

ROUND ABOUT.

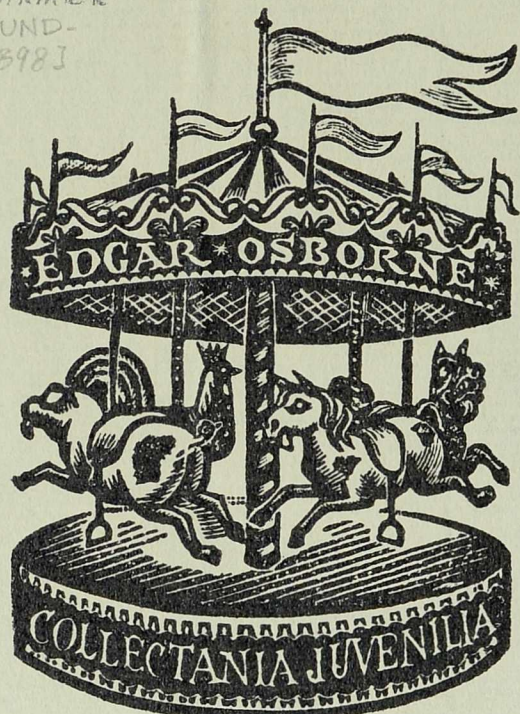
RHYMES.



BY MRS PERCY DEARMER.

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# · Round-about · Rhymes ·

written and

Pictured by

Mrs. Percy Dearmer



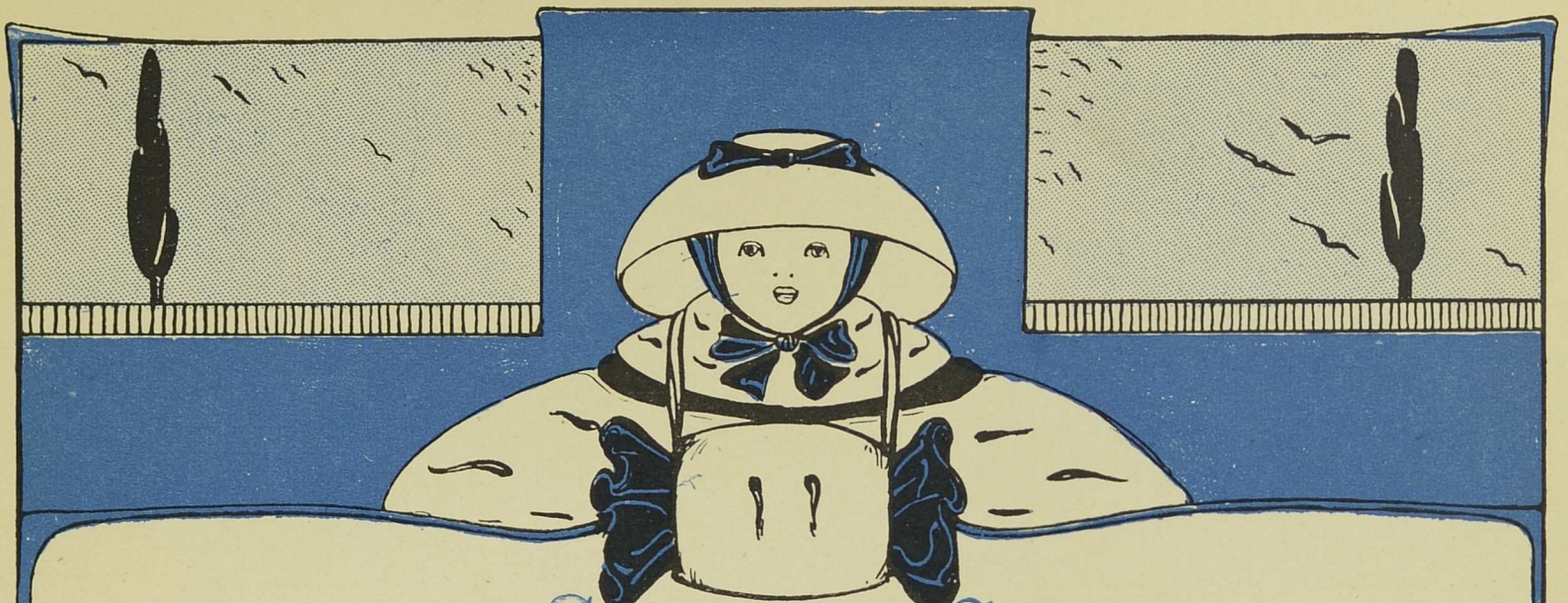
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# CONTENTS.

	Page
Dedication . . . . .	7
Picture-Book Time . . . . .	8
Sour Grapes . . . . .	10
The Tale of an Air-Balloon . . . . .	12
The Cockiolly Bird . . . . .	16
Work . . . . .	18
Nursery-Land . . . . .	22
Shipwreck . . . . .	24
Hoops . . . . .	26
A Secret . . . . .	28
Retribution . . . . .	30
Swinging . . . . .	36
Aspiration . . . . .	38
Gardening . . . . .	40
Pudding-Time . . . . .	42
A Dialogue . . . . .	44
Mike . . . . .	46



TO GEOFFREY AND CHRISTOPHER.

---

*This book was really made by you:  
You showed me all I had to do,—  
A picture here, and there a rhyme,  
A record of your nursery time.*

*And now I give you back your own,  
For it was made by you alone.  
So reach your chubby hands, and take  
This book, if only for my sake.*

# PICTURE-BOOK TIME.

---

WHEN the rain falls down all day,  
And leaves us hours and hours for play,  
Nurse says the time has come to look  
At rhymes and pictures in a book.

The books of Andersen and Grimm,  
Shock-headed Peter, Little Tim,  
The tale of John and Sister Jane,  
We always want to hear again.

For half the children here are bad,  
And make their mothers very sad;  
The rest are well-behaved and good,  
And do the things all children should.

Then in the end a treat is sent,  
Or else a dreadful punishment:  
That makes us glad; for—don't you see?  
It's all as fair as fair can be.

For, if you're good with all your might,  
And try your best to be polite,  
Your mother and your nurse will take  
Great pains to find you lots of cake.

While, if you're naughty and a bore,  
They will not love you any more;  
But leave you to your sulky looks—  
Like children in the story-books.



# SOUR GRAPES.

---

OH dear! oh dear! the circus here we're not allowed to see!  
It's very hard to read of all the sights that there will be.  
How can we go to sleep at night in quiet little beds,  
When forty-eight big elephants are standing on their heads?

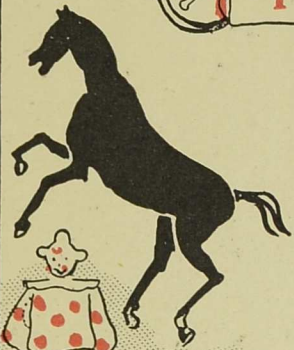
Geese that run races on a stick, and clever dogs and cats,  
Ladies who ride and jump through hoops, and scores of acrobats!  
They've big black bears and giant apes, giraffes, and tigers too,  
And, what is best of all, perhaps, a boxing kangaroo.

They've clowns all red and clowns all white, who joke, and laugh,  
and shout,  
And get in everybody's way, till someone turns them out.  
But these are only half the things the circus has to show.—  
It's dreadful, and it's shameful, that we're not allowed to go!

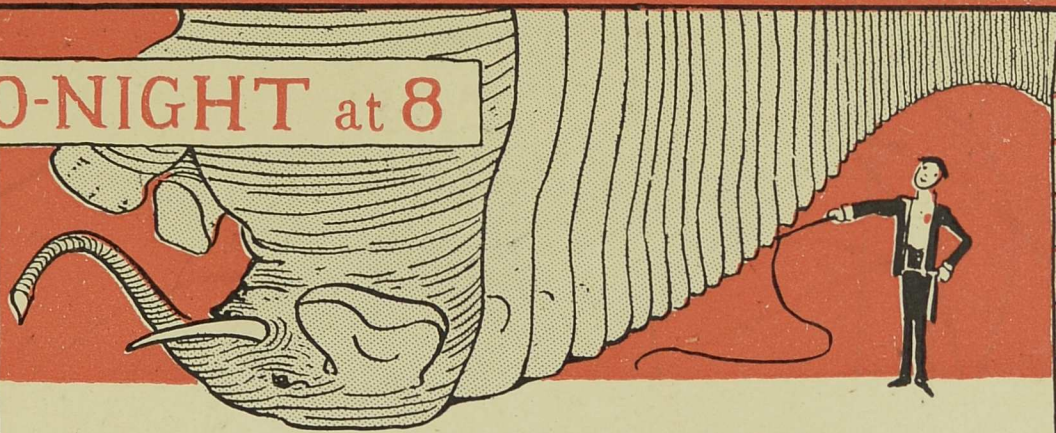
But, still, it mayn't be all quite true. Perhaps the poster's wrong!  
Perhaps the bears and dogs and apes are not in such a throng;  
The forty-eight big elephants, perhaps, are small and thin;  
Perhaps before a race is run they know who's going to win.

Perhaps there are no clowns at all, to shout, and joke, and laugh,  
Perhaps the kangaroo won't fight, perhaps there's no giraffe.  
It's nothing but a big take-in—a stuffy little show,  
And we're sorry for the boys and girls whose parents let them go!

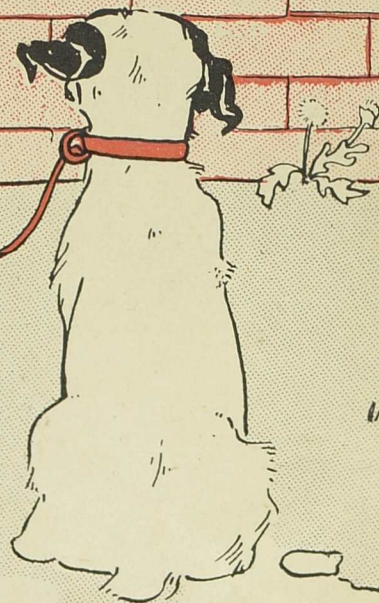
TO-NIGHT at 8



CIRCUS



GREAT DISPLAY OF ELEPHANTS



MD:...

# THE TALE OF AN AIR-BALLOON.

---

WITH air-balls nearly to his feet,  
The air-ball man comes down the street,  
Displaying with the greatest care  
A magic bundle made of air.

It shifts and shifts its rainbow hue—  
Red, yellow, orange, purple, blue;  
So light and bright, so soft and strong,  
It quivers as he moves along.

And Geoffrey climbs up on a chair  
And sees the air-ball man is there;  
With face against the window-pane,  
He longs, and longs, and longs again.

“Oh what a lucky child I'd be,  
If he would give a ball to me;  
Why, I should simply shout with joy,  
To have an air-ball for a toy!

“I'd keep it by me all the day,  
And never let it fly away;  
And on the table at my tea,  
My lovely ball should sit by me.





“I'd have it in my cot at night,  
Among the blankets tucked down tight;  
It should be there, so soft and warm,  
And never come to any harm:

“And, when the ugly night is flown,  
I'd play with it, and it alone;  
I'd show it to the other boys,  
And love it more than all my toys.”

He had his wish. His bliss was great.  
The air-ball had a curious fate!  
For, though it never left his sight,  
And went to bed with him at night,  
Still, in the morning it was found,  
Shrivelled and torn upon the ground.

And, when the blind let in the day,  
He turned to where the air-ball lay;  
And, at the end of a long string  
He found—a little faded thing!

And so were shattered, all too soon,  
The glories of his air-balloon.



# THE COCKIOLLY BIRD.

---

THIS is my Cockiolly bird,  
Whose squeaky voice is often heard.  
He's very proud, and big, and great,  
Yet has an empty addle-pate.

The other night, just after dark,  
I shut him up inside my ark;  
I'd gone to bed, and said my prayers,  
When there was *such* a noise downstairs!

The animals came tumbling out,  
With squeak, and shriek, and groan, and shout;  
And, through it all I plainly heard  
The voice of Cockiolly bird.

You see he was quite twice as big  
As elephant, or dove, or pig;  
And, being such a monstrous size,  
He went and pecked out all their eyes.

The silly creature has no wings,  
Yet there he struts about, and sings.  
His haughty looks are quite absurd;  
A common Cockiolly bird!



# WORK.

---

I HAVE so very much to do,  
I'm working hard the whole day through;  
With meals, and walks, and play, alone,  
I have no time to call my own.

Last week my uncle said to me—  
“Why don't you learn your A B C?”  
He little knew, as down he smiled,  
I'm such a very busy child.

For, first of all, I say my prayers,  
And then I'm dressed and go downstairs;  
For breakfast, when my grace is said,  
I have an egg, some milk, and bread.

I next look down into the square,  
And count how many boys are there;  
Then I'm obliged to get my box,  
To see my little paper cocks.

At ten my nurse comes, with much talk,  
And dresses me to take my walk:  
I bowl my hoop, unless there's rain;  
And then it's dinner-time again.

A · B · C · D · E · F · G · H · I · J · K ·  
L · M · N · O · P · Q · R · S · T · U · V ·  
W · X · Y · Z



Again we walk into the Park,  
And sail our boats till nearly dark;  
And, when there is no light to see,  
I and my nurse go home to tea.

I *have* to hear a story read,  
Until it's nearly time for bed;  
Then comes my bath, and sleep, at last,  
And that's the way the days go past.

Not for one moment, all the day,  
Am I allowed to have my way:  
I work so hard, as you may see,  
What time have I for A B C?





MD

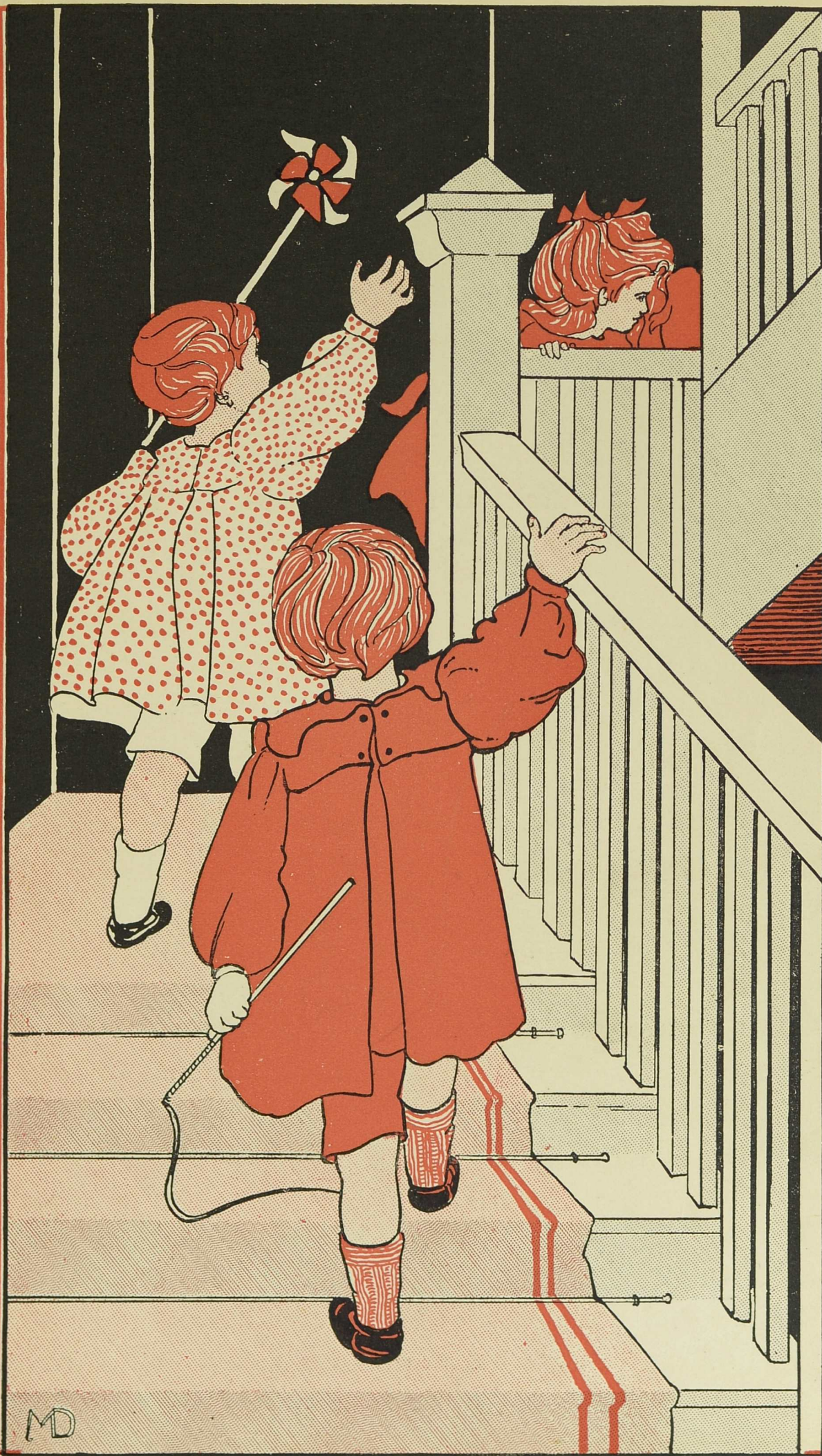
# NURSERY-LAND.

---

**R**IGHT leg, left leg,  
Up we go so fast!  
Left leg, right leg,—  
Nursery-land at last!  
We are almost in the sky,  
Nursery-land's so very high.

Nursery-land's the place of toys,  
Games, and fun, and romps, and noise;  
Only Nurse hears when we cry,  
Nursery-land's so very high.

On we go at such a rate—  
Who'll undo the nursery gate?  
Children should be taught to fly,  
Nursery-land's so *very* high!



MD

# SHIPWRECK.

---

THE waves in our bath are exceedingly rough,  
And would smash up a vessel that wasn't built tough;  
But our ship in great whirlpools is always afloat,  
And there never was known such a tight little boat.

It is manned by a captain—no end of a swell—  
Who is only at home in his own walnut shell:  
He's a lucifer match, and Nurse says he is dead,  
For he's burnt himself out, and he hasn't a head.

We think that our captain is going to explore  
New countries, where never were children before,  
And he braves all the dangers, and sails away far,  
To lands where all sorts of strange animals are.

When we throw in the sponges, our boat is surprised  
At the great rush of water, and nearly capsized,  
But she rights, and she sails on with scarce a mishap,  
Till, without any warning, Nurse turns the "waste" tap.

In an instant our ship is drawn down beyond hope,  
And Nurse takes up the flannel, determined to soap.  
She pays no attention to words or to cries,  
But she soaps and she soaps, and she dries and she dries.

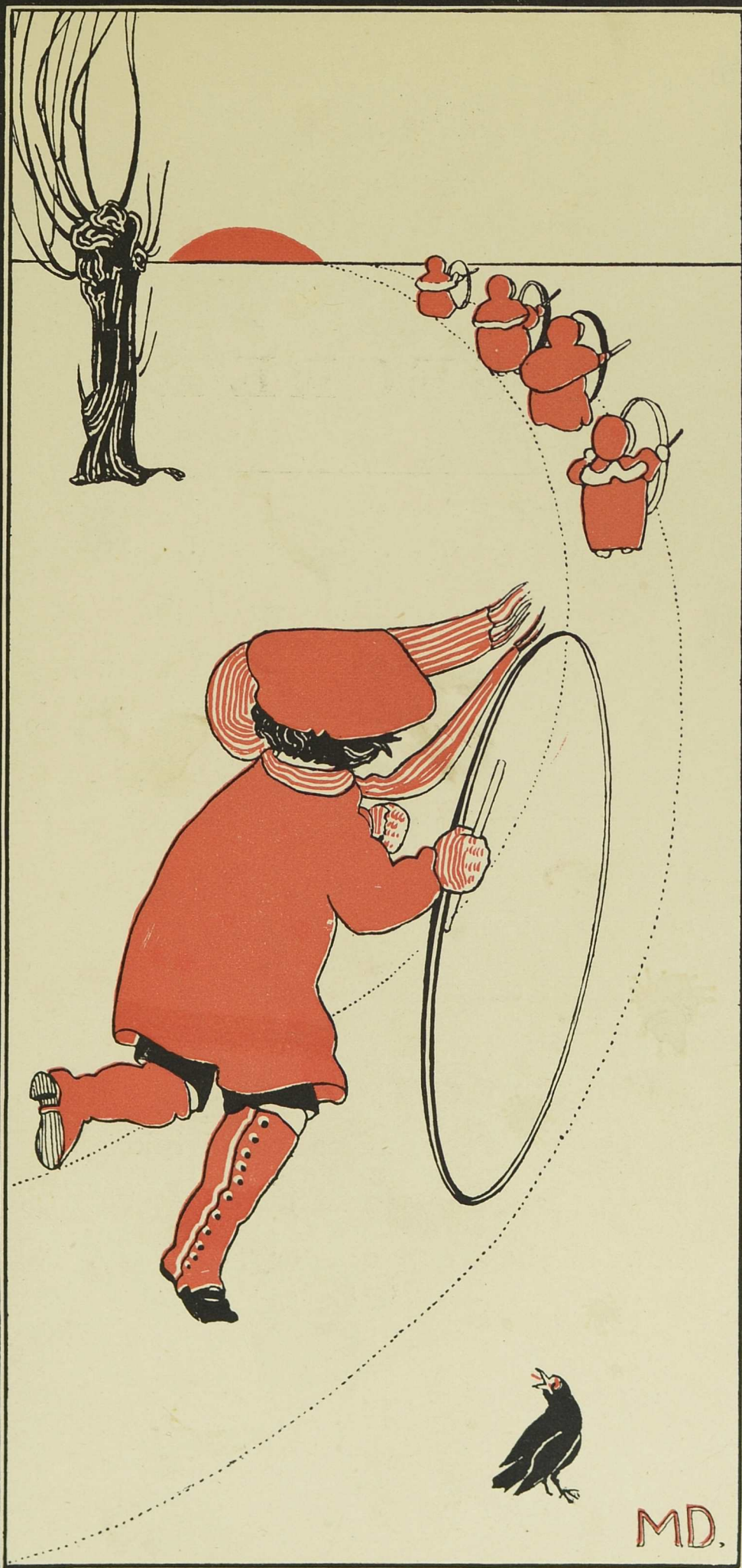
And then, without asking, she lifts us out fast,  
And we stand on the mat in our nightshirts at last;  
But we feel we can never be happy again,  
For our ship and its captain have sailed down the drain.



## HOOPS.

---

WE take our hoops out on the snow:  
They run quite fast—it freezes so;  
And Fairies make the wind so strong,  
To bowl our wooden hoops along.



MD.

## A SECRET.

---

WHEN with my doll I play or walk  
I'm very careful in my talk.  
To keep one thing from her I strive,—  
She shall *not* know she's not alive!

With grown-up people all about,  
I'm so afraid the truth will out:  
They might say things to let her see  
She's not a real child like me.

And if she thought she could not think,  
Or feel, or sleep, or eat, or drink,  
Why, then, she would lie down and die,  
Or else she'd cry, and cry, and cry.





# RETRIBUTION.

---

THIS naughty little girl you see  
Was once as merry as could be,  
For she would laugh, and dance, and play,  
All through the livelong happy day.

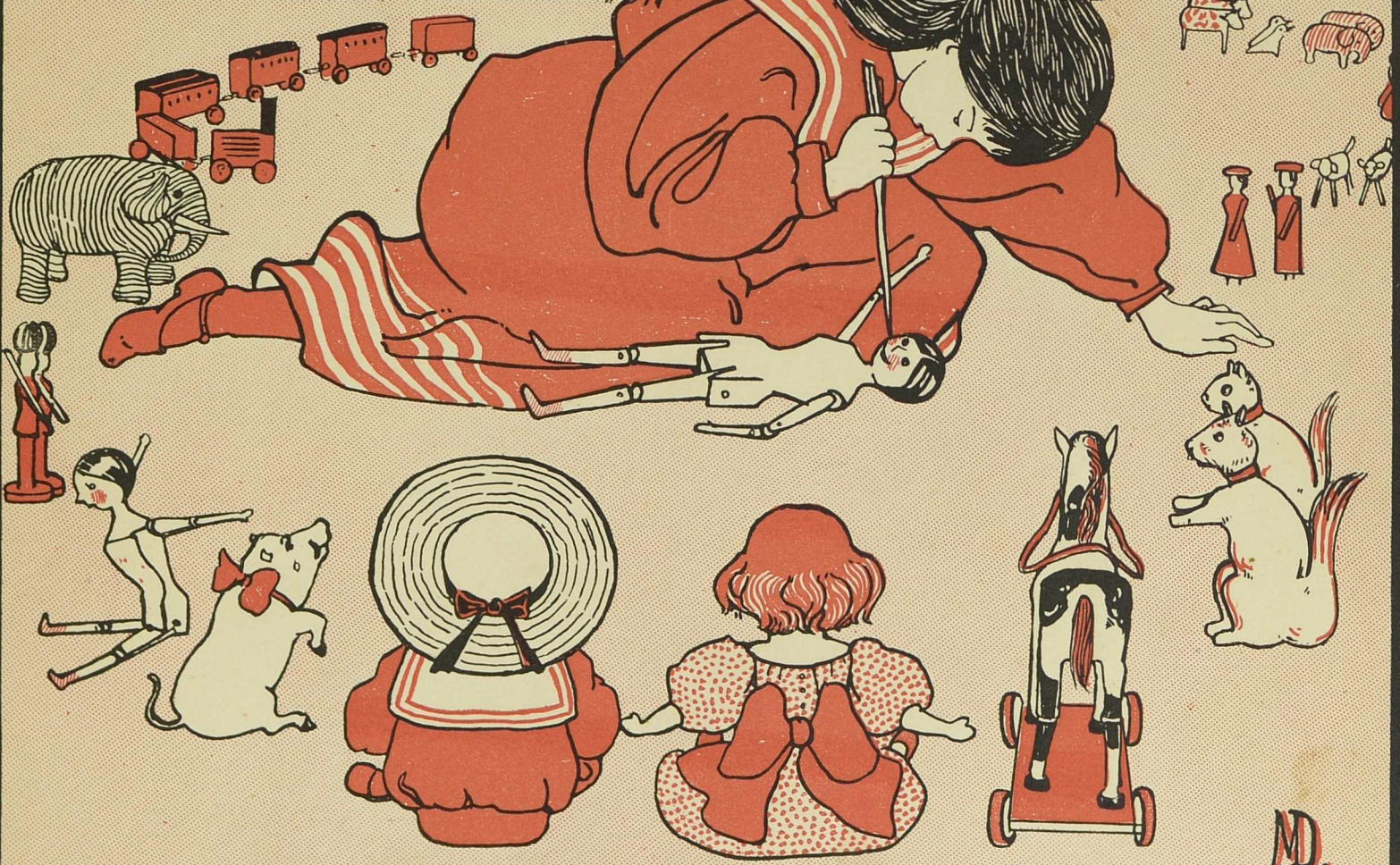
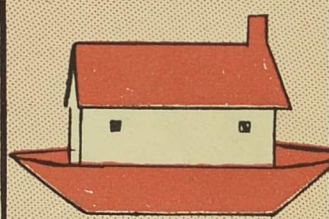
She had great heaps of wind-up toys,  
Tin trains that whistled with a noise,  
Red-painted soldiers, squeaking dogs,  
And funny little jumping frogs;

Toy horses short and horses tall,  
All pushed against the nursery wall;  
While in the chimney corner stood  
Her dolls of china, wax, and wood.

Each dolly had a separate box,  
To hold its pinafores and frocks;  
But the dear doll she loved the best  
Was made of wood, and was not dressed.

Now, so it happened, one wet day,  
This little girl grew tired of play:  
So she tried hard; yes! all she could,  
To break this hapless doll of wood.

At first she hammered on its head—  
But still it smiled, and was not dead;  
And next she battered at its toes,  
And smashed its little painted nose.



MD.

Then with a stick she poked each eye;  
It did not blink, and would not die;  
It seemed to mock her all the while  
With its sweet, gentle, painted smile.

So, being beaten at all points,  
She made a trial of the joints;  
And first an arm, and then a leg,  
Came off, as she pulled out the peg.

And all the toys sat round to see  
This child as cruel as could be:  
They shuddered, till they felt quite weak—  
Only, alas! they could not speak.

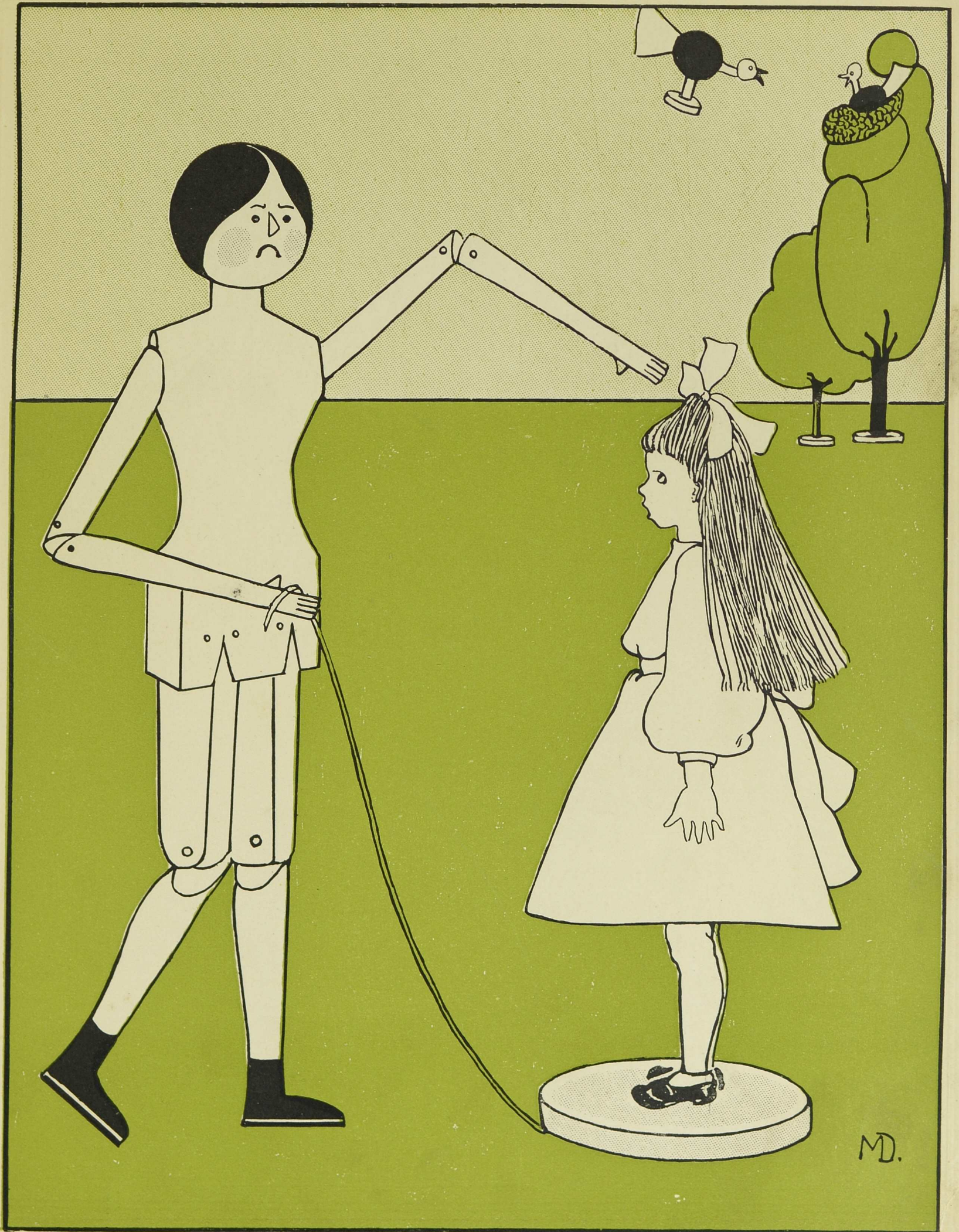
And so the time flew very fast,  
And her poor doll was dead at last.  
It lay quite still upon the floor,  
But only seemed to smile the more.

At this she felt a little fear,—  
It lay so still, and looked so queer.—  
She screwed her eyes up, and she cried,  
And almost wished it had not died.

And all the toys sat silent round,  
And stared, and stared, but made no sound;  
They knew how it would come about,  
That her bad deeds would find her out.

. . . . .

And surely, when her tears were dry,  
She stood alone beneath the sky;



And gazed around her in dismay,—  
Her toys had vanished quite away!

Before her lay a country green,  
The like of which she'd never seen;  
And near her, striding on the plain,  
She saw her doll, alive again!

But oh! how big, how gaunt, how tall!  
She did not like its looks at all.  
Her arms and legs grew stiff with fright,  
And all her hair stood bolt upright.

The colour faded from her dress,  
And cheeks, and lips, in her distress:  
She stood a little girl all white—  
A truly pitiable sight.

It touched her with a wooden hand,  
And placed her on a painted stand;  
And smiled a smile of cruel joy,  
To see her change into a toy!

Her pinafore was turned to wood,  
Her shoes were rooted where she stood;  
And, looking downwards, she could see—  
*“This doll was made in Germany”*.

And, to complete her punishment,  
To Regent Street she then was sent.  
So—little girl! it may be true,  
This dolly now belongs to you!

GRAND REGENT'S  
XMAS BAZAAR

DOLLS GREAT  
LY REDUCED



# SWINGING.

---

MOLLY and I

Are swinging so high,  
Past all the butterflies,  
Up to the sky!

Leaving the poplar trees  
Far, far behind,  
Shaking their silver leaves  
In the soft wind.

We've gone to Fairyland!  
Giants and gnomes  
Laugh as they welcome us  
Into their homes.

Little wood-dryad girls  
Call us to play.  
Oh! but we cannot stop  
With you to-day!

Hark! there's Nurse calling  
In Earth-land, you see—  
"Miss Molly, Miss Jessie,  
Do come in to tea!"





# ASPIRATION.

---

THE world is very huge and round,  
And little dwarfs live underground;  
While in the trees and in the air,  
Are crowds of fairies everywhere.

In the sea, beneath the foam,  
Mermaids have a lovely home,  
Careering round with monstrous whales,  
And splashing with their fishes' tails.

Giants stride through forests green;  
There are witches to be seen;  
Animals, that laugh and talk,  
Freely in the meadows walk.

When I'm grown up big and tall,  
I mean to go and find them all,  
And bring them home with me to play  
In the nursery every day.

If ever I tell anyone,  
They laugh, and think it's only fun;  
But when they *see* these creatures wild  
They'll say—"Oh! what a daring child!"



MD

## GARDENING.

---

I DIG my flowers all the day,  
And yet they never seem to thrive;  
While dead ones, that I give away  
To Betty, always come alive.

Yet Betty's garden's just as bad,  
Of feeble plants she has no lack;  
For, when I see the flowers I had,  
All gay with buds—I take them back!



# PUDDING-TIME.

---

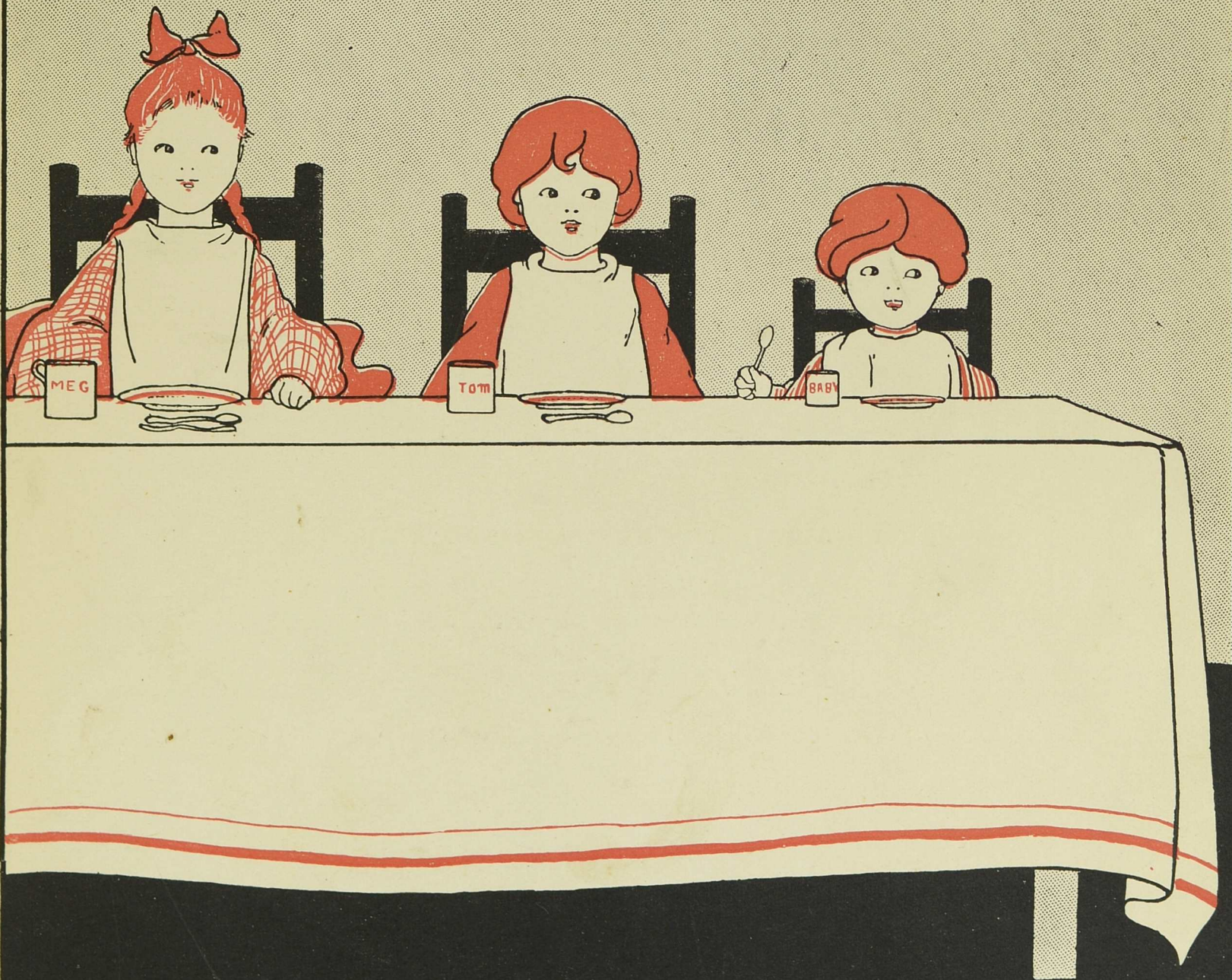
PUDDING-TIME comes every day!

When the meat is cleared away  
We all look round, and wait to see  
What the pudding's going to be.

We clap our hands, if up there comes  
Suet pudding, stuffed with plums;  
But wholesome things, like treacle-rice,  
We do not think so very nice.

Nurse says our manners are not good,—  
We talk so much! for children should,  
Like grown-up people, sit and wait,  
With dinner-napkin, spoon, and plate.

For grown-up people (only think!)  
Don't notice what they eat or drink:  
They get so tired of wines and sauces,  
And *have* to eat so many courses.



MD.

## A DIALOGUE.

---

WHEN you're grown up, what will you be?  
Soldier or sailor, coachman, groom?"

"I shall be in the cavalry  
And wear a helmet with a plume."

"I want to be a soldier, too,  
And stride about, and look all red;

But not a soldier quite like you,—  
I'll be a grenadier instead."

"A sergeant-major then I'd be,  
Or a lieutenant, if I could;  
I'd think it over; for, you see,  
A common private is no good."

"Oh, no! that wouldn't be the best;  
I'm going to try for all I can  
To grow up tall, throw out my chest,  
And be a simple lifeguardsman."

"In that case, you must give me back  
My popgun, and my cannon too,  
My regiment, and my Union Jack—  
I really cannot play with you!"





## MIKE.

---

**T**HIS is old Mike, our wooden horse,  
Quite new last week, and painted red.  
Miss Mary scrubbed him,—now, of course,  
This is *old* Mike, our wooden horse.  
She combed his mane with all her force,  
And soaped and lathered his poor head.  
This is old Mike, our wooden horse,  
Quite new last week, and painted red.







