

DUTCH DOLL DIMITES



WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS
BY

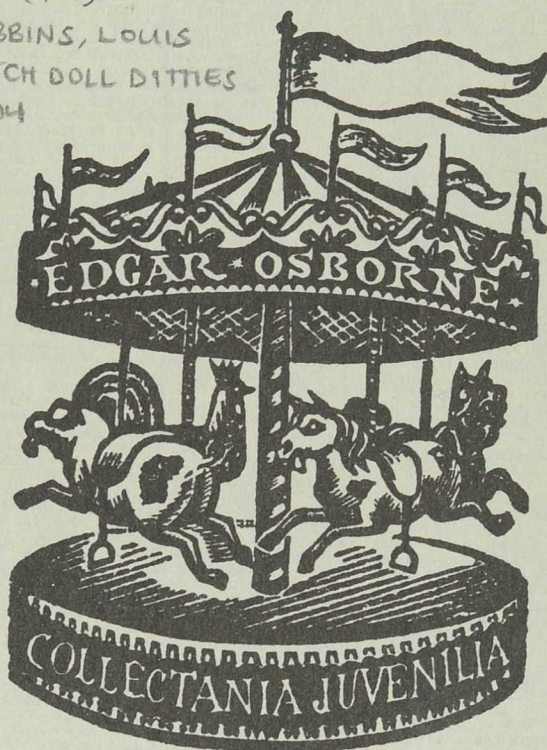
LOUIS ROBBINS.

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

39. PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON

NEW YORK AND BOMBAY

P (fdl)
ROBBINS, LOUIS
DUTCH DOLL DITTIES
1904



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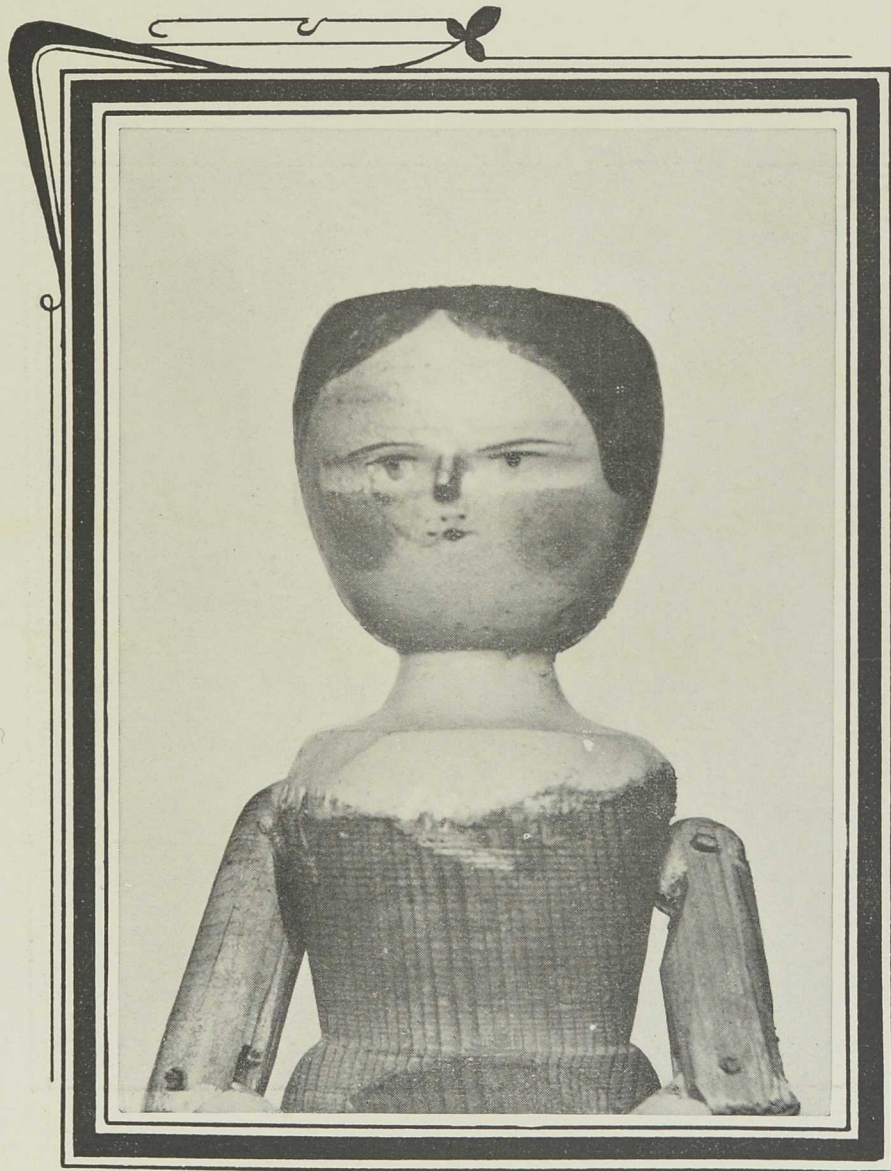
To dear Babs -

with much love

from Uncle Harry & Aunt Lou

October 25 1907.

DUTCH DOLL DITTIES



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LOUIS ROBBINS

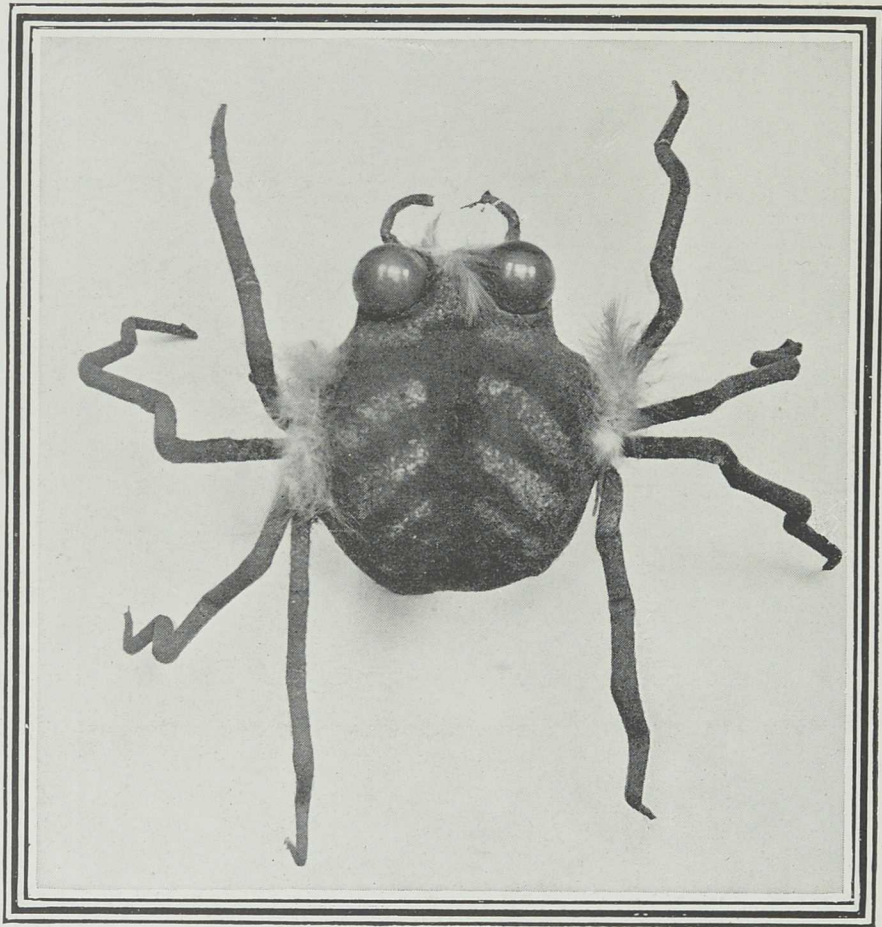
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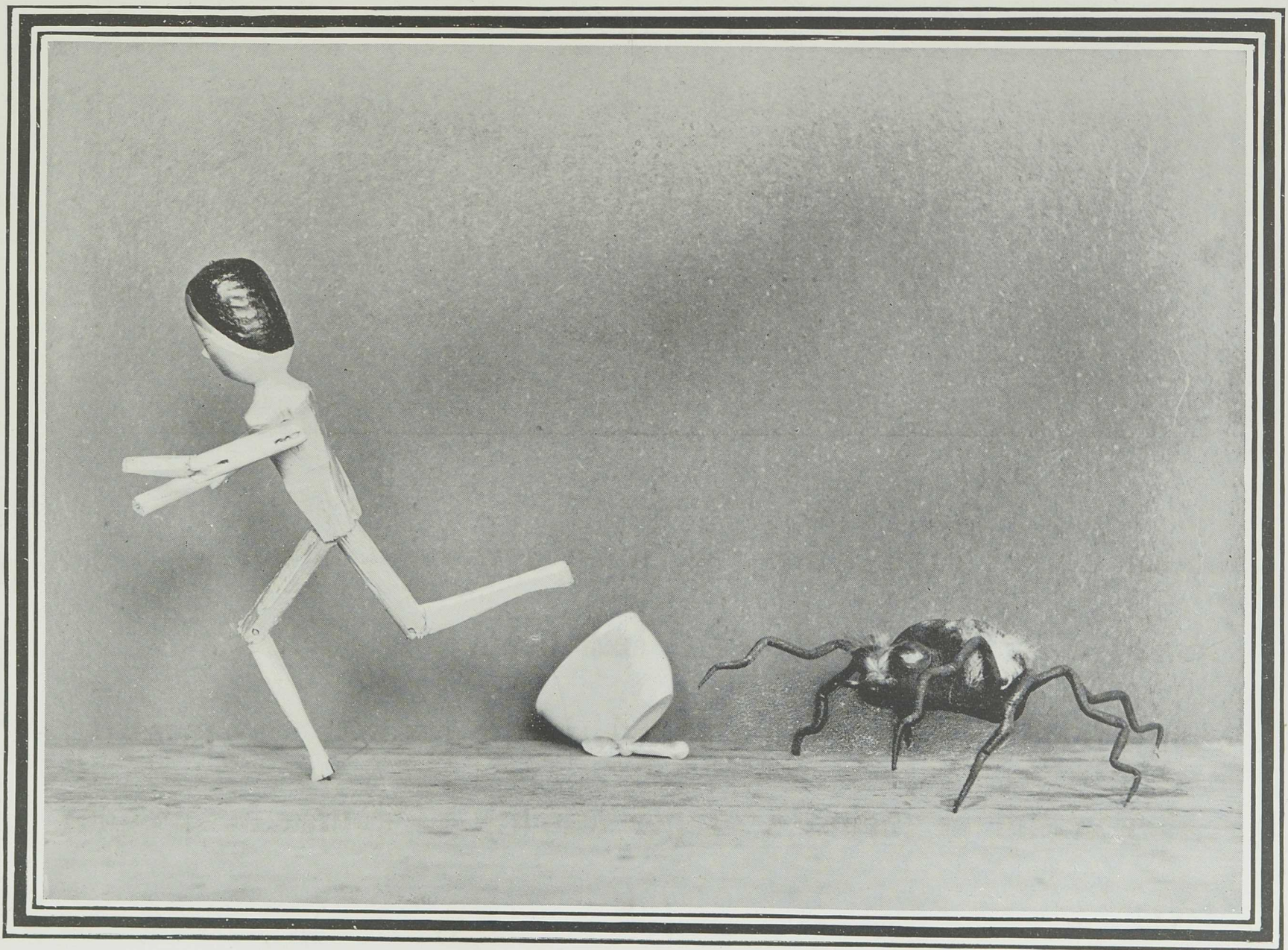
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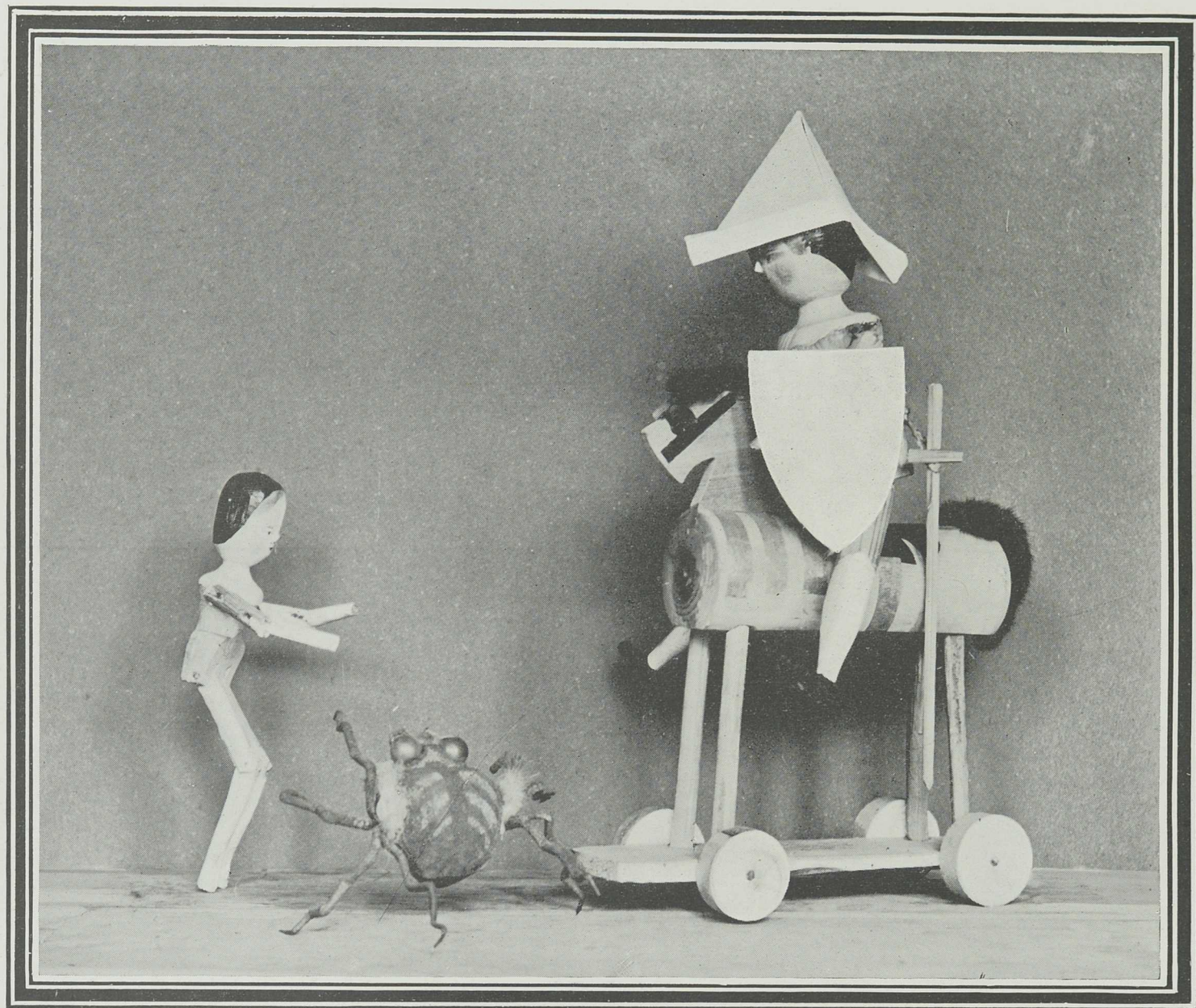
A SEQUEL

YOU'VE heard of poor Miss Muffit, who was eating curds and whey,
When a great, big, ugly spider, went and frightened her away.
The sequel to this dreadful tale, has never yet been told,
And I hope that now you read it, your blood will not run cold.



Well ; when the damsel ran away with all her might and main,
The spider he pursued her, to frighten her again.

Just at this awful moment, when she thought all hope was lost,



A wooden knight came riding by, upon a wooden horse.
Now when a really proper knight, sees beauty in distress,
He seems to think that getting killed, is the greatest happiness.
This wooden knight (being a proper knight), of course he thought the
same,
And resolved to have his name writ large, upon the scroll of fame.
He quickly drew his wooden sword and with one mighty thrust
He ran it through the monster, and the monster bit the dust.

Then turning to the maiden, whom he thought was wondrous fair,
He bid her not be frightened, with a very lordly air.
She, seeing then his courtly mien, and knowing he was bold,
Blushed, and sighed, and hung her head; at least, that's what
I'm told.

And he could not resist her charms, he felt his heart beat fast.
He vowed he would protect her, as long as life should last.

He took her on his
wooden steed
(Which pranced and
neighed with pride),
And swore upon his
trusty sword
To take her for his
bride.

Perhaps you think this
wooden knight
Had nothing much to
brag on,
But don't you think, he
was as brave
As George, who slew
the dragon?



TROUBLESOME CHILDREN

MR. WOOD and Mrs. Wood, did every little thing they could

For Polly Wood and Tommy Wood, their children (be it understood).

Now Mrs. Wood (as a mother should), took every care of Polly Wood,



To make her well behaved and good (of course as any mother would).

And Mr. Wood took great delight, in making Tommy sharp and bright;

Also, to curb his appetite (which for a father's only right).

Imagine then their great distress

When Polly spoilt her best new

dress,

By getting it in such a mess,

The like of which you cannot

guess.



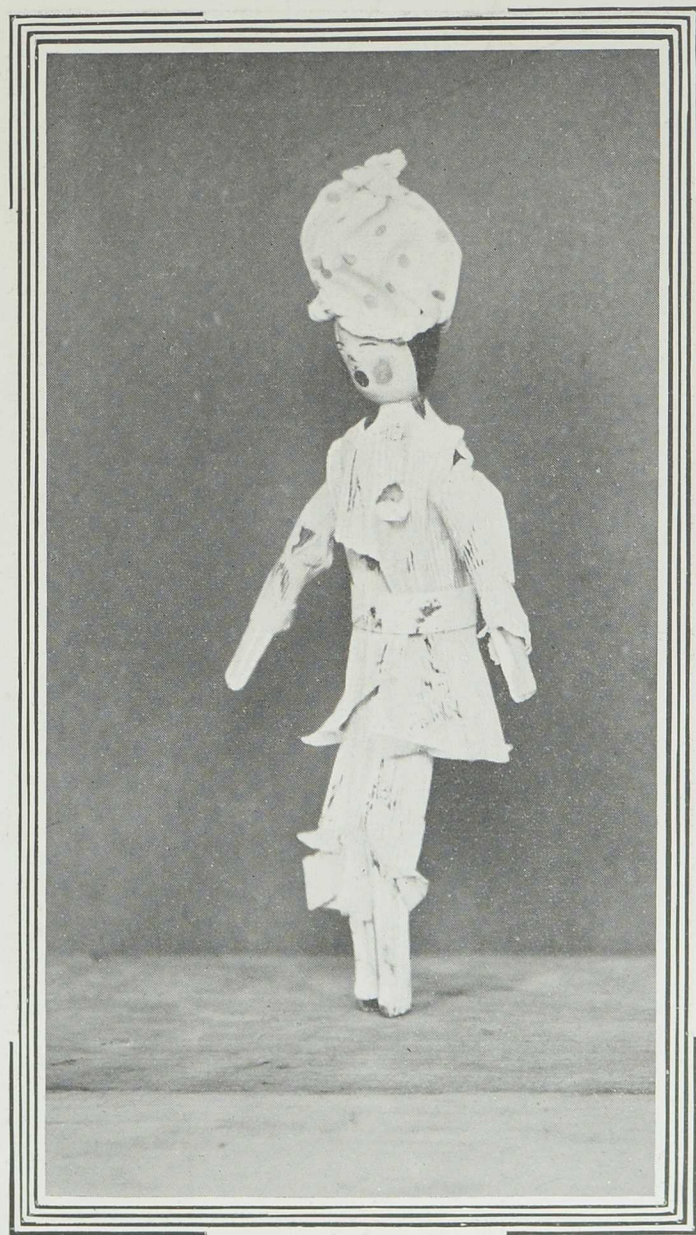
And Tommy (having had a fight)

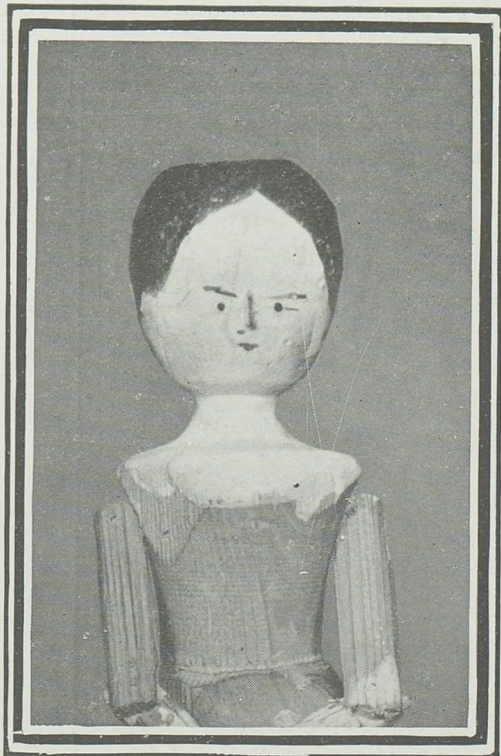
Had torn his clothes which once

were white,

But now presented such a sight.

His parents were dumfounded quite.





THE LOVERS

GRETCHEN was a Deutsches
girl,

With figure neat and smart.



Fritz, he was her lover, having won her trusting heart.

Now Gretchen did the cooking, at a house in London town ;

Fritz Schweitzer was a baker, for short they called him Brown.

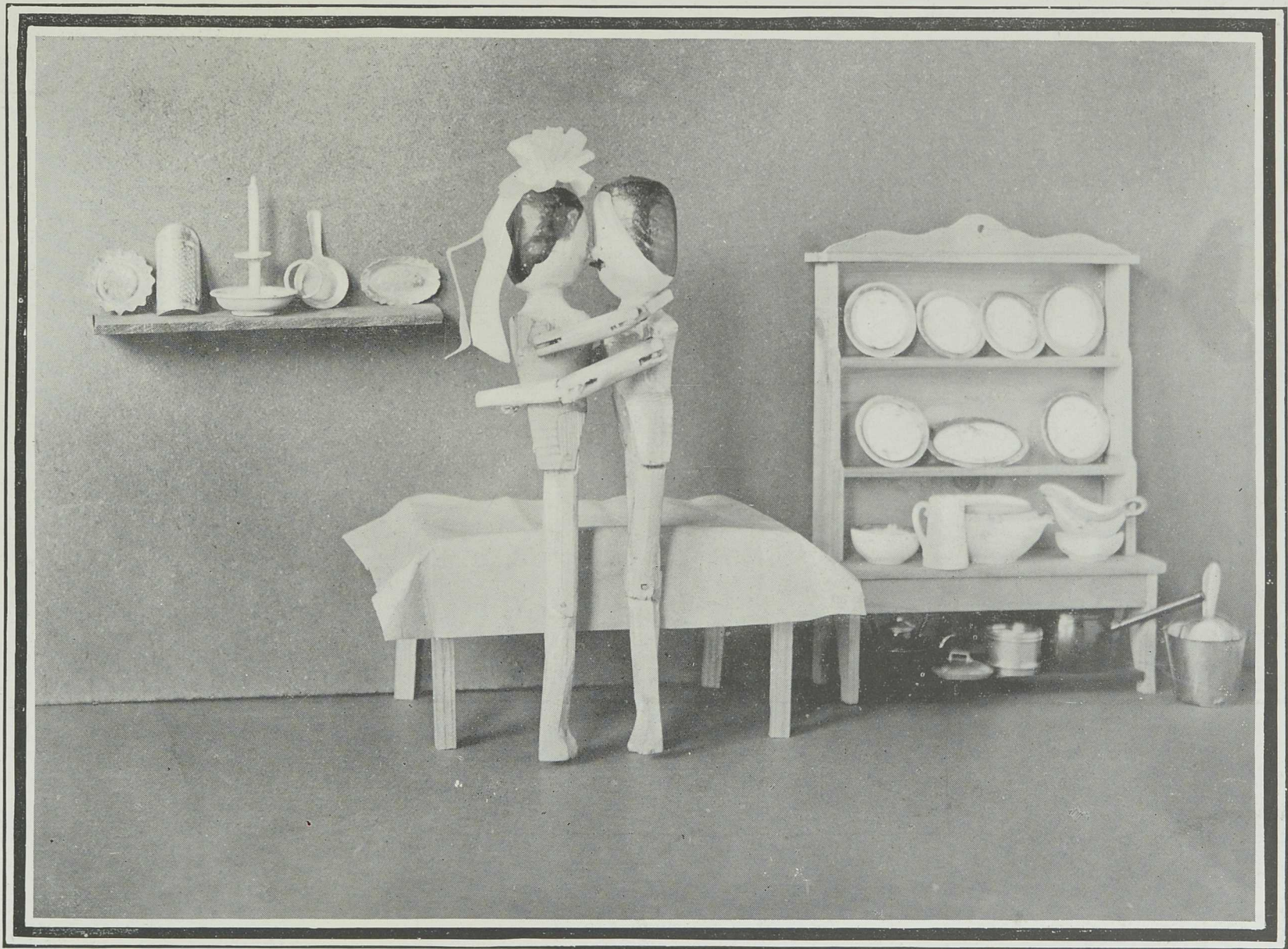


Fritz used to call on Gretchen,

To tell her of his love,

And how he looked upon her

As an angel from above.



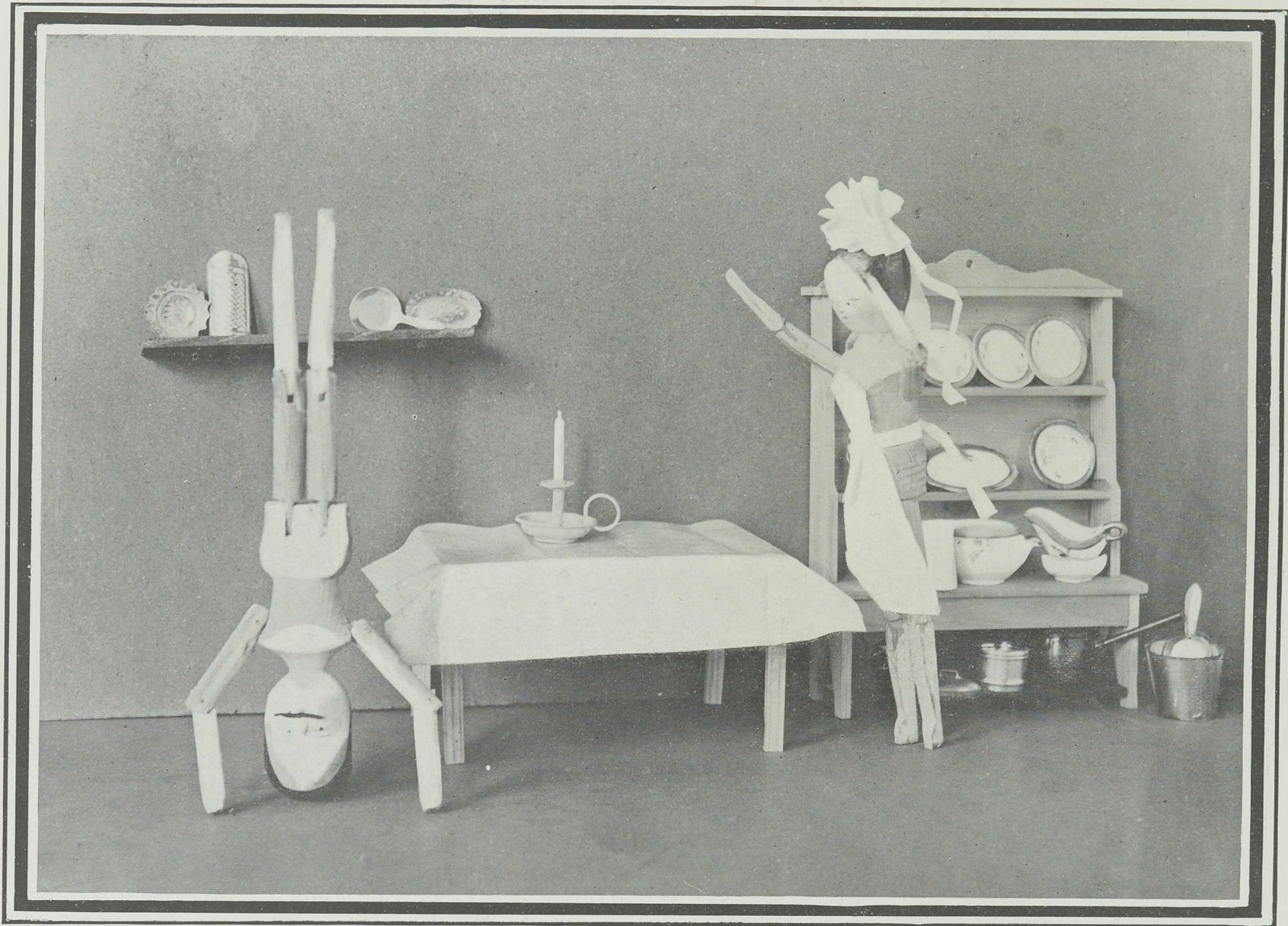
And she, dear girl, would give him

The choice cuts from the joint,

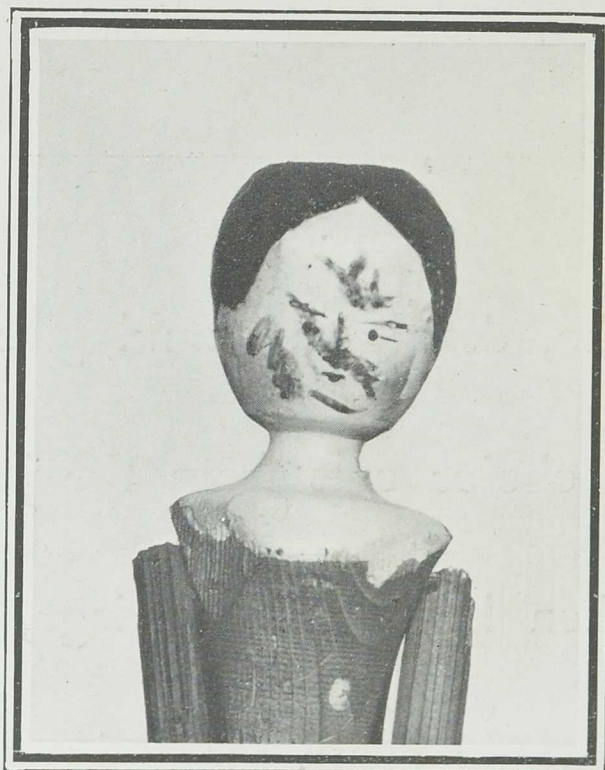
But when he hinted marriage,

She would avoid the point.

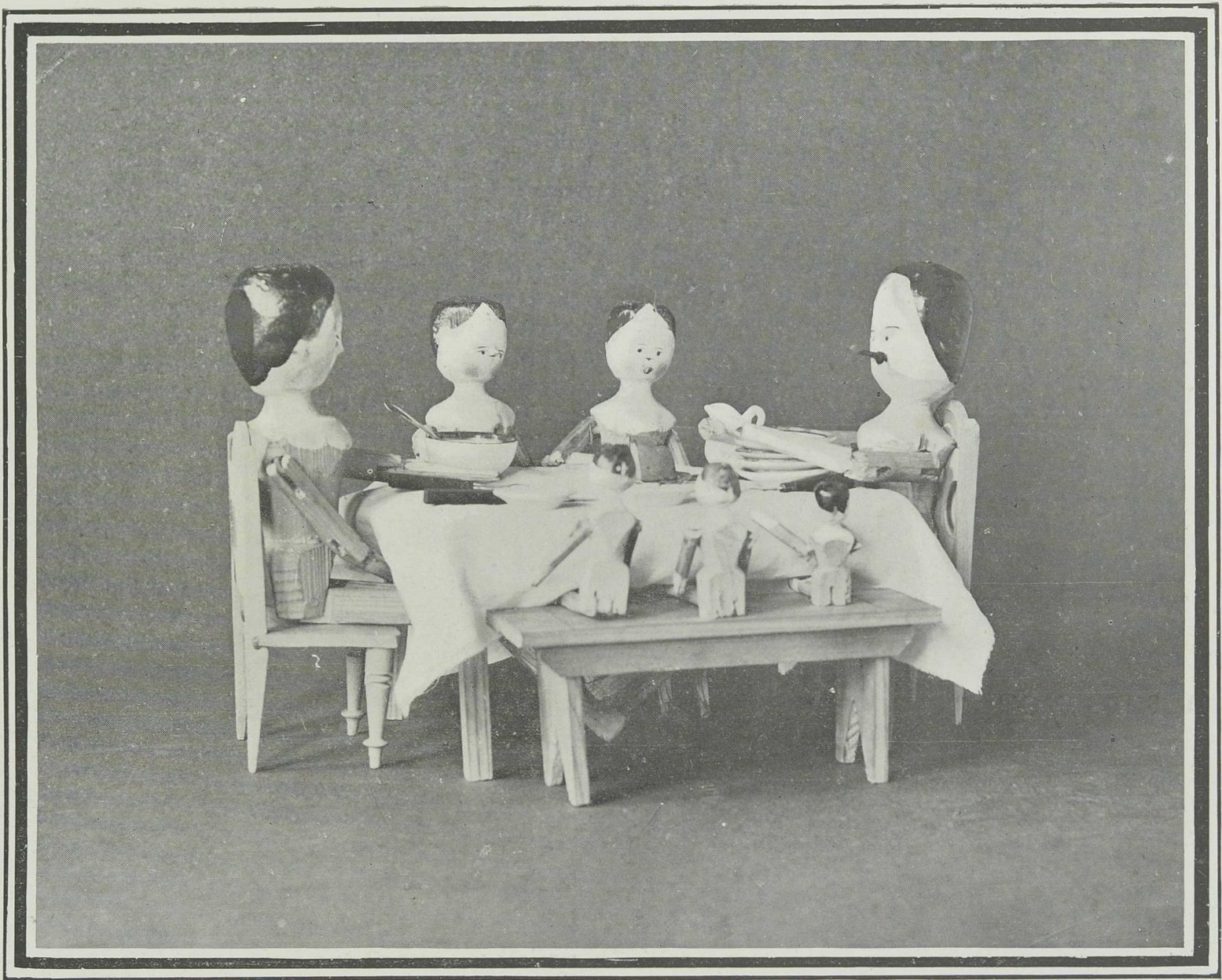
At last, by great persuasion, she consented to be wed,
And Fritz was so delighted, he stood upon his head.



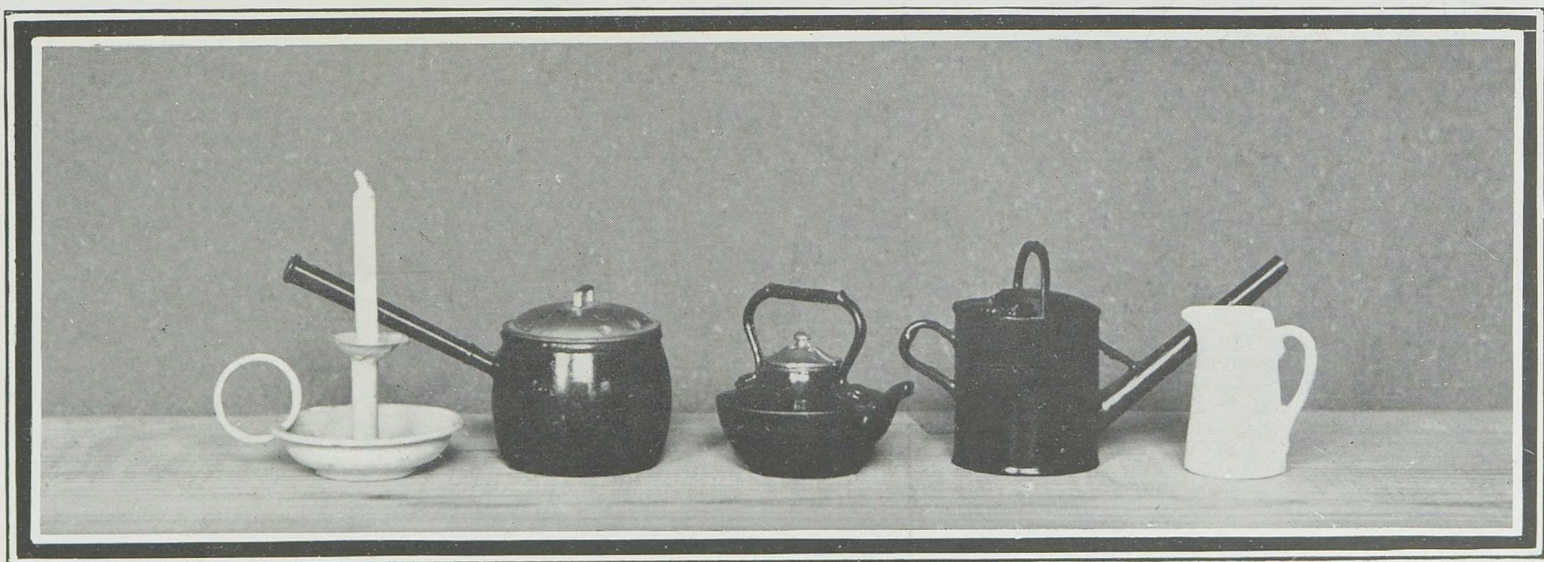
But now that many
years have passed
Poor Fritz gets no
choice cuts,



And Gretchen's not
so dainty
With her face all over
smuts.

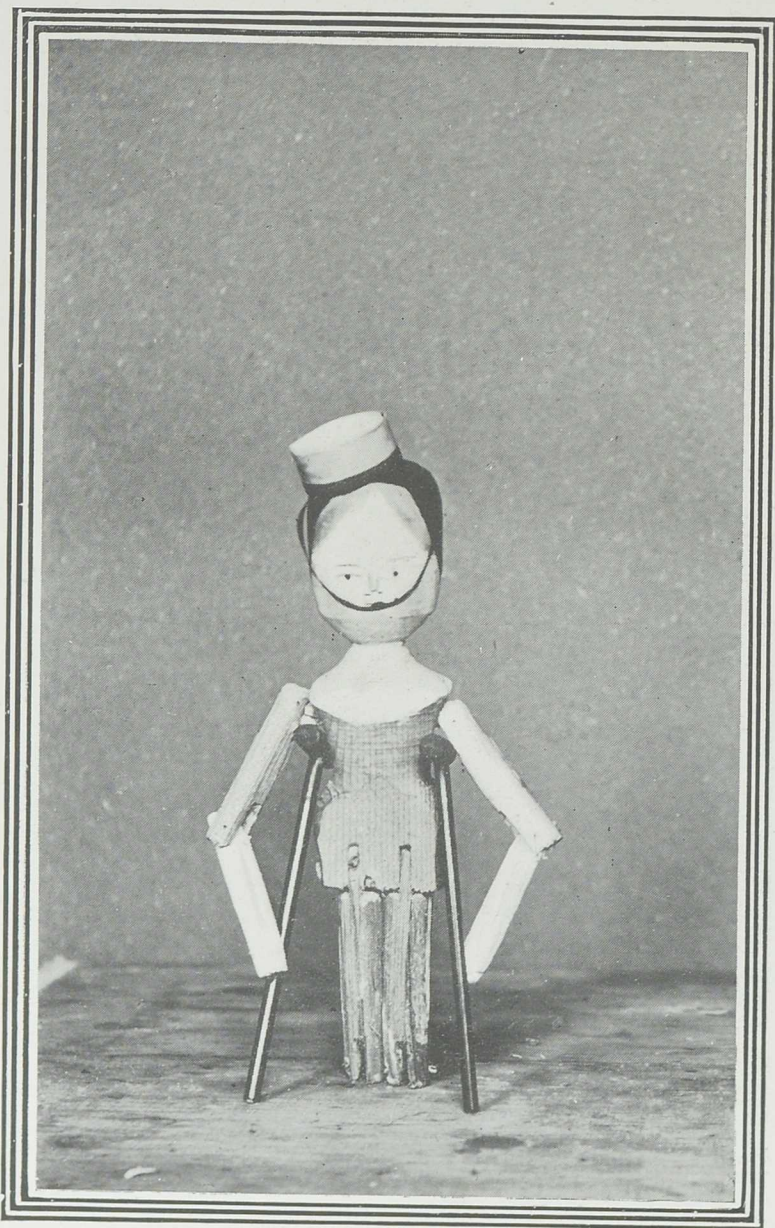
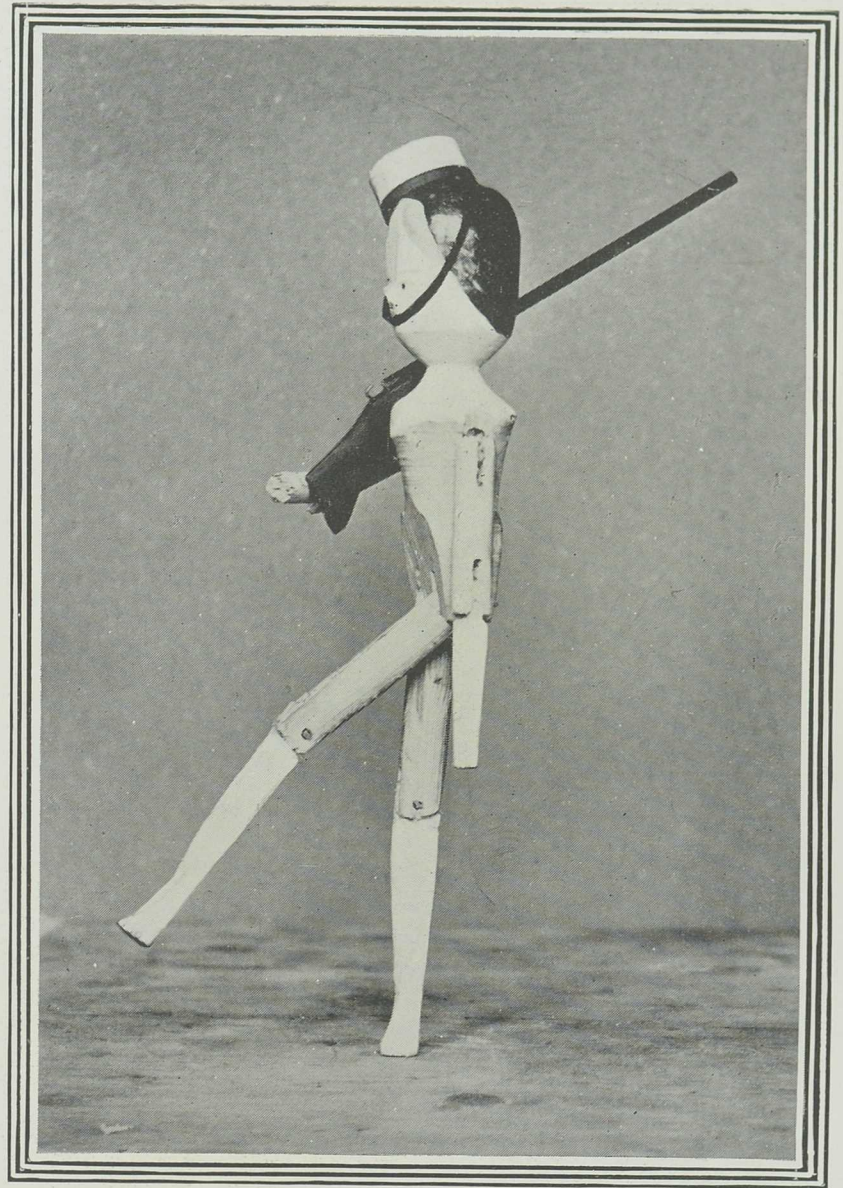


No doubt you wonder why it is
Poor Fritz gets no tit bit,
But with seven hungry mouths to fill,
It's bit without the tit.



J I M

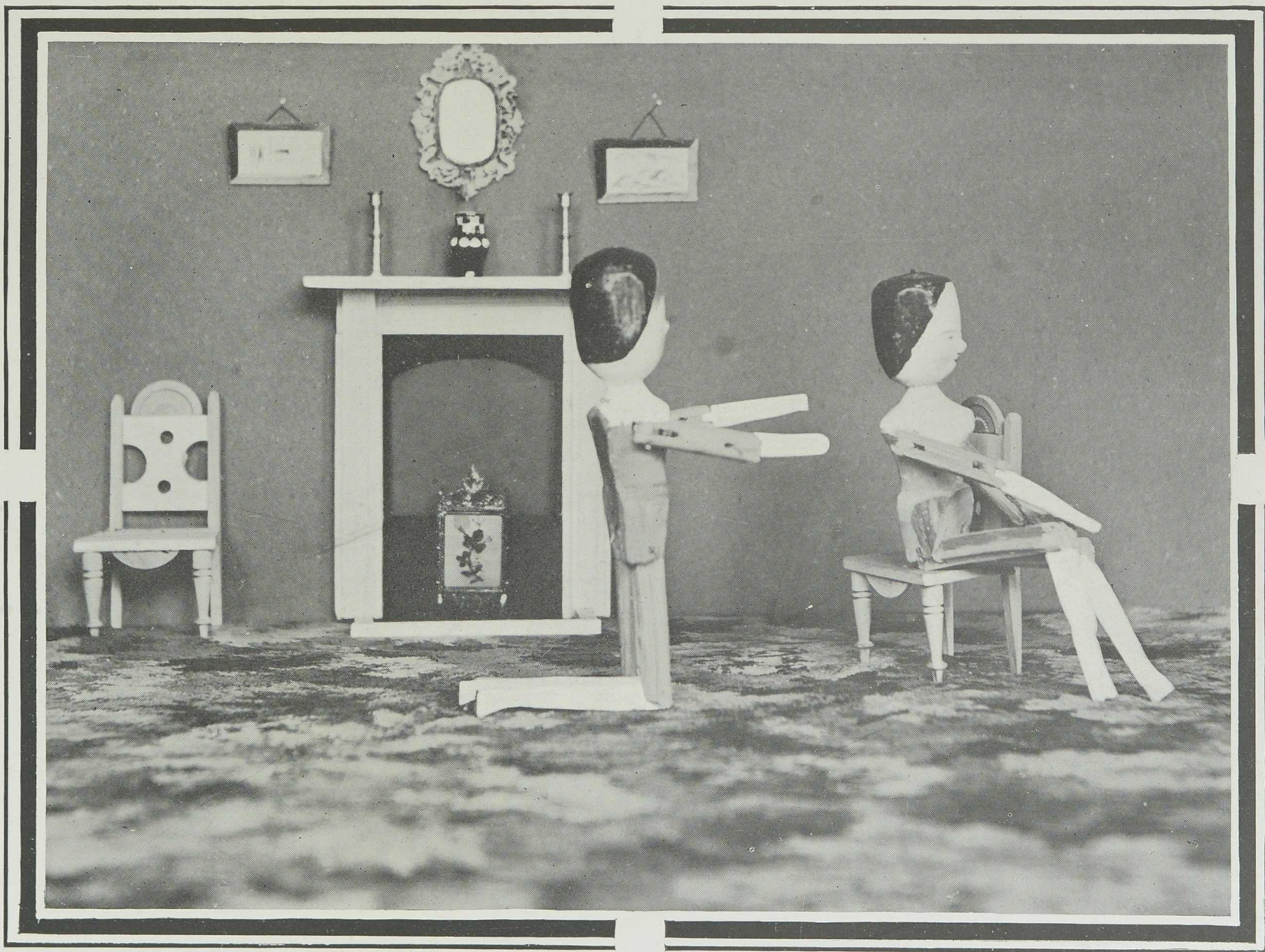
BRAVE JIM, he was a soldier,
And went out to the war,
And when he went, a finer man
I'm sure you never saw.



But when poor Jim came home again,
All over wounds and bumps,
He'd left behind him half his legs,
So walked upon the stumps.

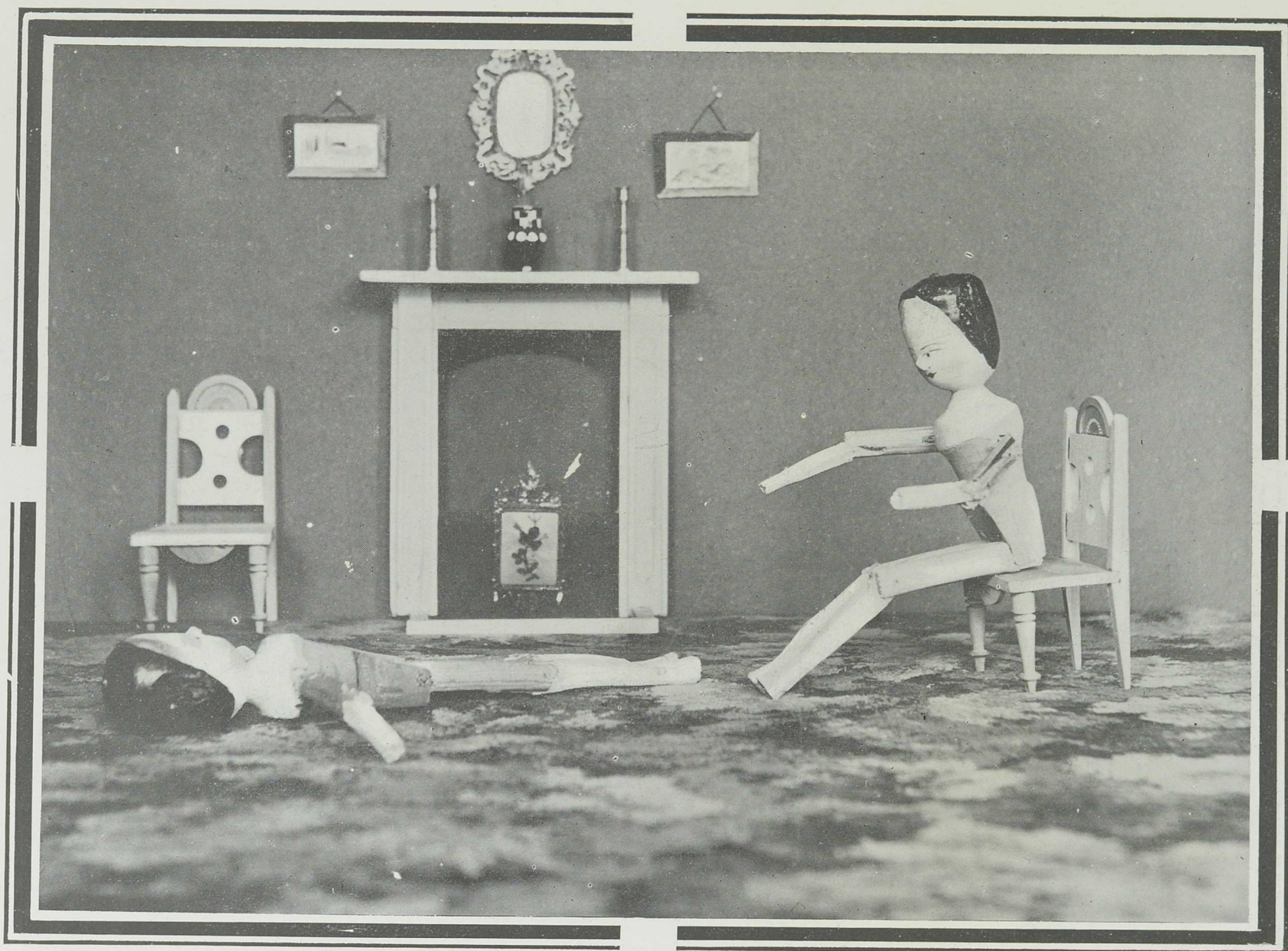
A ROMANCE

THERE was once a wooden doll, and so the story goes,
He fell in love with another doll, with little wooden toes.
He offered her his wooden heart ; she, caring not a jot,
Refused, with scorn, his proffered hand : he fainted on the spot.



But when she saw his sorry plight, her woman's heart was torn ;
Her wooden conscience smote her, for treating him with scorn.

She hastened to assure him, that she loved him as her life,
And as soon as he would have her, she would be his loving wife.
And then she called him by his name, and then she beat her breast,
And then his little wooden hand, between her own she pressed.



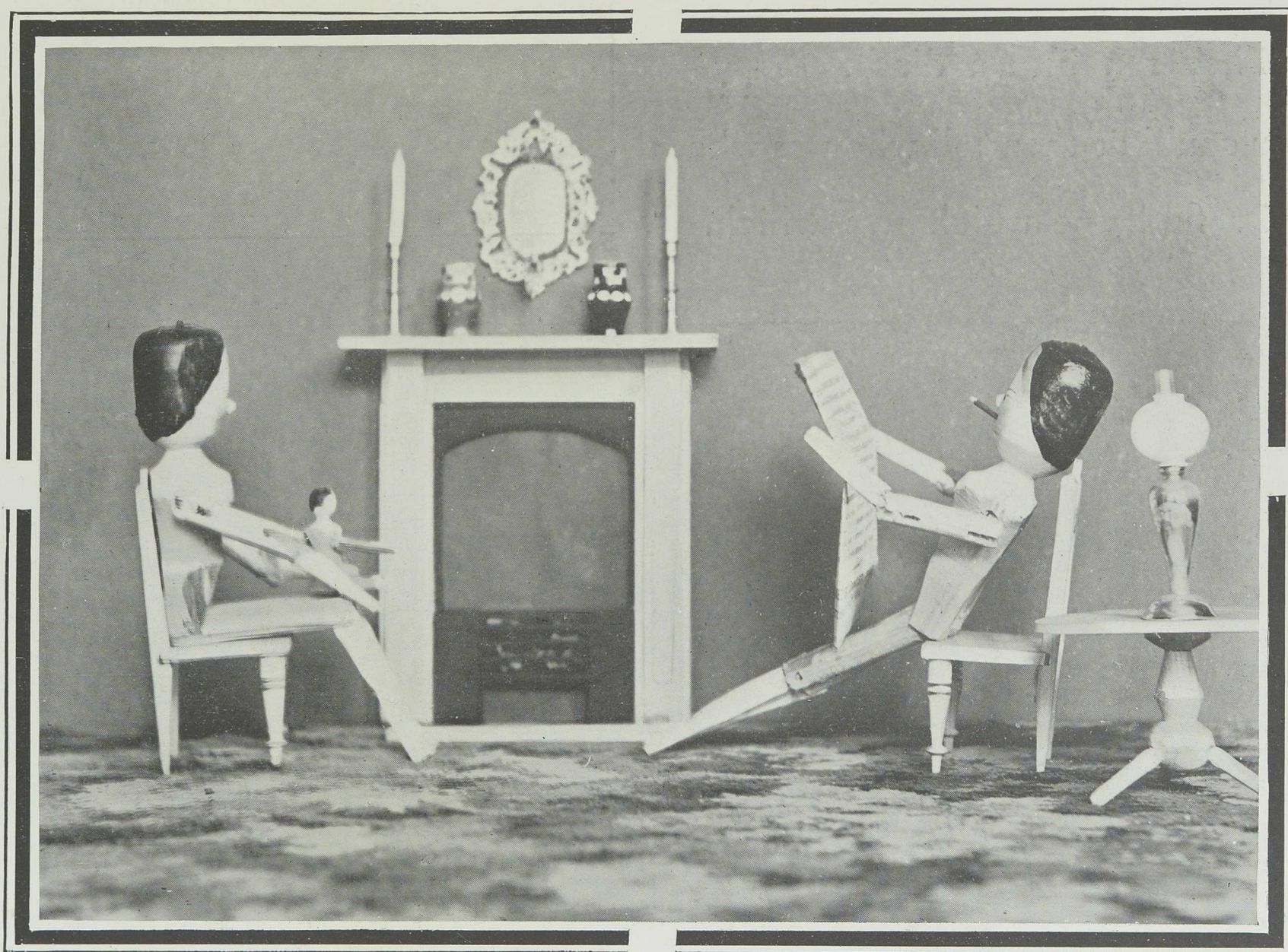
And then she kissed him on his lips, and sighed, and sobbed, and cried,
And said, "Alas! Alack! Alack! I would that I had died!"

These stimulating remedies, so skilfully applied,

Were better far than medicines, which cannot be denied.

He slowly raised his wooden head, she helped him from the floor,

And then—well, they were married, and lived happy evermore.



And now the moral of my tale (of course there's one to tell)—

Although your dolls are only wood, perhaps they feel as well.

THE TWINS

JOHN and EDWARD, they were
twins,

And strange though it may be,
John was only 5 ft. 4,

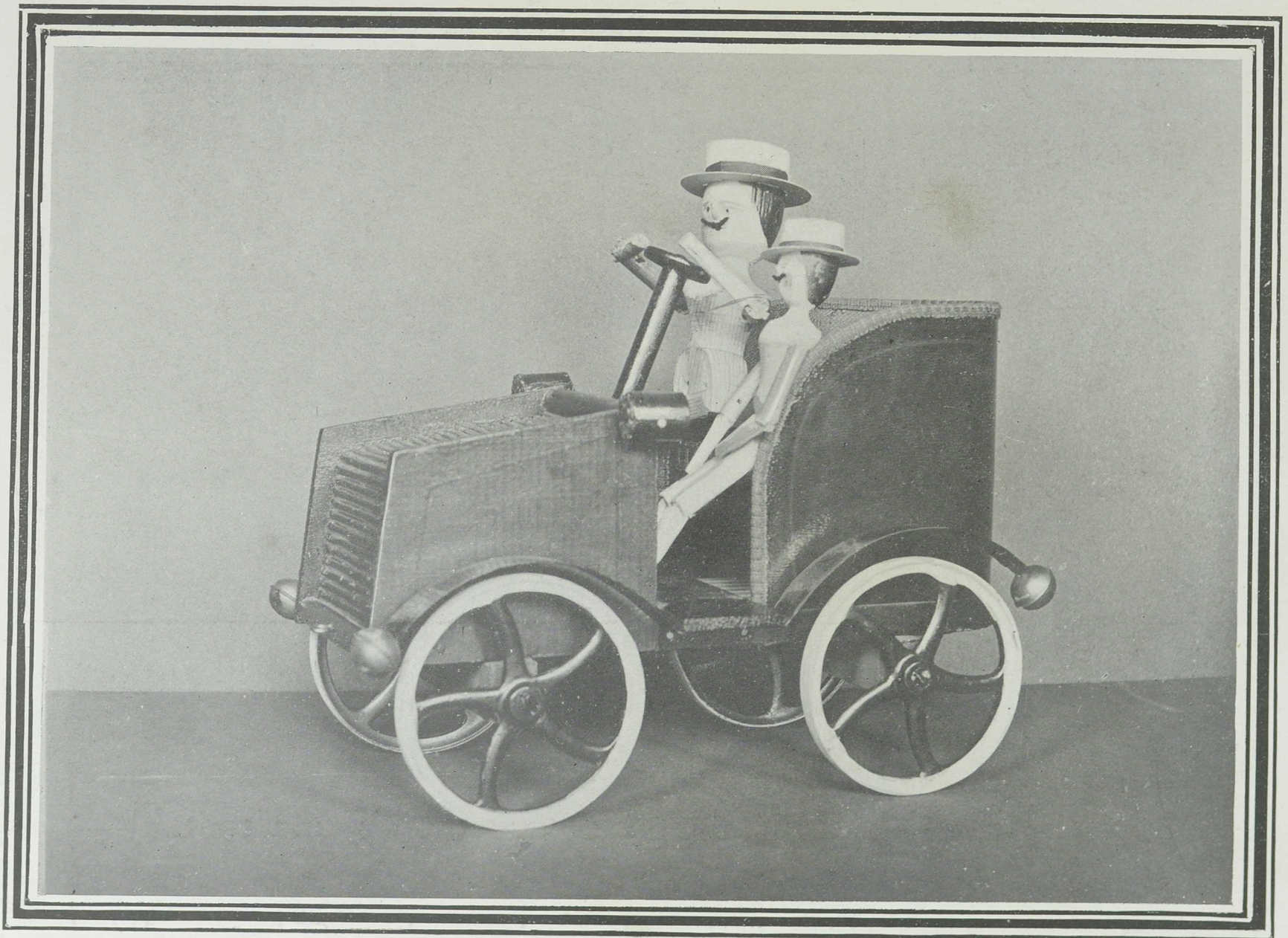
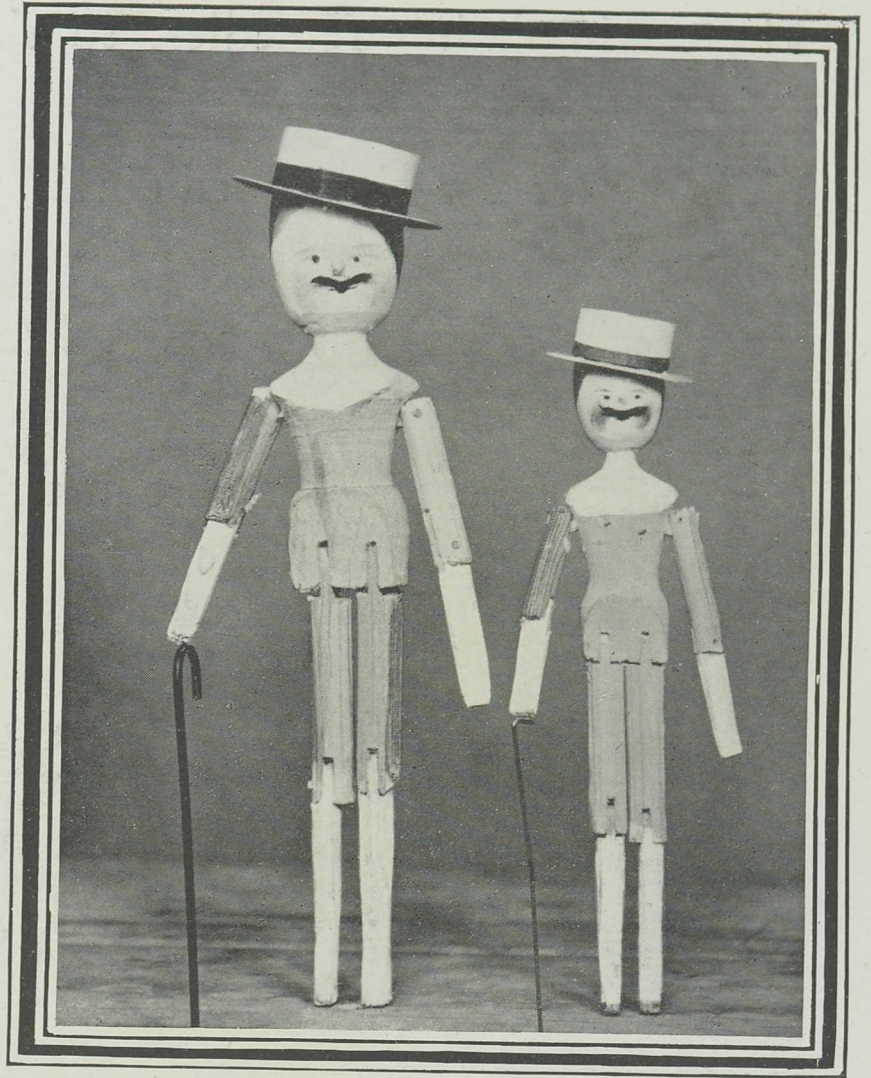
But Edward 6 ft. 3.

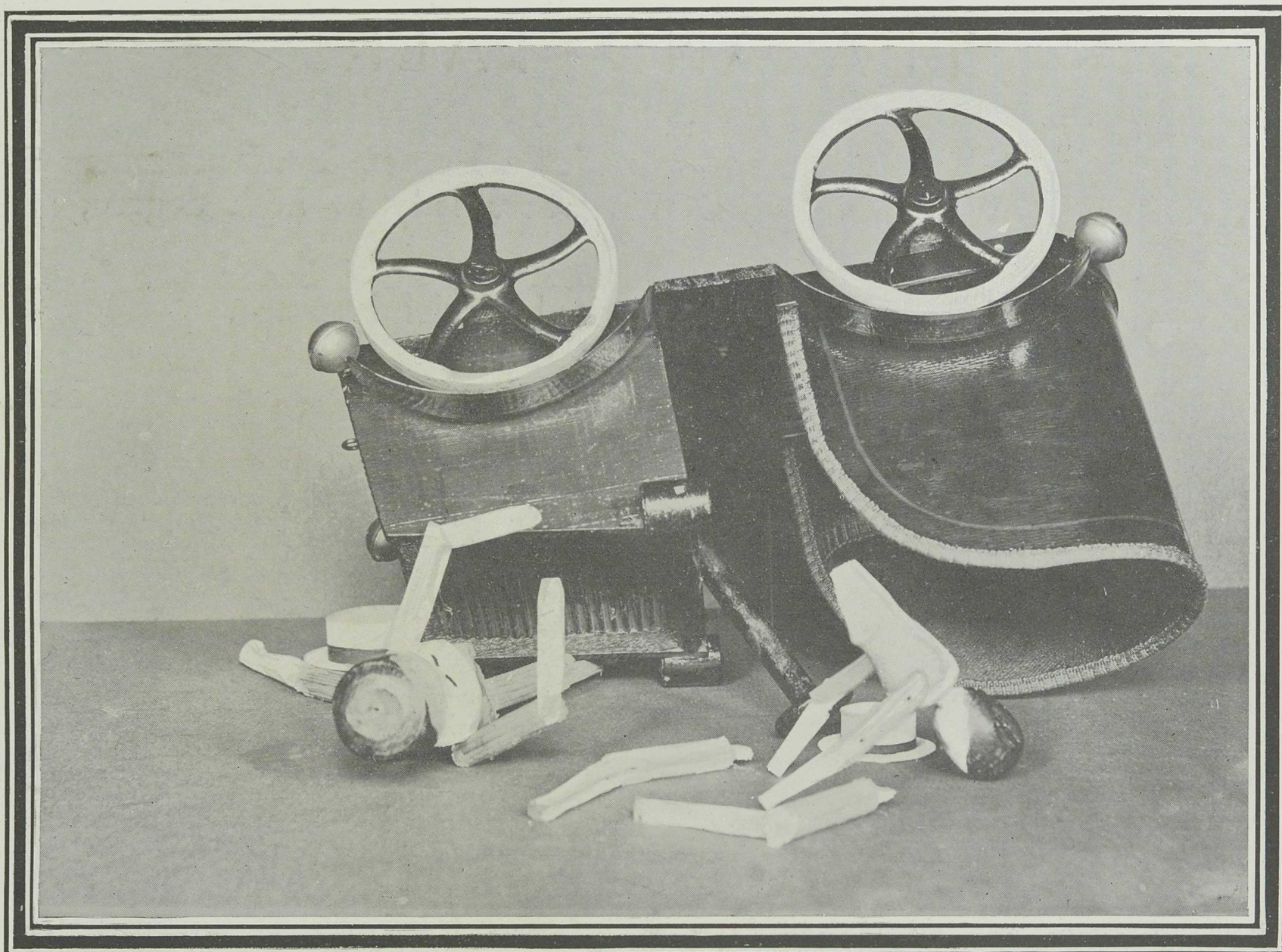
One day when in their motor car

They ran into a ditch.

You couldn't then tell who was who,

Or find out which was which.





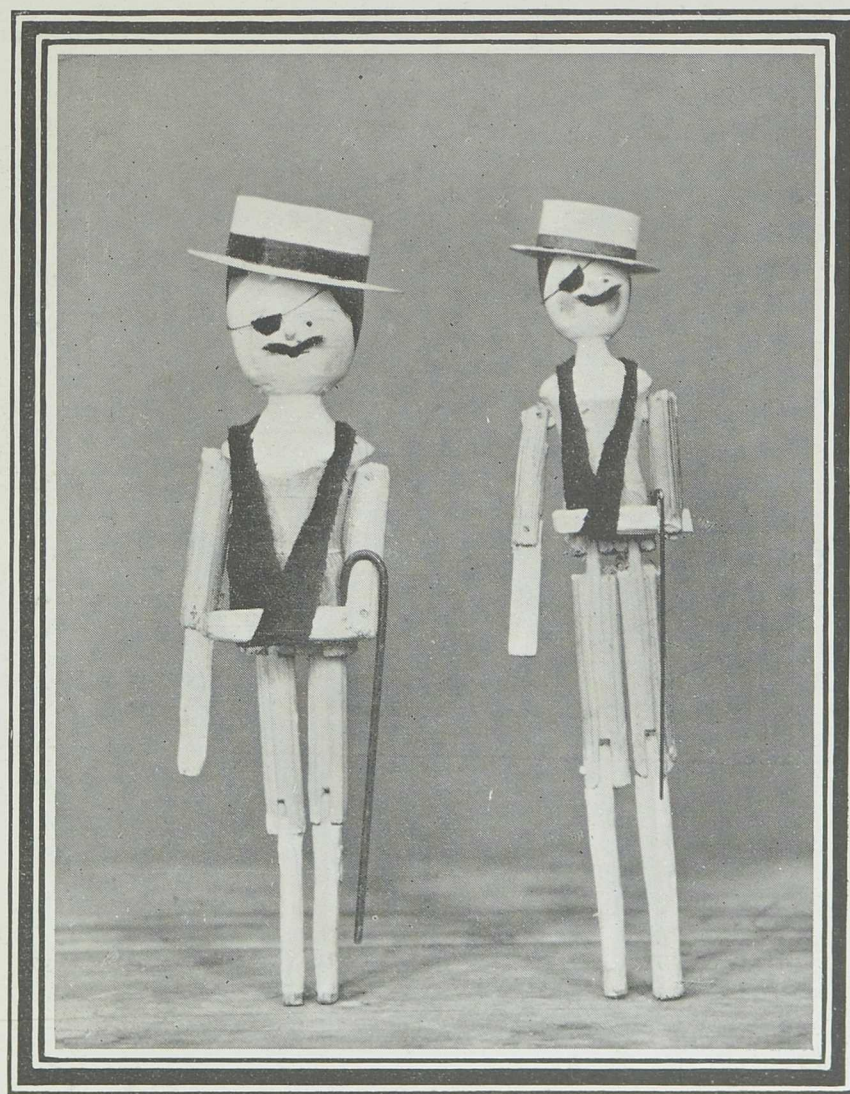
What wonder then, that when
they went

To get their legs refixed,
That somehow in the process

They got them awfully mixed.
And John got legs that were too
long,

Of course they made him taller,
And Edward got them far too
short,

So he was then much smaller.



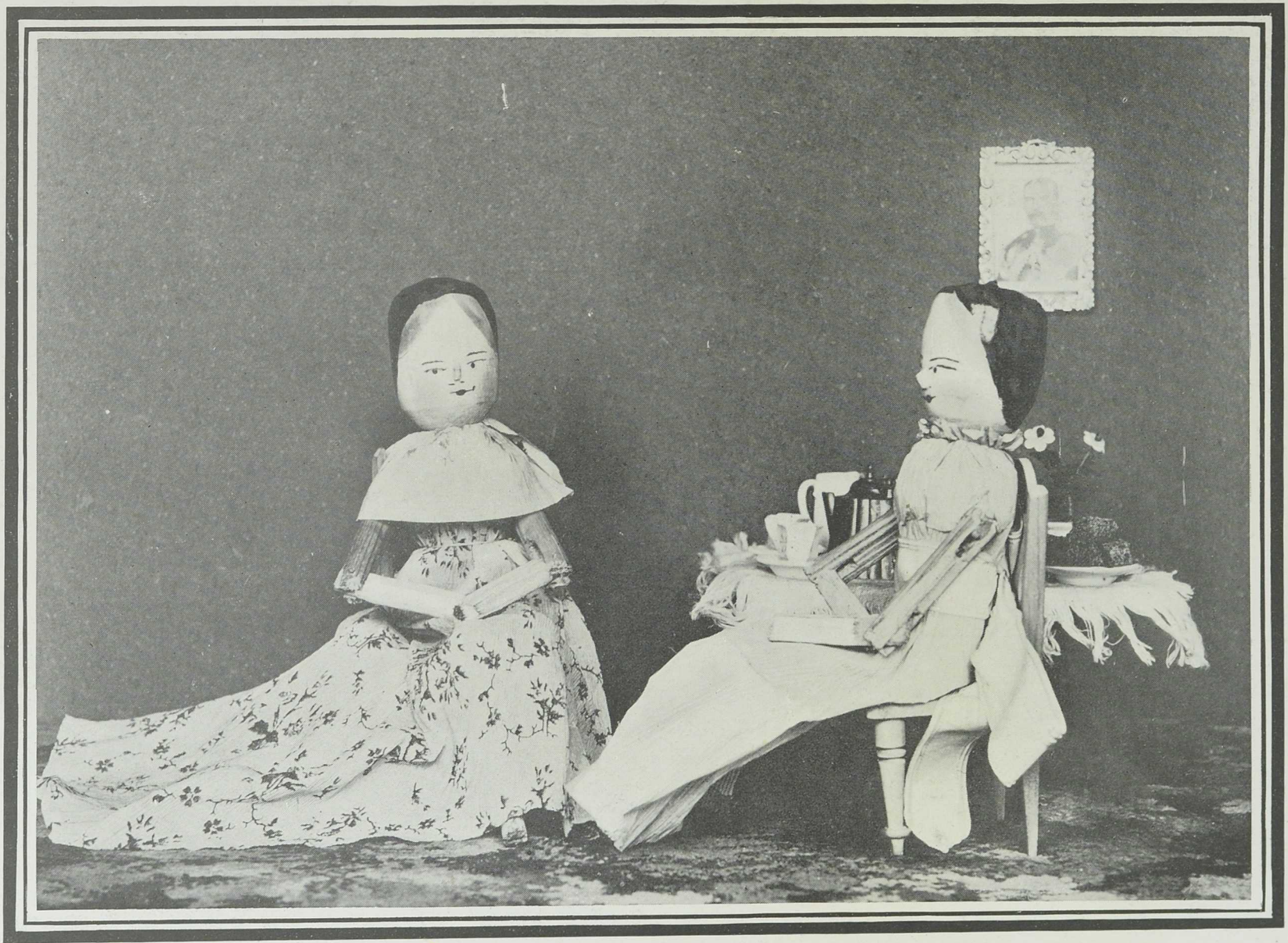
TEA AND TALK

ANGELINA WUDEN DE DOLL was a lady of high degree,

Who on a Wednesday afternoon invited a friend to tea.

She wore a most becoming gown, of latest shape and make,

And made great preparations, in the way of jam and cake.

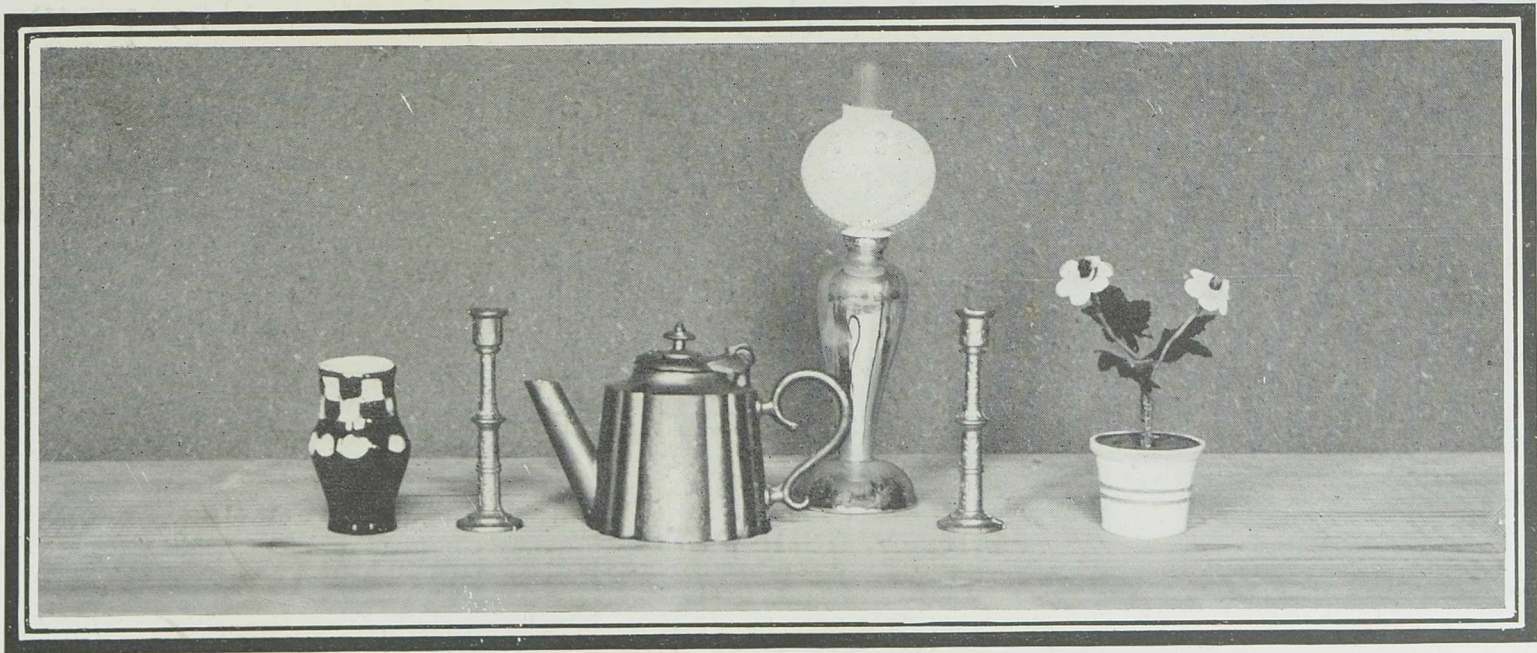


The tea was laid, the guest arrived, they first discussed their ills,

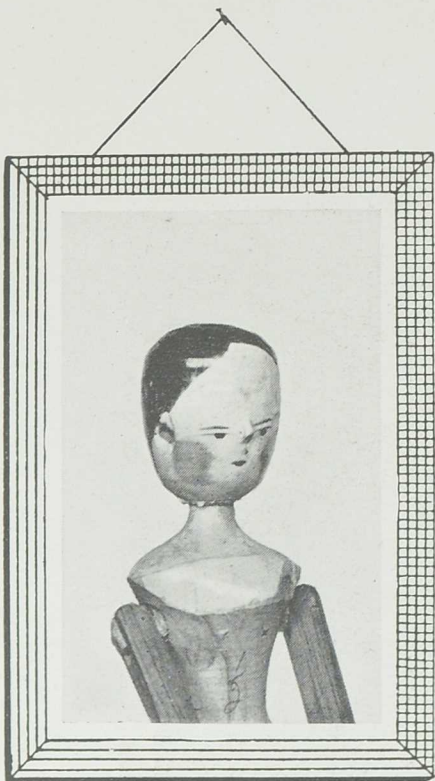
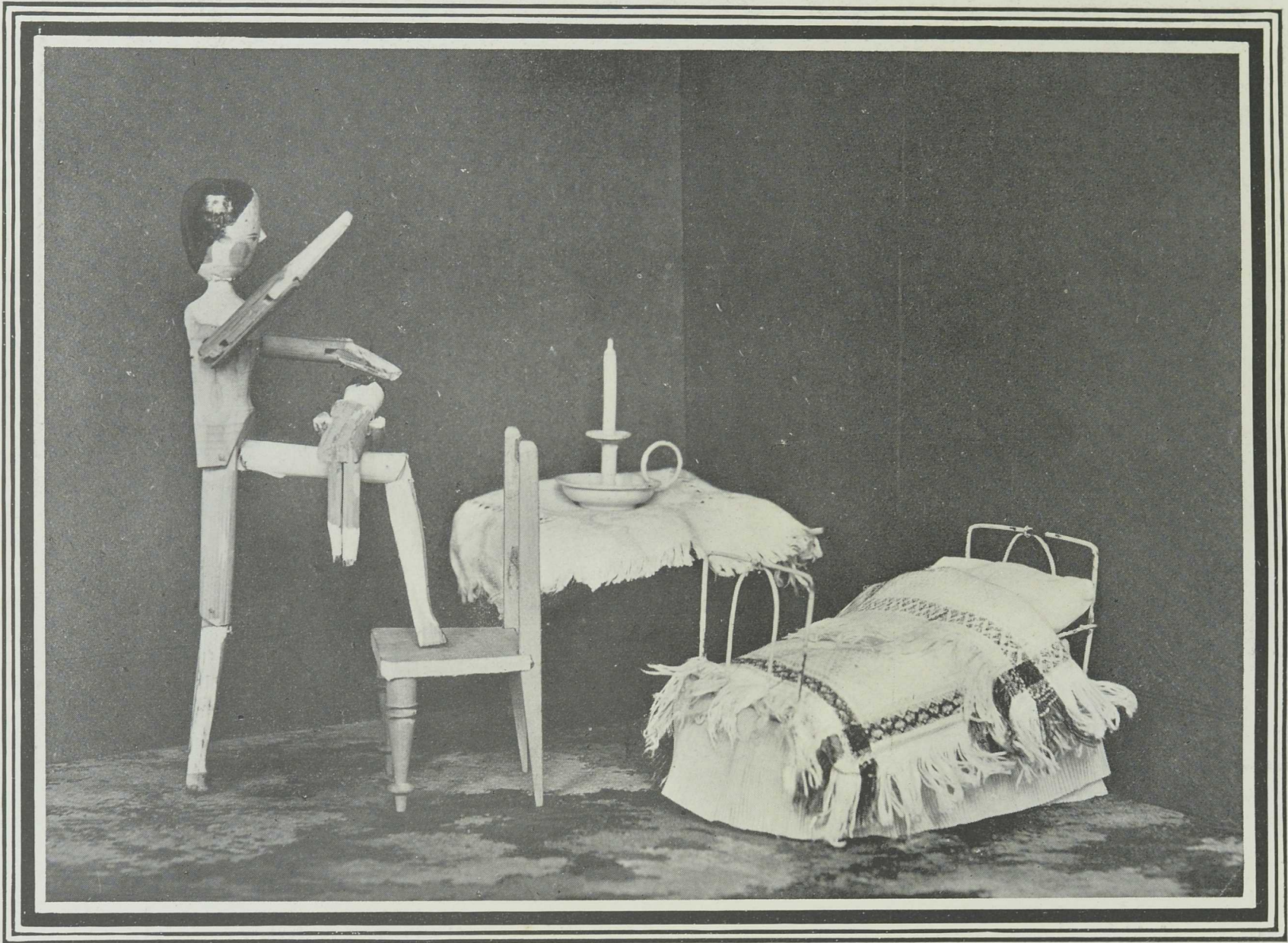
Then settled down to talk about their hats, and frocks and frills.



But while they sat and talked so long, of chiffon, lace, and silk,
The cat got on the table, and drank up all the milk.

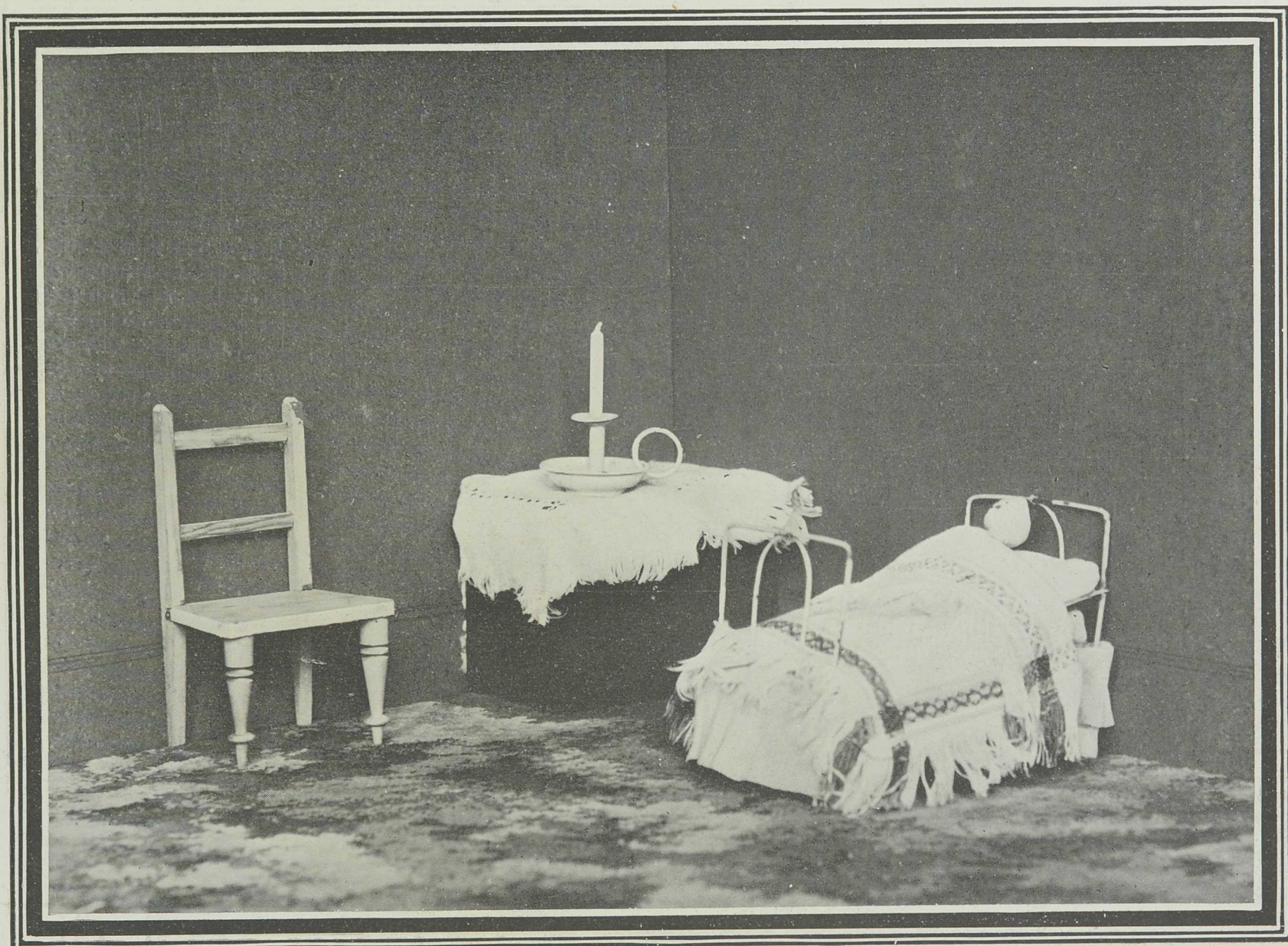


REBELLIOUS JANE

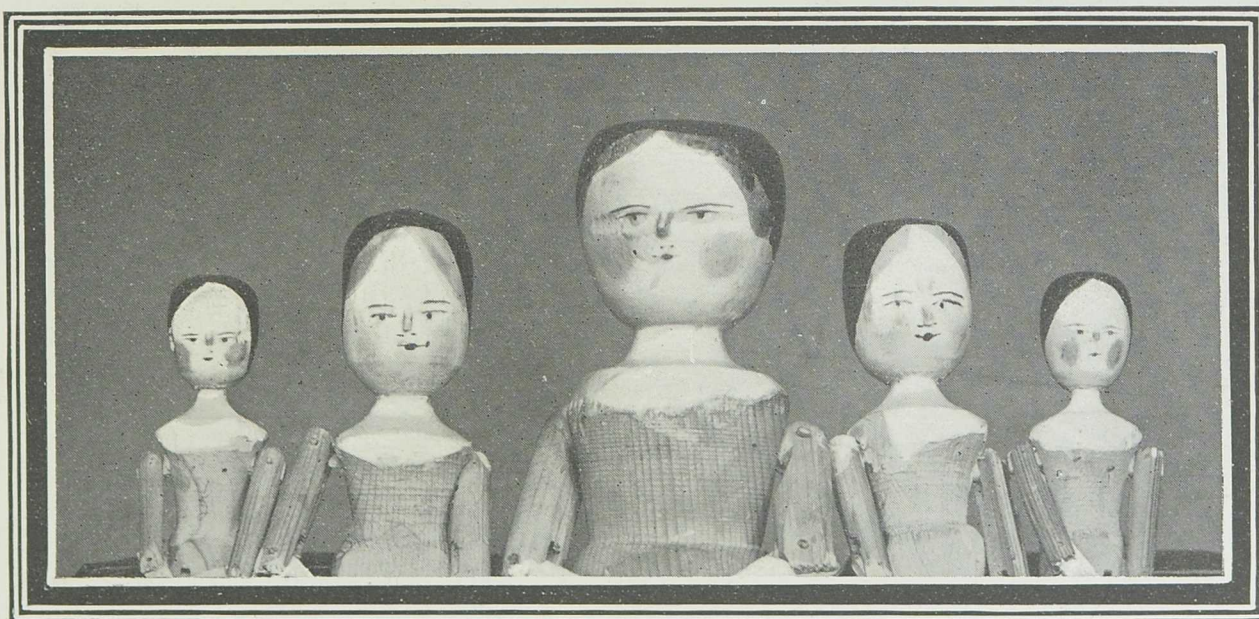


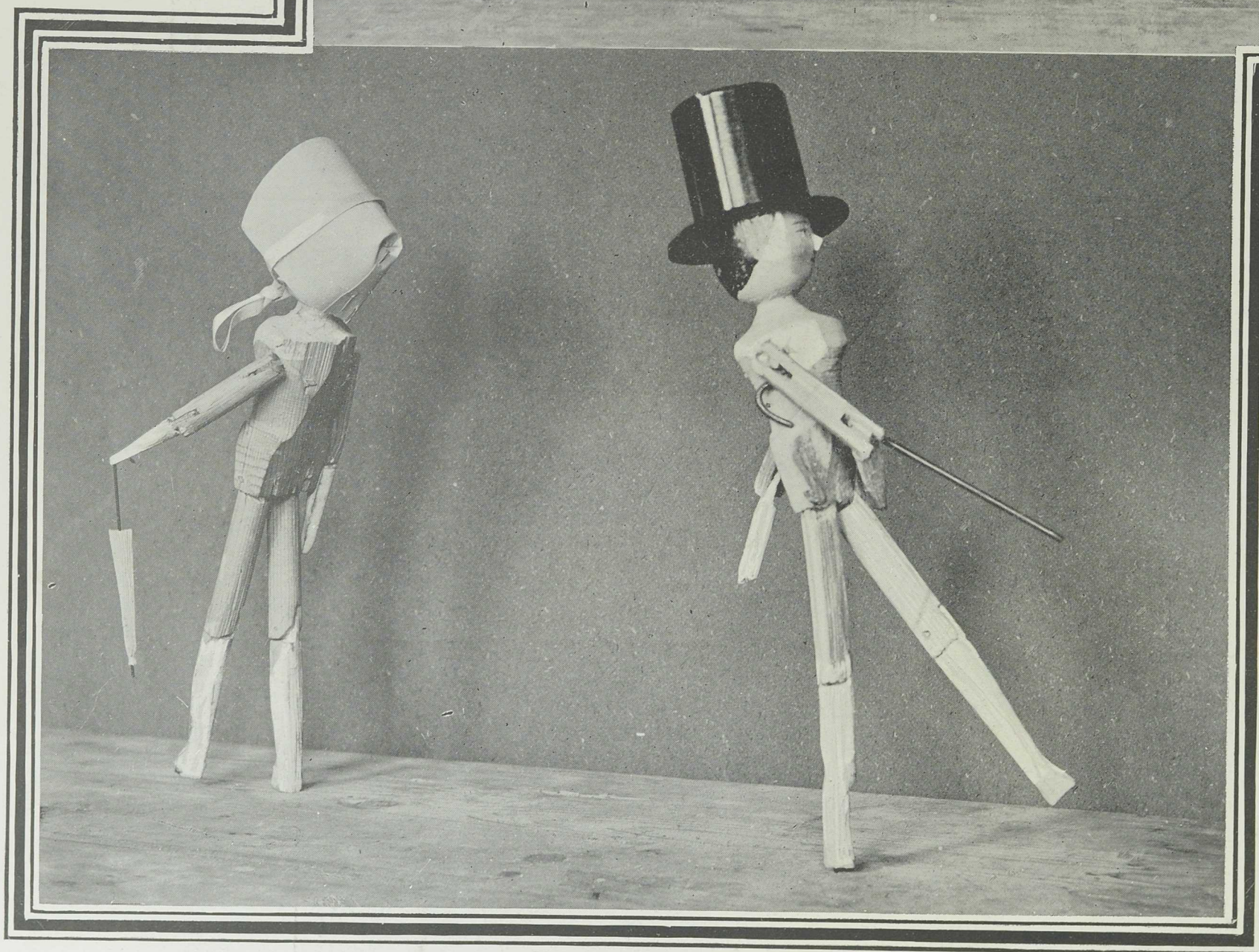
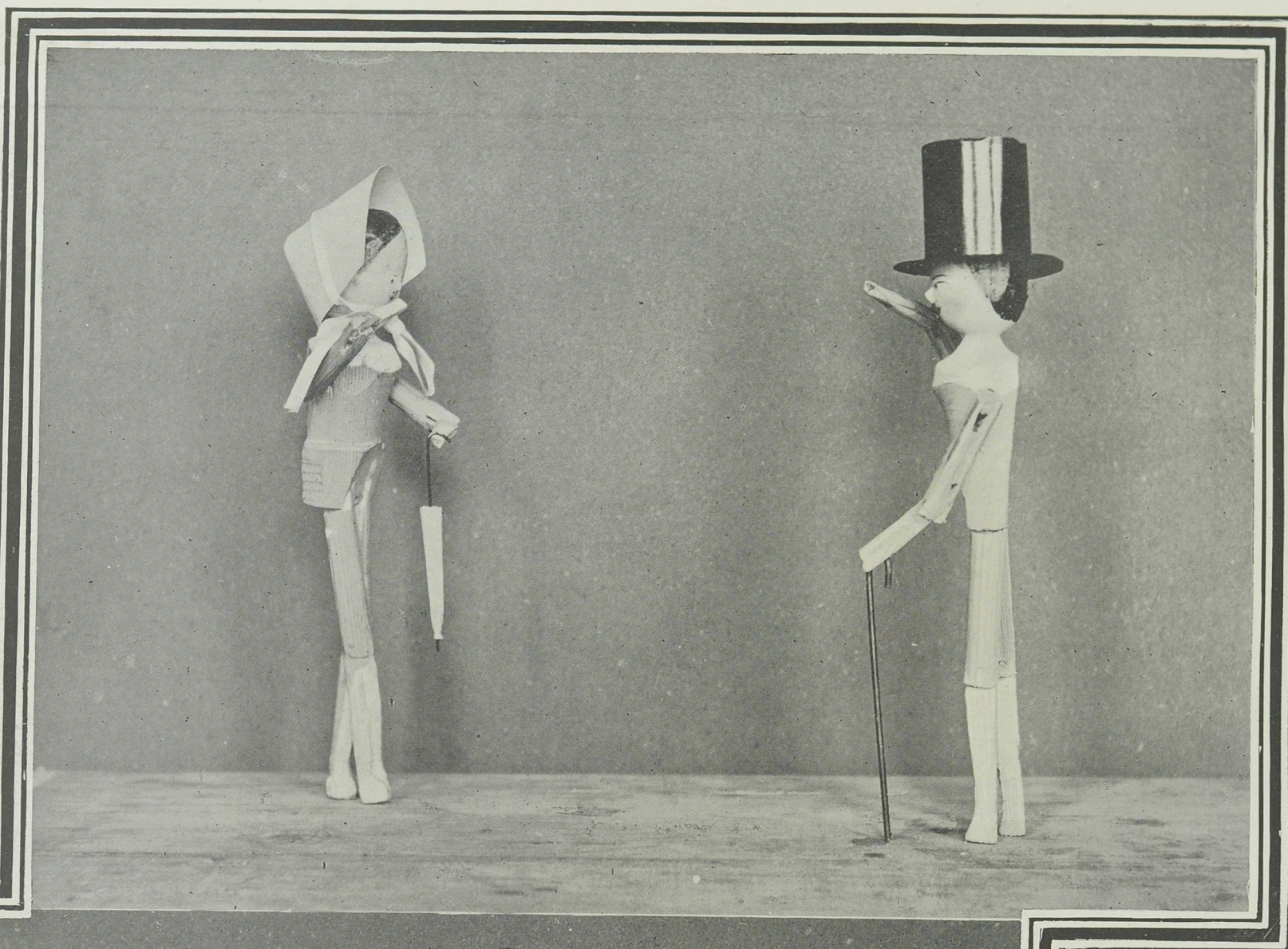
MRS. JONES was a kind mamma,
As one could plainly see,
But her daughter Jane, it was also plain,
Was as bad as bad could be.

When she was told to do a thing,
She always did refuse,
And when her mother scolded her,
She would her ma abuse.



Her ma, at last, got very cross
("No wonder," people said),
And whipped her most severely,
And sent her off to bed.





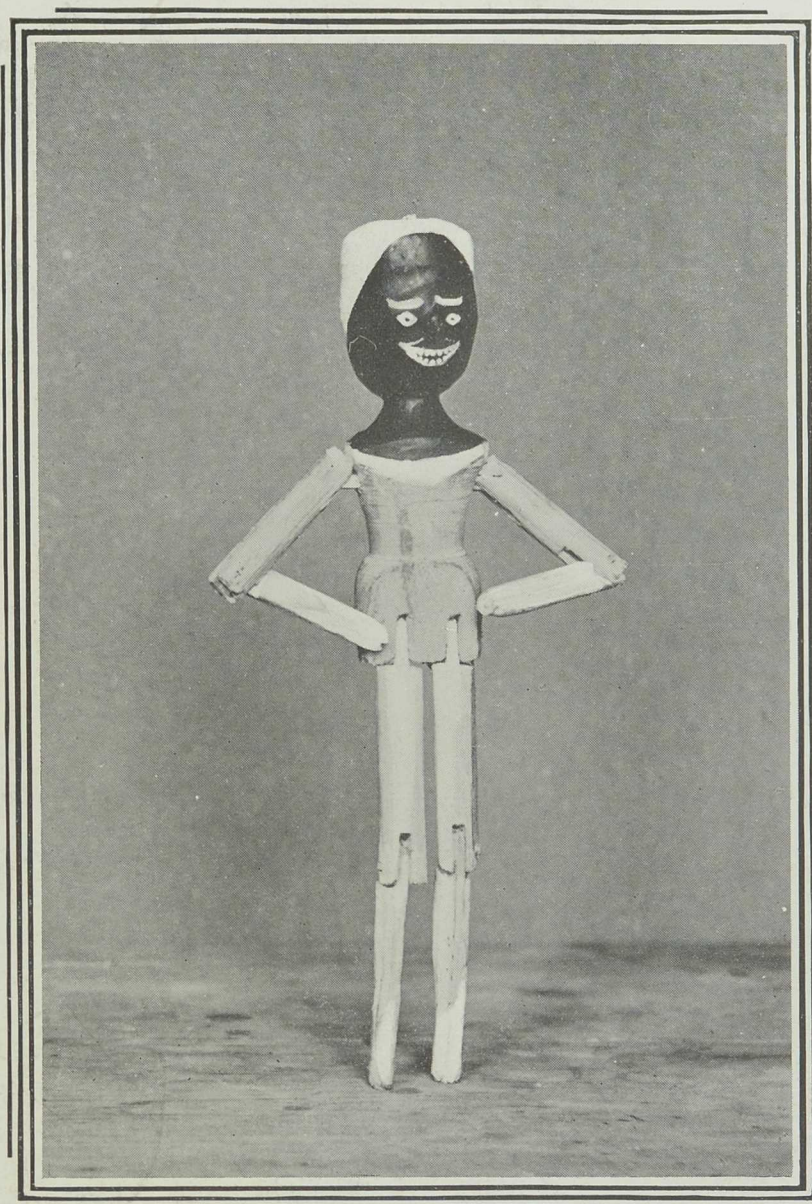
SHE was a little wooden doll, and ditto ditto he,
 He lost his heart at sight of her, and ditto ditto she,
 But later he his temper showed, and ditto ditto she,
 And she walked off and left him, and ditto ditto he.

SAMBO

SAMBO was a negro,

Though not a negro quite,
For though his face was very
black,

His body, it was white.



His hair, as well, was almost
white,

Which made the people scoff,
So he scrubbed his face with
Binks's soap,

But his smile alone came off.

