



THE
CHILDREN'S
KETTLEDRUM
By M.A.C.

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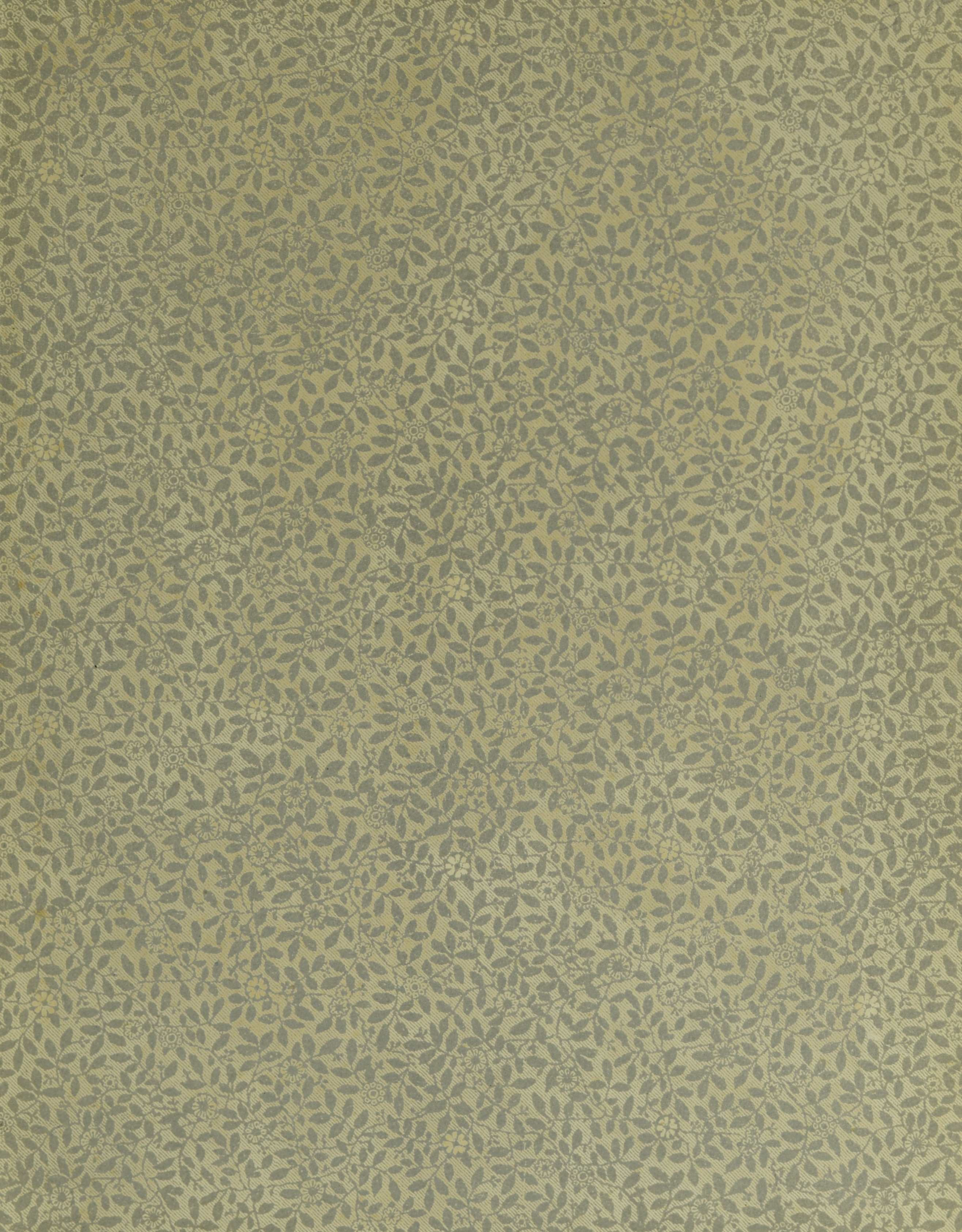
GRUVE, MARY ANN
CHILDREN'S ...
[1881]

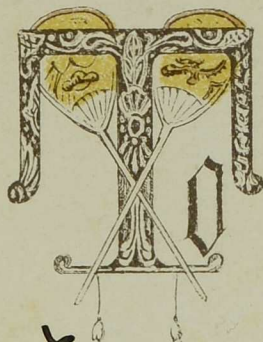


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Thelie

From her father & mother
Alice & Thelie & Thelie
7th April
1882.

Frontispiece.



THE CHILDREN'S

KETTLEDRUM

BY M.A.C.



LONDON
DEAN & SON
160^A FLEET ST.

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Mother's Good-Bye Kiss.

Mother's going to town to-day,
And has come "good-bye" to say,
Just before it's time to start,
To the darling of her heart.

Tell me what shall mother get
For her own dear little pet?
Shall it be an apple red,
Or an orange ripe, instead?





Gathering Grass.

The grass grows thick, the grass grows
high,

In the meadow near the river
When the wind of evening passes by,
Each tuft will bend and quiver:
Come and gather it,—carry it home

All through the winter's cold and gloom
'Twill shed around our little room
Sweet memories of summer;
Till all the frost and snow are past
And with May we welcome back at last
Fair Spring, the blithe new comer.

A Birthday Letter to Granny.

"Dear Gramp,
I would send you, if I could,

Upon your
birthday, everything that's good.



But, as I cannot my affection
probe

By gift or gold, — at least I'll
send my love."

A Birthday Letter to Granny.

"A birthday
letter from my little Fanny!"

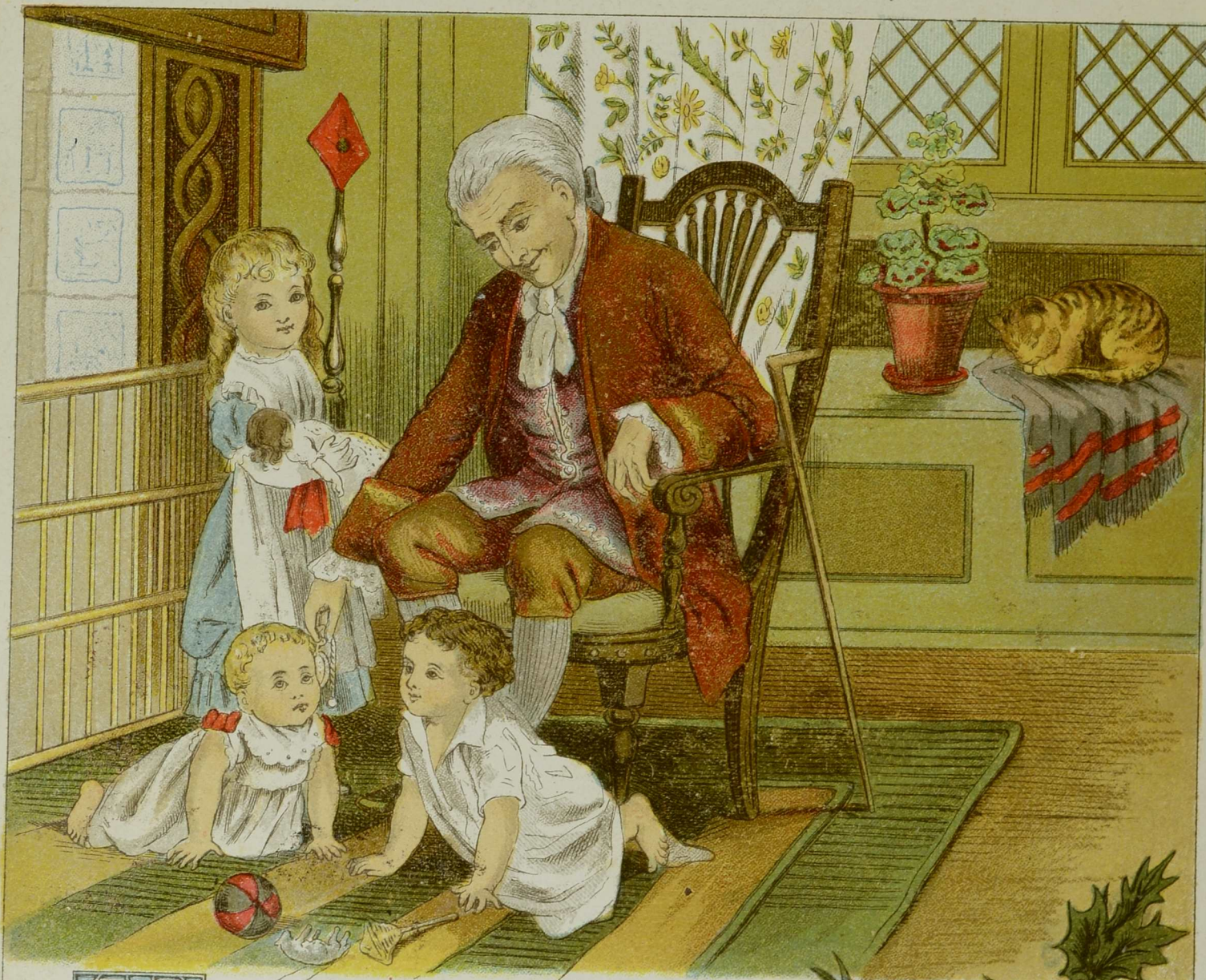
ne'er forgets her poor old Granny.
Ah, well! she



Not oft young folks remember
how the old,

Prize their affection, dearer far
than gold."

Grandfather in the Nursery.



Tick, a-tick, tick,—a-tick, tick, tick!
 Odd little noise so clear and quick;
 Baby listens with large round eyes,
 And look of comical surprise

Brother Teddy looks on meanwhile,
 With a somewhat patronising smile;
 So often that watch has ticked at his ear,
 He thinks not much of it now, I fear.

Dorothy hugging her doll, as you see,
 Watches her Grandfather steadfastly;
 In her own mind she is thinking, may-be,
 Could she ever have looked a bit like baby?



Granny's Sunday Lesson.

Jack stands demure at Granny's knee,
To say his Sunday hymn;
You'd think he ne'er could naughty be
To see him look so prim;
And little Mabel waiting, stands
Her hymn-book ready in her hands,
I fancy they have half an eye,
Although they look so steady,
Upon the oranges that lie
Upon the oranges that lie
In Granny's lap all ready.
For if their lessons well they say,
They guess the fruit will come their way





Waiting for the Train.

Look, look, the train is signalled! it is coming fast!
Let us climb the rail to see it as it hurries swiftly past.
In a moment 'twill be here, with a rattle and a flash;
We will try to raise a shout that shall rise above its crash;
Till the people from the windows look out to see the boys,
Who are raising in their honour such a vast amount of noise.



"Who shall go first?"

Little Master Sturdy-boy met
Miss Consequence out for a walk, one
day;

The path was narrow, the road was wet.
Neither cared to get out of the way

Miss Consequence tossed her little head:
"Ladies should always go first," said
she;

"If you are a LADY," he saucily said,
"I think you might say 'If you please'
to me."

"What an impudent boy!" Miss Consequence
thought,

And then she looked from his obstinate face
'To the miry road, where she vainly sought
To find through the mud a passable place.

"If you please," she said, with tears in her
eyes.

And somehow, when Sturdy boy saw them
there,
He began to think he was not over wise,
And to feel ashamed of his obstinate air

So into the road he quietly slipped,

And went so far as to take off his hat.

And Miss Consequence said, as past she slipped,

"Well! you really are a nice boy for that!"

On the Cliff.

Together they sit on the cliff so high,
Below them the sea, above them the sky!
The sky is full of summer light,
The sea with a thousand sparkles bright;
All things seem happy and all is peace,
Save the waves' low moan, which never doth cease

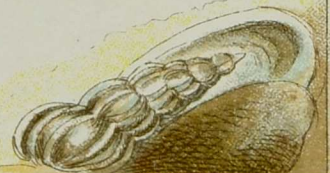
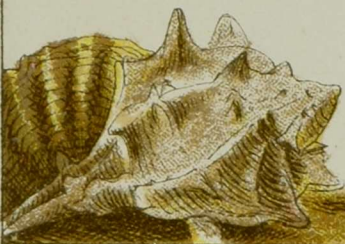


On the Sands.

Little folks, what are you about?
Building a castle on the sand?
'Twill be the best on the beach no doubt.
We're making it so high and grand;
We'll build it so firm and fine, and strong
That it will last for EVER so long.



Why, children, the tide this afternoon
Will sweep your castle all away!
To toil at what will be gone so soon
Is it not waste of labour, say?
Oh no! if the time it lasts is short.
Why building it up was the best of the sport!



School Troubles.

"What is the matter, Dorothy, pray?

And why are you crying so sadly?"

"Oh, Jenny! you know I was kept in to-day,

For saying my lessons so badly;



And I've got a sum as long as the slate,

It won't be done till this evening late,

I shall have no time for play at all.

Oh! sums the worst of worries I call!"

Comfort.

"Oh, Dorothy dear, don't cry any more,
Things won't be mended by crying;
You've never had such a sum before,
But perhaps you may do it by trying.



Come into our garden, dear, with me,
To the seat beneath the old oak tree:
Together we'll do the sum, I say,
And then together we'll go and play."



Evening.

By the fire the old nurse sits,
Dozing sometimes as she knits:
Round her feet the children play,
Almost o'er the winter's day.

Soon each weary little head
Safe and sound will rest in bed;
Peaceful sleep will fill the night,
Play will come with morning bright.



Hanging up the Christmas Stocking.

What is this little girl about,
In little night-gown white?
She ought to be in bed, no doubt,
'Tis ten o'clock at night.

It's very cold, and I'm afraid
If long like this she lingers,
Jack Frost will catch this little maid;
And pinch her toes and fingers.

Yet there she stands, with feet all bare,
It really is quite shocking!
What is she doing? I declare,
She's hanging up her stocking!

Ah! now across my mind it comes,
'Tis Christmas-eve to-night!
May Christmas-day bring sugar plums
And plentiful delight!



A Fit of Tidiness.

Flap your duster, ply your broom.

Good, careful little lasses,

Don't, in your zeal to dust the room,

Break ornaments or glasses.

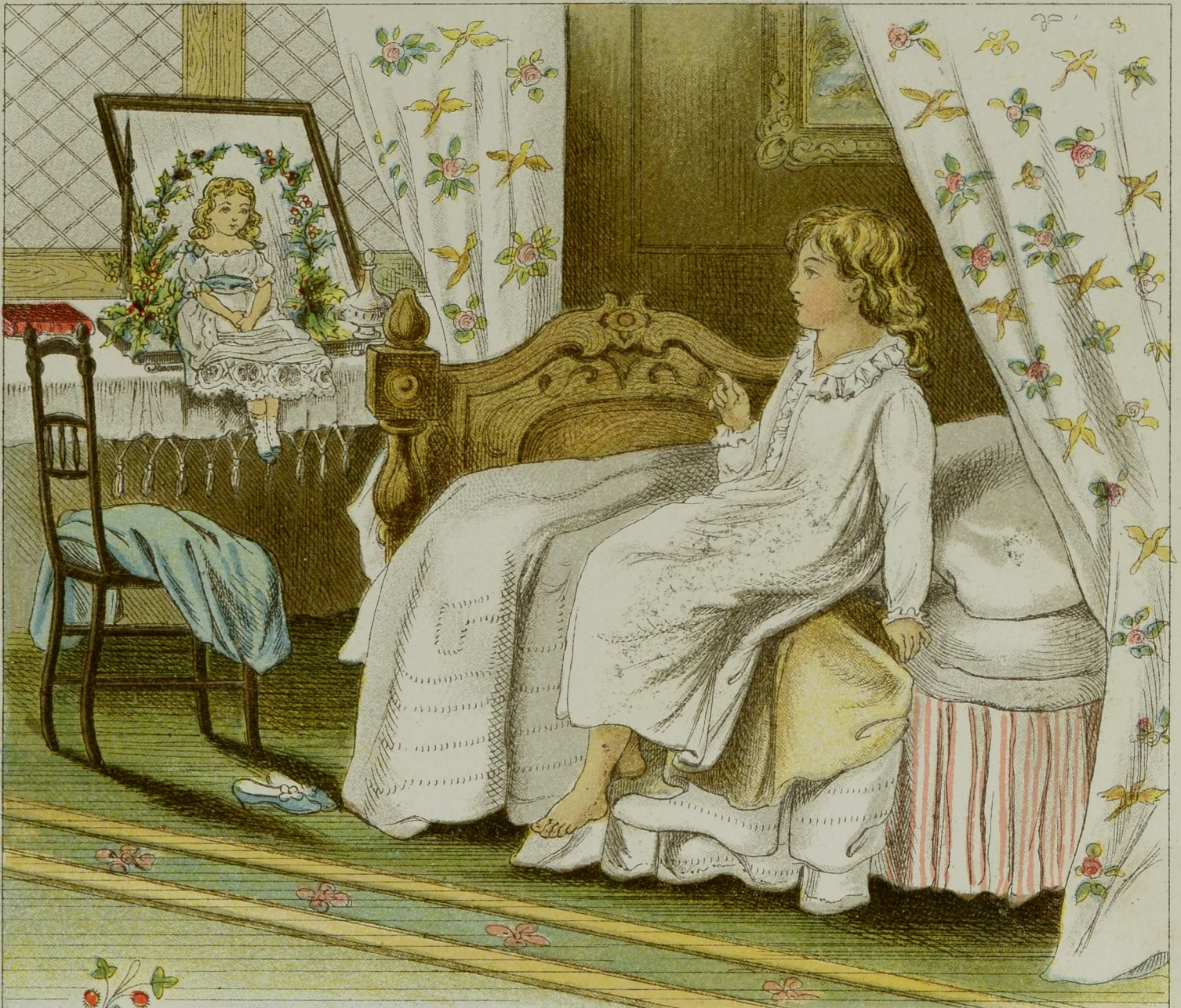




The New Doll's Greeting
to her Little Mother.

A bright Christmas-day to you, mother!
Why, what a wide pair of blue eyes?
I fancy you scarcely could smother
A cry of delighted surprise.
Now am I not dainty and pretty?
They say dolls are silly and vain:
But is she not better than witty
Who always brings joy, and not pain?

I hope you will ne'er use me badly,
Not break me, nor pull out my curls,
For some little maidens are sadly
Too rough with their wee, waxen girls!
Consider how slight and how brittle,
Are a doll's tiny fingers and feet;
And be to my weakness a little
Compassionate,—dear, I entreat.



The Doll's Christmas Greeting.

Whene'er you've a moment of leisure
 To spare from your work or your books,
 I'm ready to smile for your pleasure
 And show you the sweetest of looks.

If ever you're weary or lonely,
 A perfect companion I'll be,
 And ask in return for it, only
 That you will be gentle to me.



Spring Flowers.

Daffodils, sweet daffodils,
Darling, as you hold them,
All my heart with pleasure fills
Once more to behold them.



Polly's Garden.

How does Polly's garden grow?
Sweet narcissus in a row;
Streak'd tulips bold and bright.
Daffodils in amber light

Roses, lilies, mignonette,
Stocks and pinks, have not come yet:
By and by they'll all be there,
Won't my garden then be fair?

The Little Sweethearts.



In the avenue are walking
Ned and little cousin Rose;
Oh! so quietly they are talking,
What about, do you suppose?

Ned tells Rose that he adores her,
Likes her more than cakes or toys!
Rose declares his nonsense bores her,
And she does not care for boys.



Taking Father's Dinner.

This odd little couple are sister and brother,
Poor little darlings, they've lost their kind mother;
But Jenny's so careful of small brother Jim,
She is mother and sister together to him.

At his work in the fields their father's away,
And they're going to take him his dinner to-day;
But I fancy, though glad of his meal he may be,
He'll be almost as pleased their faces to see.

Burying Dolly.

Yes! they are going to bury poor Dolly.

Under the pear-tree her grave they have made;

Nelly is crying (though Will calls it folly),

To think her poor pet in the ground should be laid.

Poor little Dolly! her troubles were many,

Arms off, nose broken, and hair torn away,

Once she was pretty, perhaps, but scarce any

Traces remain of her beauty to-day.



In The Garden.

Come out into the garden, the room is hot and close,
Though the windows all were opened to the early morning air;
The blinds are drawn for shadow, but through their darkness glows
The hot and quivering sunlight, and burns out the coolness there.

It is better in the garden, where the winds can have their way
And rustle in the branches of the spreading shady trees;
We'll take the doll, and pussy, and quietly we'll play,
Till in the evening coolness we can race and run at ease.





Teaching Pussy to Beg.

Pussy, don't be so cross, I beseech you,
 Such temper is shocking to see;
 When so kindly I'm trying to teach you,
 You should not look spiteful at me.
 You know how I pet you and stroke you,
 And call you my own little cat;
 And if now and then I provoke you,
 You should not bear malice for that.

Remember, this morning I gave you
 A saucer of milk, fresh and sweet,
 And often at dinner, I save you,
 Tit bits of my pudding and meat.
 Then Pussy, do try to be grateful,
 And sit up and beg as you're told.
 Perverseness, of all things, is hateful,
 Good temper more precious than gold.

The Dolls' Picnic.

Of all the joyous things, surely every
one will say,

A picnic is the nicest on a bright
Summer day!

The pleasant walk and happy talk,
beneath the trees' green shade,

And afterwards the merry feast upon
the fresh turf laid:

And Dorothy and Mabel
think no better
fun can be,

Than to give their dolls
a picnic beneath the
spreading tree





At the Seaside.

The ship lies high upon the sand,—
 The sea and shore on either hand,—
 Her sails are set, and she looks all ready
 To slip in a moment, swift and steady;
 Into the water of the bay,
 And sail away, far far away
 If you and I her course could guide,
 Where would that little vessel glide?






At the Seaside.

Kind old boatman, tell me, pray,
 What sort of weather 'twill be to-day?
 For, if it be calm, and fine, and bright,
 We are all going out in a boat together,
 In a beautiful boat with sails all white;
 That dances so lightly upon the water,
 As though the sea-bird's self had taught her!
 But it all depends upon the weather
 For, if it is wet, we shall not go
 But must stay at home, and watch the rain
 And the sea-fog creeping up thick and slow,
 Till it touches the very window pane.
 Kind old boatman! say, do say,—
 That the weather will be fine to-day.





The Little Egyptian Girl

About three thousand years
ago.

This small Egyptian maid,
Lived out each childish joy and woe.
And laughed, and wept, and played.

Much of her fate we cannot tell;
We know she had her toys,
And guess she loved them quite as well
As English girls and boys

See how she hugs her ugly doll,
You would not think much of it,
Yet, somehow, ugliness and all,
She dearly seems to love it



The Little

Shall I sing you a queer
little song

Of a queer little
Chinese maid?

I promise it shall not be
long,

So nobody need feel
afraid.

A dear little girl she was,
With a droll little
knot of black hair



Chinese

And nails long and point
ed, because

It's the fashion, you
know, out there

She had a comical doll

It could wag its little
bald head.

And now I have told you
all.

And isn't my say
soon said?

Sitting on the Stile.

Jack has many a tale to tell,
As he sits on the stile with cousin Nell,
Of hare and hounds, of football and cricket,
Talking of "double" and "single" wicket;
Of "scores" and "overs," and "runs" and "byes
At which Nell opens wondering eyes



He brags a little, I'm afraid,
About the wonderful "scores" he made
Last time his "school eleven" played
Such tales he tells, and many another
Till little Nell,—who has no brother,—
And whose knowledge of such things comes to zero,
Thinks Jack must be a perfect hero

Father's Present.

Do you love little kittens?
I fancy you must!
You love all things pretty
And harmless, I trust:

And kittens and children
(Especially girls),
Look as pretty together
As diamonds and pearls.



Little Minnie's kind father
Has brought her to-night,
Such a dear little kitten,—
Soft, cosy, and white.

Now, over her treasure
She hangs in her joy;
What gift could be better
Than this living toy?



Our Babies.

These are our household idols, you see,
 Bertie, Rex, Violet,—one two, and three!
 Bertie sits up in his nursery chair,
 With a somewhat grave and considerate air,
 Perhaps he's thinking of sugar candy,
 Or any other sweet that's handy!
 That dark-eyed rogue in the right hand corner,
 Looking as prim as a little "Jack Horner,"
 Is well named Rex, for I've always found him
 Unquestioned master of all around him
 Dear little Violet, all the while,
 Looks up in your face with a loving smile!
 Sweet as her own sweet name is she:
 So here are "Our babies," one, two, and three!



Pussy's Babies.

Pussy's babies!—Snow, Tabby, and Kitty—
Thirteen days old—don't you think they are pretty?
Here you see them together, and all
Cosily cuddled in Granny's old shawl

Did ever you see such odd little dears?
Such little comical scallops of ears?
Little weak eyes that blink at the light—
(Five days ago they were shut up tight)

Little weak claws that, nevertheless,
Like tenter-hooks catch in your collar or dress
Well, you like Pussy's babies, I see;
But which is the prettiest out of the three?

Dolly's Misfortunes.

Oh! naughty little brother Fred!
How could you break off dolly's head?
No wonder Polly's grief is great,
To see her dolly's hapless state!

I wonder how you'd like to fare
As you have served poor dolly there!
We tell you oft "your head's no use",
You'd surely lose it if 'twere loose.
Suppose we were to set about it,
And try how you would look without it





Under the Apple Tree.

Brother Jack, on the top of the wall,
Whatever you do, take care not to fall!
It's dreadfully wrong to get up there,
And I'm surprised that you should dare;
But, as you're just beneath the tree,
Throw some ripe apples down to me





School

it straight, dollies, all in a row!
I'm going to give you a lesson, you
know!

Birch in my hand and book in my
lap.

Grandmother's spectacles and cap

I'm sorry to find, Belinda Jane,

You don't know one of your
lessons again;

So stand up there, in the
dunce's place,

With a fool's-cap on, like
a doll in disgrace





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Birch in my hand and book in my
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Grandmother's spectacles and cap
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You don't know one of your
lessons again;

So stand up there, in the
dunce's place,

With a fool's-cap on, like
a doll in disgrace.



The Dancing Lesson

ne, two, three
four, five, six!
Oh, dolly dear!

You haven't a
notion of
grace, that is
clear.

Don't poke your
head forward,
turn out your toes!

Look at Letitia—
how nicely she
goes!



Pick-a-Back.

Take care, little rider, or else you may tumble;
And good-natured palfrey, be sure you don't stumble!
Round and round the room they go
With many a "whoop," "gee up," and "woh!"



Little Maud runs on by the side
With "Me too, Harry! give me a ride!"
It's well cousin Harry is kind and strong,
Or he might not care to be horse so long.

The Kitten's Ride.

Now pussy, dear pussy, we'll give you
a ride!

I'll lift you on, darling, and stand at
your side;

Or else from our horse's broad back you
might slip

When we urge it to gallop, with voice
and with whip.

No doubt you have envied us often
before.

When prancing so merrily over the
floor:

You'll find it the greatest of treats,
pussy dear;

Yet, somehow, you don't look quite
happy, I fear!





Little Dutchwomen.

The two little girls on the opposite page,
Are two little Dutchwomen, steady and sage;
They look so old-fashioned, sedate, and demure,
That they never could romp or be noisy, I'm sure
Their father's a stout Burgomaster I guess;
Their mother a dame with high ruff and stiff dress,
Who in wonderful order keeps cupboard and shelf,
And trains up her daughters to copy herself;
So each little girl, when as old as her mother,
We may safely foretell will be just such another





Over the Plank.

Two little girls
Coming over this plank
Will they reach safely
The opposite bank?

Step lightly,—be careful,—
The bridge is but weak,
It's bending already—
Suppose it should break?

The Little Stranger.

Poor little weary foreign maid,
Far from her own bright home!
Like some fair wandering bird she seems
Amid our cold and gloom

No father's hand to guard her way,
No tender mother near her,
A gift from little loving hands,
Though small, perhaps may cheer her.



On the Common.

Four merry girls on the common together,
On a bright breezy morning early in May,
Full of the joy of the fair Spring weather,
Birds are no wilder nor flowers more gay
Hither and thither they flit and they ramble,
Now this way, now that way, they dart in
their glee,
Tearing their dresses on furze-bush or bramble
Playing at hide and seek round the old tree





The Gossip.

These three little friends have just happened to meet,
 Of course they must stop, for a gossip is sweet.
 One of them has a new dolly to show,
 And the others must stay to admire it, you know
 When the doll has been duly inspected and praised,
 Some other important discussions are raised;—
 Miss Nelly is going to have a new dress,
 Which rouses some envy, I needs must confess
 I fear, if much longer they linger to chatter,
 Their mothers will wonder what can be the matter.



Sister's Letter.

Sister had a letter to-day,
Over and over again she read it,
It came from ever so far away,
I forget the place, although she said it.

After breakfast she read it twice,
And would you think it? once I caught her
Kissing—as though 'twere something nice—
The letter the morning post had brought her.

She's reading it again, I see!
I almost wonder she can care to,
Shall I ask her to read it to me?
Somehow, I hardly think I dare to.

The Bird's Nest.

Come, little sisters, come out and see
What I have found in the chestnut tree;
'Tis a little house, that will easily stand
On the palm of my outspread hand
Warmly lined and perfectly planned
By a tiny, tiny little builder:
And yet I fancy 'twould bewilder
Our architects, however wise,
A thing so perfect to devise.





The Tea Party

These good little people, so prim and demure,
 Have got on their company manners, I'm sure.
 I hope, that whene'er you are asked
 out to tea,
 You take care to show how polite you
 can be



Alle on a Summer's daye

The Queen of Hearts

Look at our dear little queen of hearts,
As she stands at the table making tarts!
Good old nurse is proud to see
How clever her own little pet can be,
For little girls, she often says,
Were not half so forward in her young days.



“The Queen of hearts shee made some tartes”

The Knave of hearts he stole those tartes



But see, round the doorway slyly
creeping
That troublesome knave of hearts
is peeping.
A terrible rogue is our knave of
hearts,
With the eye of a hawk for pies
or tartes;
Though oft he has been punished
and chidden,
He hankers still after sweets for-
bidden!



And tooke them alle awaye”



Dolly's Ill.

Alas, poor dolly! she is ill;
 Just see how pale she looks, and sad!
 I'll give her this one little pill,
 Because she seems to feel so bad.

Mamma has made it out of bread,
 And said 'twould surely cure her quite:
 There, take it, dear, and go to bed,
 And wake next morning fresh and bright



The Elephant.

Uncle Jack—come home from sea—
Is the jolliest uncle that can be!
He laughs with the girls and romps with the boys
He makes them boats and buys them toys
He tells them endless wonderful stories,
(In "Traveller's wonders" in fact he glomes)
Now he is down on his hands and knees,
His nephews, Dick and Tom, to please;
Because the youngsters say they want
"A ride on their dear old Elephant!"

Holiday Time.

sitting in the walnut tree
Dolly and I together
Both as idle as can be
This pleasant Summer weather



Books are all upon the shelves
Lessons put away
We've only to enjoy ourselves
And play and laugh all day



The Italian Girl.

Little, dark Italian maid
Underneath the vine-boughs shade
Is that golden fruit I see
In your hand, a gift for me?

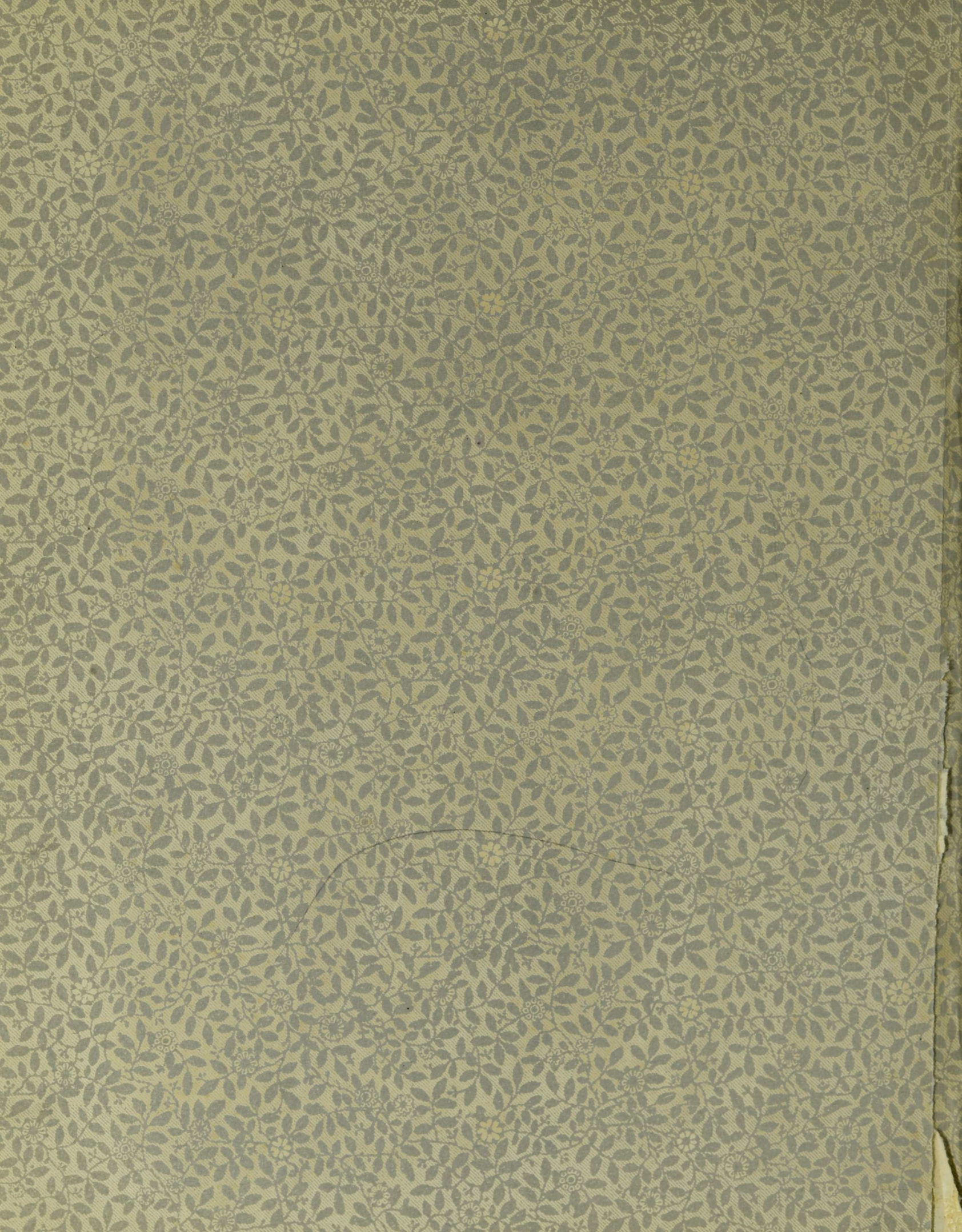
Good Bye.

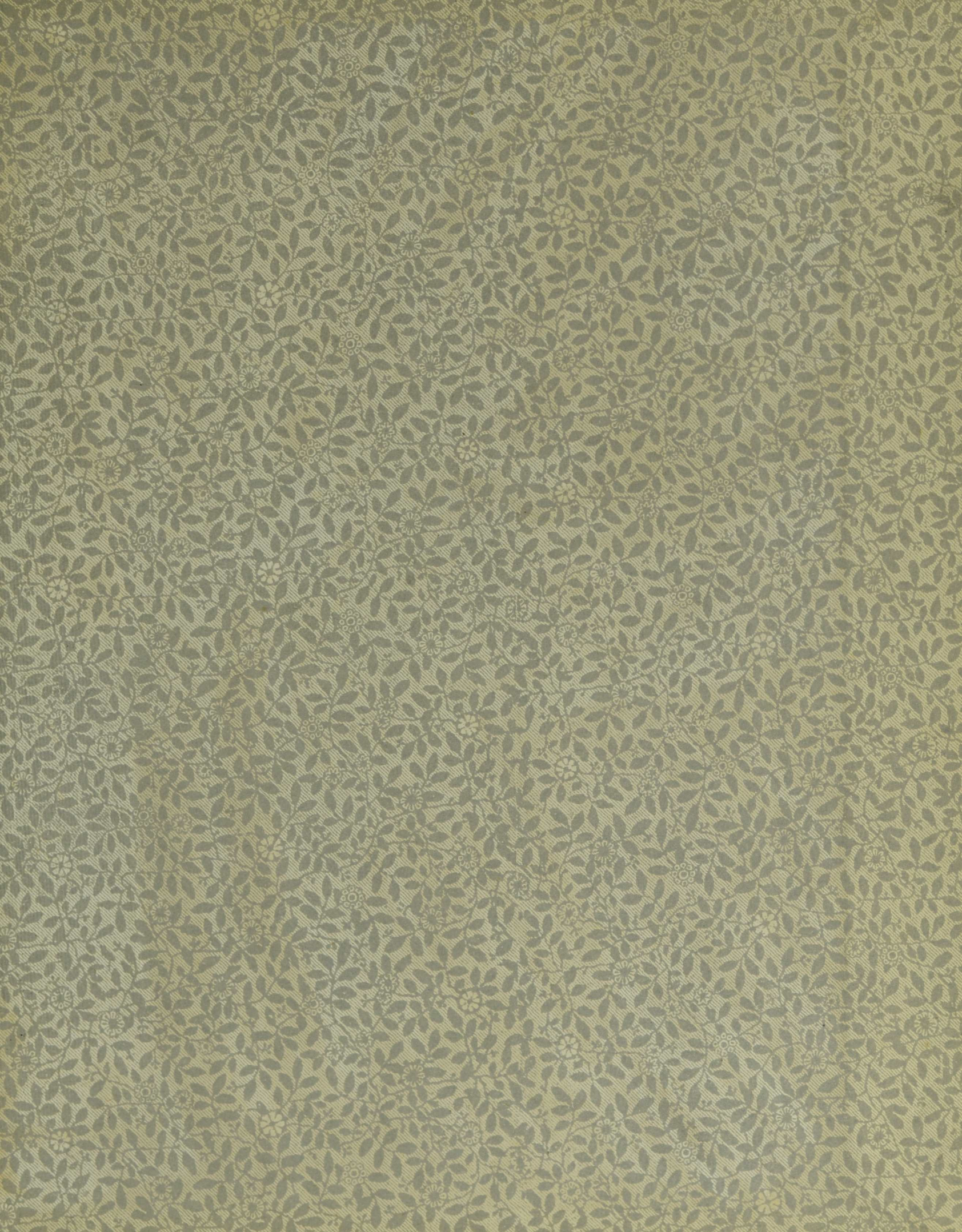
Little friend, I'm sad at heart
That we two should have to part
Quick our pleasant days have pass'd
And the close has come at last!

Merry games that we have played,
Loving words that we have said,
Little confidential talks
In the flowery garden walks

Pleasant picnics we have made
In the orchard's cooling shade
All these things must have an end
So good-bye, my little friend!







THE CHILDREN'S KETTLEDRUM

BY M.A.C.



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