

The Little Drummer Boy



FATHER TUCK'S
"SUNNY DAYS"
SERIES.



The Little Drummer.

Bob was born in barracks, you know,

Pretty, plump little laddie.

His Mammy was a soldier's wife,

A soldier was his Daddy.

And "Shoulder Arms!" "Left,

Right-Left, Right"

Were the first words

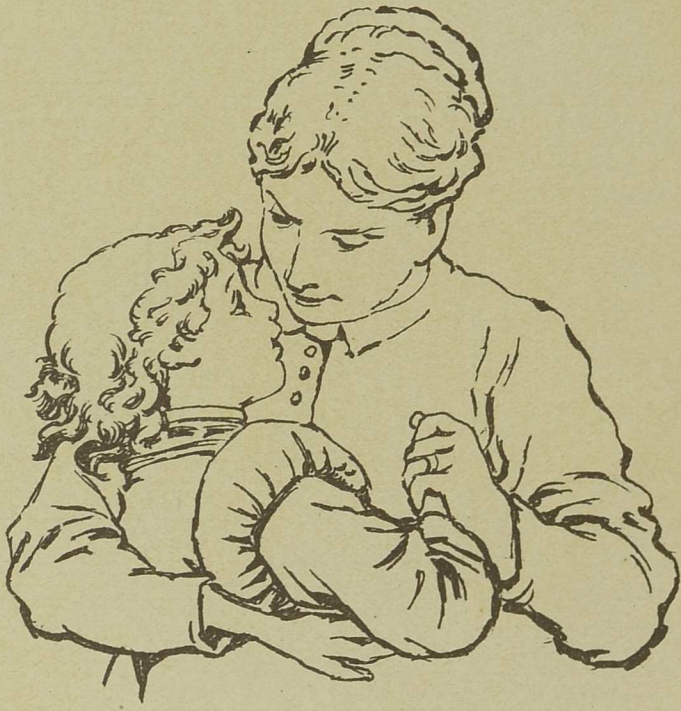
Bobby said —

The goose-step knew when he

was two,

While his little coat was red.





When Bob grew to an older boy
He took, the good Queen's shilling,
And had to play the drum one day,
As others learn the drilling.
At many great parades he drummed,
At many a grand review,
On many a day when all was gay
And the buglers bugles blew.
Till there came a call from cross
the sea,
A call to the wars, my lad —
And many a tear, was shed, my
dear,
And many a heart was sad.



The Forward March.

One pet of the Regiment Bobby was
The other was his Nanny,
An old grey goat with a shaggy coat
Whose proper name was Fanny.

Other pets, alas, were left behind —
The little Baby Brother,
The dear little sister, oh how he
missed her!

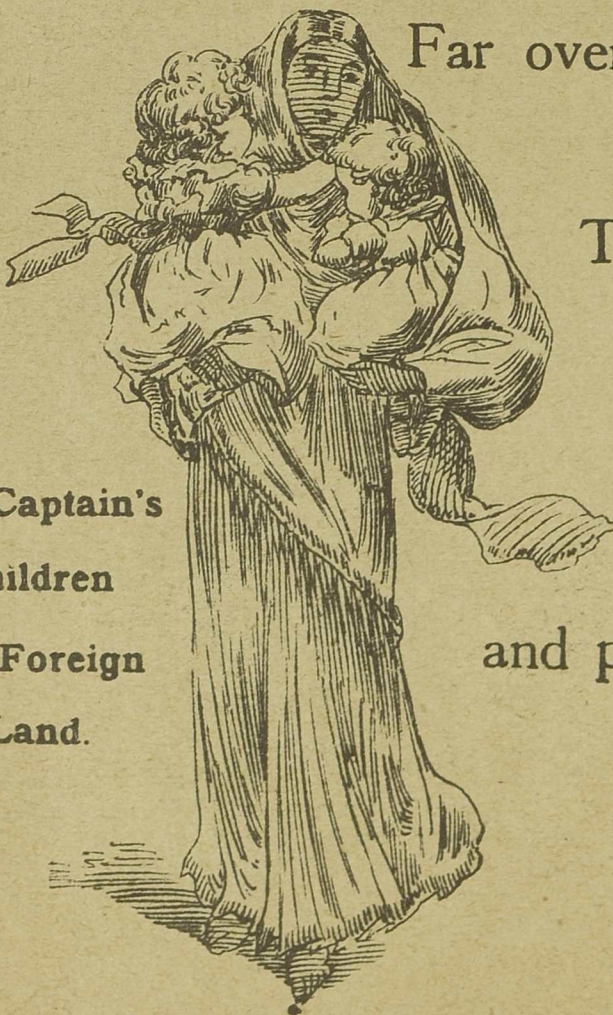
And dearest of all the Mother!

So Bobby and Nanny sailed for
the wars,

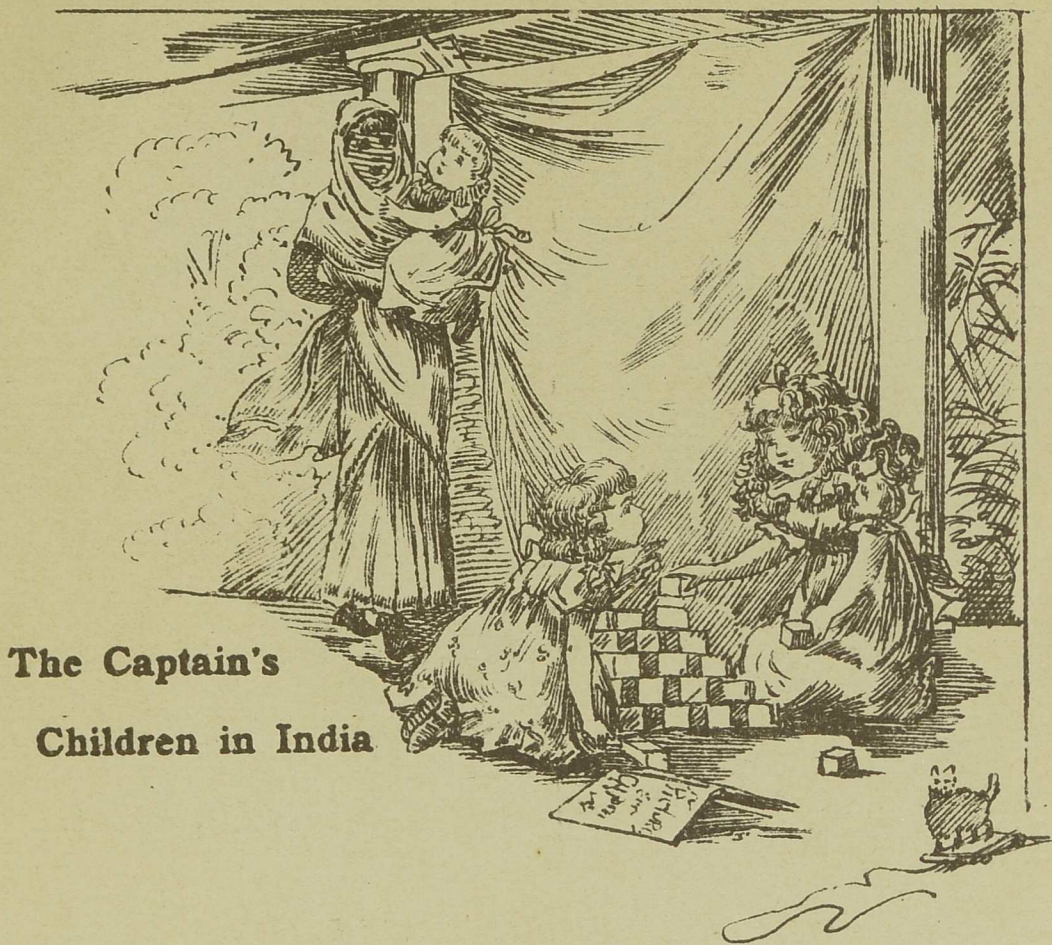
Far over the ocean
blue,

To a burning
strand in a
distant land,

Where monkeys
and palm trees grew.



The Captain's
Children
in a Foreign
Land.



**The Captain's
Children in India**

And the Little Drummer drummed
right well
He fought in many a fray,
And now his name is known to fame
And will live for many a day.

For he wears the cross upon
his breast,
That tells of a deed well done,
Of a comrade's life saved in the strife,
Of a glory bravely won.

Country Life.

Don't you love the country, children,
don't you revel in the flowers?

Can't you listen to the birdies singing
songs, for hours and hours?

Is there anything that's prettier than
little lambs at play?

Is there anything smells sweeter than
the clover and the hay?

See the cottages all covered with the
jasmine and the rose,

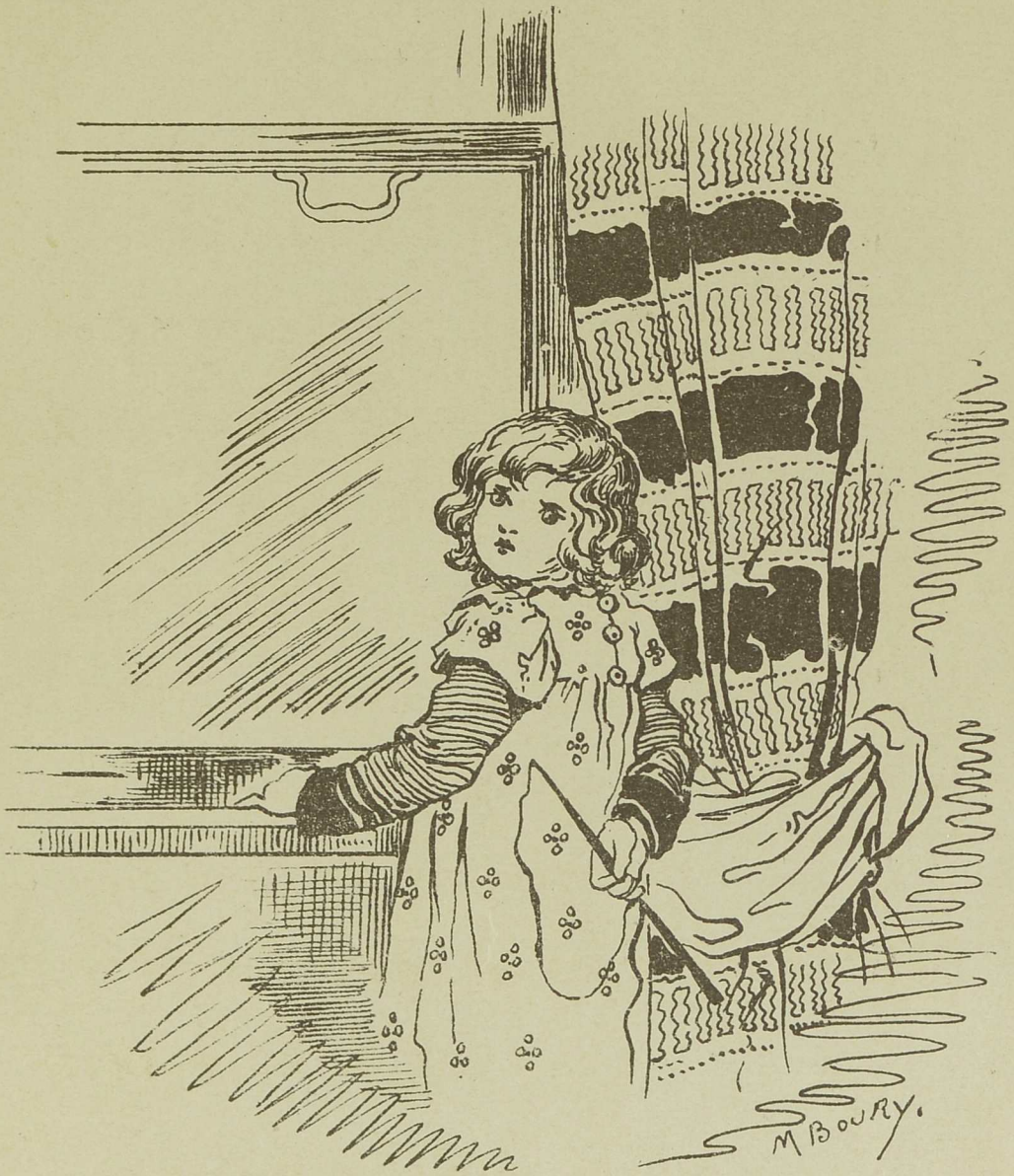
And the pretty
purling streamlet that

through the
green

meadow

flows!





Oh, the picnics in the forest, oh,
the boating on the lake,
Where the snowy swan is sailing, and
the glossy duck and drake;
Rosy apples in the orchard, juicy
blackberries in lane —
If you leave the pleasant country
you'll long to be there again.

Geese.

Though a goose, as you know, should
have feathers and wings,
There are some that I've met that
have no suchlike things;
There are geese who are fond of
a silly remark,

There are geese too who won't
go to sleep in the dark,
If the water to wash in is cold,
some will cry,

And whine "Oh, the soap has got
into my eye,"

When lessons seem
hard there are
some cry "I can't",
Some naughty
geese say
too,
"I won't!"
and"
"I shan't!"





Good-Night.

Good-bye, my little ones, good-bye,
The night has come, the dustman's
nigh;

Each little bird has gone to bed,
And 'neath his wings has tucked
his head.

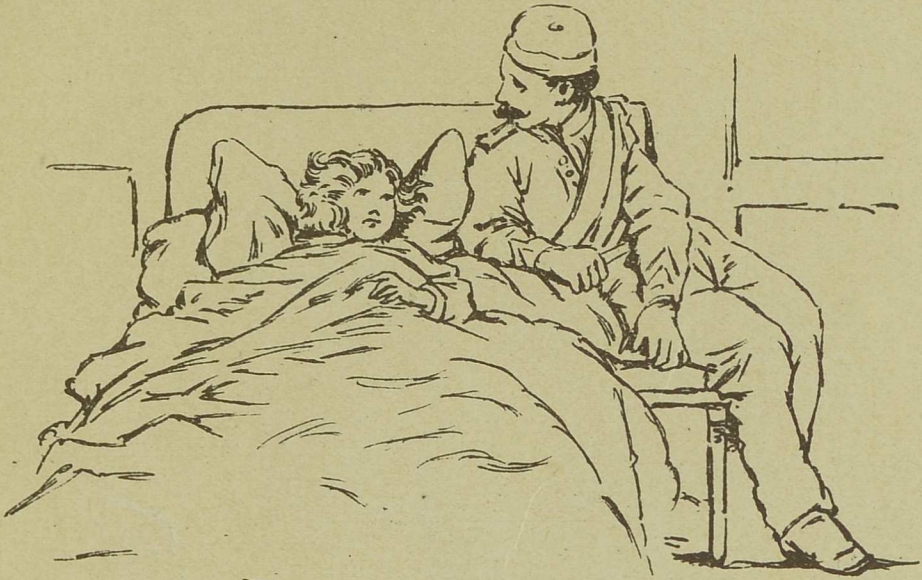
Good night, my sweet, may Angels
keep

Watch above you while you sleep.



Cleaning the Drum.

H.P.



Poor Little Drummer Boy.

Poor little Drummer Boy
So ill far away,
Thought of his happy home
In bed as he lay,
Longed for his sisters there,
Longed for his Mother's care,
All the long restless night
And sad weary day.

For the Drummer and Drum had
been pierced in a fray
By the very same spear in the
very same way;
But Medicine, Care, and a Comrade
clever
Made Drummer and Drum soon
as strong as ever.



Home Again.

March, march,
march, march,
Left-Right, Left-Right,
Left-Right;

From far you'll
hear the people cheer
For 'tis a gallant sight,
The soldiers brave who o'er the wave
Have now returned from fight!

March, march, march, march,
Too-ra-loo, loo, tum, tum,
Such a brave show, all in a row; —
See here an old friend come,
Our Drummer small who's grown
quite tall
Beats now the biggest drum.



Published by

RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS, CO., LTD.

London - Paris - New York.

No. 2026

Designed at the Studios in England.