



# Dolly in the Country

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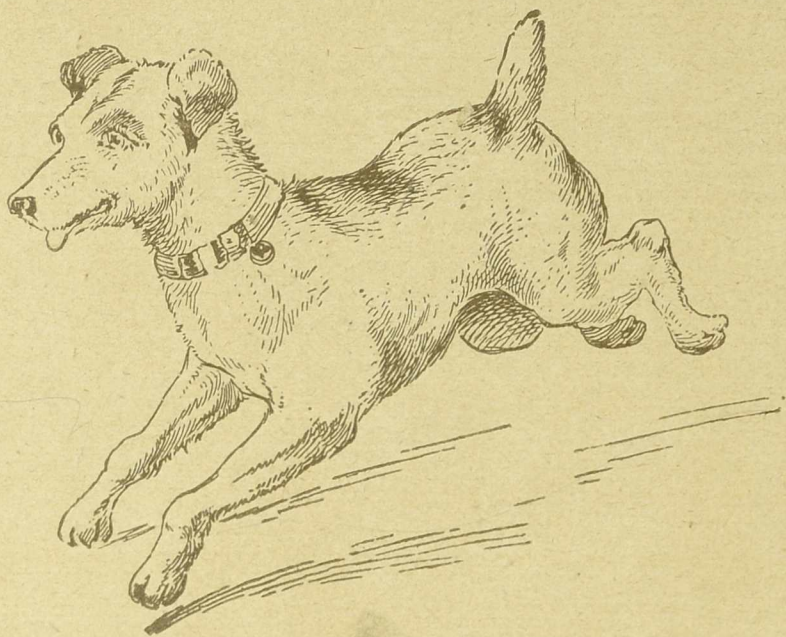
## Dolly in the Country

We've come to the country, dolly and I  
And little fat Polly, good-bye, good-bye!

I'll try and write you day by day,  
Everything that we do and say,

For darling Rosie has never seen  
The country lanes and the meadows green;

What fun it will be to  
watch her surprise,  
At all she sees with  
her dear blue eyes!





## A Happy Meeting.

We met a little country lass,  
I'm sure she'd never seen  
A beauty like my Rosie pass  
Along the village green;  
She stood and stared, that little maid —  
Then — "May I have the bliss—"  
She very, very shyly said —  
"Of giving her a kiss?"

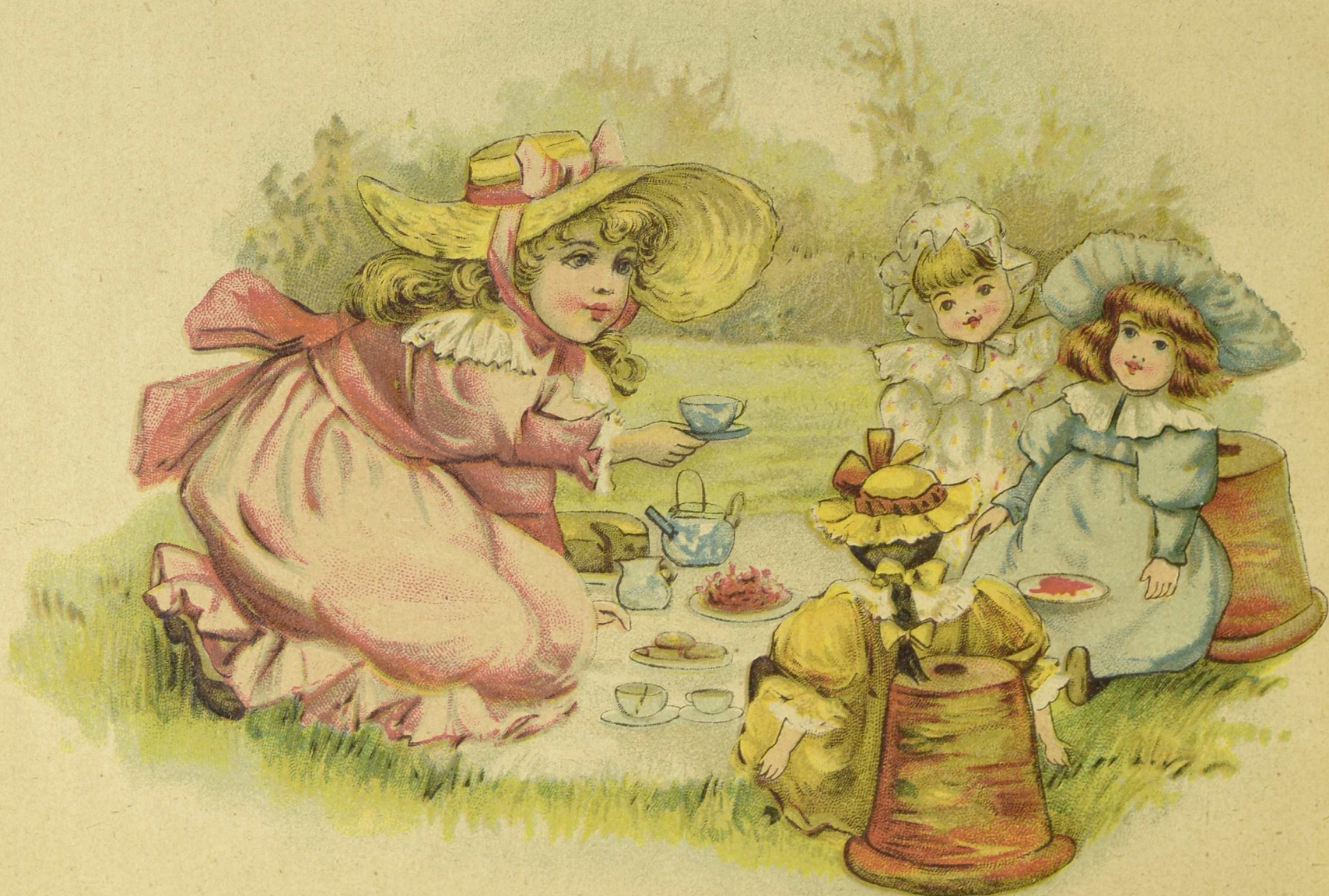






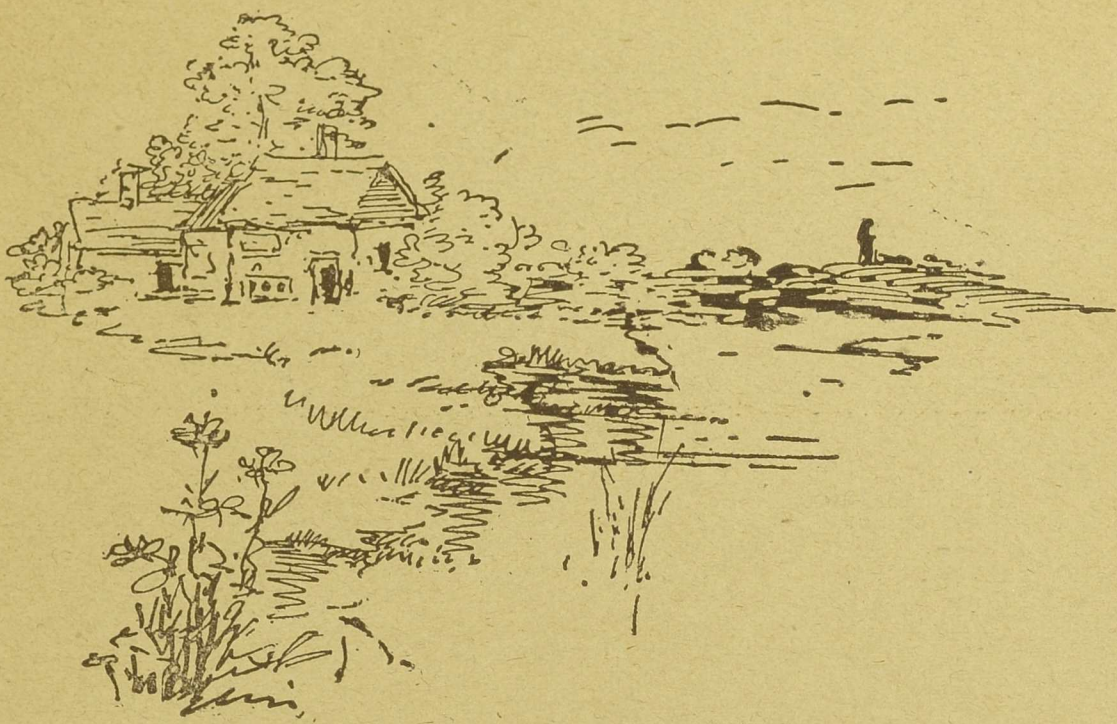
All day till tea-time,  
she and I,

Sat swinging in  
the chestnut high.



Tea-Time.





## Polly's Dolly.

Polly also has a doll —

It isn't like *my* dolly,

But toys of wood are good enough,

For little girls like Polly

And yesterday we all sat down

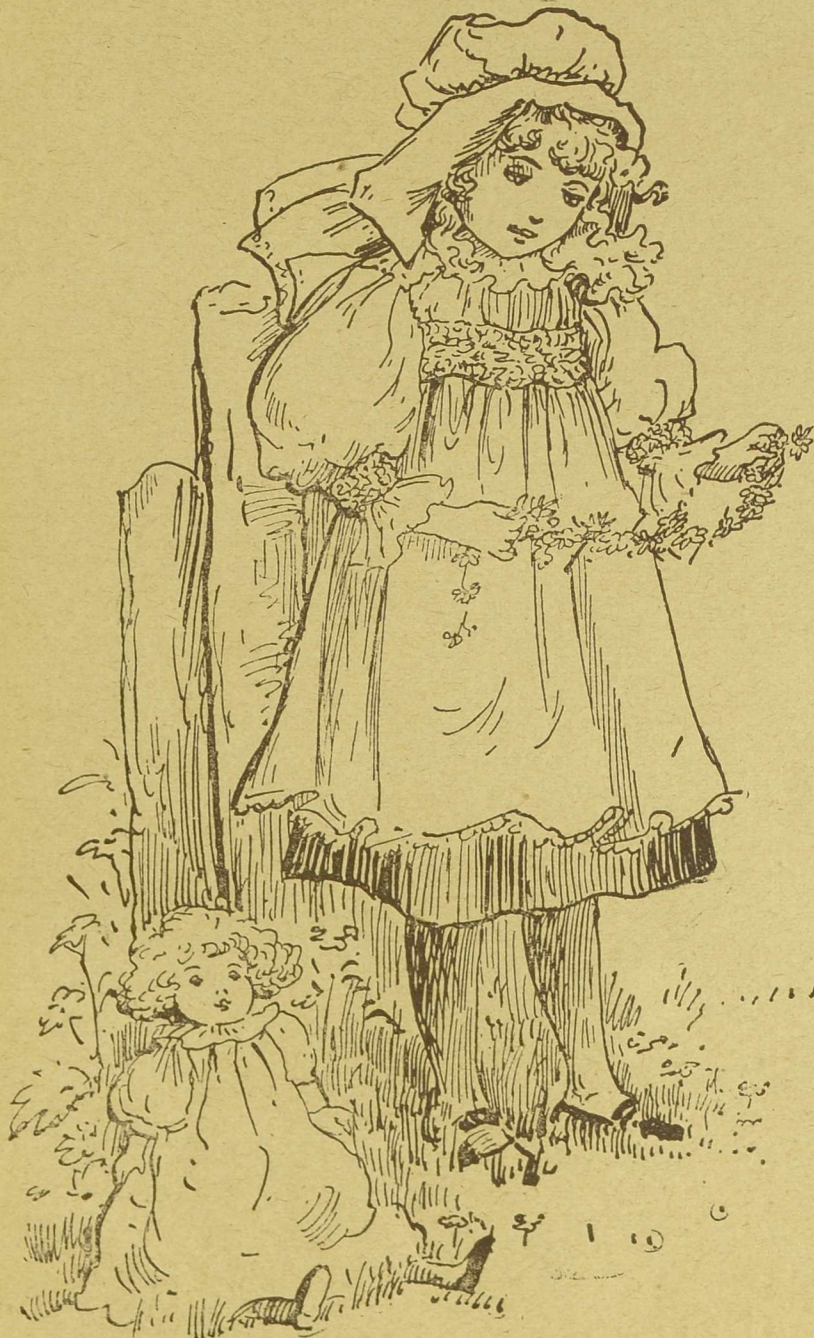
Amongst the flowery mazes,

And made for each

a lovely crown

Of buttercups

and daisies!



J. W.

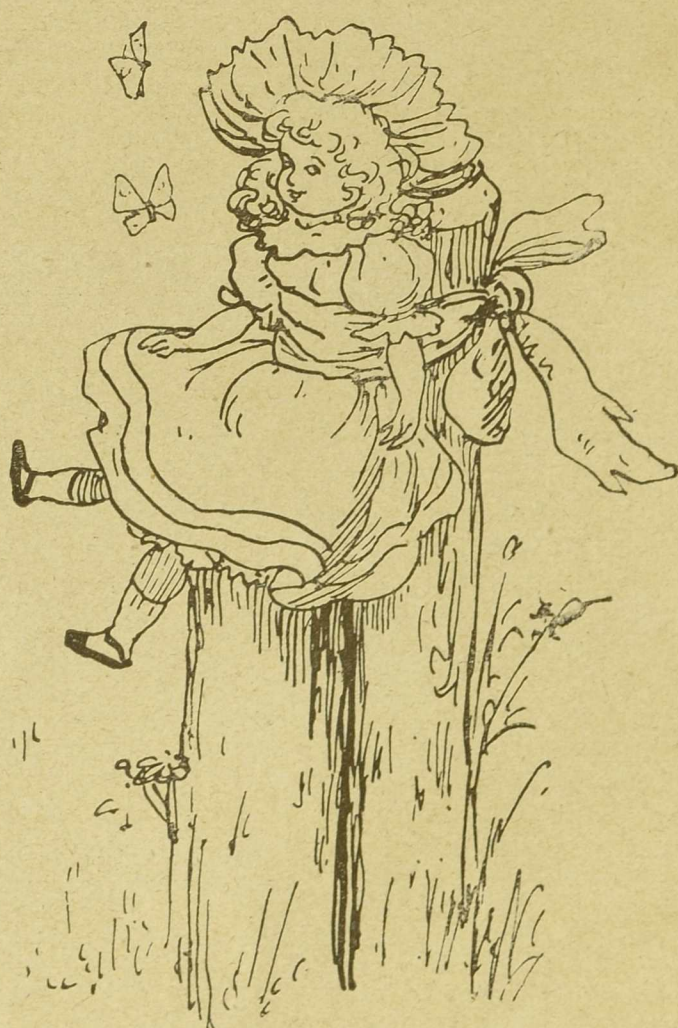






## Rosie and the Butterfly.

I seated Rosie on a gate,  
 Where, with my  
     sash I tied her,  
 And told her quietly to wait,  
 While I played close  
     beside her:  
 A butterfly I wished to chase,  
 And, would you e'er have  
     thought it,  
 It lit on Rosie's smiling face,  
 And that was where I  
     caught it!







When my dolly's tired she rides pick-a-back,  
But Polly's wooden dolly is carried home by Jack.



Buttercups and Daisies.





### That Naughty Boy!

One day when I had set her down  
Whilst I plucked a posy,  
To weave into a lovely crown,  
To deck my darling Rosie,  
A naughty boy came by that way,  
And hid her under  
heaps of hay!





Little  
Boy Blue.

Little Boy Blue,  
Come blow up your horn,  
The sheep's in the meadow,  
The cow's in the corn.  
Where was the little boy who looks  
after the sheep?  
He was under the haycock fast asleep!





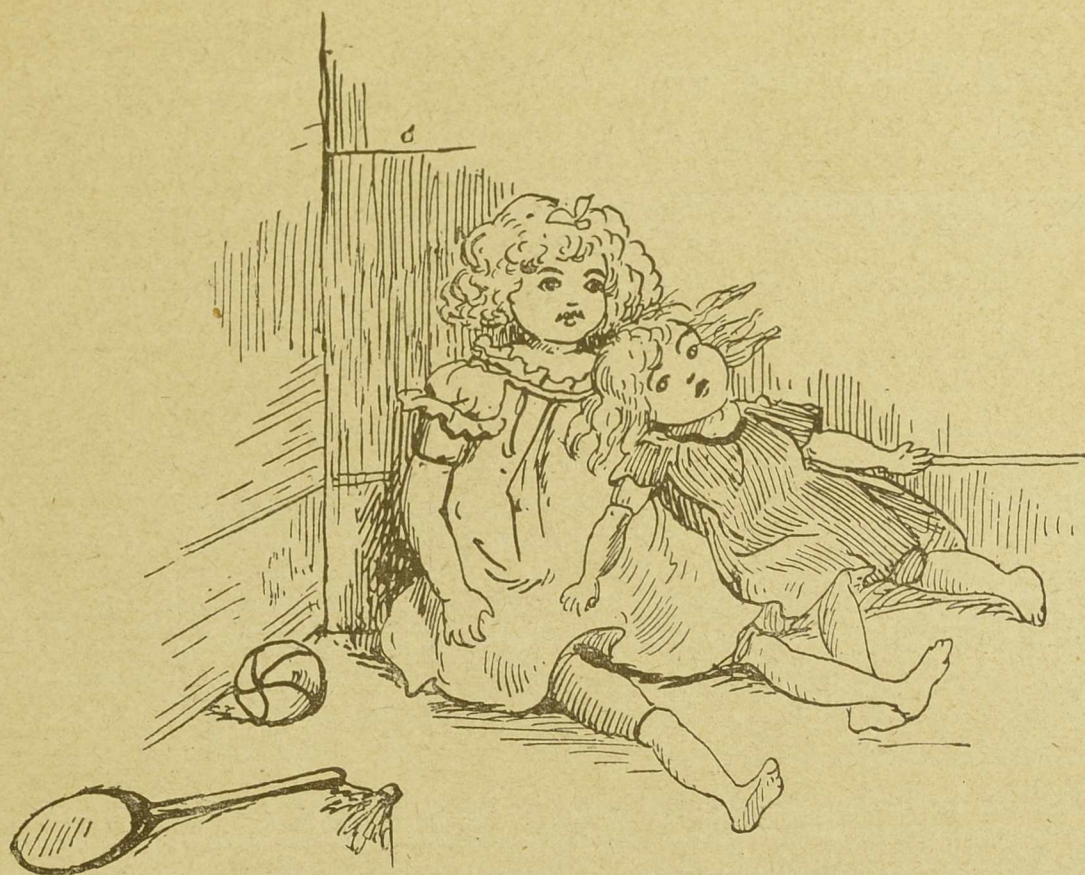


I took my Rosie to make a call  
One afternoon at Syringa Hall,  
But alas, we were caught in a storm of rain,  
Just as we started home again.



A Wash Up.





# Washing Day.

With the help of a friend who came  
to stay,  
A splendid "wash up" we had one day —  
We bathed our dolls, and when that  
was done,  
We washed their frocks, it was oh, such fun!  
Then Poll kept watch while I dried the  
clothes  
For fear a blackbird should bite my nose!







### The Greedy Geese.

As we our breakfast eat one day,  
 Upon the step before the door,  
 Some greedy geese came by that way,  
 And shared our meal and asked for more.

And while — 'tis very sad to tell —  
 But while upon that step we sat,  
 Another goose found Polly's doll,  
 And made his morning meal off *that*.





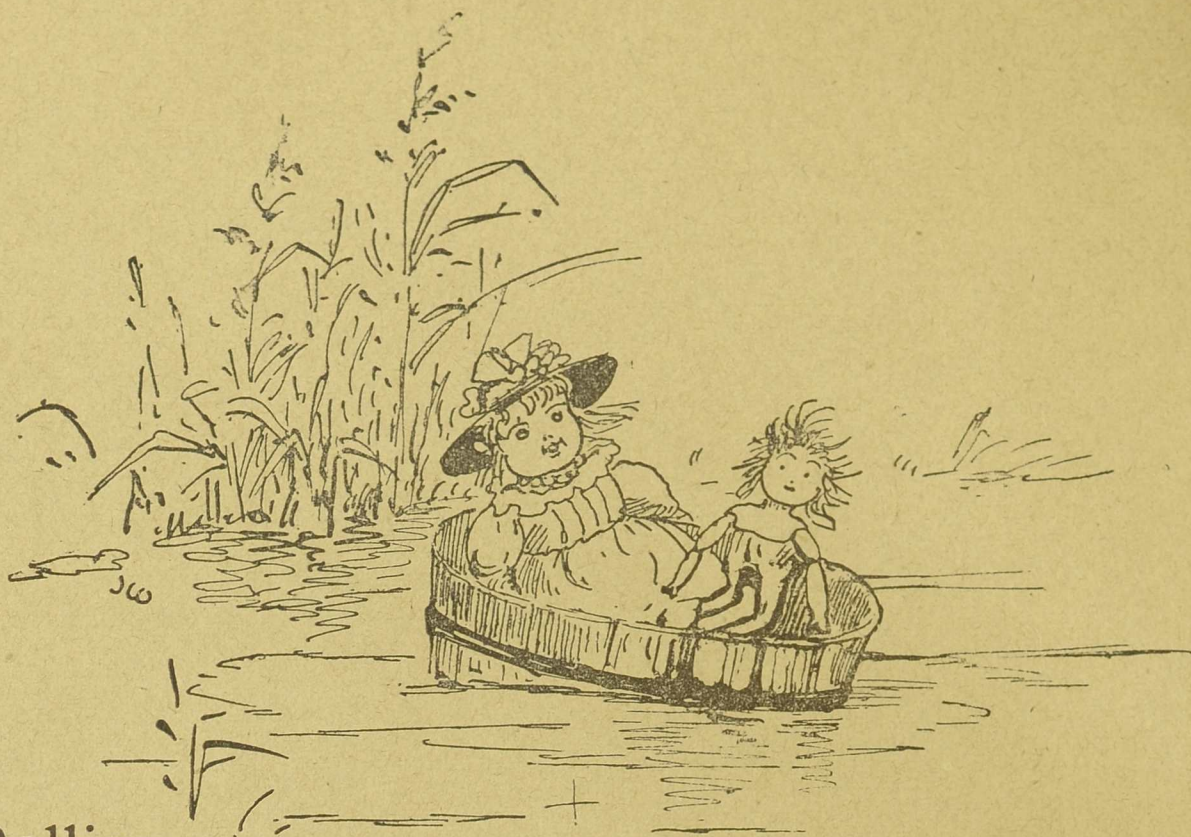


They were so pretty, I tried to catch them,  
How clever it was of the hen to hatch them!



"Round and round the Mulberry Bush".

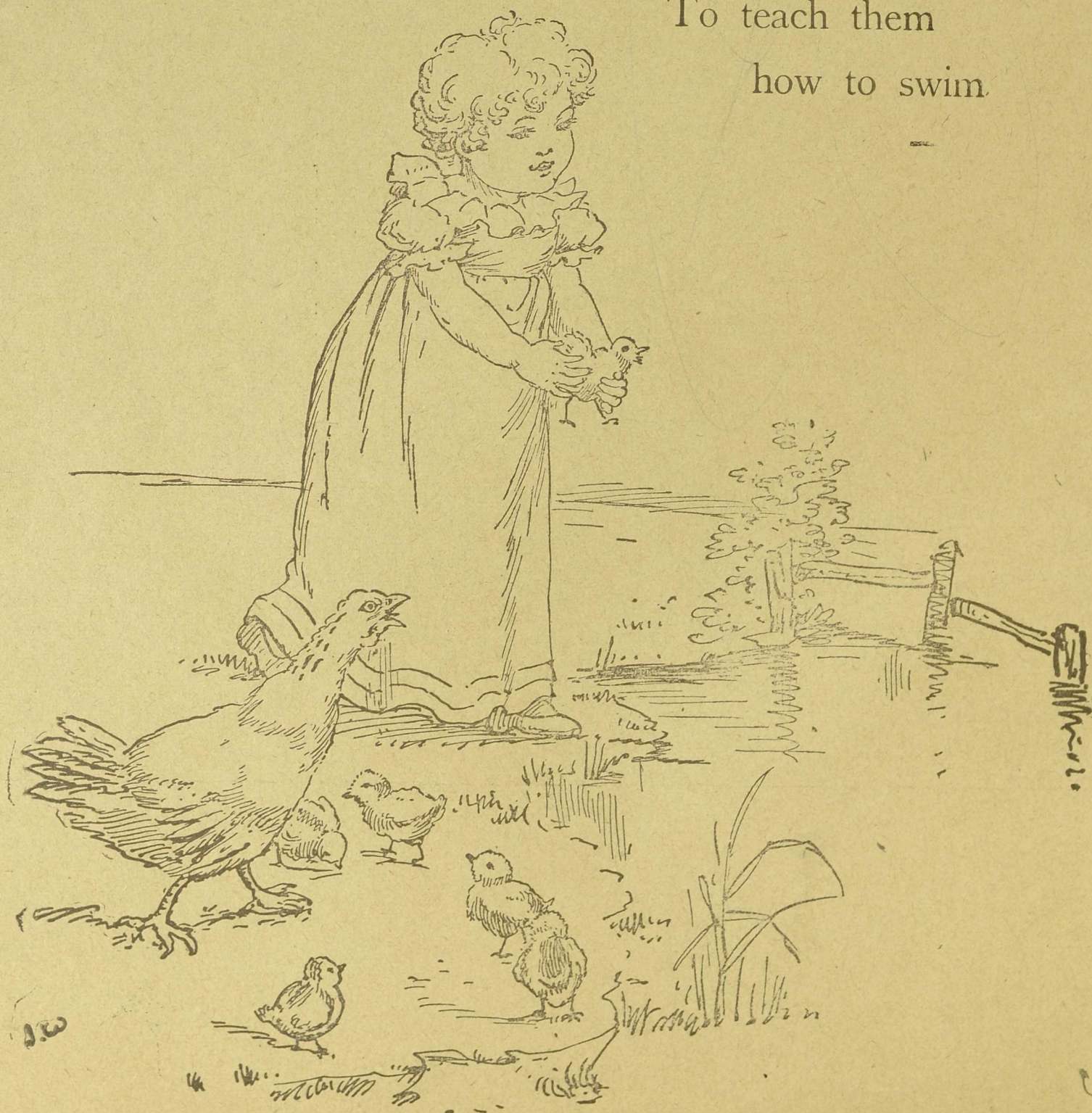




Two Dollies

went A-sailing.

Two dollies went a-sailing,  
 A-sailing all alone,  
 While I across the meadow  
 To find the hen was gone:  
 I found her with her babies  
 Beside the river's brim,  
 And thought I'd try to help her,  
 To teach them  
 how to swim.





## Holly Boughs.

And now the winter's coming fast,  
And Poll and I and dolly,

Are really coming home at last,  
And bringing boughs of holly,

To deck the home for Christmastide;  
The country's very jolly,

But still we love our own fireside,  
Do Rose, and I, and Polly!

Helen Marion Burnside.







No 1755

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