

# PETER'S PARADISE

By  
GEORGE H. ROBINSON.

## A CHILD'S DREAM *of the* CRYSTAL PALACE.

ILLUSTRATED BY  
JAMES DENHOLM

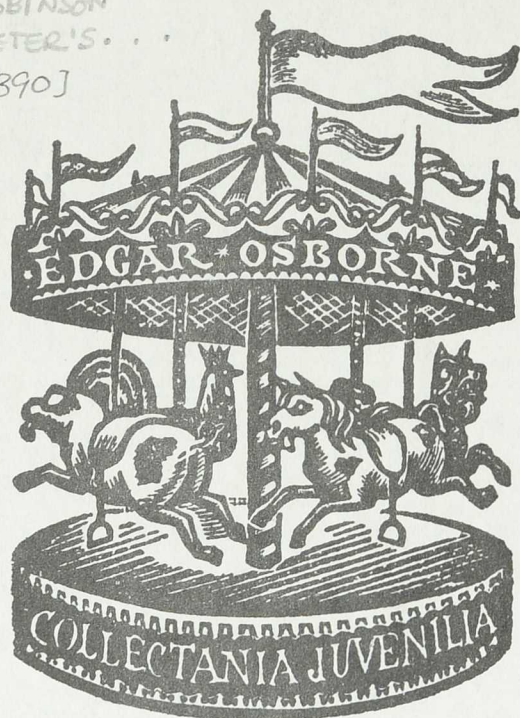


LONDON.

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO. LIM<sup>d</sup>

Peter  
ROBINSON  
PETER'S...  
[1890]

fol



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TF

*Fruviel*

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A detailed illustration of a grand, classical-style hall. In the foreground, a large female statue stands on a pedestal, with a bust of a woman's head and shoulders to its left. The hall is lined with columns and arches, leading to a distant, brightly lit area with more statues and architectural features. The overall style is that of a fine-lined engraving or woodcut.

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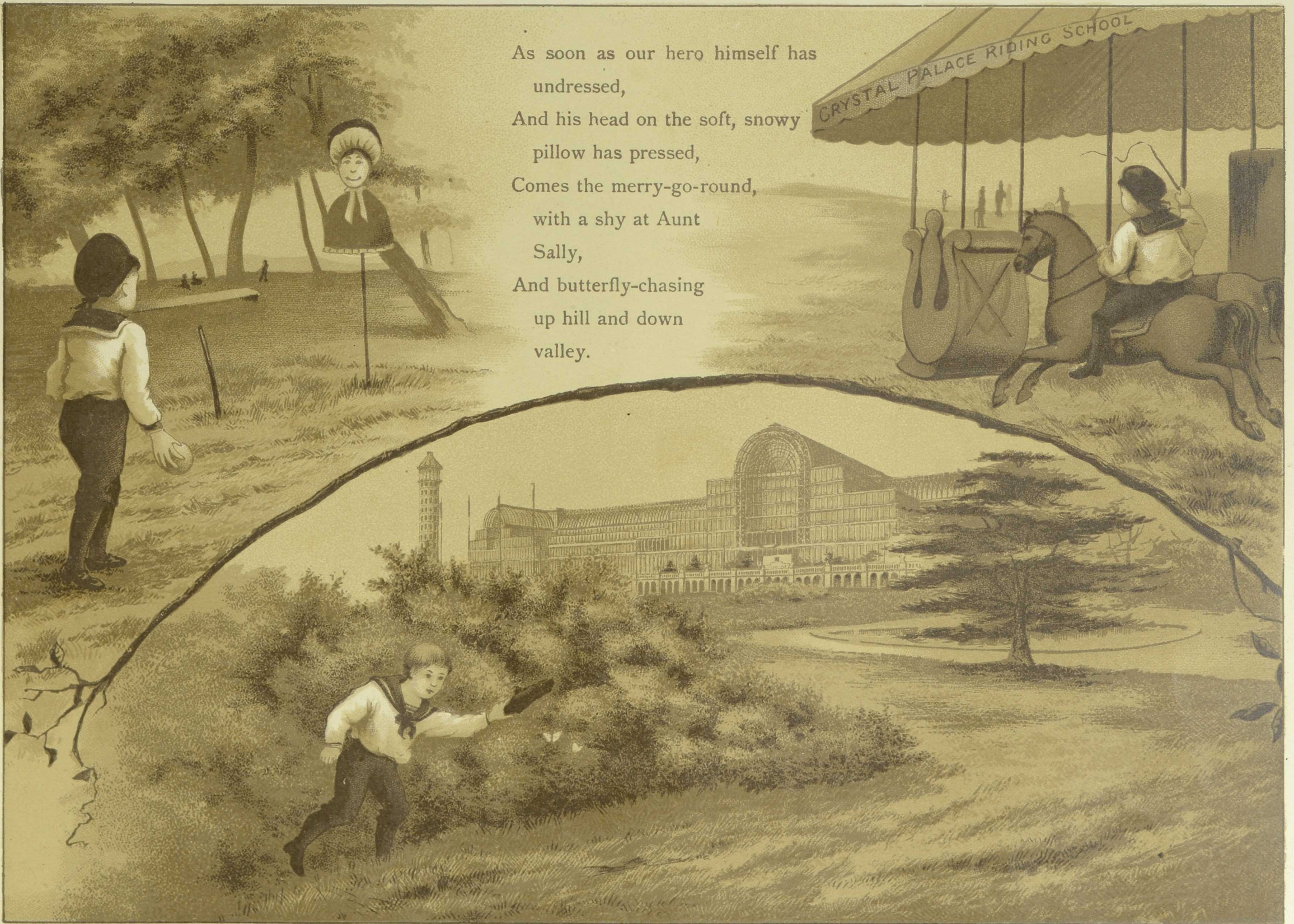
I know a little child named Peter,  
I am sure you cannot find a sweeter.

This is Peter.



He says that the Palace, so lovely, so nice,  
Makes him dream in his sleep that he's in Paradise ;  
And here are but some of the wonderful sights  
Which crowd round the bed of young Peter o' nights.

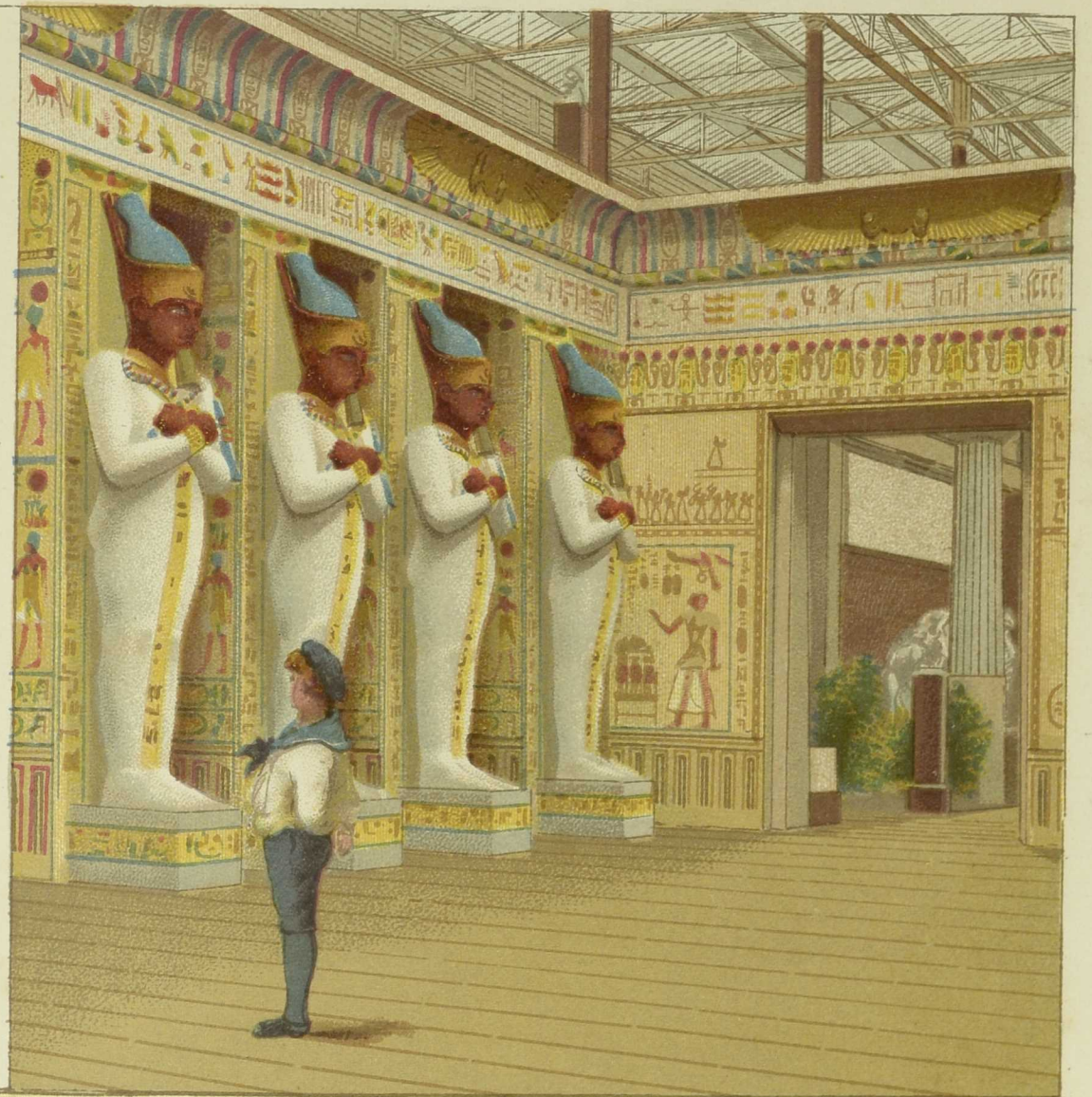
As soon as our hero himself has  
undressed,  
And his head on the soft, snowy  
pillow has pressed,  
Comes the merry-go-round,  
with a shy at Aunt  
Sally,  
And butterfly-chasing  
up hill and down  
valley.





THE POMPEIAN COURT.

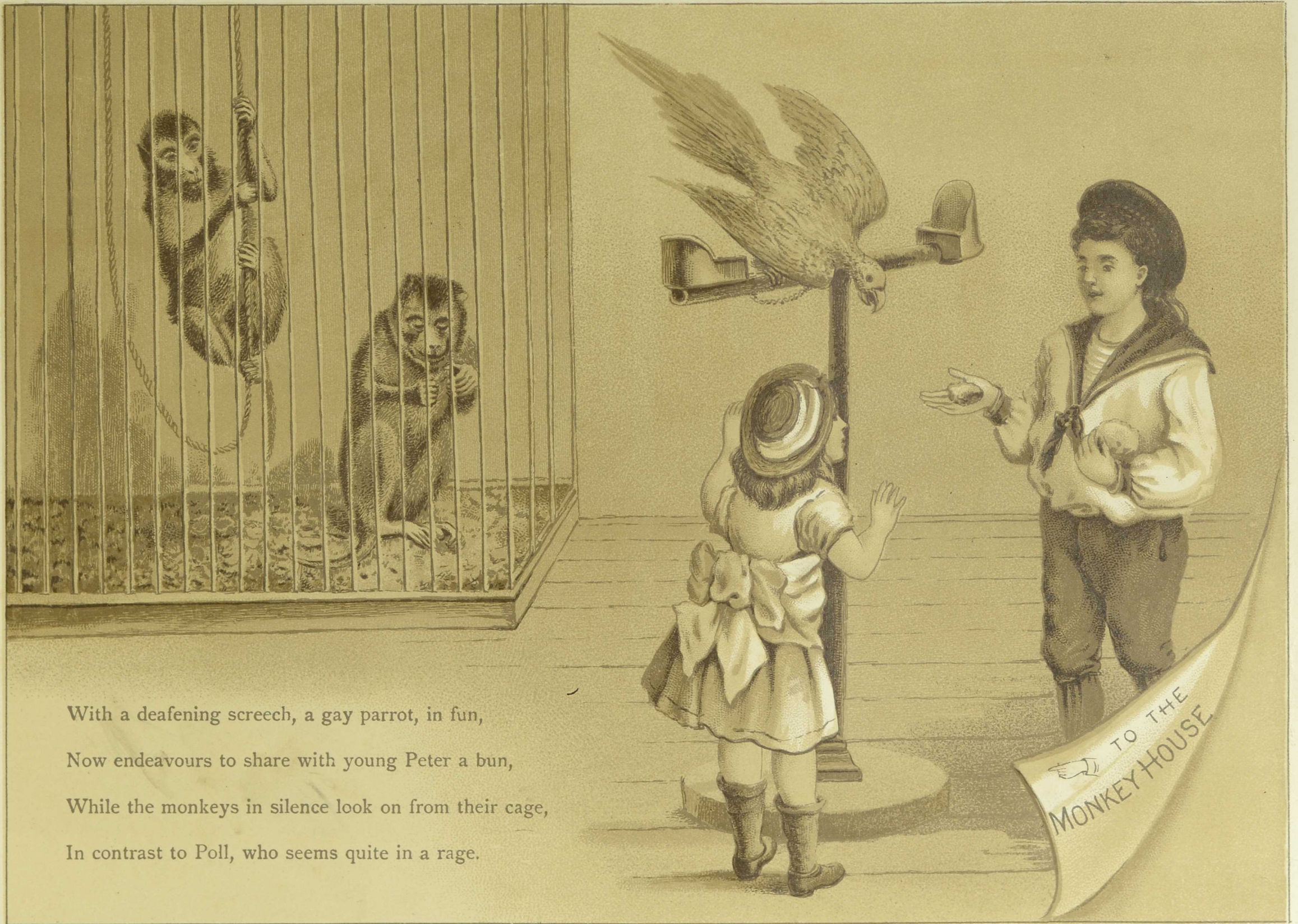
He has had but one shy, and a single whirl round,  
When, without any warning, without any sound,  
The grounds fade away, with their beauty and sport,  
And he sails the *May Queen* in the Pompeian Court.



THE EGYPTIAN COURT.

Then Peter holds breath, as before him arise,  
One after the other, with round, staring eyes,  
Colossal Egyptians, whose faces so red  
At one time, to Peter, were objects of dread.





With a deafening screech, a gay parrot, in fun,  
Now endeavours to share with young Peter a bun,  
While the monkeys in silence look on from their cage,  
In contrast to Poll, who seems quite in a rage.



Hark! the crack of a rocket on still evening air—  
One second, and Peter, with thousands, is there.

'Tis the fireworks, with colours so gorgeous and bright,  
Peter says it is truly a beautiful sight.



With a scent of cut grass now the donkey arrives,  
The dear Palace donkey the mowing-boy drives ;

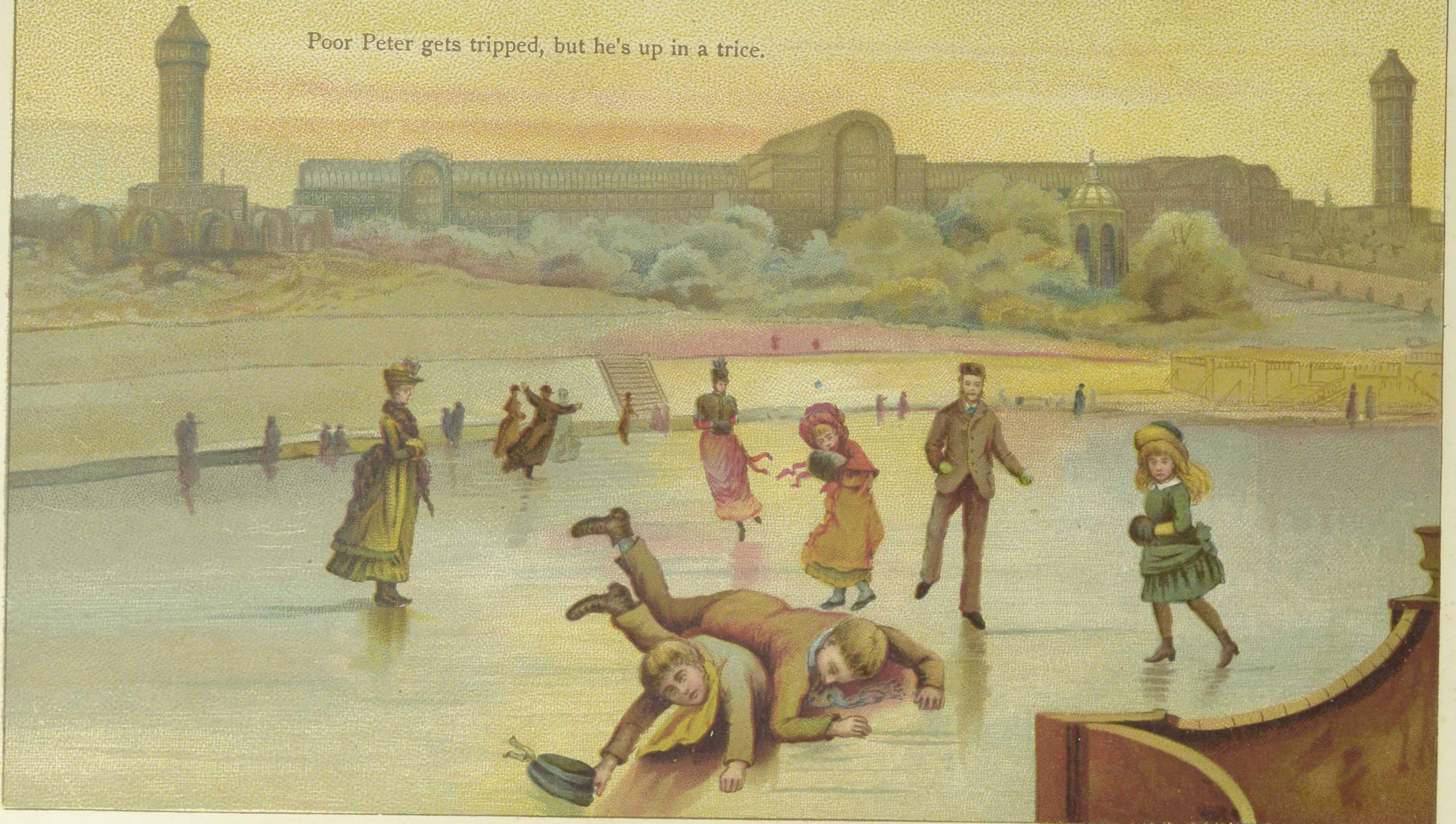
He works in the grounds in the sweet summer-time,  
But at Christmas he plays in the grand pantomime.

A rush of keen air almost makes Peter shake,

It is winter-time now on the great middle lake,

With its snowballing, skating, and fun on the ice,

Poor Peter gets tripped, but he's up in a trice.

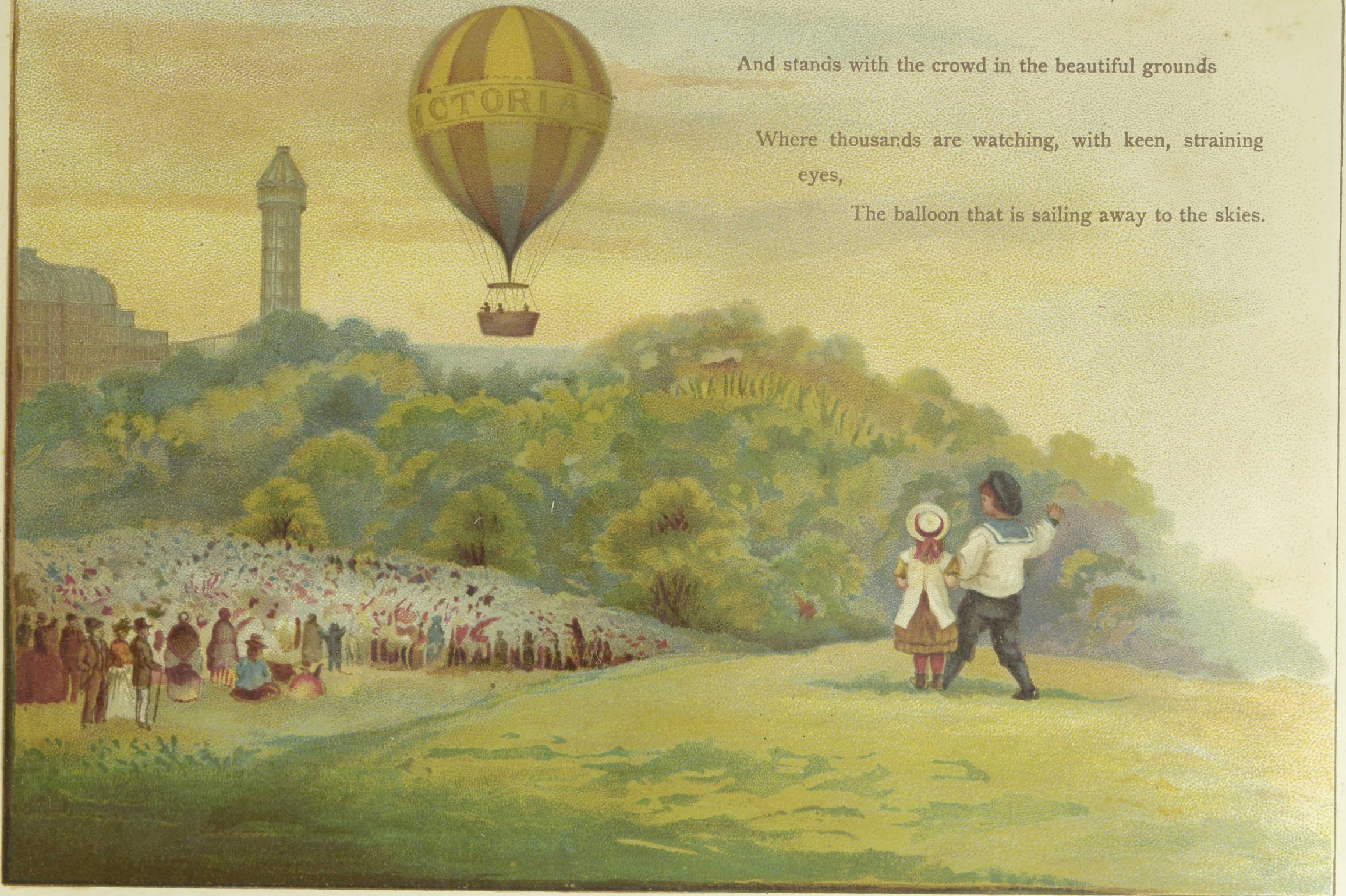


From winter to green, leafy summer he bounds,

And stands with the crowd in the beautiful grounds

Where thousands are watching, with keen, straining  
eyes,

The balloon that is sailing away to the skies.





VENUS VICTRIX



What exquisite beauty now bursts  
on his view  
In Greek marble statues,  
so noble, so true;  
So real they seem  
living, so lovely,  
divine,  
Peter sighs with  
regret as they  
melt in sun-  
shine.





THE GREEK COURT



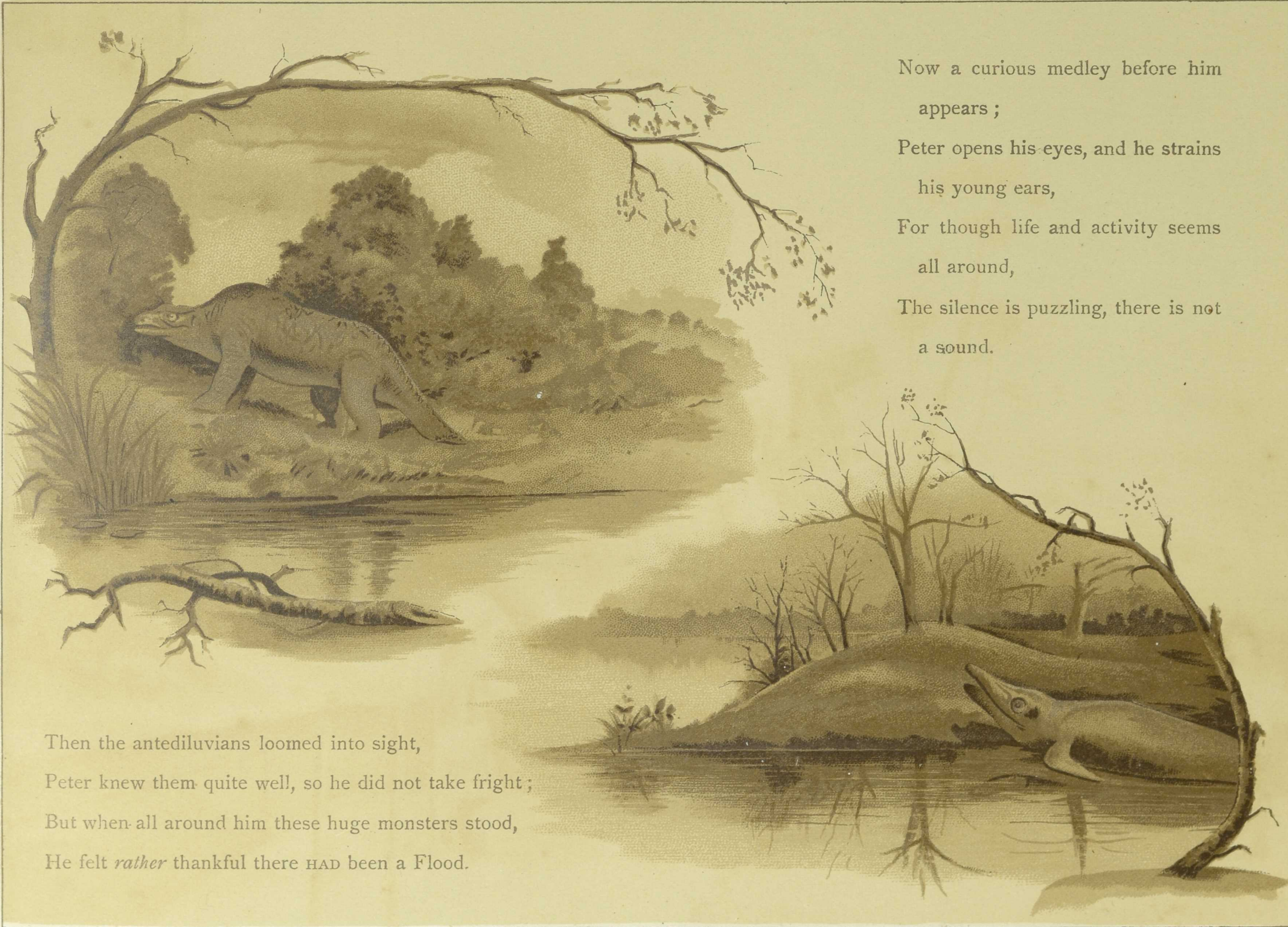
But the sunshine reveals the great lake down below,  
Where in boats there are people enjoying a row,

With the swans and the ducks, that enjoy it as well—  
But which most, Peter, people, or ducks, I can't tell.



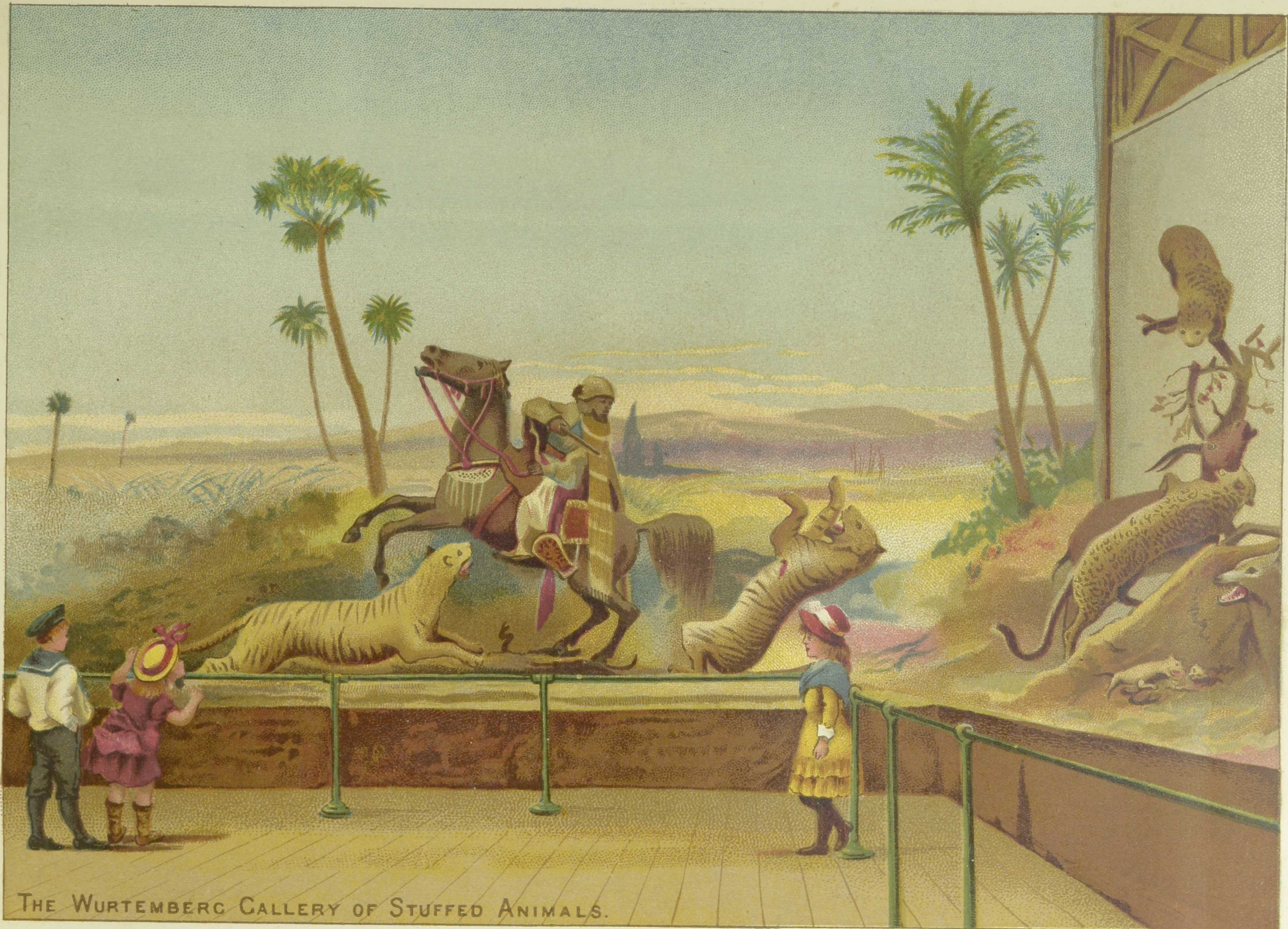


THE GREAT LOWER LAKE.



Now a curious medley before him  
appears ;  
Peter opens his eyes, and he strains  
his young ears,  
For though life and activity seems  
all around,  
The silence is puzzling, there is not  
a sound.

Then the antediluvians loomed into sight,  
Peter knew them quite well, so he did not take fright ;  
But when all around him these huge monsters stood,  
He felt *rather* thankful there HAD been a Flood.



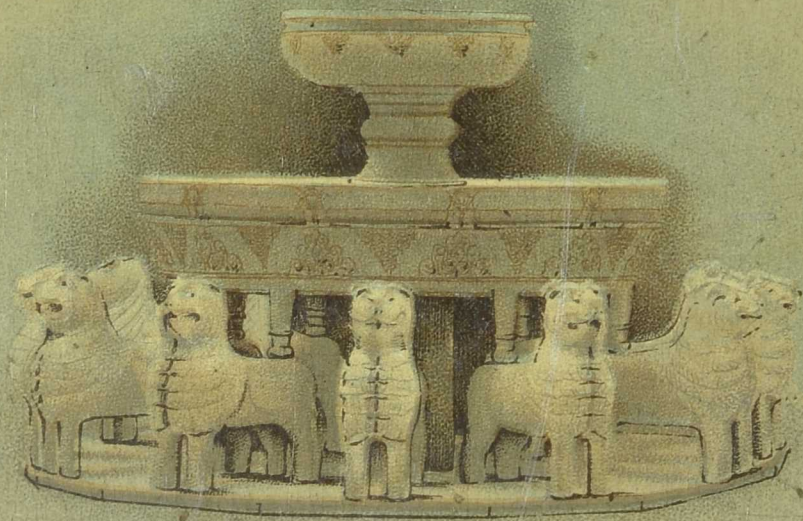


And here ends this dream of the Palace so nice,  
Which Peter has christened a real Paradise ;  
And old folk and young, I am sure, will agree  
That an excellent little godfather is he.









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