

CHILD'S

DEANS

DELIGHTS



Embellished with many

large Coloured Engravings.

**DID YOU EVER!**

**A TALE OF WONDERS.**



**D**ID YOU EVER hear of the Fairy-land  
 Where sugar-plums grow among the sand?  
 Where boys and girls are never spoiled,  
 And fishes are caught already boiled?  
 Where currant bushes bear cooked peas,  
 And mutton chops grow on the trees?  
 Where people to the clouds may rise,  
 In baskets drawn by butterflies?



Where chimney-pots are Cheshire cheese,  
 And ladies buzz and fly like bees?  
 Where all the stiles are apple-stalls,  
 And all the stones are brandy-balls?  
 Where streets are paved with well-boiled ham,  
 And even the mud is raspberry jam?  
 If ever you heard of a land like that,  
 I never did,—so I tell you pat.







DID YOU EVER hear of the lady who went  
To purchase some sausages, sarsenet, and scent?  
To the pork-butcher's first she wended her way,  
And said "Pray have you any nice fresh ones, to-day?"  
"Oh, yes ma'am, I made them this morning; I'm sure  
That finer or fresher you cannot procure."  
The lady quite started, and said, "Oh, dear me!  
I always thought sausages grew on a tree."



The butcher then told her the way they were made,  
And also some curious things about trade.  
Said the lady, "I think it is cruel of you  
To kill pigs and cut them all up, as you do."  
"Indeed! ma'am," says butcher, "your reasoning 's droll,  
You like to eat pork,—would you swallow pigs whole?"  
The lady smiled sweetly, paid butcher, and went  
Next door for her sarsenet and bergamot scent.









DID YOU EVER hear of  
ICHARD DAWKINS,  
Who lived next door to  
Mister Hawkins?

His legs were thin, and  
his head was thick,  
And folks all called him  
Dirty Dick.

He and the pig were a  
well matched pair,  
But piggy, you know,  
has not sandy hair.

About smooth bristles, pigs care not a rush,  
But a boy's hair requires a comb and a brush.

Well! look at Dick Hawkins!

Oh, what a disgrace!  
There is dirt on his clothes,  
and mud on his face;

Martha, the housemaid, will  
give him a scrubbing;  
But Molly, the cook, will  
give him a drubbing.





DID YOU EVER hear of the mouse and the frog,  
Who gave a grand ball on the banks of the bog



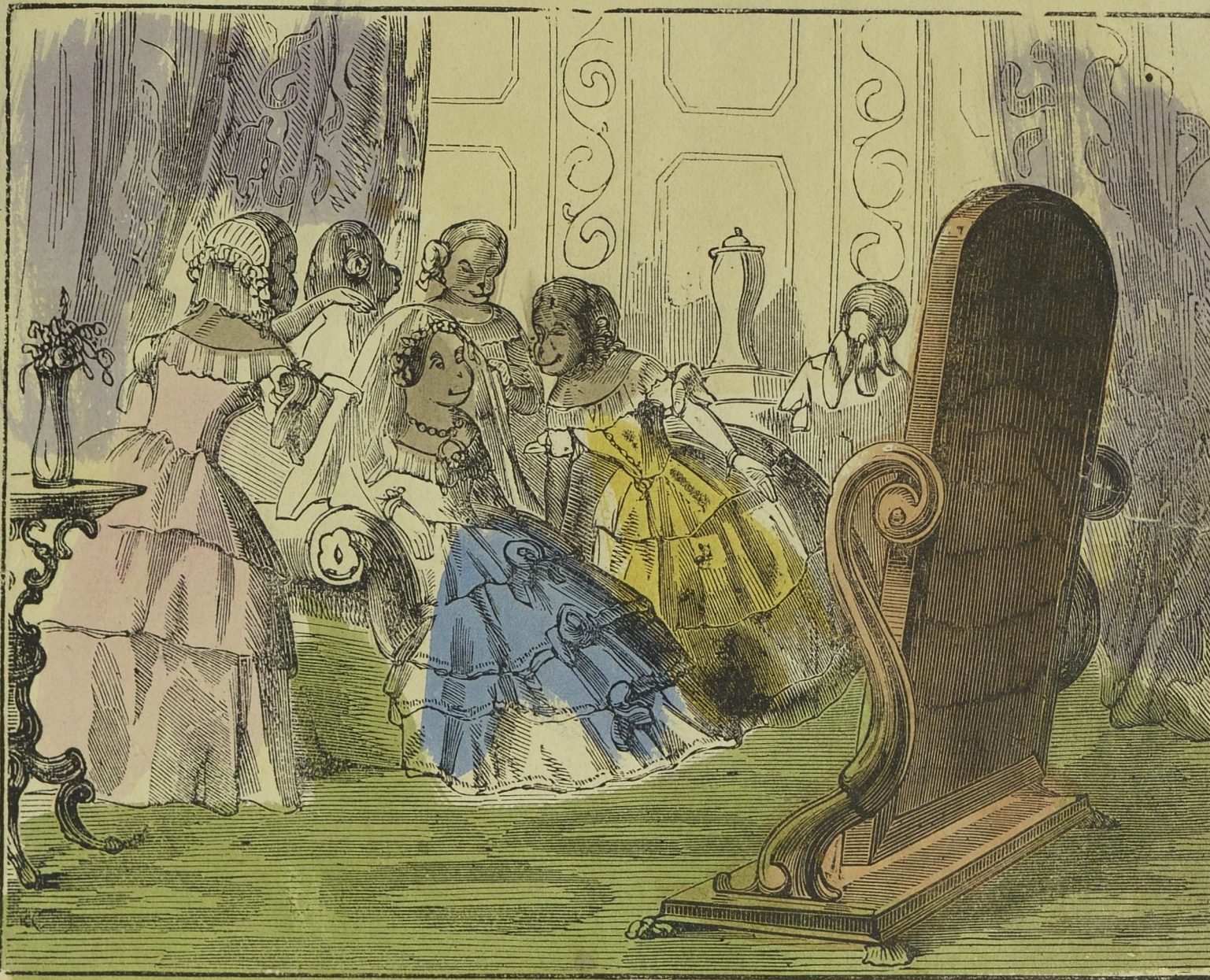
The party consisted, as I have heard say,  
Of five couples, who danced till the dawning of day.







DID YOU EVER see monkeys like ladies drest out?  
You've seen little misses like monkeys, no doubt.  
Not like them in face,—but like them in seeking  
To imitate ladies in dressing and speaking.  
There is little Miss Dobble,—she is not thirteen,  
Yet she apes the fine lady, and wears crinoline.



Well, if girls will be monkeys, surely monkeys may try  
With misses in dress and in manners to vie,—  
Wear spangles, and bugles, and ribbons, and veils,  
And ne'er think of cleaning their teeth or their nails.  
Pugs drest up like ladies, 'tis funny to see,  
But misses like monkeys there ought not to be.



