

Hassall

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DOUBLE DUTCH



Illustrated

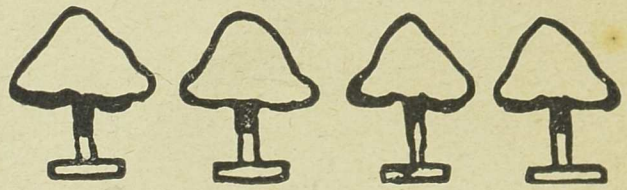
by John Hassall

Percy James 1908

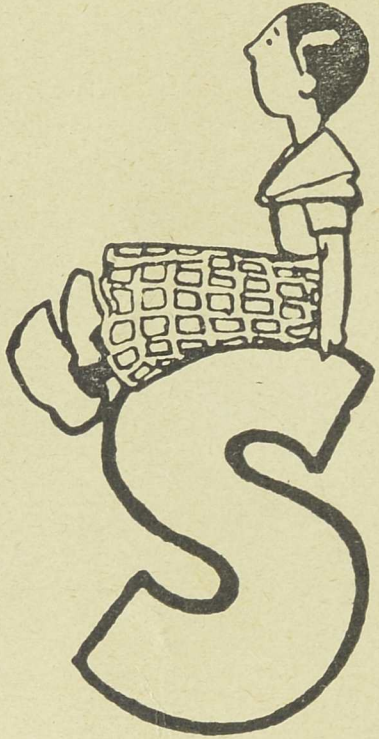
Double



Dutch



Double-Dutch.

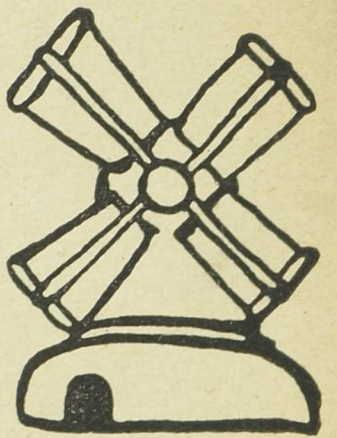


he was a doll in Double-Dutch Land,
And he a policeman blue ;
“Oh where,” cried she, “is my little dog gone,
And what, oh, what shall I do ?”

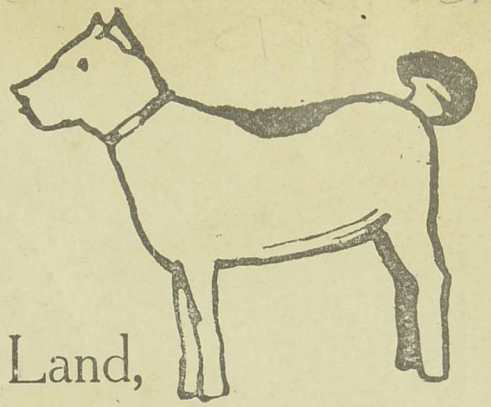
“Describe him,” said that policeman big,
“And I’ll see what I can do,
I’ll try my best indeed to assist
A dear little doll like you.”

Said she, “He was the doggiest dog
That ever you saw or knew,
He’d a head, a tail, a melodious bark,
And a leg at each corner too.”

“I fear the description’s somewhat vague,”
Said that bold policeman blue,
‘But if he is a Double-Dutch dog, I think
We can find him dear for you.”



So he hunted high and he hunted low,
And in the middle too,
For though a policeman in Double-Dutch Land,
His heart was kind and true.



But when he found 'twas a dog of wood,
That policeman blue looked blue,
"What, search," said he, "for a wooden dog?
It's a thing that I *wooden't* do."

F. Gray Severne.





Miss Marjorie Higgs bought three little pigs,
One red, and one white, and one spotted;
And Miss Marjorie Higgs and her three little pigs
Then homeward contentedly trotted.

Marjorie Higgs.

Marjorie Higgs had a passion for pigs,
A very pig-culiar taste ;
She taught them dancing, reels and jigs,
'Twas fortunate Miss Marjorie Higgs
Had plenty of time to waste !

She fed them on cream and jam and cake,
And pickles and nuts and figs ;
And folks would laugh till their sides did ache,
To see the pother she used to make
Over her precious pigs.

She'd have taken them with her to school,
But she was too old to go ;
She took them for walks when the air was cool,
She curled their tails twice a day, as a rule,
With curl papers all in a row.



On Dowgate Hill, I saw one day
A boy dressed all in yellow ;
He danced, and sang, and skipped about,
A most amusing fellow.

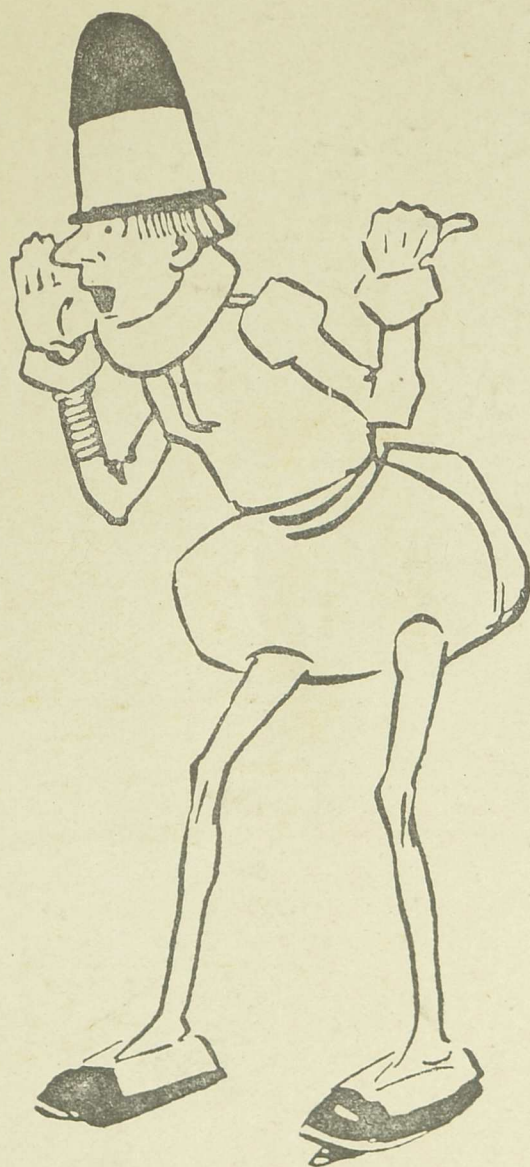
On Dowgate Hill.

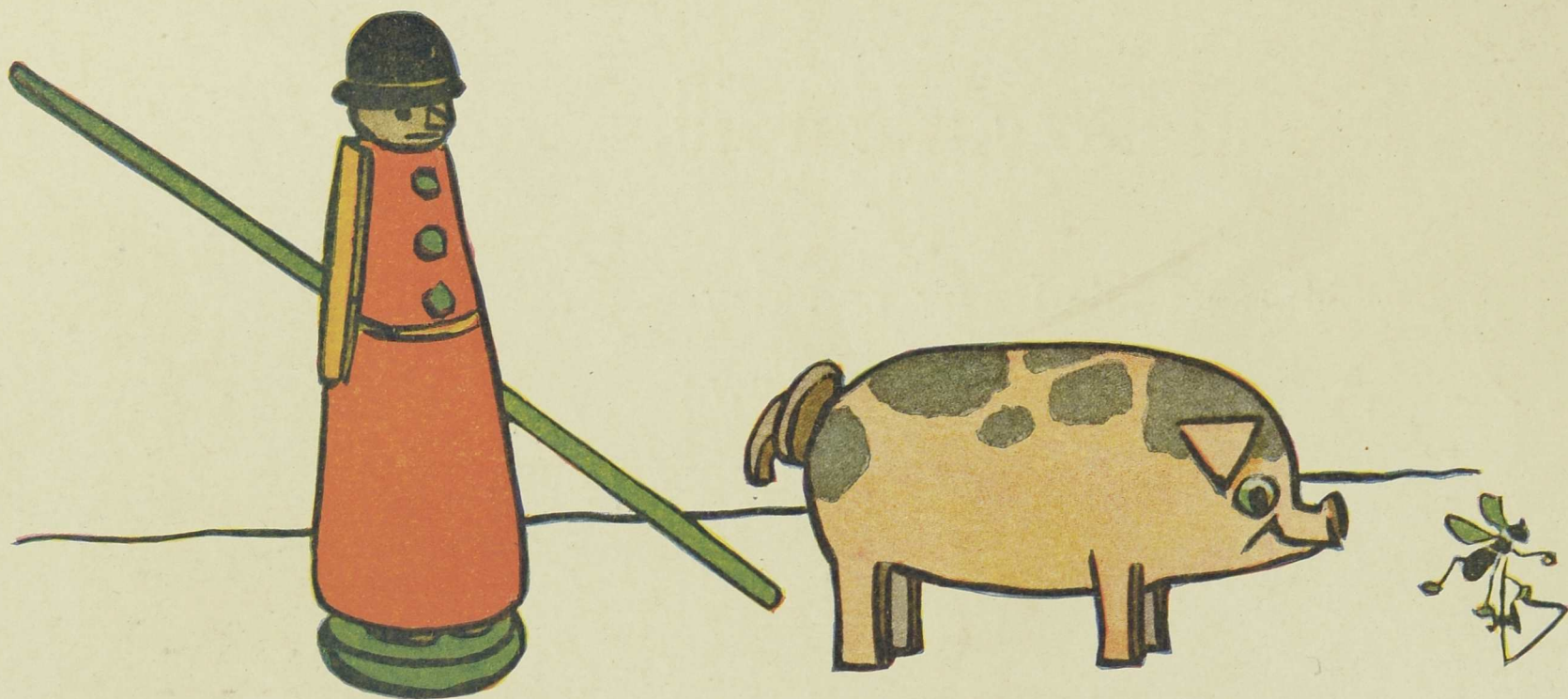
On Dowgate Hill, I saw one day
A boy dressed all in yellow;
He danced, and sang, and skipped about,
A most amusing fellow.

But presently, there came that way
A boy dressed all in blue,
Who snapped his fingers in his face
And cried out, "Who are you?"

And so they fought, and fought,
and fought,
Up there on Dowgate Hill,
And if you're passing one fine day
You'll find them at it still.

HIE!
HIE!
HIE!





The Pig and the Butterfly.

Oh butterfly! oh butterfly!
If you're a beauty, so am I.

And some like you, and some like me,
'Tis all a question of taste you see.



The Drummer.

Rub-a-dub-dub !
Rub-a-dub-dub !

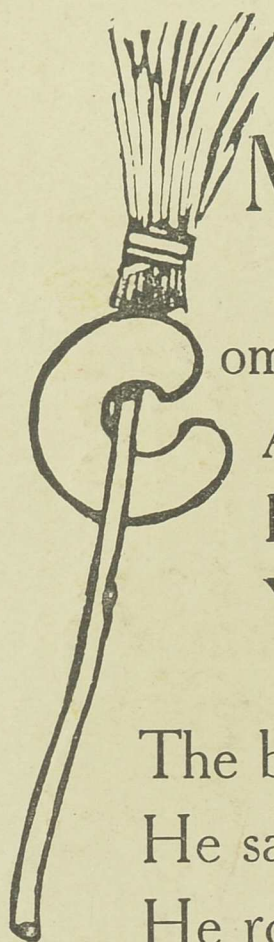
Come! follow me in a line,
With my rub-a-dub-dub!
And my rub-a-dub-dub
And my uniform so fine.

Rub-a-dub-dub !
Rub-a-dub-dub !

In spite of wind or rain,
I'll march you all
To the top of the hill
And I'll march you down
again.

Rub-a-dub-dub !
Rub-a-dub-dub !
Rub-a-dub-dub-dub-dub.





Mrs. Gloomp and Her Parrot.

Come, pretty Cocktoodles, and sit on my broom,
Although you are large there is plenty of room;
How fine are your feathers, how large is your beak,
Your words are delicious whenever you speak!"

The bird was obedient, he came at her call,
He sat on the broom, though the broom was so small;
He rolled a black eye, that was bright as a star,
And he said, "Oh, my goodness, how ugly you are!"

Mrs. Gloomp dropped the broom in her horror and rage,
And she said "Go at once, and return to your cage!
Your words are untrue, and your meaning absurd,
You insolent, impudent, evil old bird!"

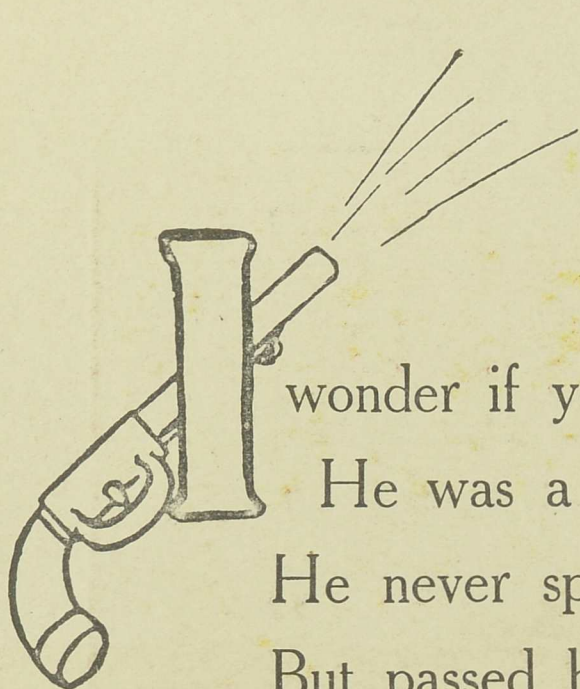
Then she took up her scissors, so shining and bright,
And she said "I will punish that parrot outright!
I will cut off his beak without any delay—"
Said the parrot: "Oh, thank you, I think I won't stay!"

She sought him for weeks and she sought him for years,
She sought him in anger, she sought him in tears;
But up to this day not a person has heard
Of that insolent, impudent, evil old bird.

Rosamund Bland.



“How fine are your feathers, how large is your beak,
Your words are delicious whenever you speak!”



William Tell.

wonder if you've ever heard of Mr. William Tell,

He was a famous hero, who in Switzerland did dwell ;
He never spent his leisure hours in churches or in chapels,
But passed his Sunday afternoons a-shooting harmless apples.

I've heard he had a little boy, like my papa has me,
His name was Walter, and he was as naughty as could be ;
Yet Mr. William never sent that bad, small boy to bed—
Instead he shot an apple off the top of Walter's head.

Augustus Blink, who is my dog, has one pernicious habit—
Three times a week he tries to kill my little sister's rabbit,
I've often tried to cure him, but he still persists in wrong,
Though the gardener always whips him—and the gardener's very strong.

So now to-day I'm all dressed up, and with my nice new gun,
We'll really see, Augustus, dear, if something can't be done ;
Sit still, Augustus, and before Jane rings the dinner bell,
You'll know if I'm as good a shot as Mr. William Tell.

Rosamund Bland.

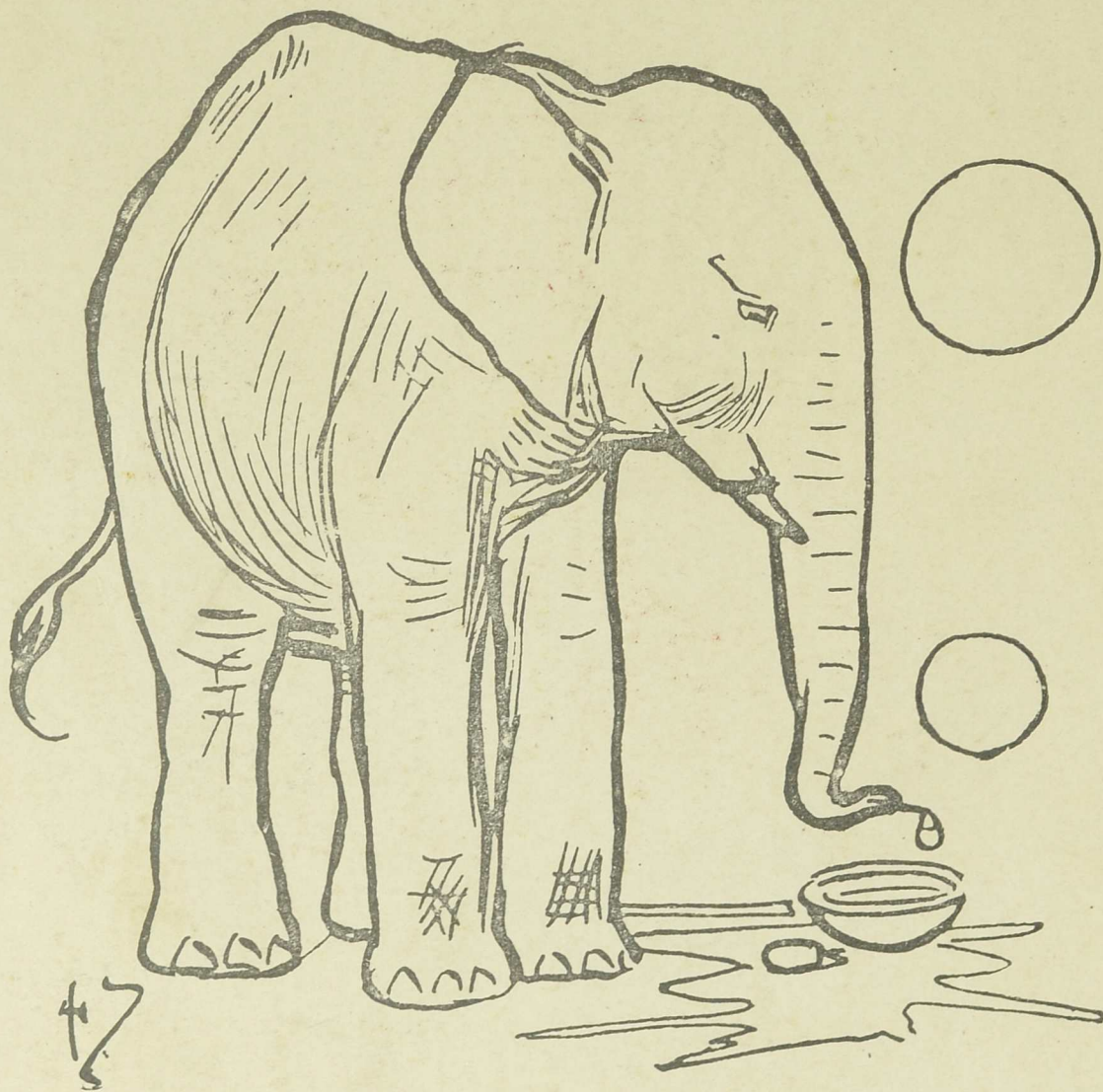
This marksman here is William Tell,
This is the gun he fired so well,
This is his apple, and you see
Un-apple-y his dog is me.

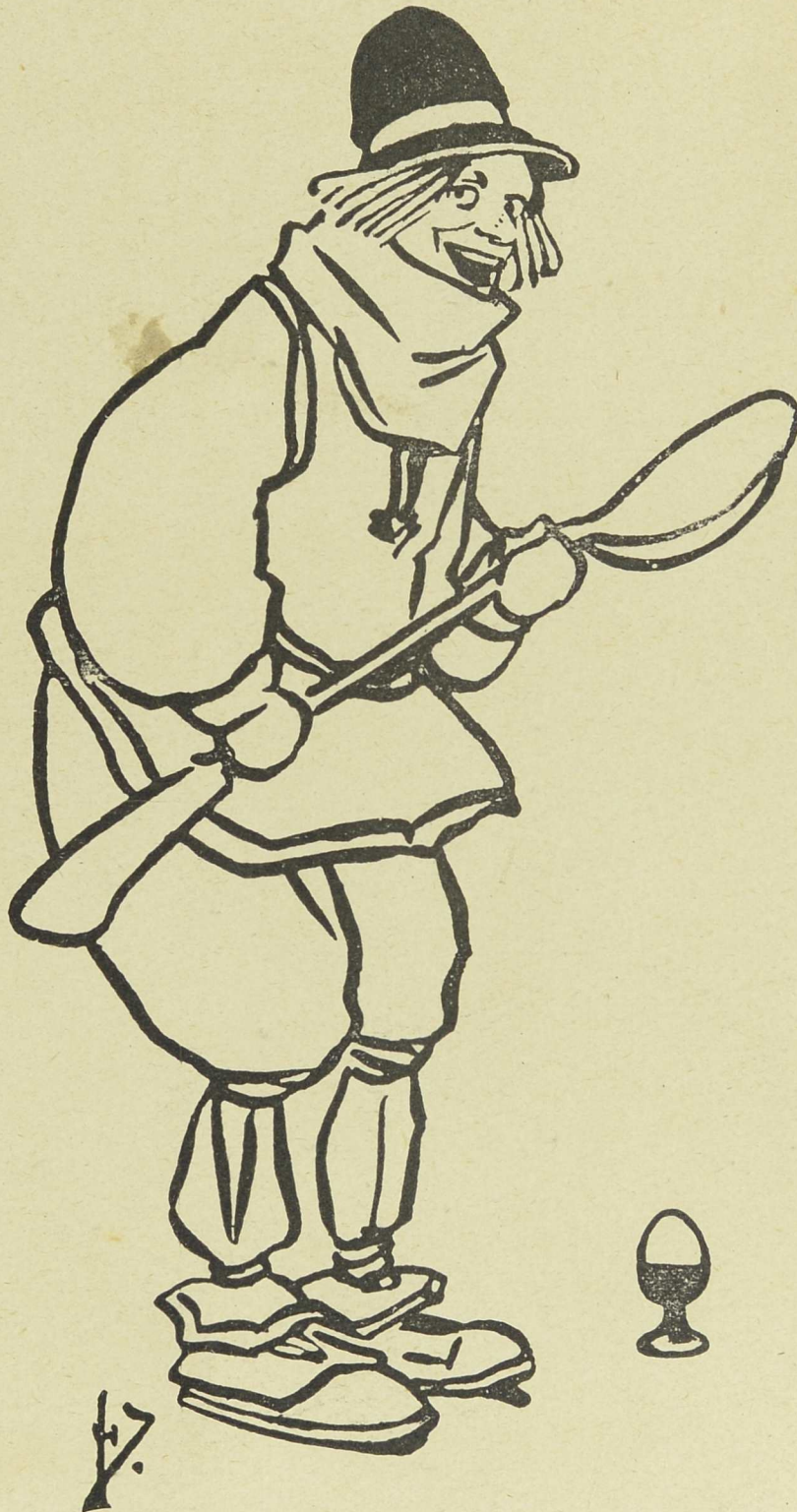


I wonder if you've ever heard of Mr. William Tell.

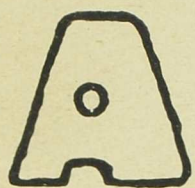
Bubbles.

I'm sure I can't tell whether it's true
But they say the elephant at the Zoo,
Once fell in love and grew so sad
That he lost what little hair he had,
And the only thing that put him right
Was the blowing of soap-bubbles day and night.





The Egg.



n egg, an egg, a tiny egg,
How shall I have it boiled?
Three minutes and a half, or four,
Or else it will be spoiled.

A spoon, a spoon, a silver spoon,
Alas! I have but one;
It is of wood, but quite as good,
When once the egg is done.

A fig, a fig, who cares a fig,
Though my egg it is small, my spoon it is big.

