him try

To take me when I'm awful mad  
And quarrel with the boys—  
He doesn't seem to mind one bit  
The rumpus and the noise.

He takes the flowers, the trees, the hens,  
The river, house and lake;  
I cannot think of anything  
He doesn't try to take.

He takes the snow, the rain, the clouds,  
The rocks, the sea, and soon  
I expect to see him trying  
To take the sun and moon.

I've seen him take 'most everything  
(They're all upon the shelf),  
But the strangest thing he ever took  
Was a picture of himself.

He talks of "views" and "attitudes,"  
Of "prints," and "plates," and "poses,"  
Of "baths," and "burnishing," and "tones,"  
And tells how he "exposes,"

And every magazine that comes  
He looks all through "to see  
If there is anything that's new"  
About photography.

I send with this my picture,  
That everyone may see  
How very tired a little boy  
Like me can sometimes be.

The day that papa took it  
He'd tried me every way  
For hours and hours it seemed to me,  
And each time he would say:

"Now we will get one more  
And then I guess we'll stop,"  
Till I had grown so tired  
I thought that I should drop.

I said, "Oh, papa, I'm so tired.  
When can I have a rest?"  
He said, "Right off. Sit still! Sit still!"  
I never even guessed

That then and there he took me;  
But, sure enough, t'was true—  
And that's the very picture  
I send with this to you.

I think that for a little boy  
A great deal I endure  
Since papa's a photographer  
They call an "amateur."