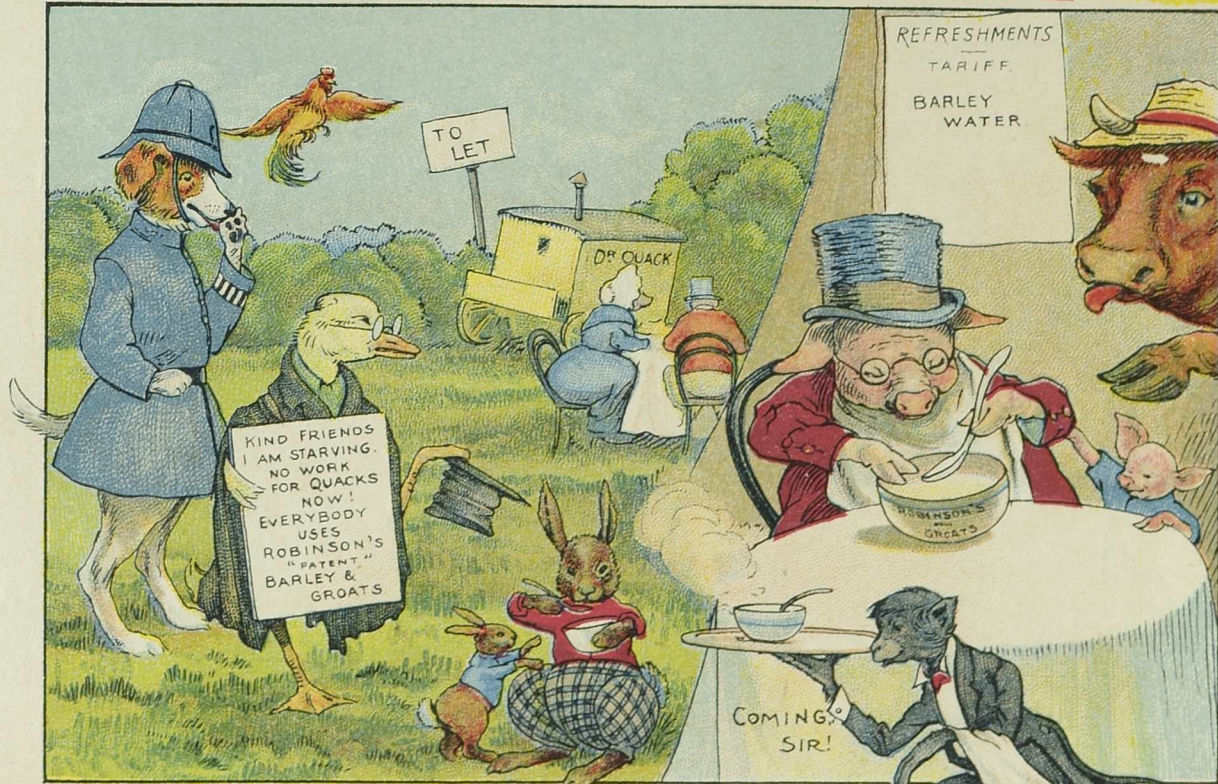


THE FARMYARD FAIR

BY ARTHUR MANSBRIDGE



ROBINSON'S "PATENT" GROATS



ROBINSON'S "PATENT" BARLEY

(23141)

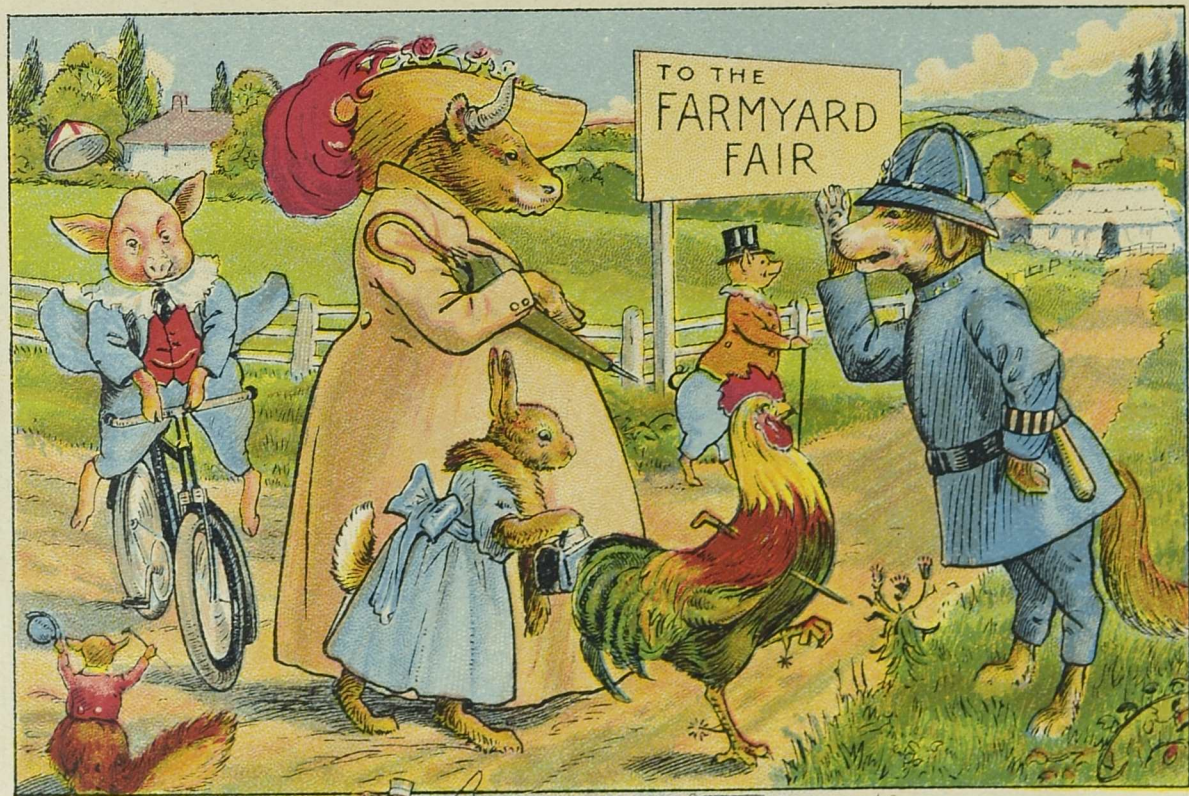


© YOUNG
BRITONS

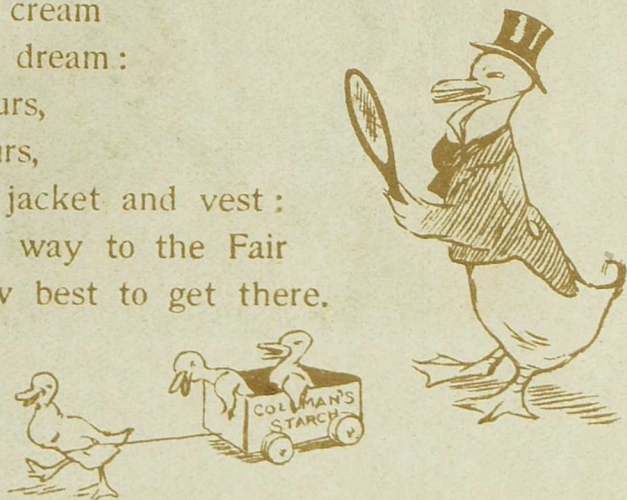
IN ALL PARTS
OF THE
EMPIRE —
GREETINGS
FROM



J. & J. COLMAN LTD
NORWICH



HAVE you ever heard tell of the Farmyard Fair?
 'Twas the funniest sight, I do declare!
 All the yard with excitement was cackling and crowing,
 The Ducks cried, "Quack, quack!"
 And the Goose answered back
 As much as to say "We are all of us going";
 The Dogs were all barking, the Cattle were lowing.
 Everybody, of course, was suitably dressed—
 Mrs. Cow favoured cream
 And looked quite a dream:
 Miss Rabbit wore furs,
 Mr. Rooster his spurs,
 And each of the Pigs wore a jacket and vest:
 See, here they all are on the way to the Fair
 Just asking the Policeman how best to get there.





THE fun of the Fair
Was beyond all compare—

Mr. Porker's Menagerie made the folks stare,
With his famous Blind Mice, and fierce Rats in a cage,
Which rushed at the bars in a terrible rage;
And other strange creatures from over the seas
For people to gape at, and possibly—tease!
(Mrs. Chick's little boys ran away in alarm,
And wished they were safely back home at the Farm).

Mr. Fox, I'm afraid,
Much cunning displayed,
And found pocket-picking a prosperous trade,
Till Constable Terrier's powerful paw
Came down with a smack
On his rascally back,
And his cunning was stopped by the Arm of the Law.



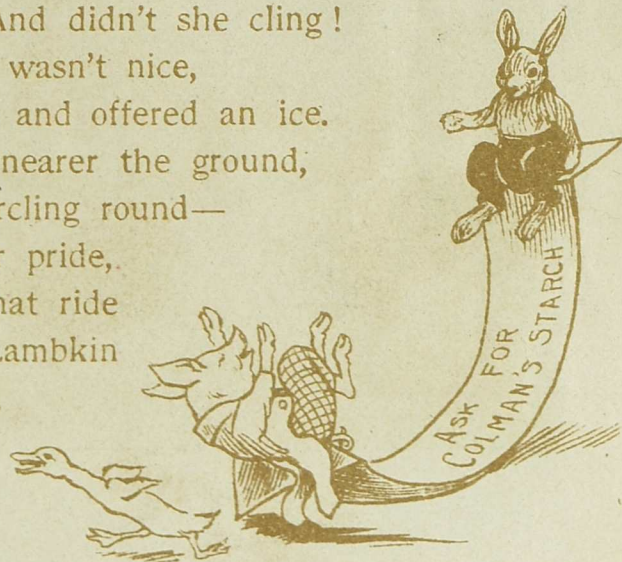


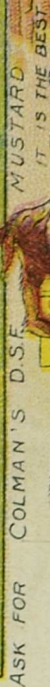
AMONGST the attractions 'twas hard to decide
 Whether Boat-Swings were best, or a Roundabout ride.
 Miss Lambkin was there—such a giddy young thing—
 And thought she would try the effect of a swing.

Her friend, Mr. Goat,
 Made a butt at the boat:

Oh! wasn't she frightened! And didn't she cling!
 Her manner towards Mr. Goat wasn't nice,
 Till he went for Refreshments and offered an ice.
 Then feeling much safer and nearer the ground,
 She went on a Roundabout, circling round—

But, alas! for her pride,
 Ere the end of that ride
 Right under the horses Miss Lambkin
 was found.





THEN, the Cocoanut shies were a sight to behold—
Such flapping of wings as the Cocoanuts rolled!

Mr. Bull, it is said,

Knocked them off with his head,

And some of the people got frightened and fled.

Mr. Bunny, the boastful, then started to throw,

But threw rather high when it should have been low:

And poor Mrs. Cow somehow got in the way,

And the ball knocked her over to Bunny's dismay:

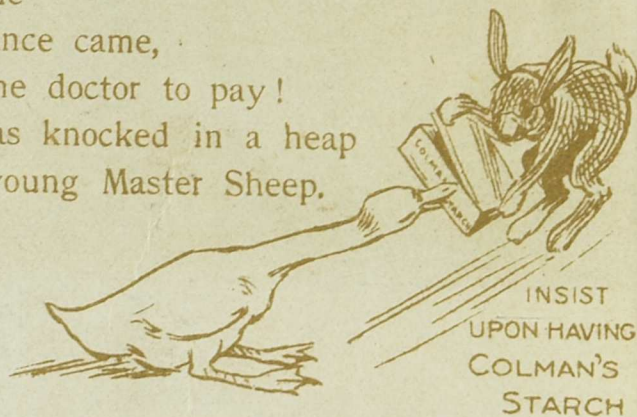
He felt rather tame

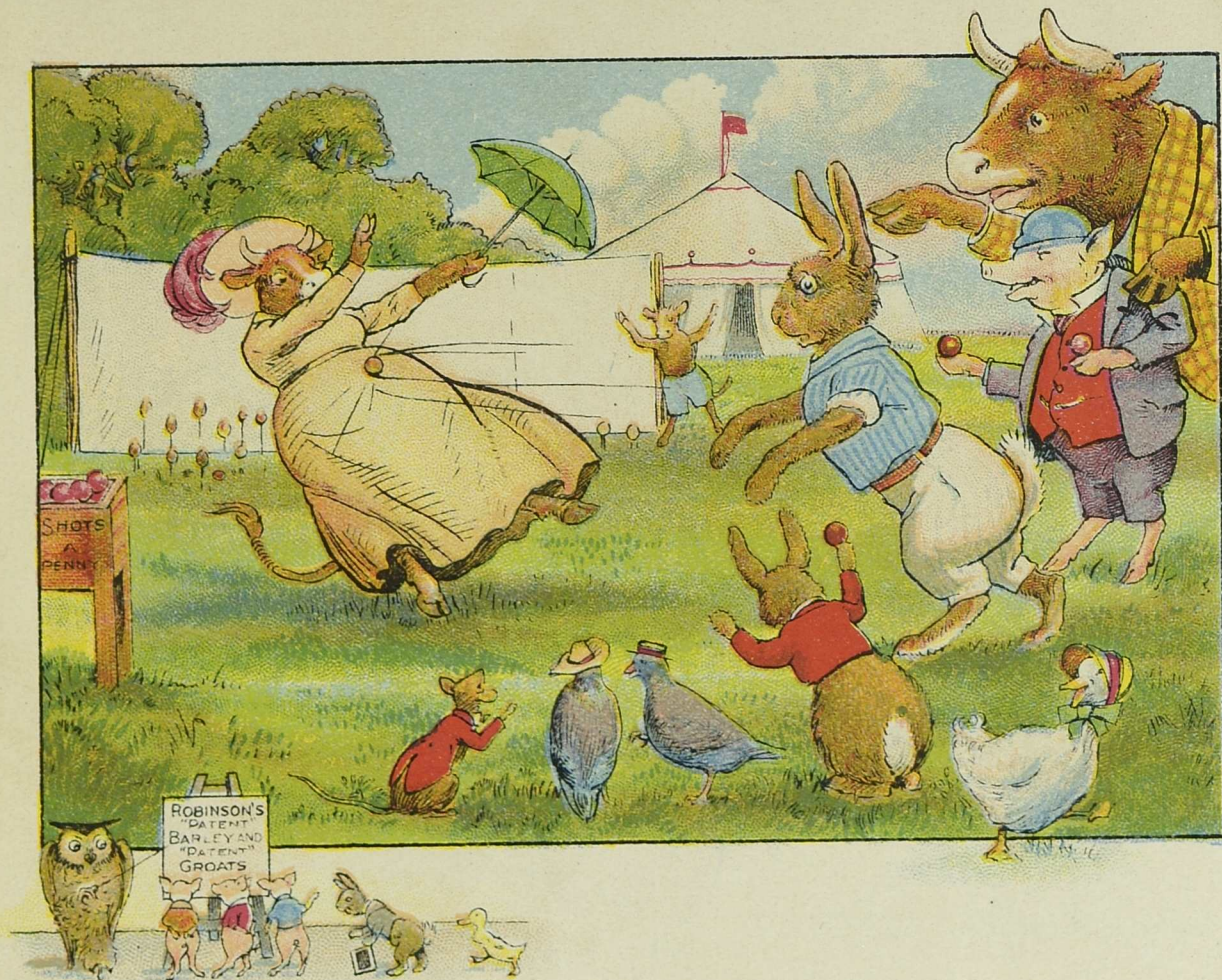
When the Ambulance came,

And a nice little bill from the doctor to pay!

To crown it, Old Rooster was knocked in a heap

By a ball misdirected from young Master Sheep.





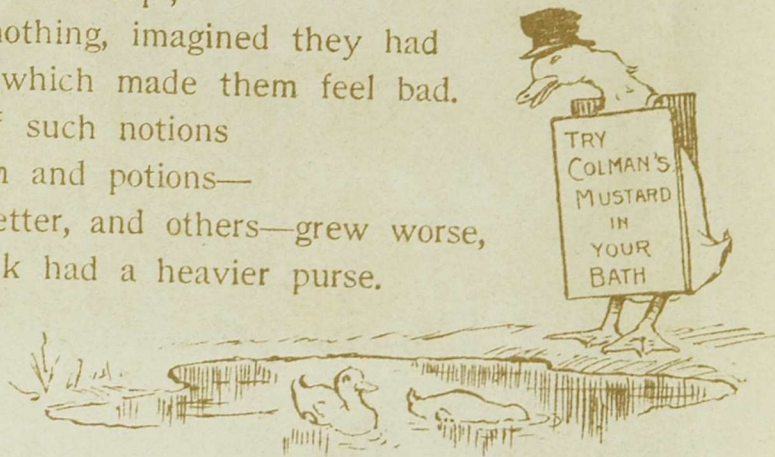
DR. Quack had some wonderful cures to dispense,
 And sold them to people who hadn't much sense;
 He had pills to cure everything under the sun,
 And vowed his concoctions were second to none.

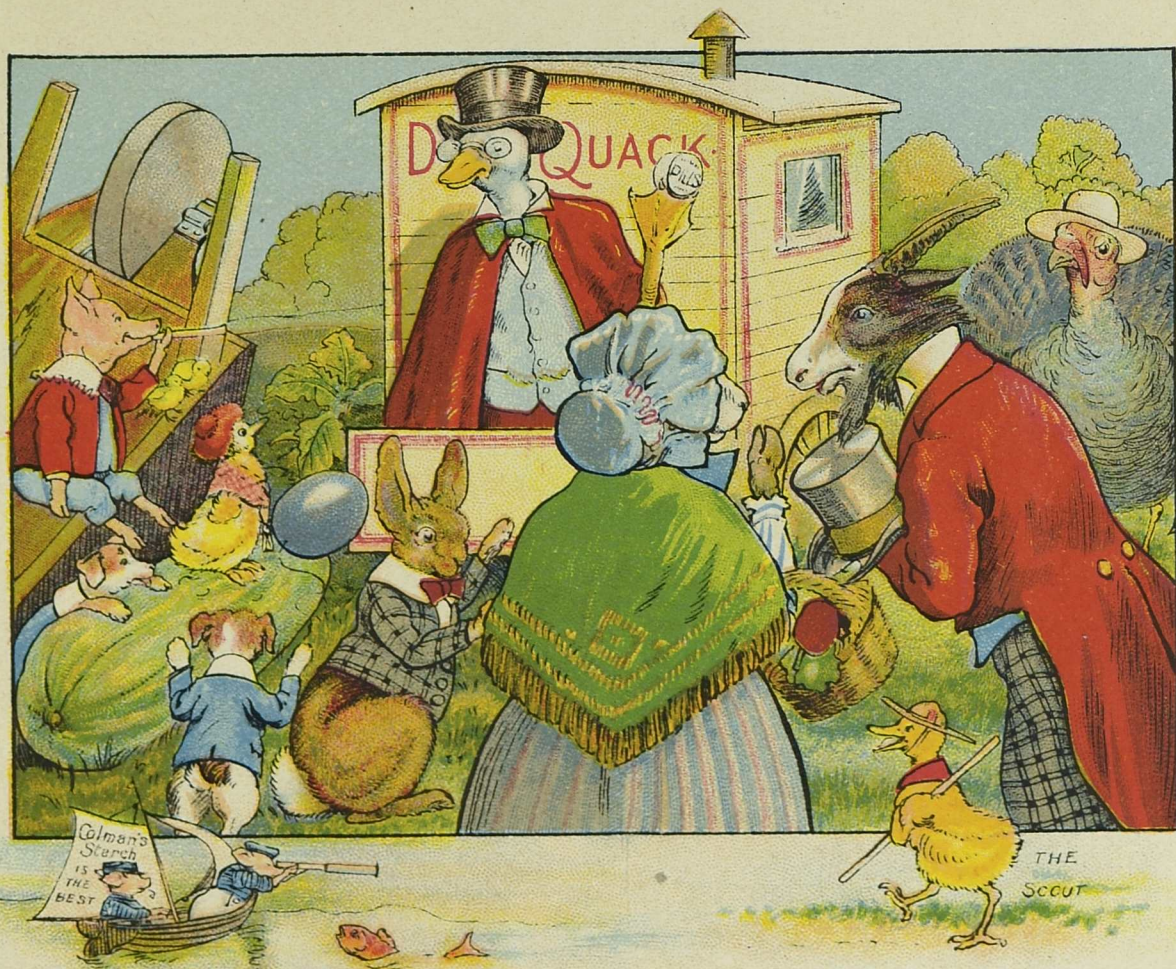
Our friend, Mr. Goat,
 Had a very sore throat;
 Whilst poor Mrs. Sheep
 Was unable to sleep;

And those who had nothing, imagined they had
 All kinds of diseases which made them feel bad.

The end of such notions
 Was Pepsin and potions—

And some soon got better, and others—grew worse,
 But I know Dr. Quack had a heavier purse.





NOW I've told you as much as my space will allow,
So I'll ring down the curtain and make you a bow.

Every day has an end,

Likewise cash, if you spend

As freely as our Mr. Goat and the Cow:

They drank Barley water,* ate bundles of hay—

And oh! 'twas surprising what each put away!

Mr. Pig behaved badly, nor sober could keep,

So they trundled him home in a barrow, asleep:

But others walked homeward with sweethearts and wives

And vowed 'twas the happiest day of their lives.

How merry they were

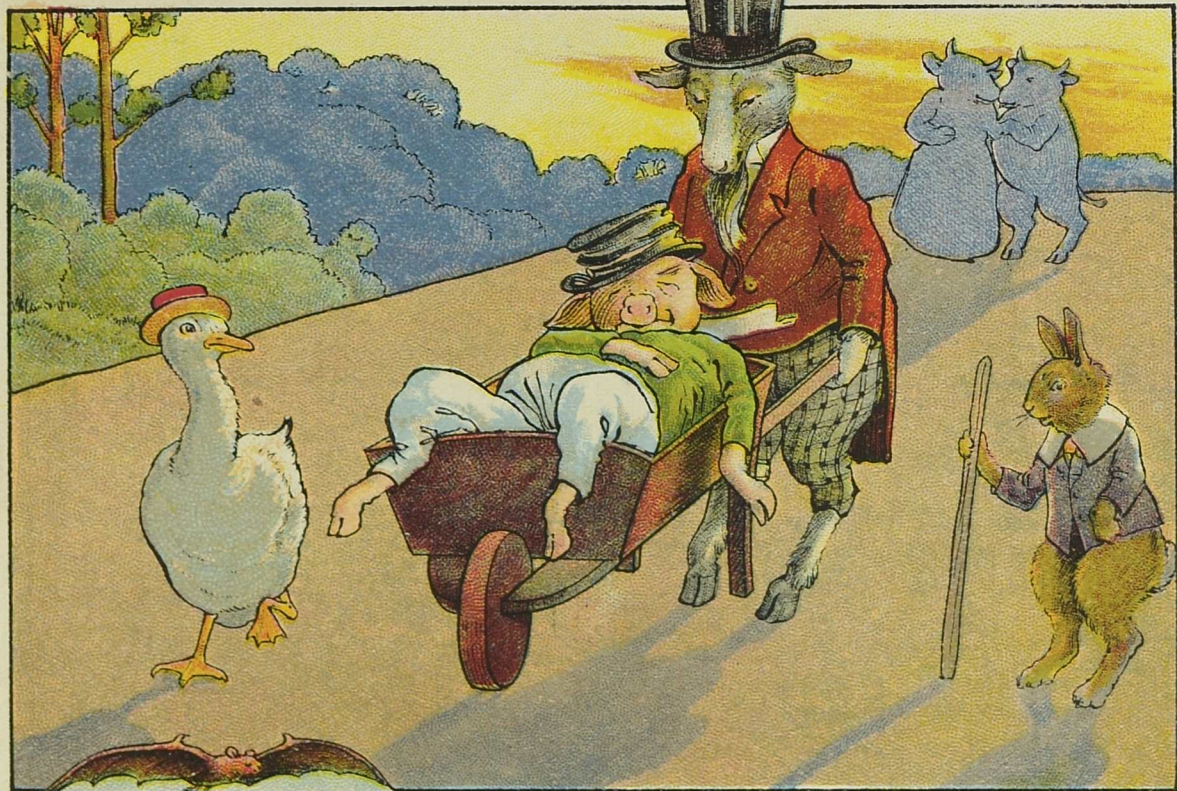
Going home from the Fair,

Though the bats and the owls rather gave them a scare.

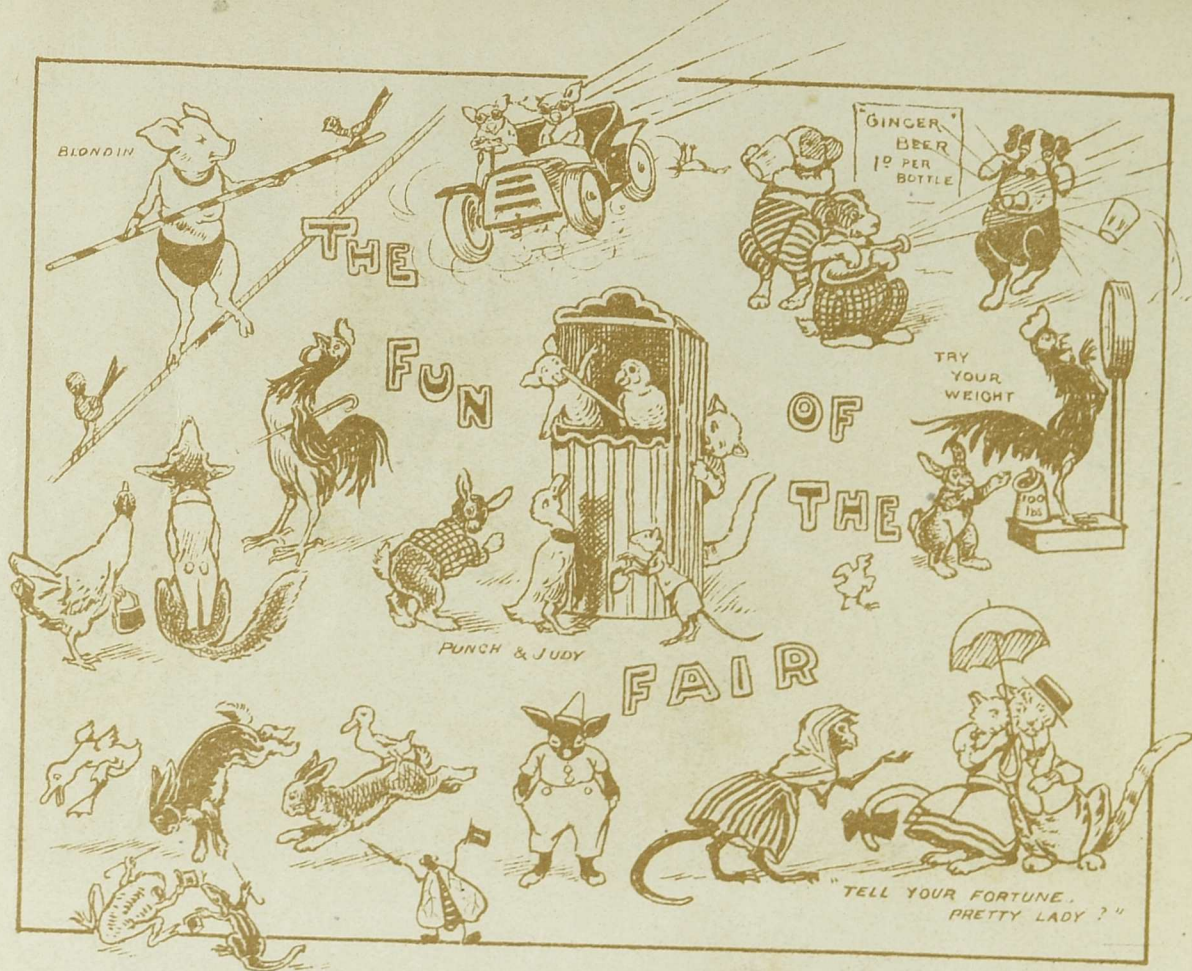


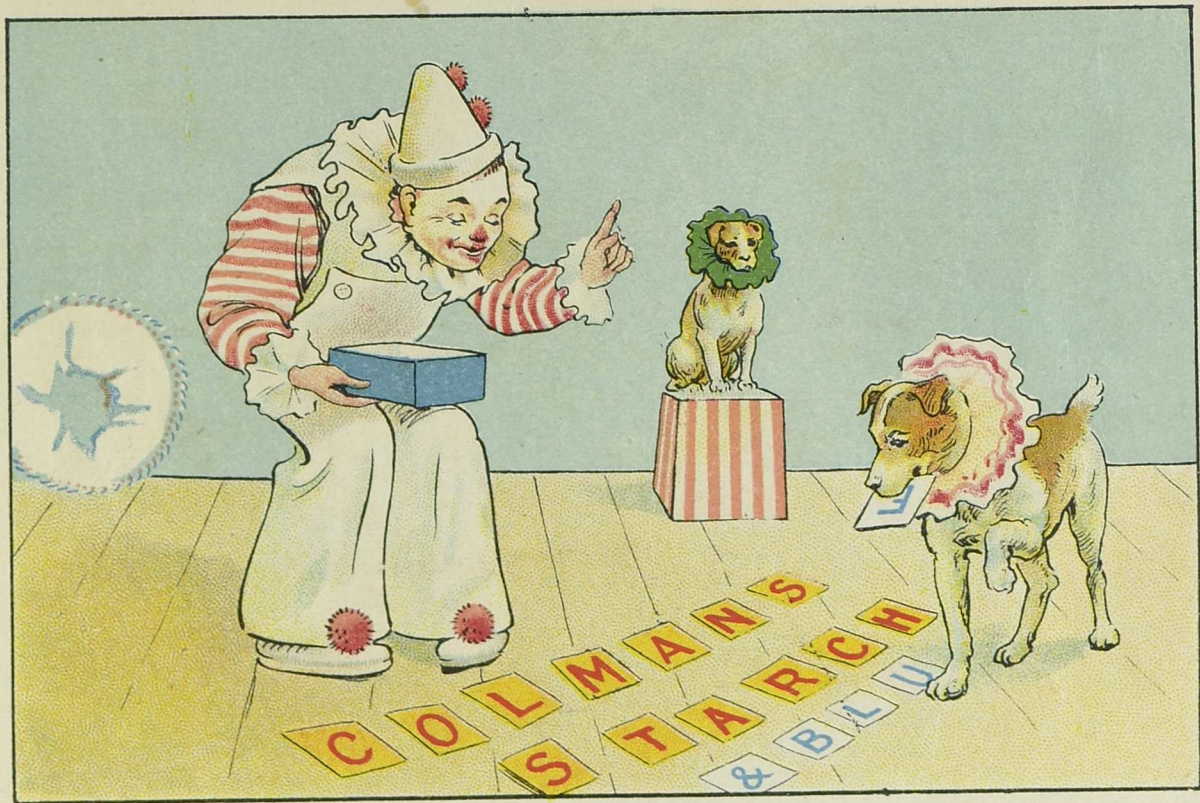
ROBINSON'S
"PATENT"
BARLEY





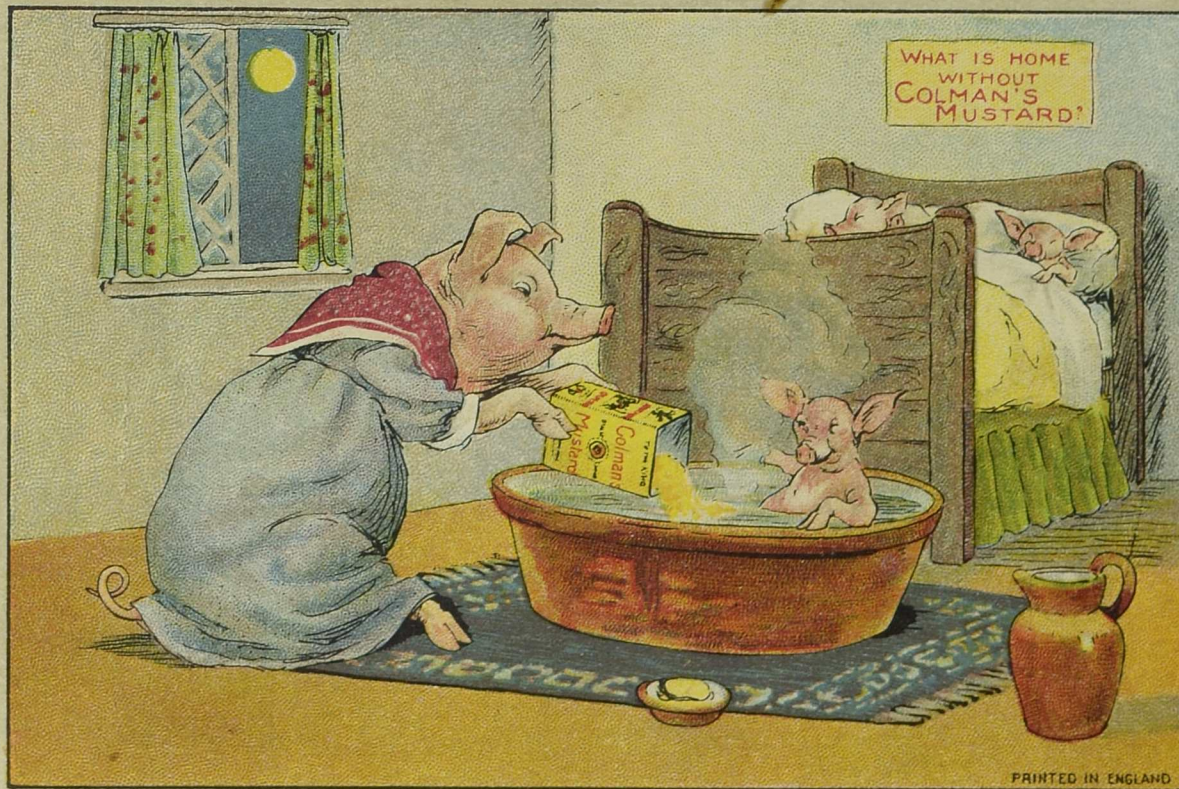
AFTER A TIRING DAY TRY A
MUSTARD BATH
A HOT BATH TO WHICH IS
ADDED A COUPLE OF TABLE-
SPOONFULS OF COLMAN'S MUSTARD





37131 132 471 376

Colman's



D.S.F. Mustard.