

# WONDERFUL ENGLAND!

OR

## THE HAPPY LAND!

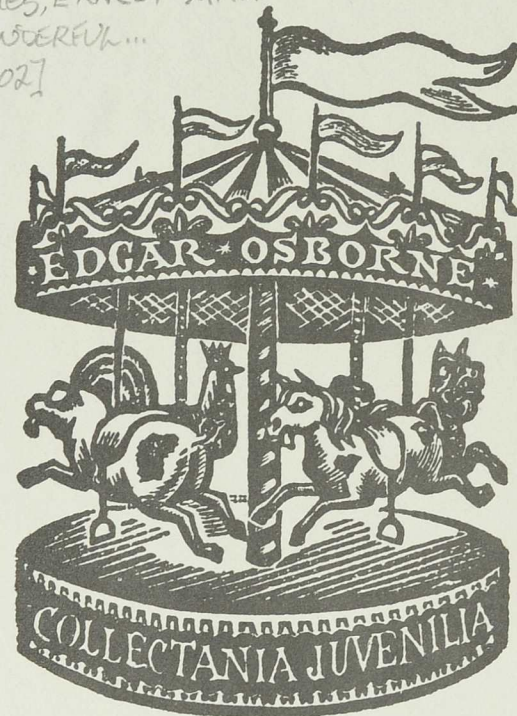
by

M<sup>RS.</sup> ERNEST AMES.



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AMES, ERNEST MRS.  
WONDERFUL...  
[1902]



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**WONDERFUL ENGLAND !**

## BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

GRANT RICHARDS' CHILDREN'S ANNUAL, 1902—3.

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GRANT RICHARDS, 48 LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON

# WONDERFUL ENGLAND!

OR, THE HAPPY LAND!

BY

MRS. ERNEST AMES,

AUTHOR OF "THE TREMENDOUS TWINS," ETC.

LONDON :

GRANT RICHARDS.

Here's the Lord Mayor  
The most busy of men,  
That's the reason he owns  
Such a wonderful pen.

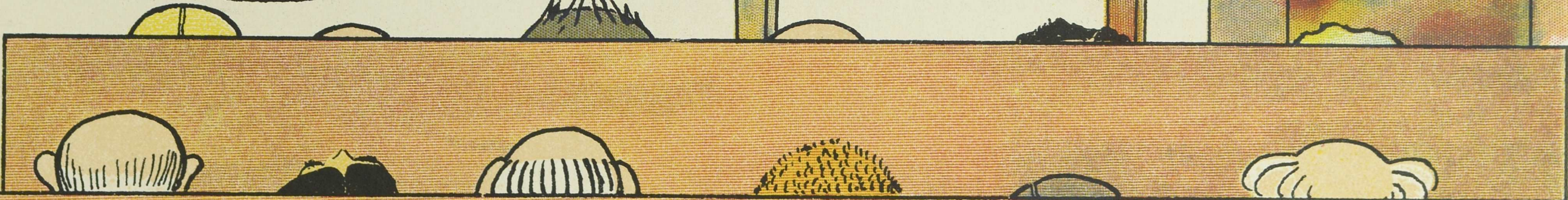
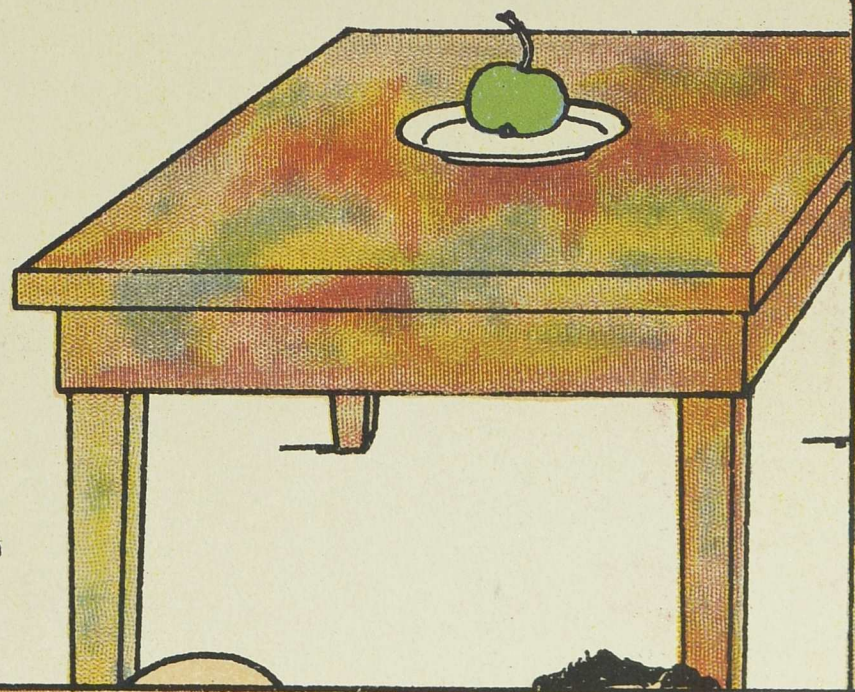
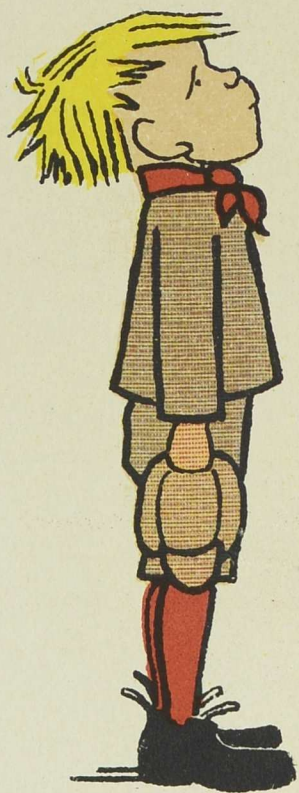
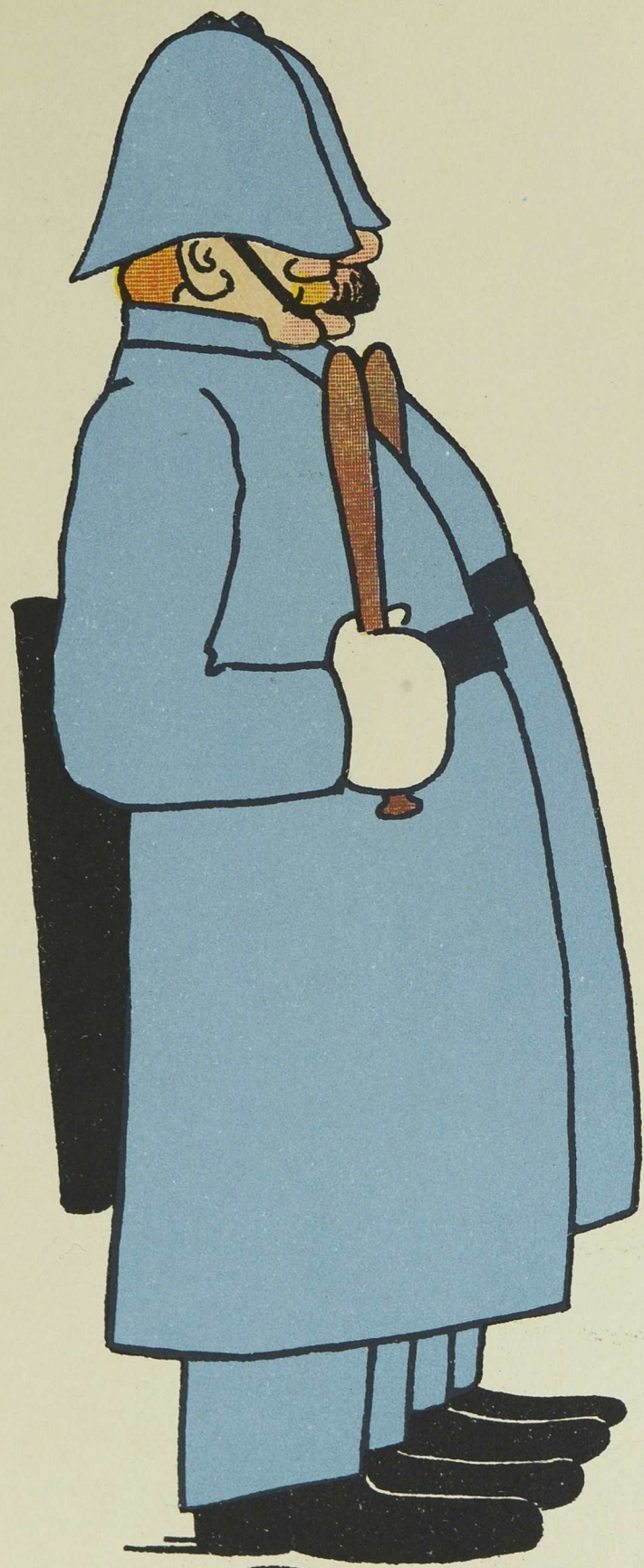
Wherever he travels  
He carries his soup,  
And that's why you see them  
All here in a group.



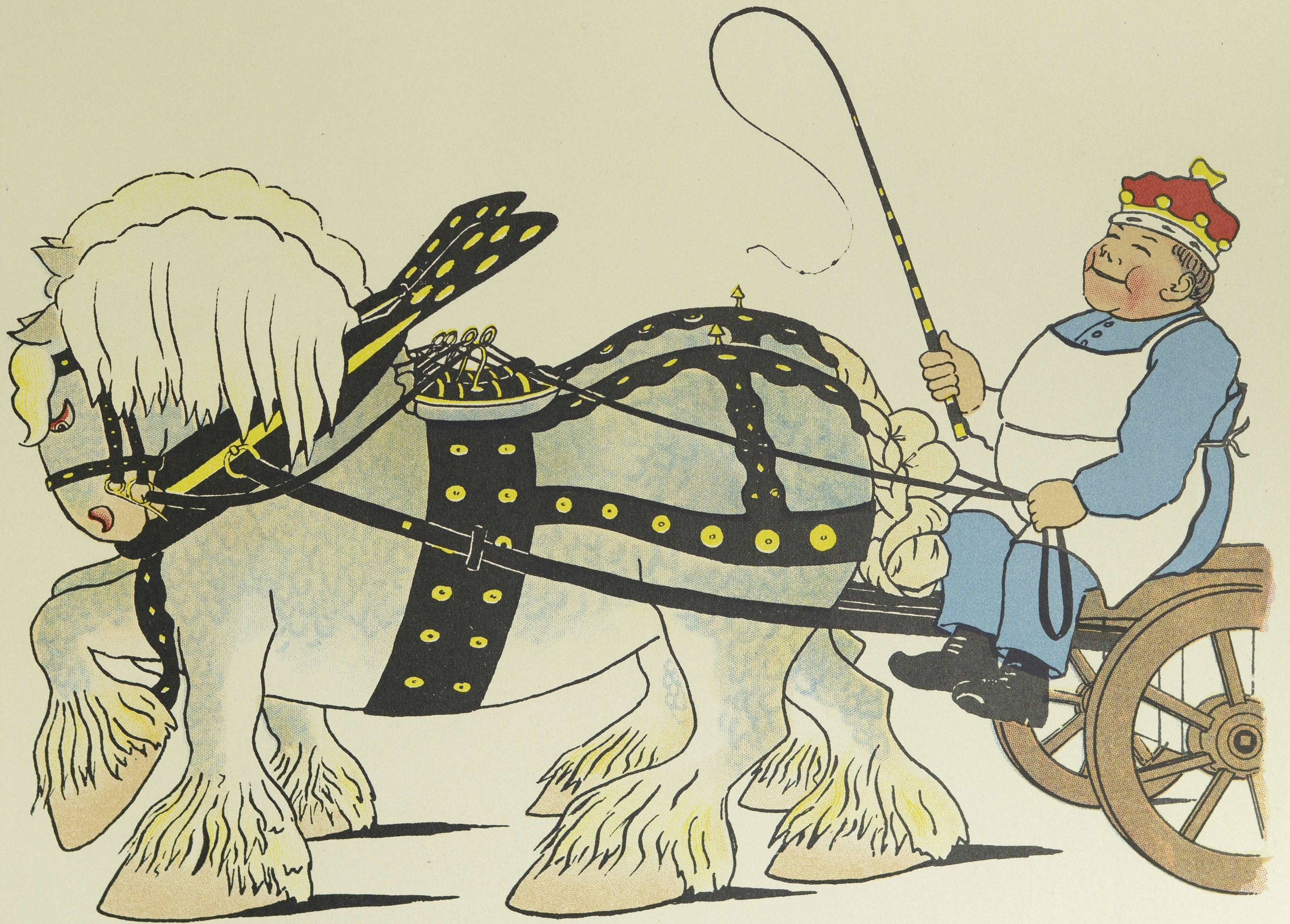


This is a jury  
    "Twelve good men and true,"  
In a kind of a box  
    That resembles a pew.

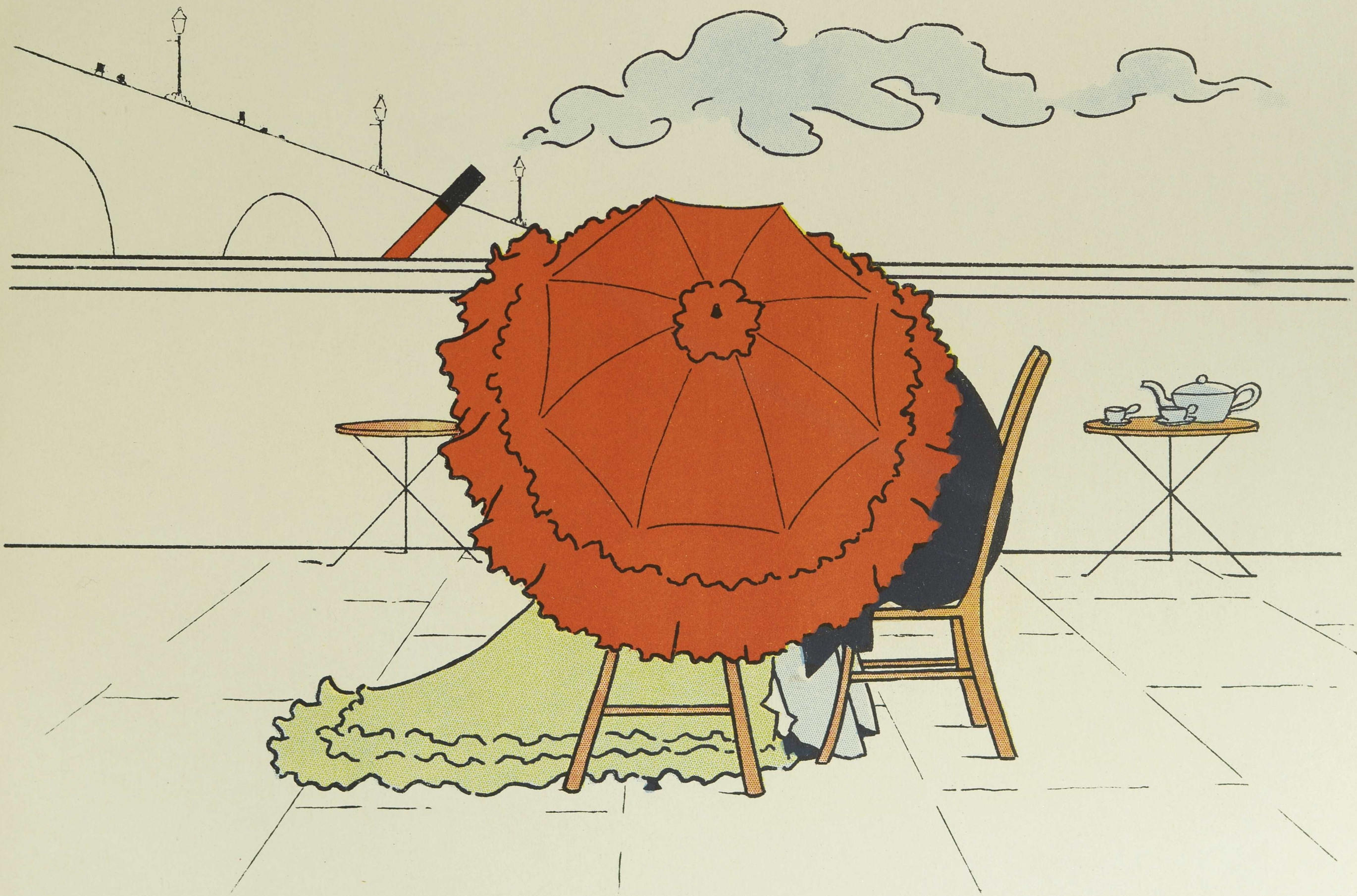
A judge might be stupid,  
    And lawyers may fight  
But whatever the jury thinks  
    MUST be quite right.



This man who is driving  
You see is a Peer,  
Because he's been brewing  
Such beautiful beer.



Here's the great House of Commons  
Where everyone's mind,  
Is absorbed in some scheme  
Of relief for mankind.



These are the Golfers  
We hear much about!  
At every spare moment  
Our Statesmen turn out.

You see them here running  
To catch a fast train,  
“Good bye then, on Monday  
We’ll see you again!”





When naughty young truants  
Their lessons would shirk,  
Good Mr. Policeman  
Conducts them to work.



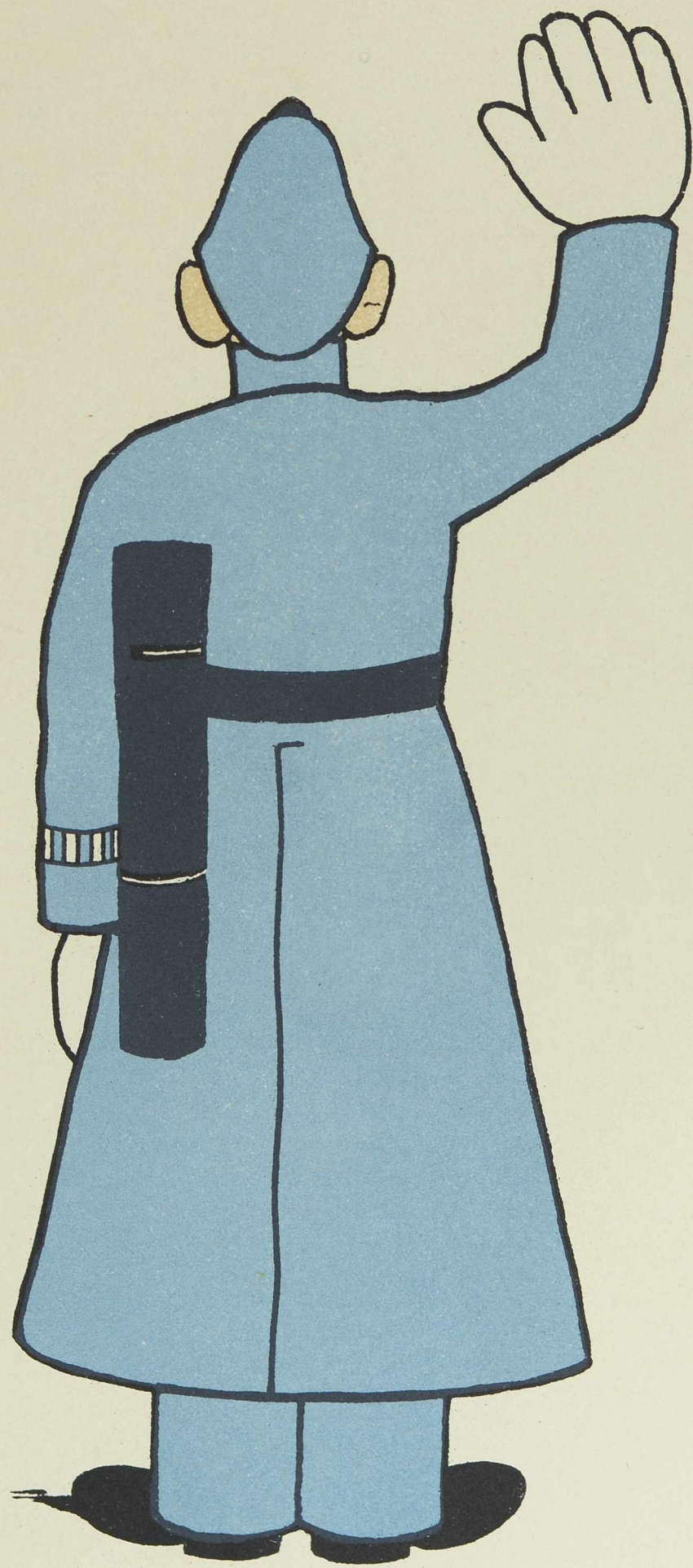
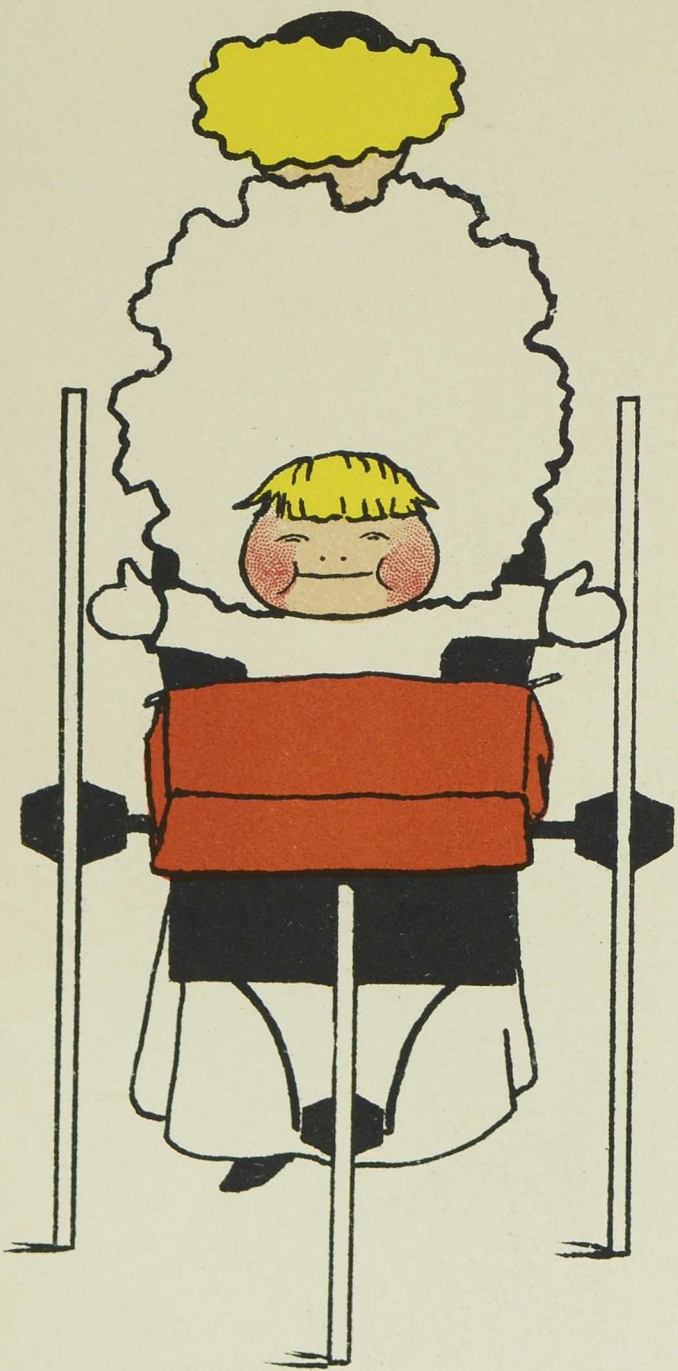
We're so fond of music!  
It really is grand  
To hear all at once  
A harp, organ and band.

They never seem tired  
Or anxious to stop,  
Though people who listen  
Are ready to drop.



Here's the London Policeman  
In Uniform neat,  
Without him you'd never  
Cross over the street.

He gracefully raises  
A No. 12 hand,  
And terrified horses  
All come to a stand.



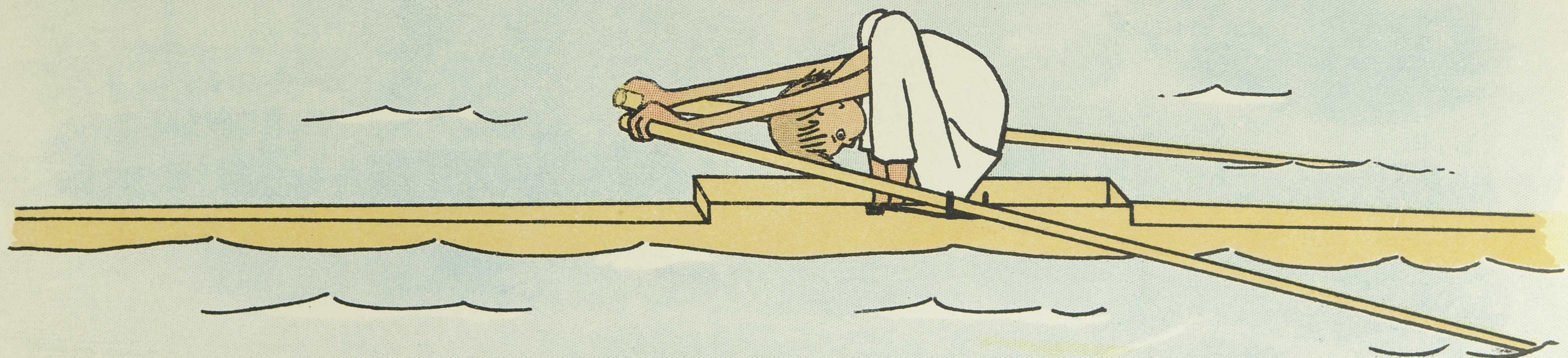
You may think it surprising  
But racing of course,  
No jockey rides now  
On the back of his horse.





We all learn to row  
When we first go to school,  
And each boy is taught  
By a coach as a rule.

The pupil is rowing  
The Coach though is not,  
But keeps in good training  
And makes himself hot.

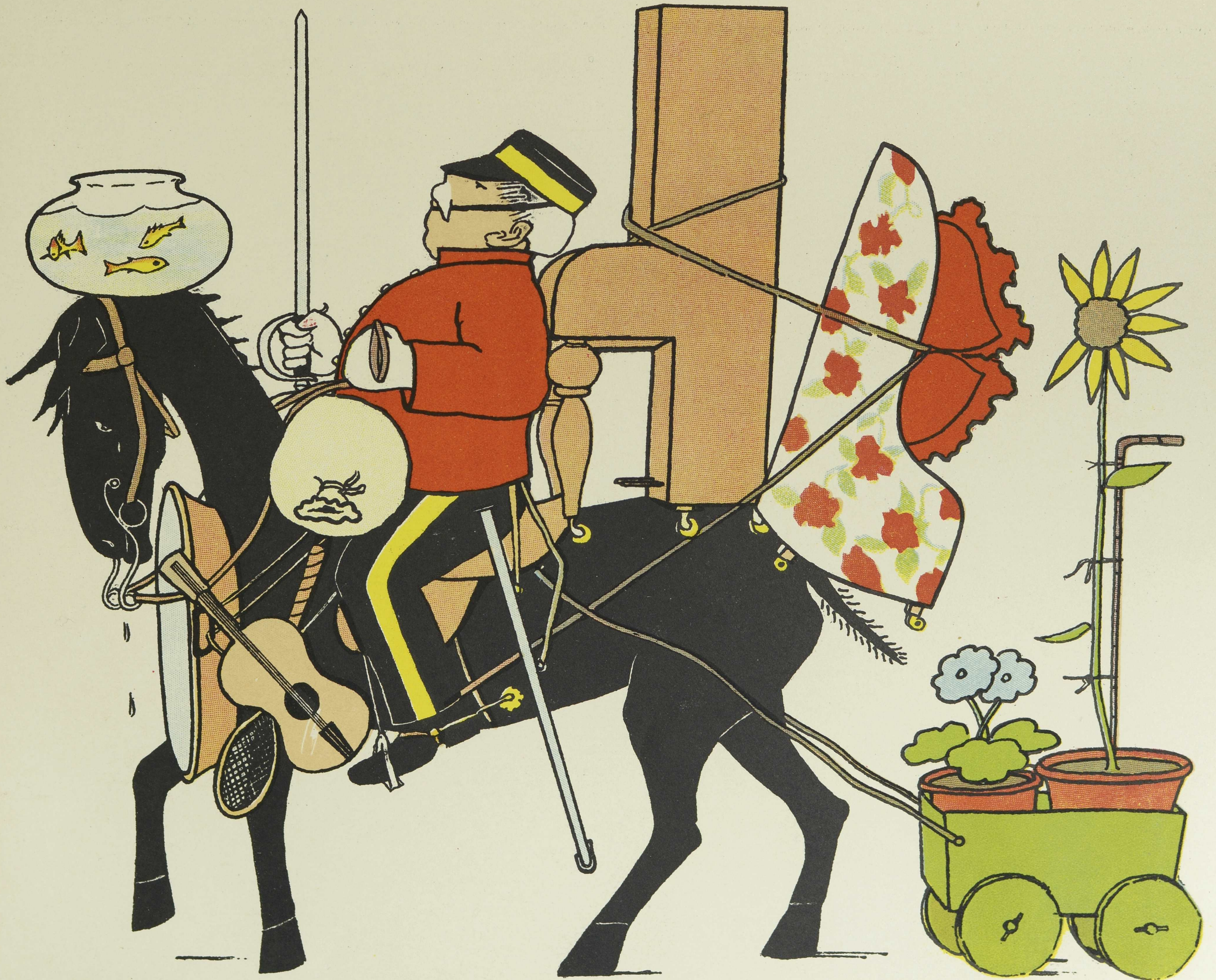


This is the Stag  
That we hunt now and then,  
There's a cart for the Stag  
Who is kept in a pen.

At the end of a run  
When he's tired you see,  
The hounds are called off  
And go home to their tea.



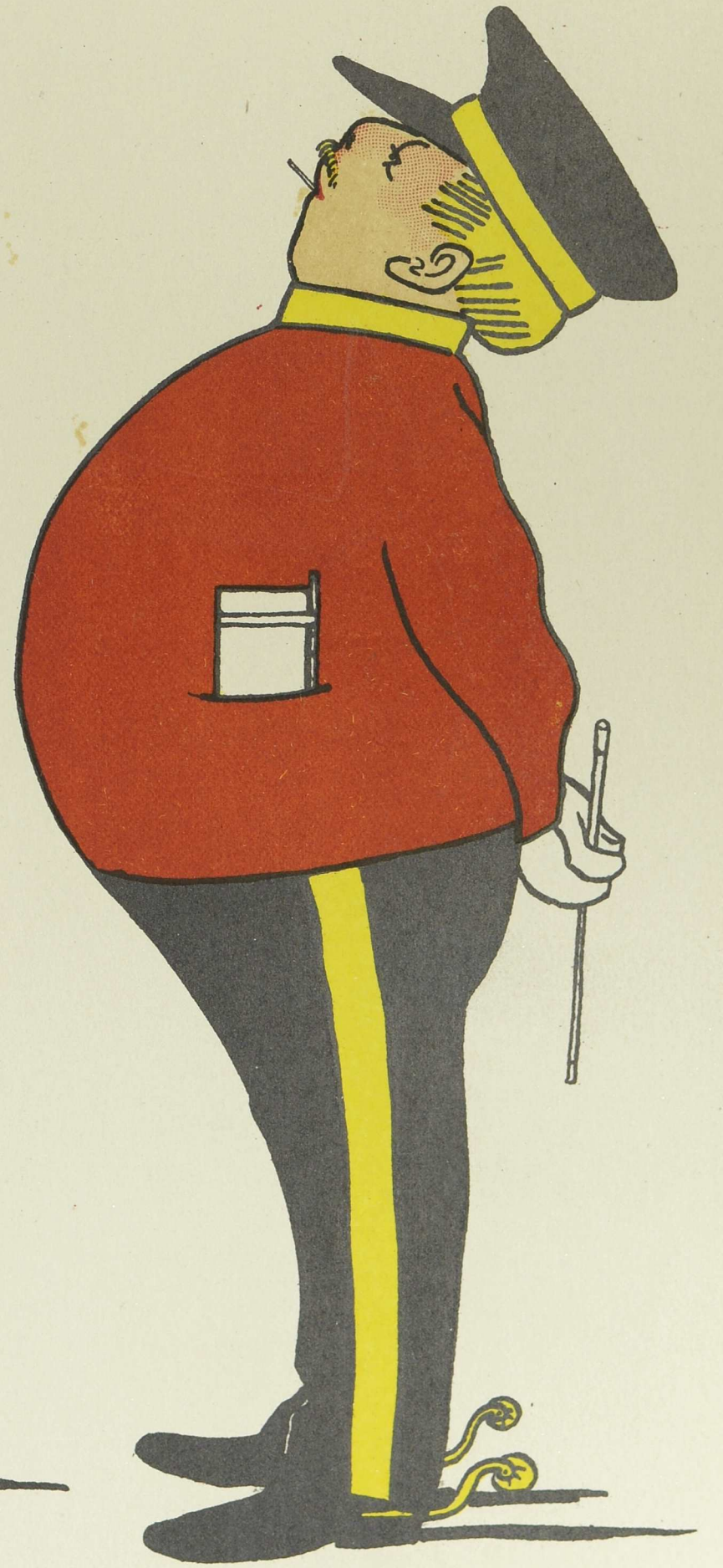
Our transport department  
Was recently mended,  
The way that it now works  
Is perfectly splendid.



The horses we purchase  
In bunches abroad,  
Are, you see, tied together  
With pieces of cord.

We use them for remounts,  
They look rather flat,  
But no doubt our officials  
Think nothing of that.





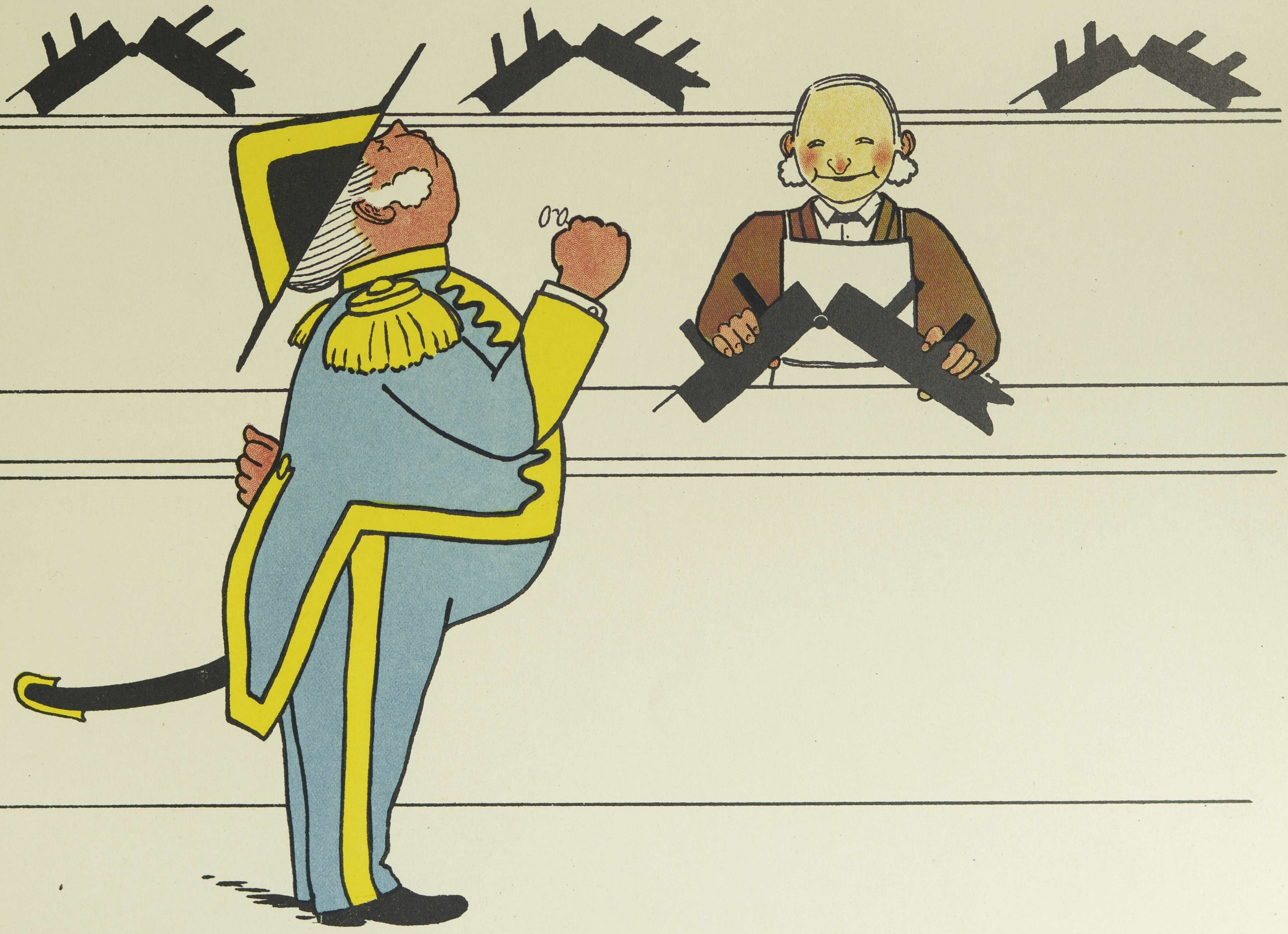
Secure on our island,  
Surrounded by sea,  
We feel we're as safe  
As can possibly be.

Should anyone venture  
Our shores to invade,  
Here's something they'll find  
That will make them afraid.



The Admiralty full of  
Most noble intentions,  
Buys up as you know  
All the latest inventions.

Our brand new Destroyers  
Turned out by the score,  
Fold up in the middle,  
What could you want more.



The first Sea-Lord performs  
A most difficult feat.  
It is said that he tastes  
All the jam for our fleet!



Of course it is Cricket  
That made England great,  
And at Waterloo settled  
An Emperor's fate.

Our standard of batting  
Is ever unfurled,  
And "flannelled" elevens  
Must conquer the world.





There's nothing in Scotland  
So good as a stalk!  
You mayn't get a shot  
But you do get a walk.



You crawl on your knees  
Over counties of Craggs,  
And stagger home happy  
A bundle of rags.



Hurrah for the fishing  
We rent by the year,  
Of the sport there is often  
But little to hear.

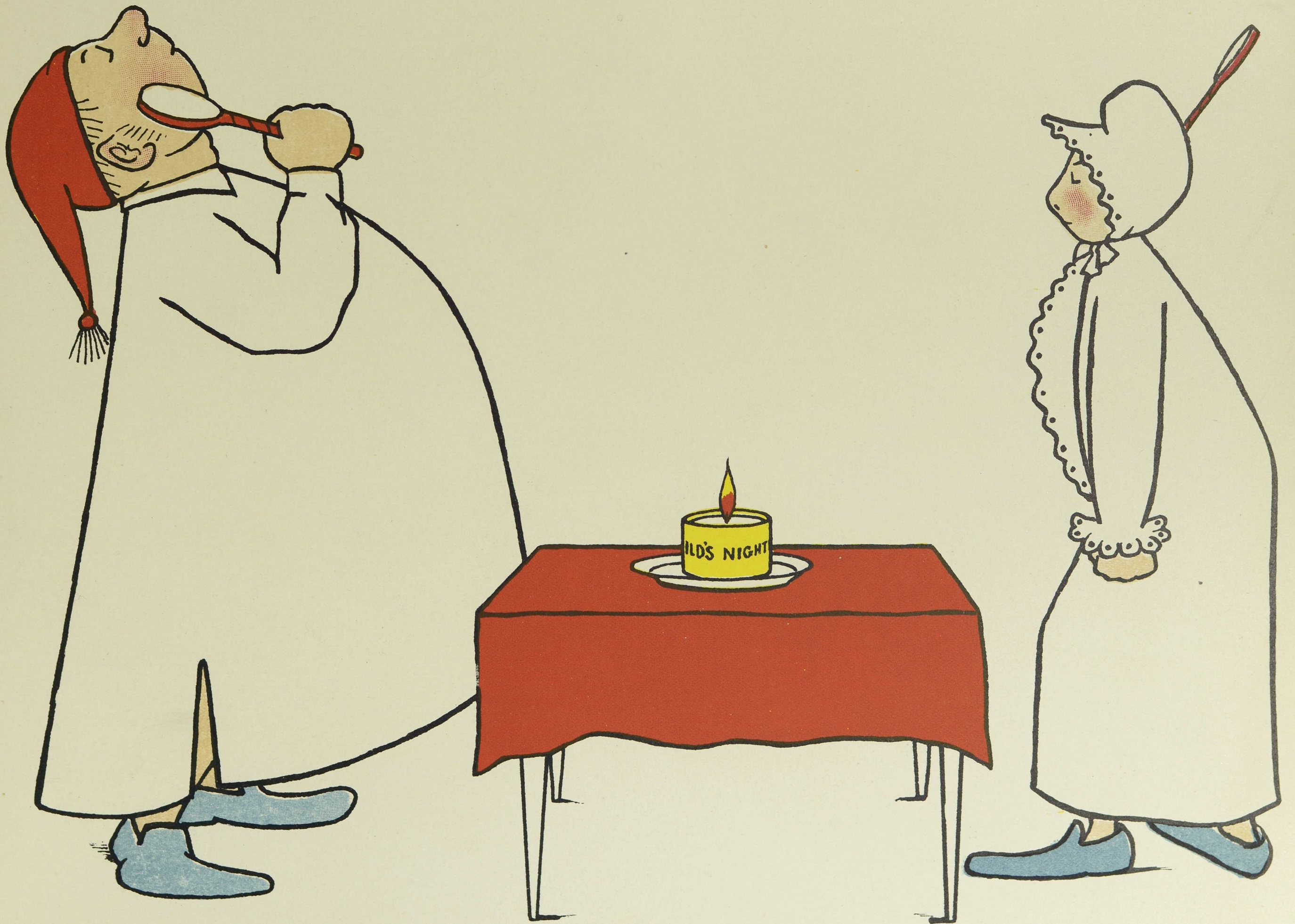
But you've plenty of fun  
When the weather is fine,  
With a Smart pair of waders,  
A rod and a line.



The passion for Ping-Pong  
Is getting much worse,  
Here's a case where it almost  
Amounts to a curse.

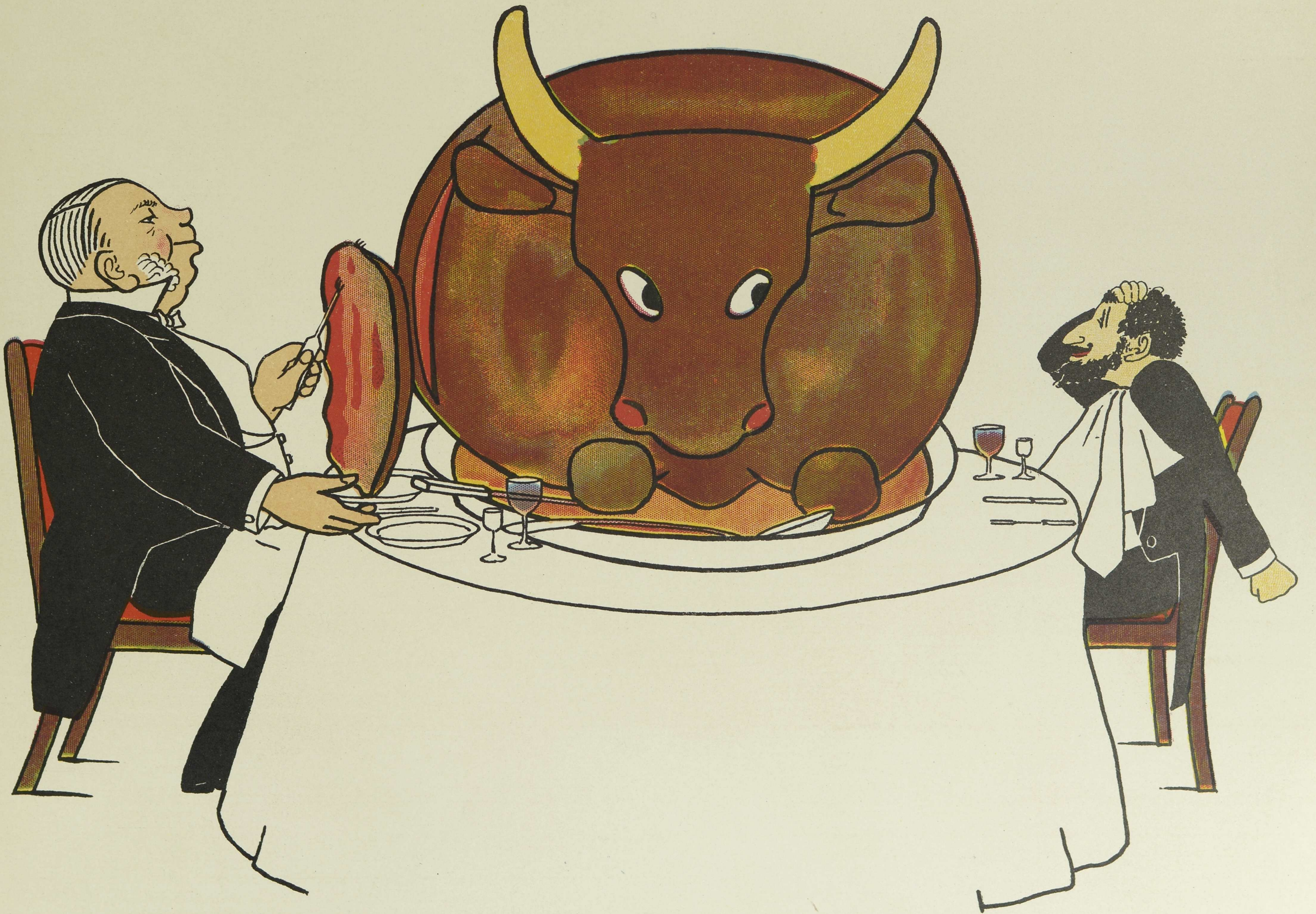
An excellent couple  
Got up out of bed  
While still fast asleep  
And played Ping-Pong instead.





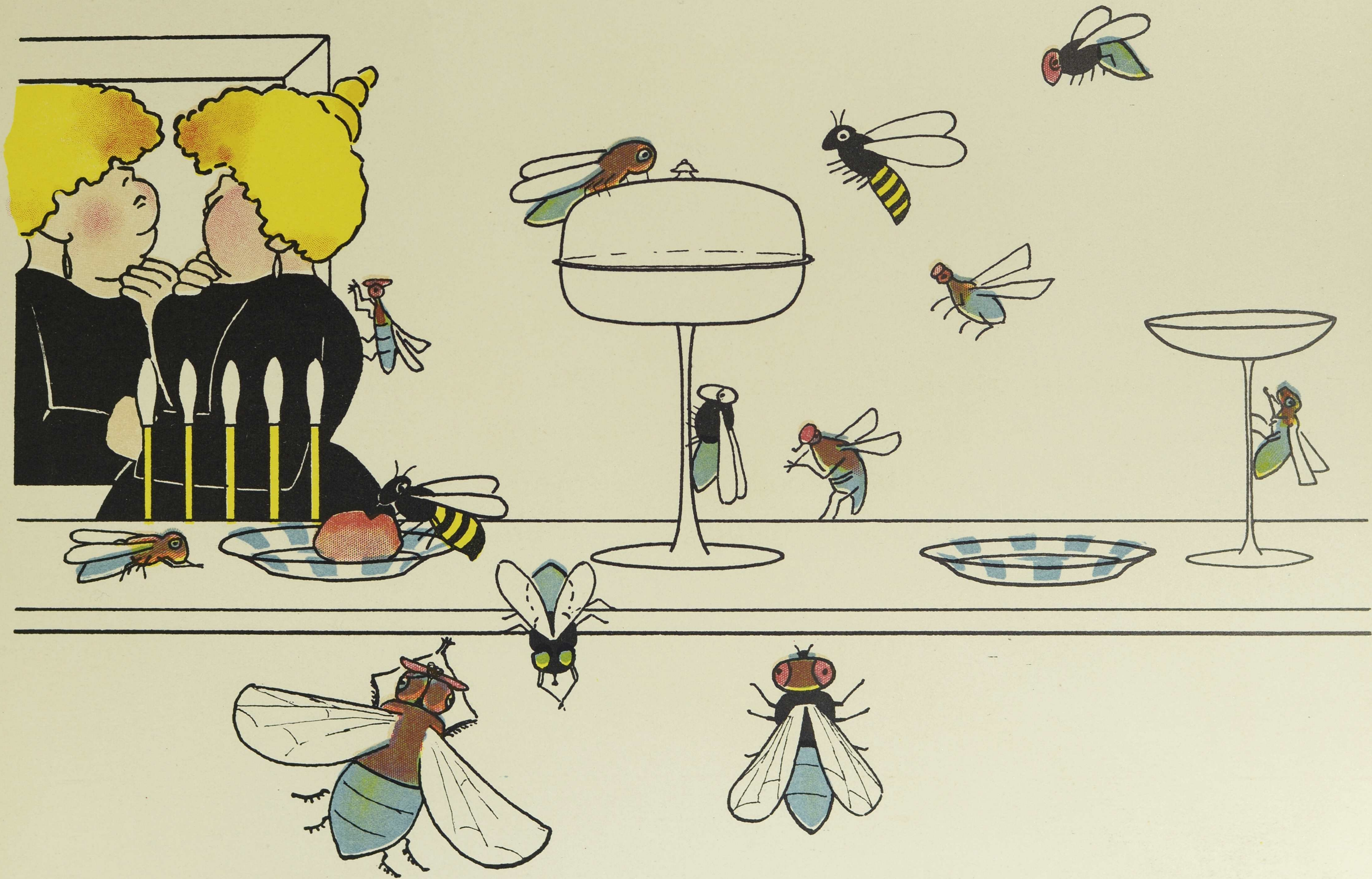
The Roast Beef of England  
Is always home grown,  
What else would you get  
In a true British home?

To a Frenchman of course  
It gives horrible shocks  
To eat at a table  
That groans with an Ox.



Behold the Refreshments  
Our railways provide,  
The sight of such food  
Makes us hollow inside.


Here is every contrivance  
For pouring out beer,  
And a bun that has lain  
On the counter a year.



And here's the Bank Holiday,  
Everyone's joy,  
All the world goes a trip,  
Father, Mother, and Boy.

The best way to spend it  
Is down by the sea,  
Where you ride on the sands  
And have shrimps for your tea.





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