



AFTERNOON TEA

BY

J. G. SOWERBY
&
H. H. EMMERSON.



LONDON—FREDERICK WARNE & CO

Maie S. Tupper.

AFTERNOON TEA.



BY
J. G. SOWERBY AND H. H. EMMERSON.



AFTERNOON TEA
RHYMES FOR CHILDREN

WITH
ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS

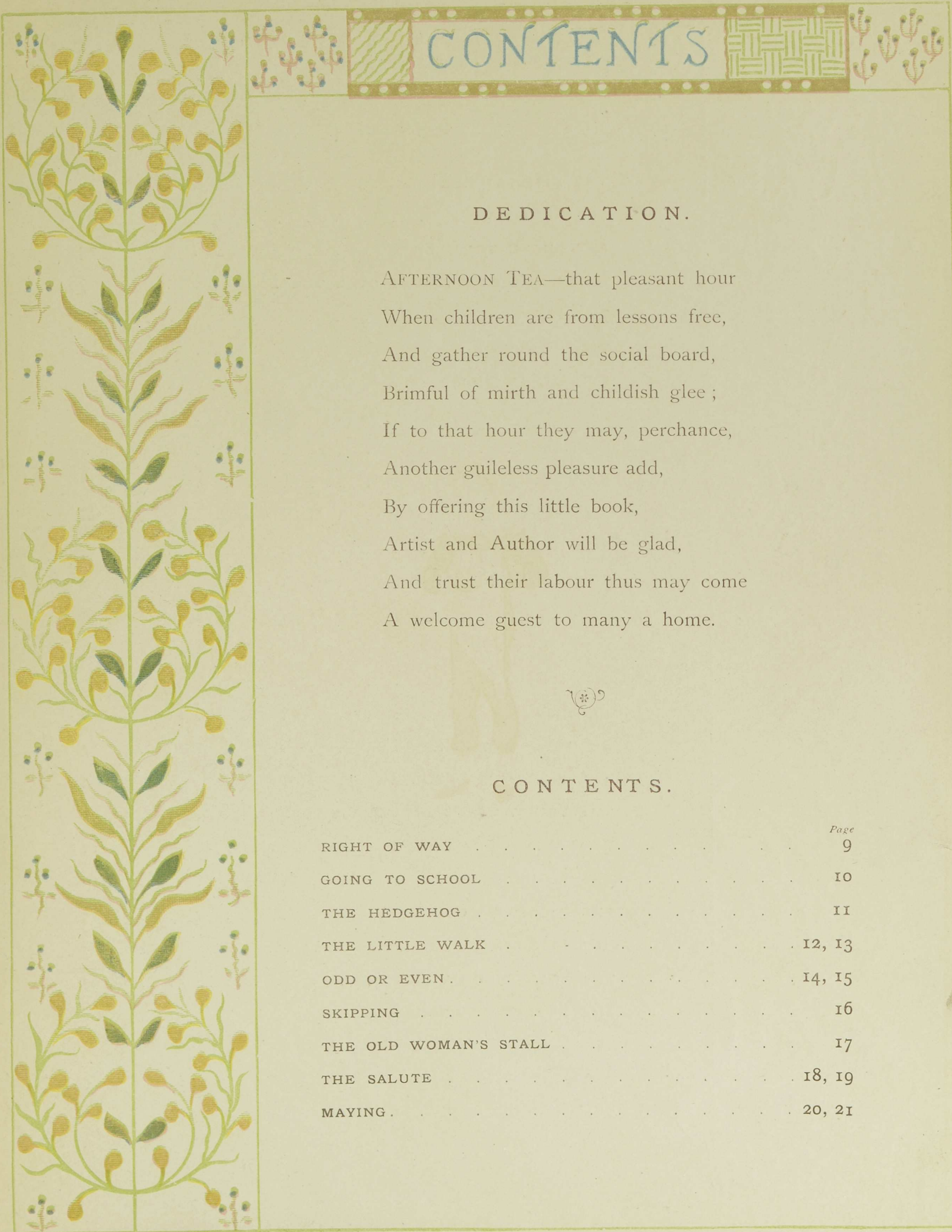
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DEDICATION.

AFTERNOON TEA—that pleasant hour
When children are from lessons free,
And gather round the social board,
Brimful of mirth and childish glee ;
If to that hour they may, perchance,
Another guileless pleasure add,
By offering this little book,
Artist and Author will be glad,
And trust their labour thus may come
A welcome guest to many a home.



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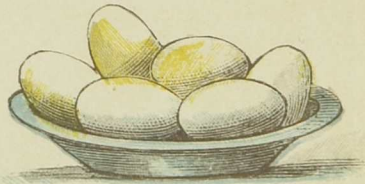
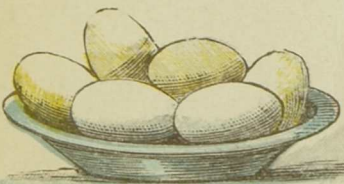
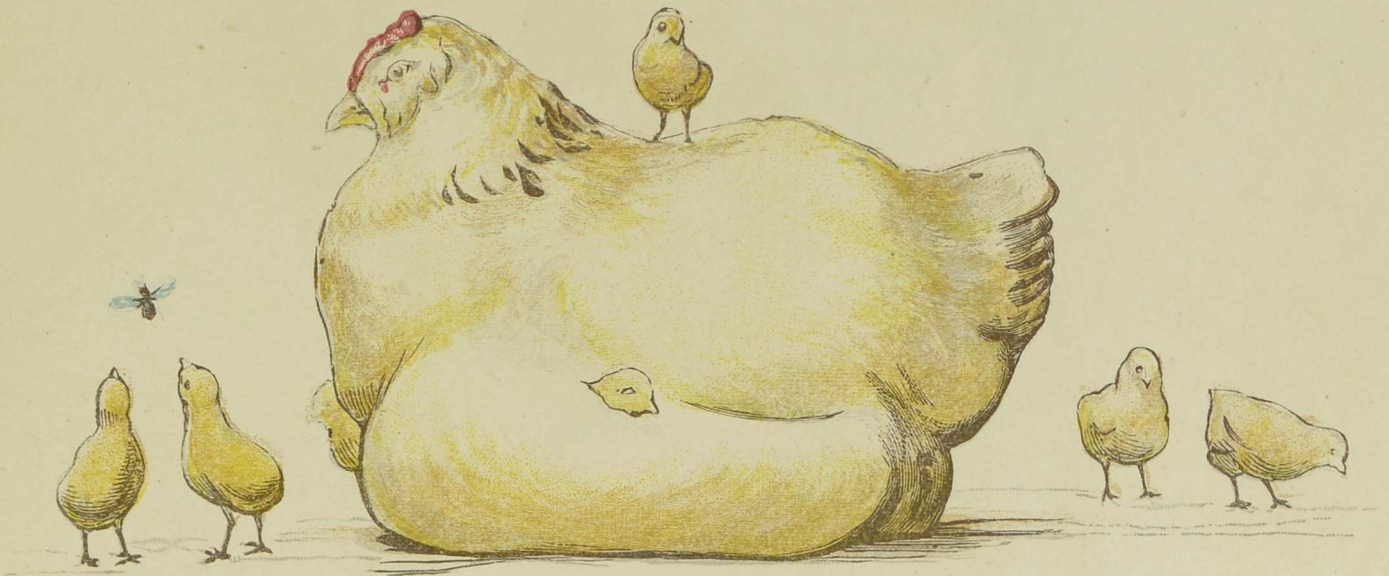


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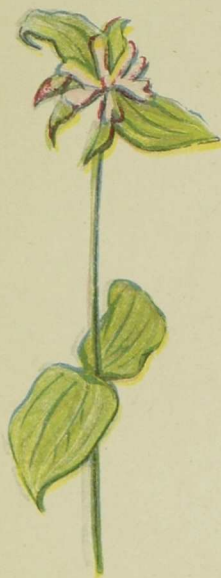








"RIGHT OF WAY."



"BAA, baa, there's no road this way!"

"Pretty sheep, do let me pass, I say,
It's too late to go back again to-day;
Nice little sheep, please do go away!"

"Baa, baa, we won't let you by;
It's no use for you to begin to cry.
You can't come this road,—no, not if you try,
And never mind asking the reason why."



GOING TO SCHOOL.

SLOWLY to school, slowly they went,—
His eyes on his book were downward bent;
She looked on the ground as they went along,
But neither looked willing to sing a song.
She was thinking of pudding and jam!—
He was spelling Seringapatam.
Oh for a kite, or a top, or a ball,
Battledore, shuttlecock, hoop, and all!





THE HEDGEHOG.

"WHERE are you going so fast away?
Where are you going?" the children said.
"To seek my dinner, this summer day,
To seek my dinner," the hedgehog said.

"You've got long prickles, so sharp and fine!
Such terrible prickles!" the children said.
"Don't I tell you I'm going to dine?
Let me be trotting," the hedgehog said.

"Nay, nay, now stay; don't hurry away!
Don't run away!" the children said.
"What will you get for your dinner to-day?"
"A little fat snail," the hedgehog said.

"And do you gobble your snails quite raw?
Do you not cook them?" the children said.
"Such inquisitive children I never saw!
Of course I don't cook them!" the hedgehog said.

THE LITTLE WALK.

OH, dear me! what a great big hat!
Suppose we were all to wear hats like that!
And see Mab's bonnet and peacock plume,—
I hope her head will find plenty of room!
But Mab is kind, and gives Baby a ride,
The Baby that wears the hat so wide.
They won't have to walk too far or too long
Unless Sister Mab is uncommonly strong,
For Baby looks heavy, and so does her hat—
The Baby who's sucking her fingers so fat!





ODD OR EVEN.

HOPPETY, hoppety, hop!
How many stones have I got?
Odd or even's the game we play;
Come, make haste! which do you say?
Cherry-stones, cherry-stones, which shall it be?
"Suppose you toss first, and then we'll see!"
Hoppety, hoppety, hop!

Whackety, whackety, whack!
Oh! what a terrible crack!
"I'll teach you to play odd or even all day
'Tis no good to send you on errands away,
While I wait for water to boil for the tea:
The next time you do it you'll see where you'll be!"
Whackety, whackety, whack!







SKIPPING.

AIRILY, airily, skip away :
Set to work, all of you, trip away !
Over your head, and under your toes,
That's the way the merry rope goes !
Aprons flap in the breezy air ;
Fly away, lessons, this holiday fair !





THE OLD WOMAN'S STALL.

THE old woman sits at her sweet goody stall,
 For years she has sat by that old broken wall,
 She lives in the cottage that looks out to sea,
 And she works at her knitting as brisk as can be.

Apples and lollipops, sweet currant cakes,
 And toffee with almonds the old woman bakes,
 And lemonade frisky comes quick through a tap,
 And what eats so well as a gingerbread snap?

The children come hungry to buy at the stall,
 Where the old woman sits by the old broken wall,
 "If you please, Mrs. Grumpy, we'd like lemonade,
 And sweet sugar candy with almonds inlaid."





THE SALUTE.

How do you do, Sir? Fair good morrow!
The wind seems in the west to-day!
Sun for gladness, shade for sadness,
We meet them both upon our way.

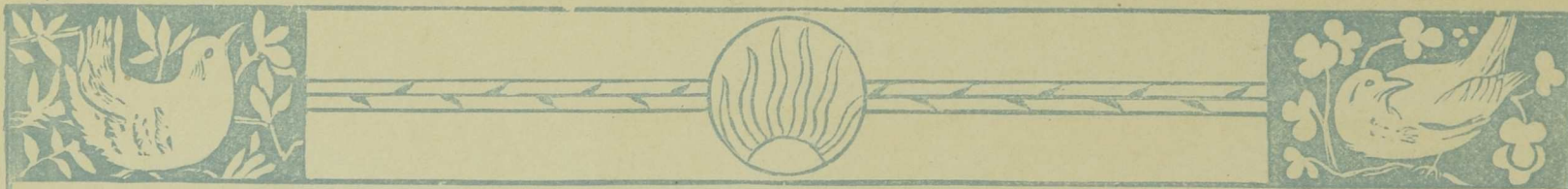


MAYING.

Oh! who loves May, so sweet and gay?
A long, long way I've been to-day
Over the fields and down the lane,
Into the copse, and back again;
Such a ramble, such a scramble,
Catching my dress on a blackberry bramble.
All the merry brown bees were humming,
And all the birdies sang "Who's coming?"
And the butterflies came to my branch of May,
For I've been Queen of the Woods to-day!







THE BIRD-CATCHER.

LAURENCE has set such a wonderful trap,
It has a long string, and goes to with a snap;
He has carefully scattered some grains of corn,
And see! there's a bird coming over the lawn,
Away it comes chirruping, chirping, and hopping
Into the trap it will soon be popping!
Helen and Gisha take part in the sport,
It is so exciting to see a bird caught!
Don't stir from your places, and don't speak a word,
Or else you will frighten away the bird!

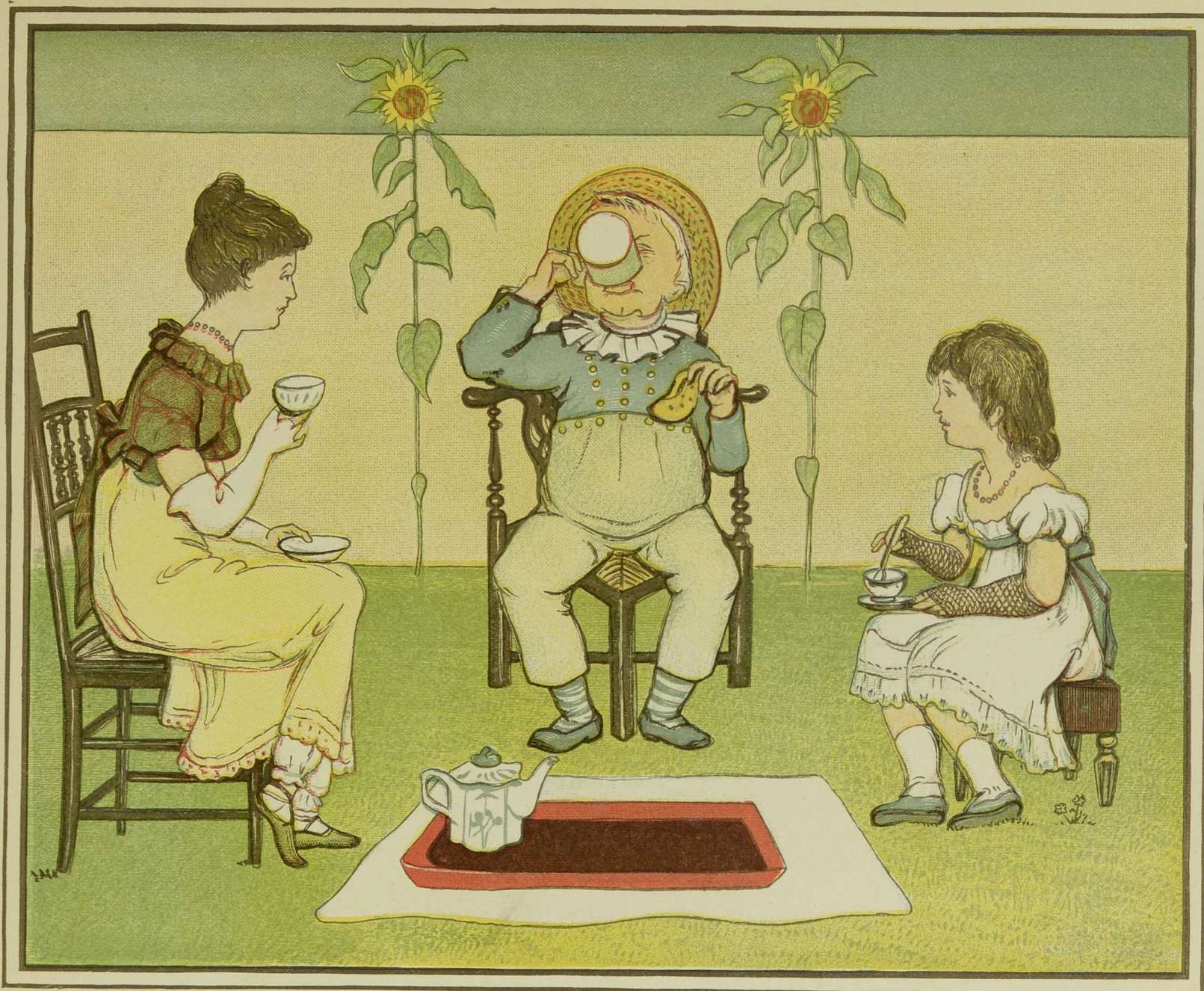




FLYING THE KITE.

FLY away, fly away, comical kite,
Up in the sky to a terrible height;
When you come back tell us where you have been,
Where do the stars live, and what have you seen?





AFTERNOON TEA.

WHO wouldn't like to drink afternoon tea
 Out in the garden just like these three?
 With the song of a bird, and the hum of a bee,
 And the sun-flowers looking all eyes to see.

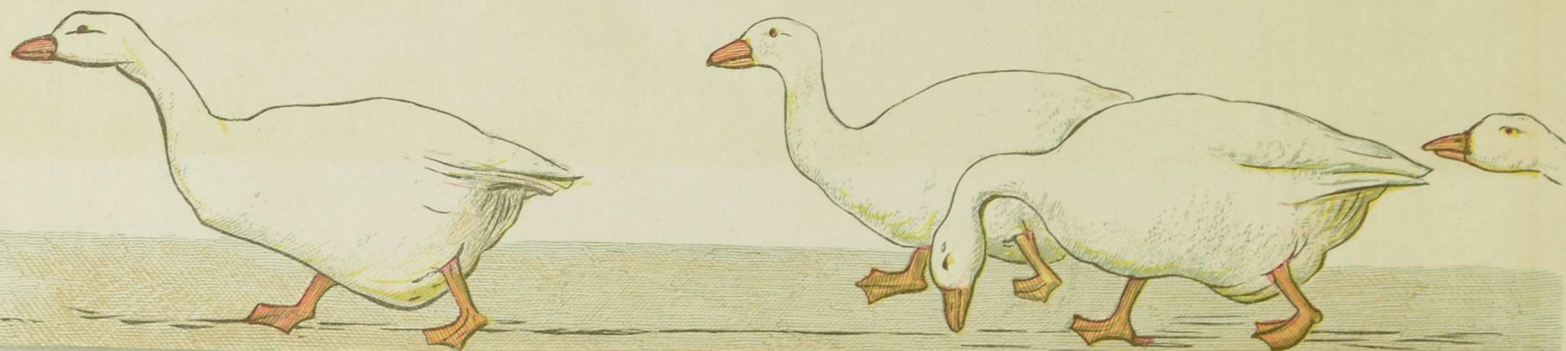
The little girl's stirring her tea so sweet;
 Tea in the garden is such a great treat,
 With a cool breeze blowing, and not too much heat—
 And doesn't the tea-tray look charmingly neat?



WHEN THE GEESE CAME OVER THE LEA!

OH, we talked and we laughed,
As we went to the Sea.
We were a merry company
Just we three!
But oh what a panic
We were in to see,
An army of Geese
Coming over the lea!

With a cack, cack, cackle,
And a pat, pat, patter,
They looked as if they wondered
What could be the matter.
Which were the greater Geese?
Just we three,
Or the army of Geese
That came over the lea?





THE PEG TOP.

SPIN away, spin away, round and round,
The hum of the top has a merry sound ;
The peg top's journey is just beginning,
Ever so long it will go on spinning.
Up in my hand, or down on the ground,
Still the peg top goes round and round.
Baby looks on with eyes so bright—
Is'nt top spinning a wonderful sight ?







THE ORPHANS.

CAREFULLY, gently, does Martha tread,
For sister Anna is ill in bed :
Martha is bringing the toast she has made
And tea on a tray so neatly laid.

Their father and mother died long ago,
So Martha and Anna are orphans you know ;
And yet, oh yet, they are happy these two,
For kind friends took pity and helped them through.

They live in an orphanage near to the church,
With trees in the garden where wild birdies perch ;
And all of the children wear aprons so white,
And tippets and mobcaps so pretty and bright.







BREAD AND MILK.

BREAD and milk, bread and milk, fit for a king,
Plenty of sugar has been put in ;
Mix it up well with a silver spoon,
Wait till it cools and don't eat it too soon !

Milk and bread, milk and bread, isn't it nice ?
Why ! The whole basinful's gone in a trice !
Oh ! There is many a poor little boy
To whom bread and milk would be a great joy







THE RUNAWAY RING.

Bow-wow, Bow-wow, run for your lives,
 The little page comes to the door in surprise,
 The little King Charlie too, roused from his sleep,
 Has run to the front door to get a sly peep.
 The old lady comes to the window to see
 Whatever this wonderful tumult can be ;
 The little girl leaves all her school things behind
 She's too much afraid that they'll catch her, to mind ;
 One boy round the corner is looking with glee
 To see if the others in danger can be !
 While I, the poor doggie, am running like mad—
 If I get safe away with my tail I'll be glad.
 And all this to come from a runaway ring,
 Oh! Bow-wow, pray how could you do such a thing?



PLAY-TIME.

LESSONS are done, hurray, hurray !
 A game of horses we'll have to day :
 Gee-up, gee-up, come galop away
 While Grandmother watches us at our play.
 And Toby shall bark, and jump, and run,
 She's as fond as we are of games and fun !
 Grandma, your horse can't run away,
 Although that old wheel goes round so gay
 When you sit spinning all day, all day.

BUBBLES.

HERE is a picture, look at it well,
There is more in it than I can tell;
Look at it, tell me, what can you see?
Bubbles, and flowers, and children three?

Yes! but there is a story inside—
Look at it well, the picture is wide.
Through the churchyard winds a funeral slow,
The bell tolling sadly as on they go.

And here, 'mid the flowers, three children so gay
Are blowing the bubbles away, away!
One, two, three, away they go,
But *one* has burst, Ah! They all do so!

Man's life is a bubble as light as air,
Floating away now here, now there,
The bubble looks likely to float all day,
But man's life sooner doth fade away







SCANDAL.

WHAT do you think?"

"Don't tell anybody!"

"I'm sure I don't know!"

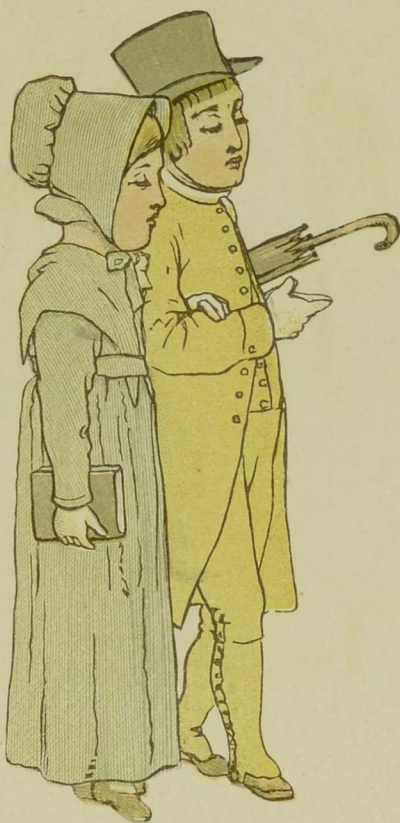
"Oh no! Oh no!"

"Somebody told me,
That someone else said
That so and so told them
(You won't tell what I said?)"

"Oh no! I won't tell.
What is it? Oh dear!
The way that you tell it,
Is really so queer!"

"Oh yes! But have patience,
I'll tell you in time,
But I have to make it
All fit into rhyme.
Now don't tell anybody,
Because if you do,
My secrets, the next time,
I'll not tell to you!"





THE QUAKERS.

CALMLY, sedately,
In manner so stately,
These two from meeting have just now returned :
With arms linked together,
He's asking her whether
She can remember the things they have learned.

His hands neatly folding,
Jonathan's holding
A little umbrella in case it may rain :
And then Hannah's bonnet
Will not get upon it
A drop, or a sprinkle, a spot, or a stain.



THE NURSERY CHAIR.

EDITH sits up in her chair so high,
How busy she looks with her downbent eye.
What is she doing? Can you not guess?
With her little bare feet, and her little night-dress.
She is plucking the raisins so rich and so nice,
From out of her cake that is flavoured with spice.





UP A TREE.

Puss, puss, pussy, puss, puss, pussy,
Where are you going with your tail so bushy?
Up to the top of a great tall tree.
When you get there what will you see?

Wait till I catch you, puff, puff, puff;
It's tough work climbing, tough and rough,
And a long way up to this tall tree top;
Don't go so fast pussy, stop, stop, stop!

It's no good bird-catching up in this tree,
The birds will all fly away you'll see;
And I'll give you beautiful milk and sop,
If you'll let me catch you, pussy, *do* stop!



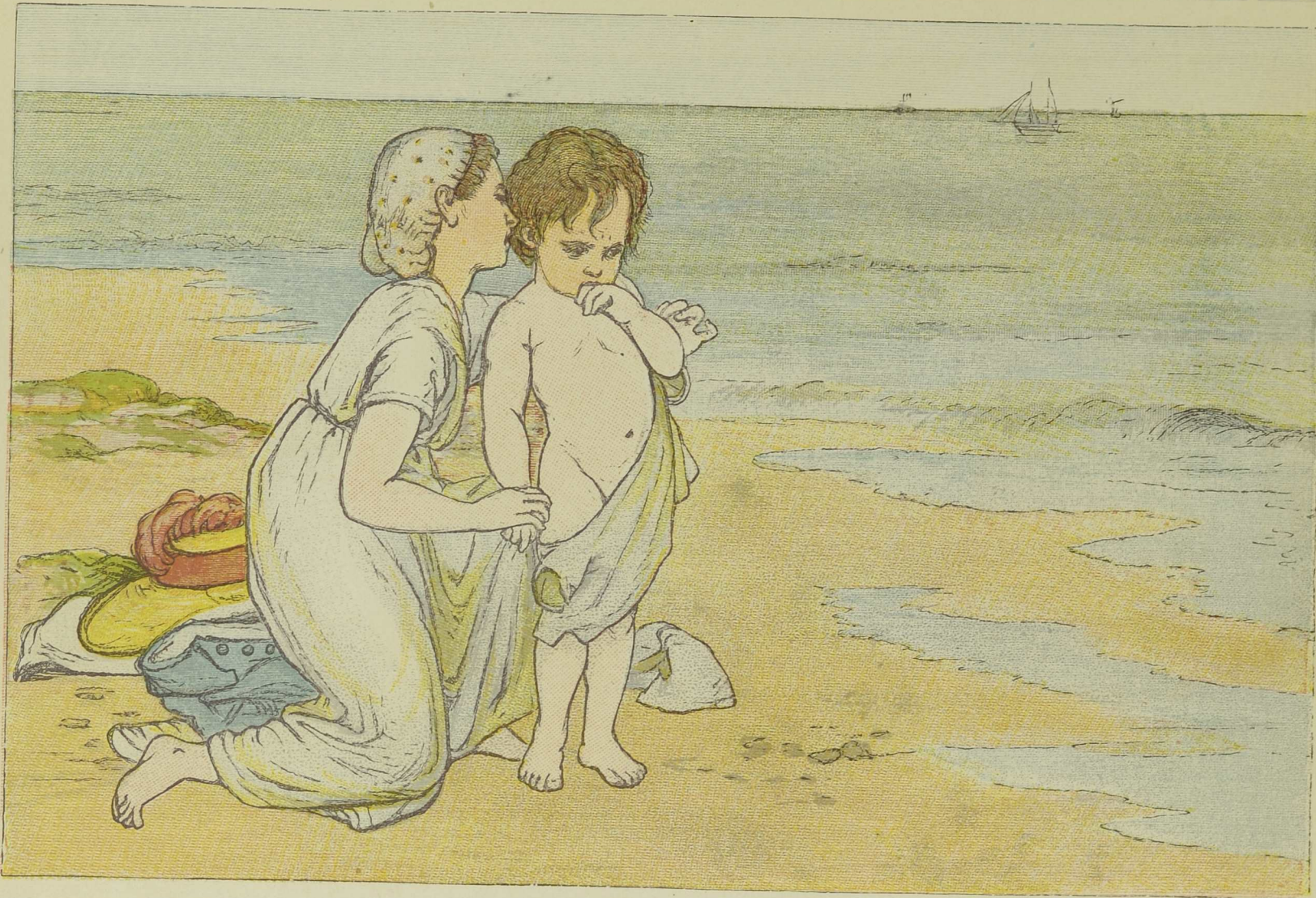
FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

OH, the apples golden and red!
"We mustn't touch them," the gardener said.
Don't they look tempting? so round and bright,
We can't help *looking* at such a sight.
See those sunflowers all in a row,
Nodding their heads at us you know,
All with their faces turned this way,
And great eyes staring as if to say,
"Don't forget what the gardener said,
Don't touch the apples so rosy and red!"

THE SICK CHILD.

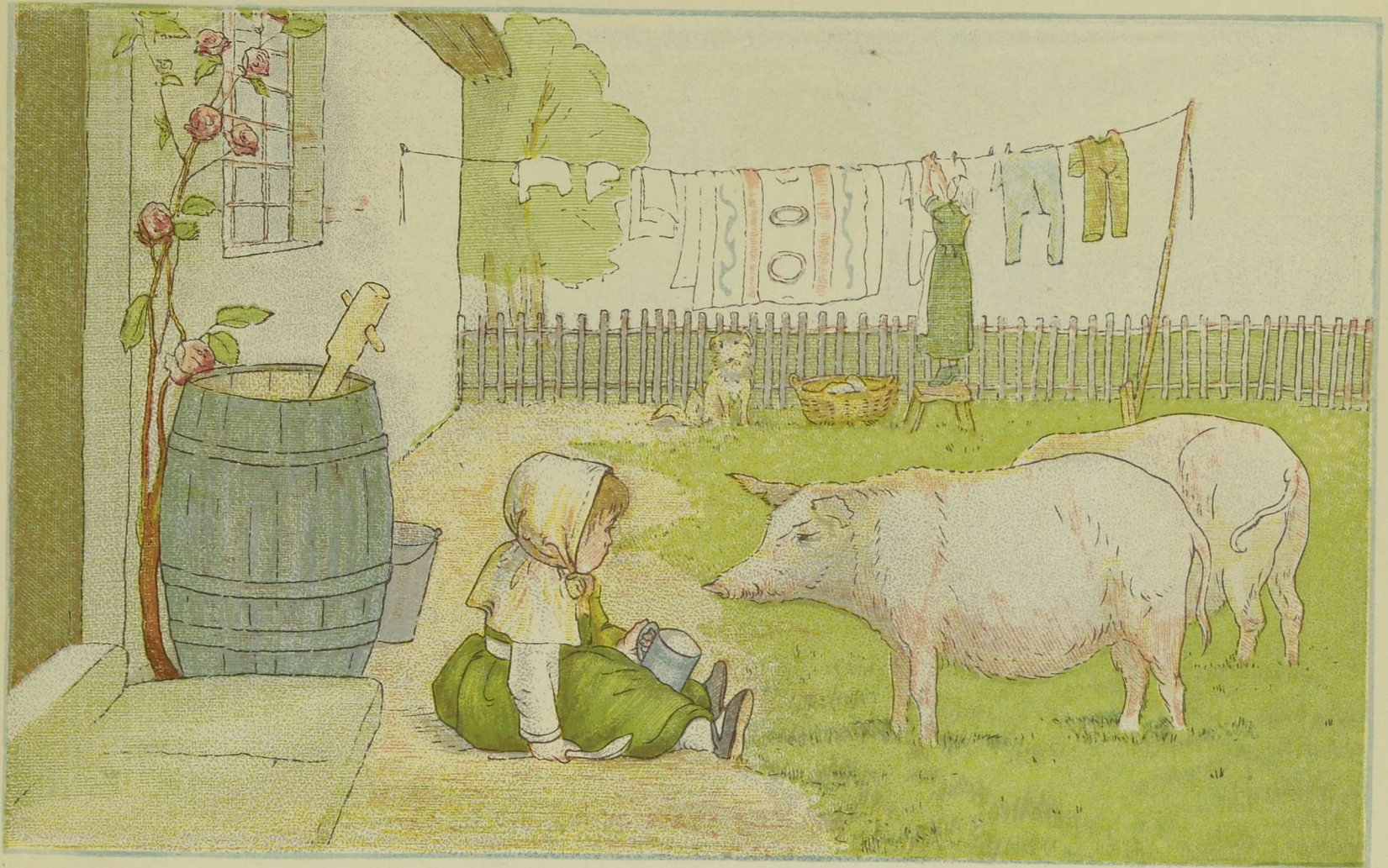
OH, Minnie is a famous nurse, and a famous cook is she,
She makes such splendid sweet-cakes, and girdle-cakes for tea,
She's such a clever little nurse for Harry who is ill,
She is so good and active, so gentle and so still.
Now Harry is her brother, and I think he had a fall
While climbing up a cherry tree that was too wide and tall;
Although it was a dreadful fall, I think he's not much worse,
He will be getting better soon with Minnie for his nurse.
Oh, Minnie is a famous cook, and a famous nurse is she,
For no one nurses little boys so well and patiently.





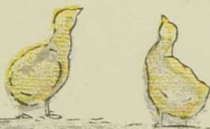
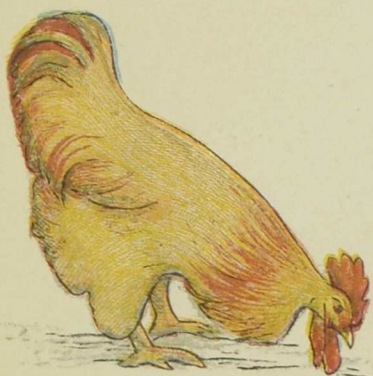
BATHING.

HE didn't like bathing, oh dear! oh dear!
The sea was so cold, and the waves came so near.
But sister was gentle, oh, sister was kind,
She whispered of beautiful shells they would find.
She told him the waves sing a wonderful song,
That only to wavelets and ripples belong.
"And will you not bathe, and make friends with the sea?
And would you not like a merman to be?"
Then slowly the frown faded out of his face,
And a smile like a ripple came back in its place.



AN UNINVITED VISITOR.

ROSIE was breakfasting out on the grass,
 When two pigs on a walking tour happened to pass.
 One pig with rude manners came boldly in front,
 And first gave a stare, and then gave a grunt.
 As much as to say, "What is that you have got?
 Just let me have a taste out of your pot!"
 But Rosie said, "Go away, horrid old pig!
 I am so little, and *you* are so big!"



THE PURITAN'S DAUGHTER.

LONG, long years and years ago
Lived this Johanna,
Sweet was her face, also
Sweet was her manner.

Reading as she went to Church,
This was her manner ;
The very birdies on their perch
Sang to Johanna.





THE YOUNG HEIR'S EASTER VISITORS.

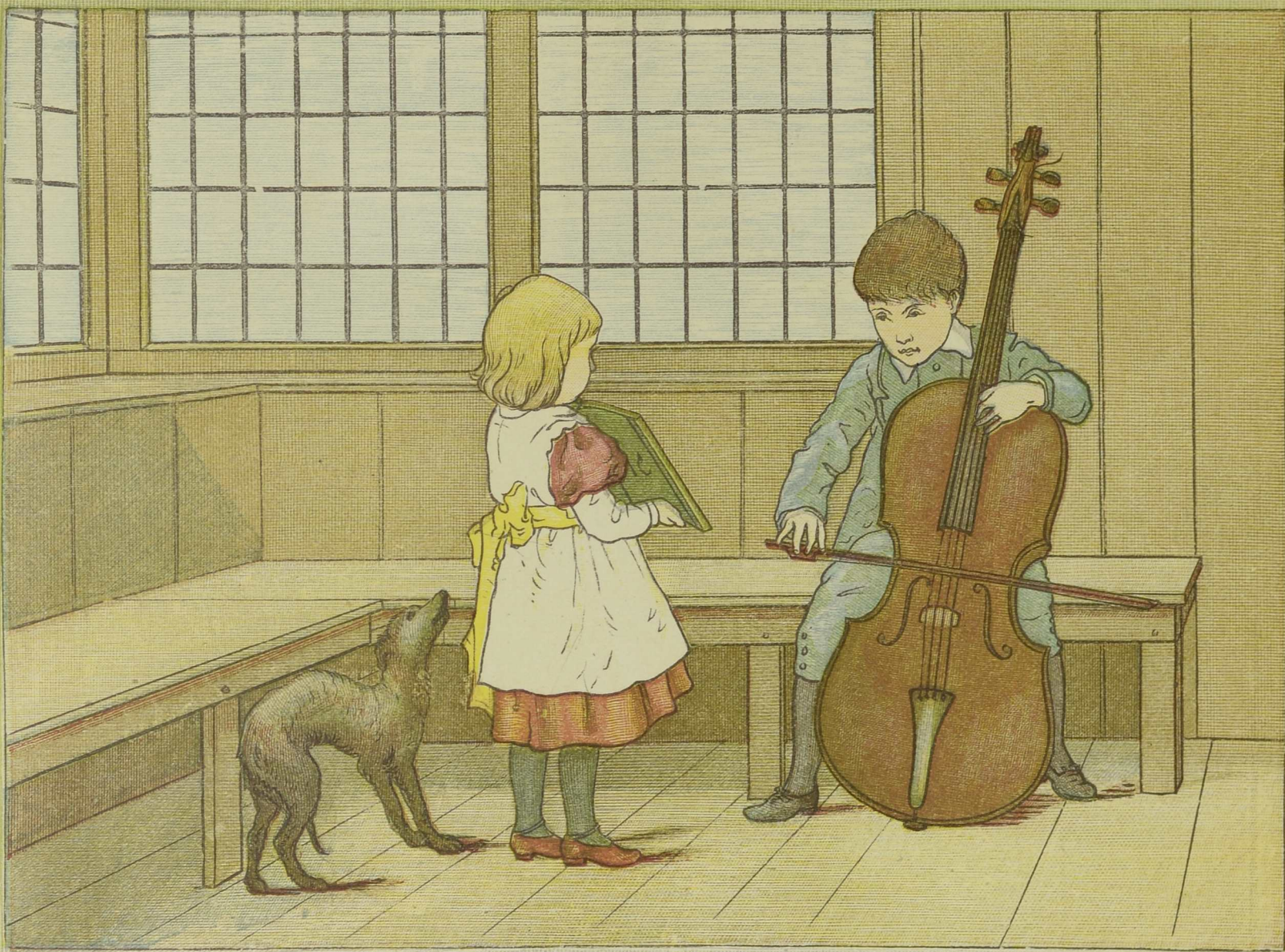
LITTLE Sir Peregrine stands to receive
His guests who are coming this Easter Eve,
That sweet little doggie (Floss is its name),
Who stands by his master, is doing the same.

First comes Judith Eleanor, sweetest and best,
And then after Judith there come all the rest.
Now Judith is cousin to this Peregrine,
Such sweet little cousins have never been seen.

Then comes little Godfrey, with large round hat,
And wide-awake face, and lace collar so flat;
And that's little Sophie has hold of his arm,
With her face so sedate, and her manner so calm.

And wee little Bessie, who's holding her muff,
Is staring as if she could not stare enough.
From the coach steppeth Hilda, take care, not too fast!
I think these are all, save nurse Susan the last.



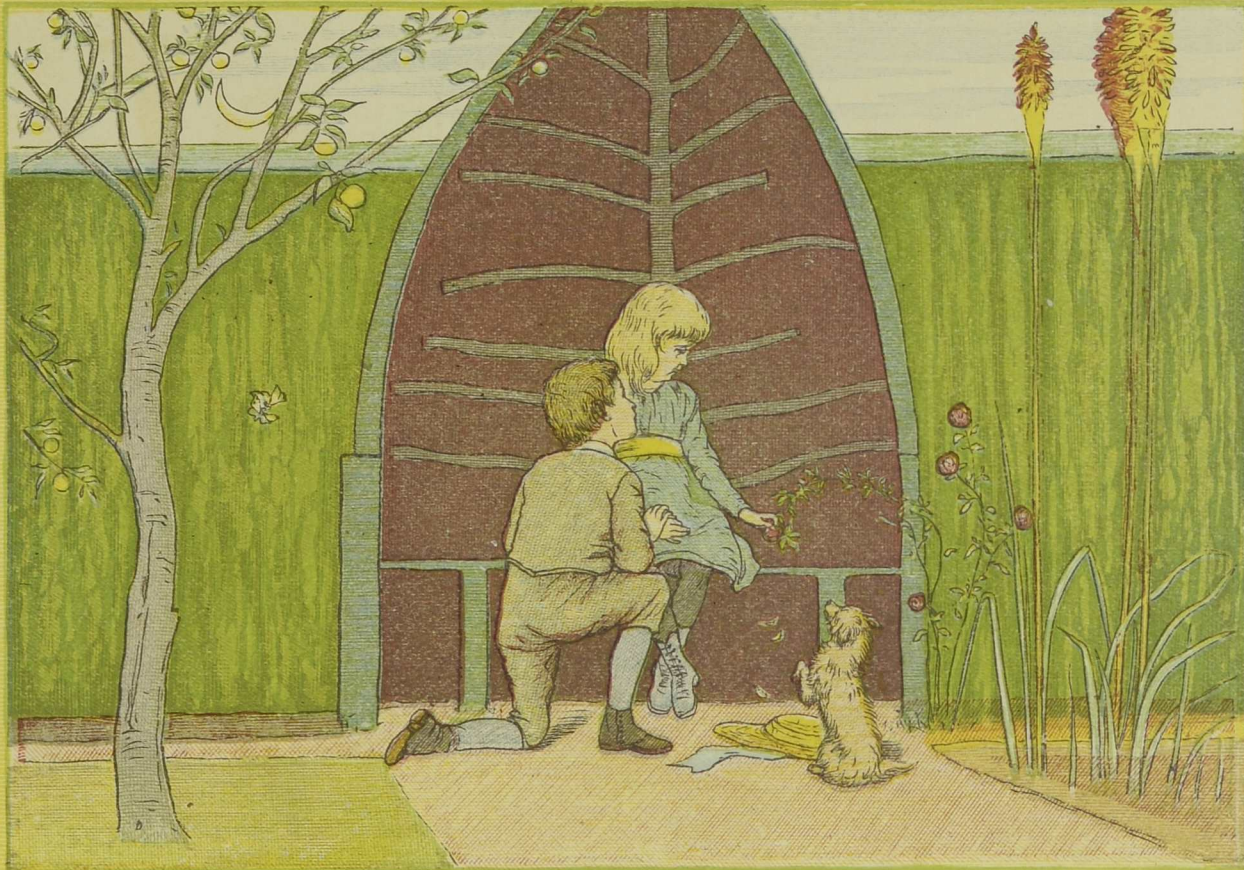


THE YOUNG MUSICIAN.

THERE'S nothing like a fiddle,
Though music is a riddle,
With its big dots, and little dots, and long straight lines.
This fiddle makes a groaning,
And a grunting, and a moaning;
And listen to the doggie—what dreadful howls and whines.

(What the little girl said.)

Oh, dear me, I am tired,
(Though the music I've admired,
Of holding this book for you this long, long while.
And what would Grandpa say
If he knew we'd been at play,
A playing on his fiddle in such a famous style?



THE PROPOSAL.

"OH, will you be my little wife?
My little wife"? he said.
She only pulled the rose to bits
And gravely shook her head.

"I'll give you all my tops and balls,
My beautiful new kite."
But still she pulled the rose to bits,
So the butterflies took flight.

"I'll buy a great big waxen doll,
With real eyes and hair."
But still she pulled the rose to bits,
And said she did not care.

"Oh, look how even doggie begs,
He cannot talk, and so
He sits upon his hinder legs,
And thinks he's quite a beau!"

Then Lawrence said "Good-bye," and went
And left her sitting there.
The moon was watching all the time,
Then she began to care.



"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

"MISTRESS NELLIE, fair good morning!
To night I go to see the play;
We have a box, will you go with us?
I beg you will not say me nay!"

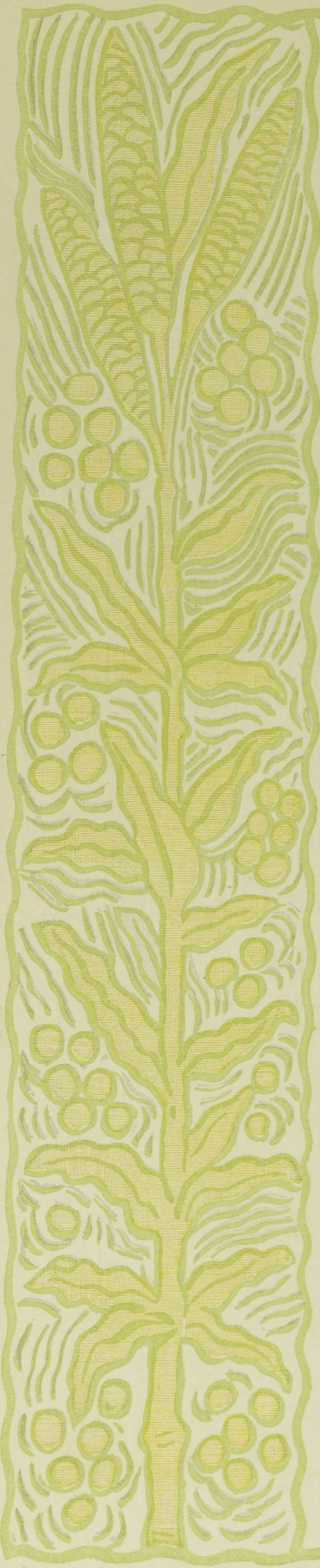
"Oh, no! I could not, pray excuse me,
Whatever would my sisters say?
You know they are so stiff and mighty,
They will not go to see the play."

"Dear Mistress Nellie you distress me,
For long I've counted on this play,
And if your sisters do not like it
Surely they can stay away!"

"Dear Master Lacy, I will go then,
And I will join your party gay;
I dearly, dearly love a frolic,
To night I'll go to see the play!"







IN THE MEADOWS.

THIS nice little sheep has found little Bo-peep,
Sitting chriss-cross-legged, and all in a heap,
And sucking her finger, but *not* asleep;
“Baa, baa,” said this Lamb to this little Bo-peep.

Now Bo-peep quite wide had opened her eyes,
For she felt somewhat frightened, and shy besides—
“If this Lambkin turns frisky, oh, where shall I hide?”
“Baa, baa,” went the Lamb in that field so wide.

It stood gazing solemnly, baaing away
As if it would always have something to say,
And Bo-peep stopped pulling the flowers so gay;
The next thing she thought of was running away.

She lives in a cottage, hid up in some trees,
And she has a white cat and a hive full of bees,
“Bo-peep” is her pet name, she’s another one too,
Queen Tita, a secret between me and you.



THE COCHIN CHINA CHICKIES.

EDITH is scattering grains of wheat
For the Cochin China chickies to eat;
See, how they're flocking around her
feet,
With a clack! clack! clack! and a loud
loud crowing,
Feathers and tails in the breezes
blowing,
All pecking away and looking so
knowing.

The Peacock comes also, walking so
grandly:
His long tail behind him trailing so
blandly,
Doesn't he look like a haughty king,
With his crown, and his tail, and his
brilliant wing?







THE PUFFED-UP SMOKER.

OH, GORDON, how naughty!
Now, don't look so haughty,—
That's Uncle's pet pipe you've got in
your hand.

If you go on smoking,
We'll soon have you choking,
We'll then have to bury you under
the sand.

Said Gordon to Nellie,
"Go home and cook jelly,
And don't interfere so with me and
my pipe!

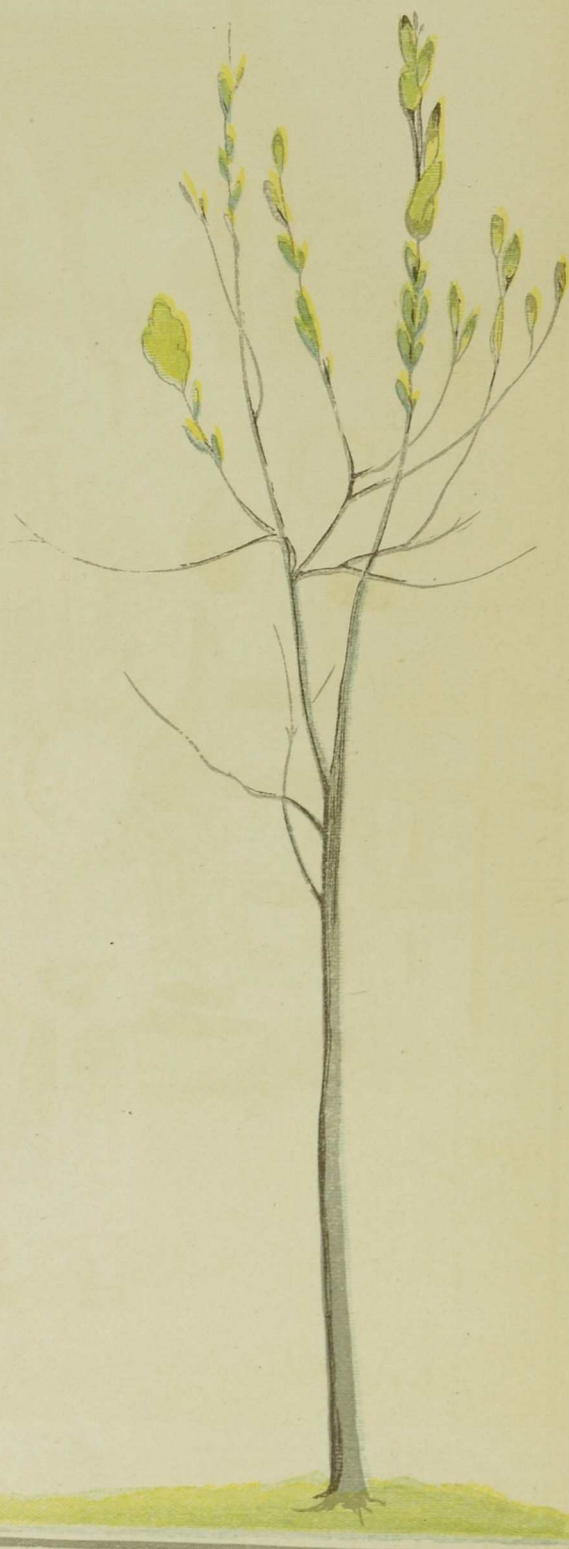
Or else go and garden,
First begging my pardon,
And see if the plums have begun to
get ripe."



CHARITY CHILDREN PREPARING FOR THE
HARVEST HOME.

IN mob-cap and apron as white as the snow,
What are they doing? Heigho! heigho!
Wreathing a pillar with garland of posies
Of green leaves and jasmine, and red and white roses.
They are dressing the church for the thanksgiving day;
The old village church is not often so gay.
So that's what the children are doing, heigho!
In apron and mob-cap as white as the snow.

Soon will the church bells go pealing and ringing,
Soon will the Charity Children go singing
Into the church where the wreaths are all twining,
Where lilies and roses are blooming and shining;
Where the rich Autumn light through the windows is
streaming,
Till old and young faces light up with its beaming.
In apron and mob-cap as white as the snow,
There sit the Charity Children, heigho!







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