

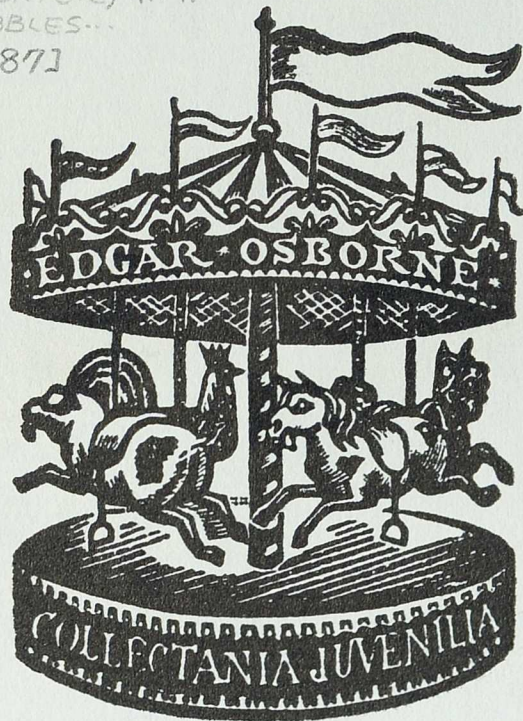
BUBBLES

by
A M Lockyer



MARCUS
WARD & CO
LIMITED

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BUBBLES...
[1887]



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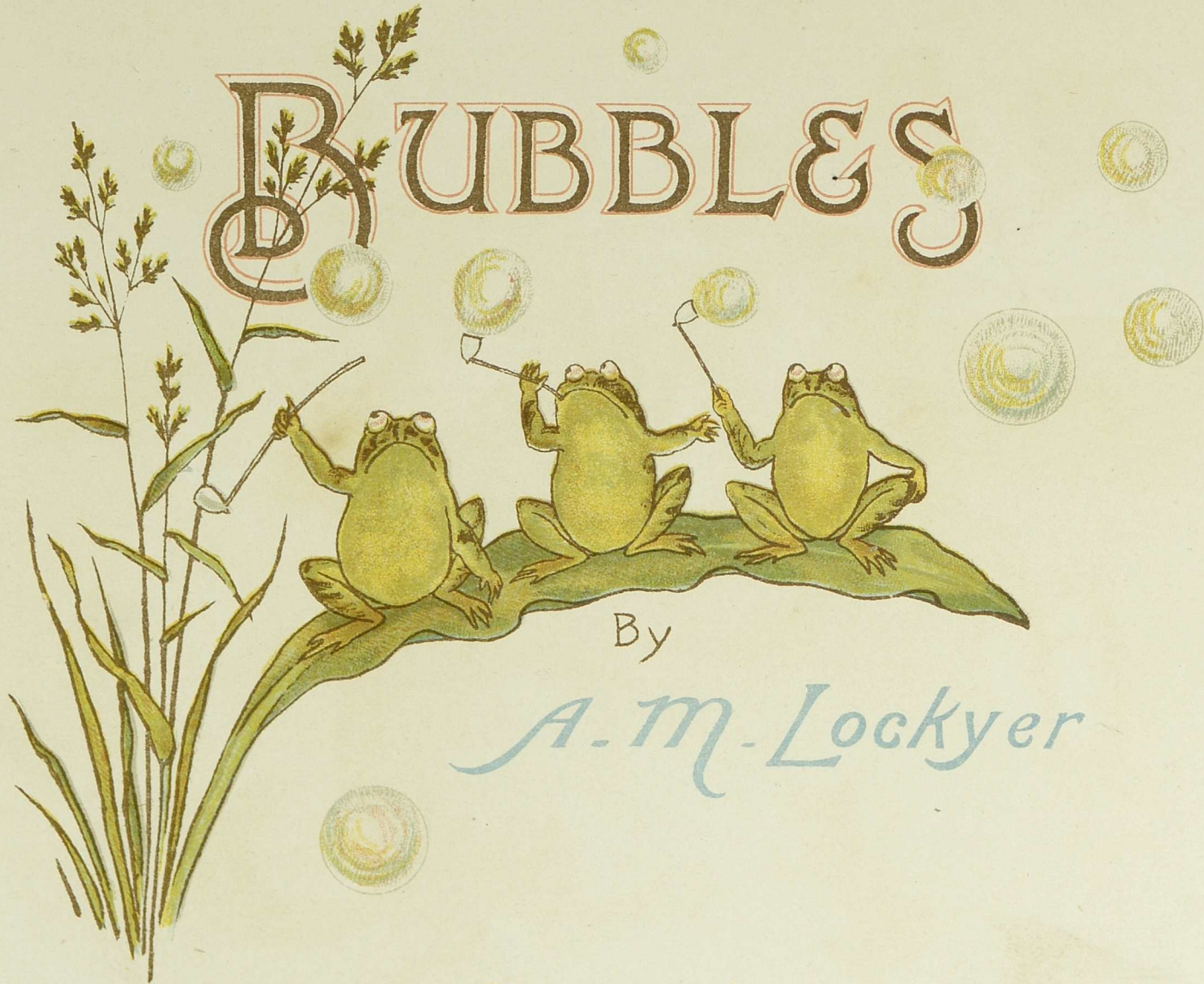
"The Earth has Bubbles as the Water has
And these are of them"

SHAKSPERE





BUBBLES



By

A. M. Lockyer

MARCUS WARD & CO LIMITED

LONDON BELFAST & NEW YORK.

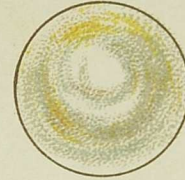


Dedicated to
OSWALD &
MARGARET



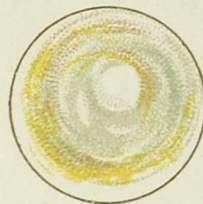
NOW that the fun is about to begin,
Three merry mice come dancing in.

BUBBLES



BUBBLES, with nothing in them! Oh, I pray,
Don't speak of them in that contemptuous way;
Although but froth, they've light and colour too,
And on their surface some reflections new.

The book is one that all who run may read,
E'en those whose pace is very slow indeed;
'Tis meant for youthful readers, large or small,
'Twill do for those who cannot read at all.
Just look it through, it will not take a minute,
And see if you can't find some fun within it.





FROG, SON & COCKROACH

AS Froggy on a summer's e'en
Sits drowsy, with contented mind,
A wily cockroach peeps behind,
Hoping to reach his home unseen.

So, slowly up the pot he creeps,
Striving to gain that hole once more
Which serves for window and for door—
While Froggy, undisturbed, still sleeps.

The top reached, as ill luck befell,
Old Froggy, suddenly alert,
Turns quick, while cockroach slips unhurt
Into the shelter loved so well.



Now brightens Froggy's twinkling eye,
And, calling to his infant son
To chivy out the wily one,
He waits until the chase comes by.





The little one is nothing loth,
But enters in with willing mind :
“ I’m sure Papa is very kind,
He thinks there is enough for both.”

Papa waits long and smells about,
Then gently tilting up the pot,
The longed-for dainty he sees not,
Only his little son grown stout.

With starting eye and trembling hand,
Two feelers from his mouth protrude:
“O Pa, excuse my being rude,
I’ve swallowed him, and he was grand!”





FANDANGO

DANCE the Fandango, foot it with glee,
Now let the orchestra play merrily ;
Darkness is near, we must separate soon,
So gracefully dance by the light of the moon.

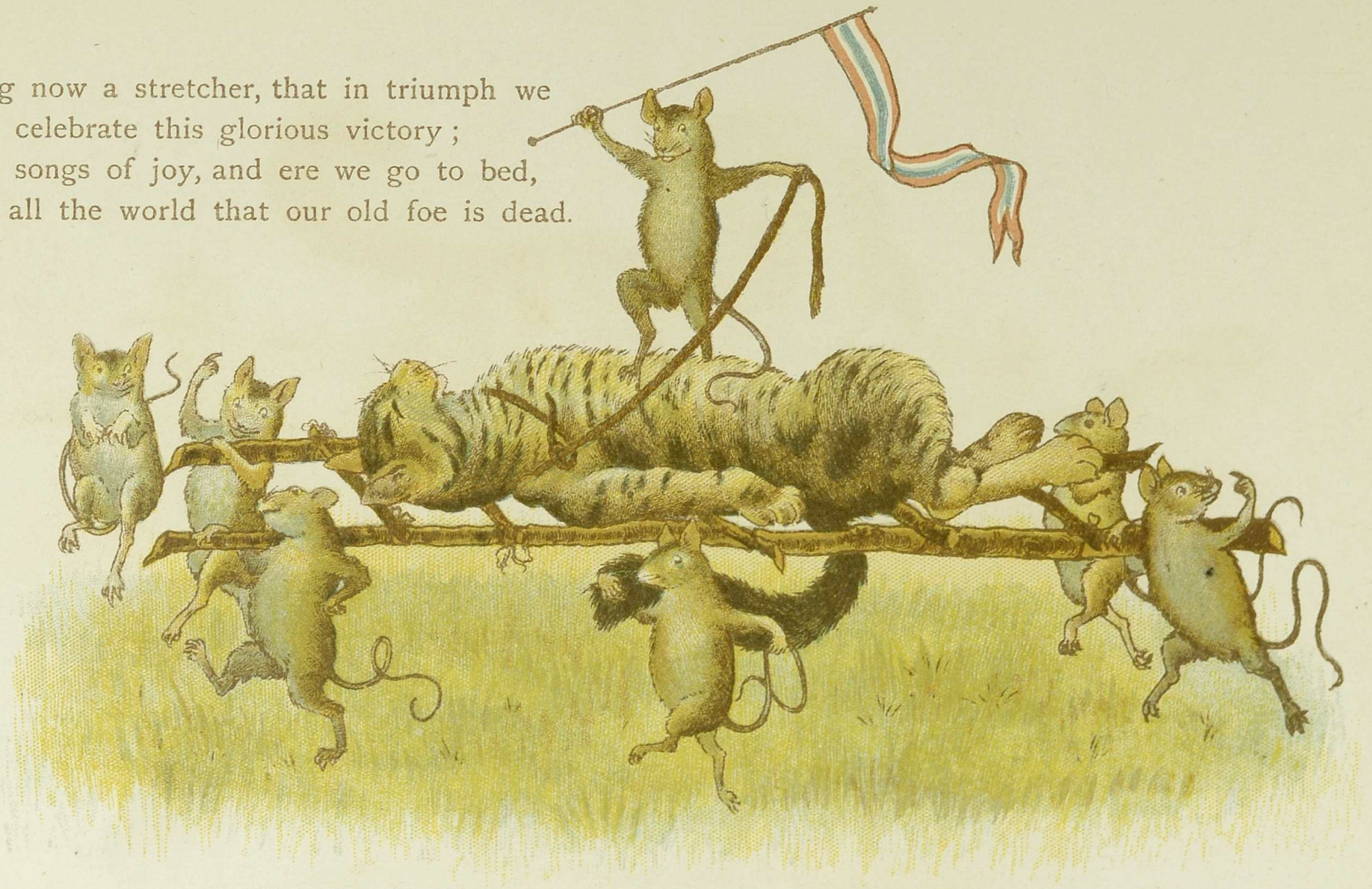
Croakers we may be, but still we find pleasure
In dancing together this jovial measure ;
And as for the damp-rising mists and the fogs,
They do us no harm, for you see we are Frogs.

THE IMPOSTOR

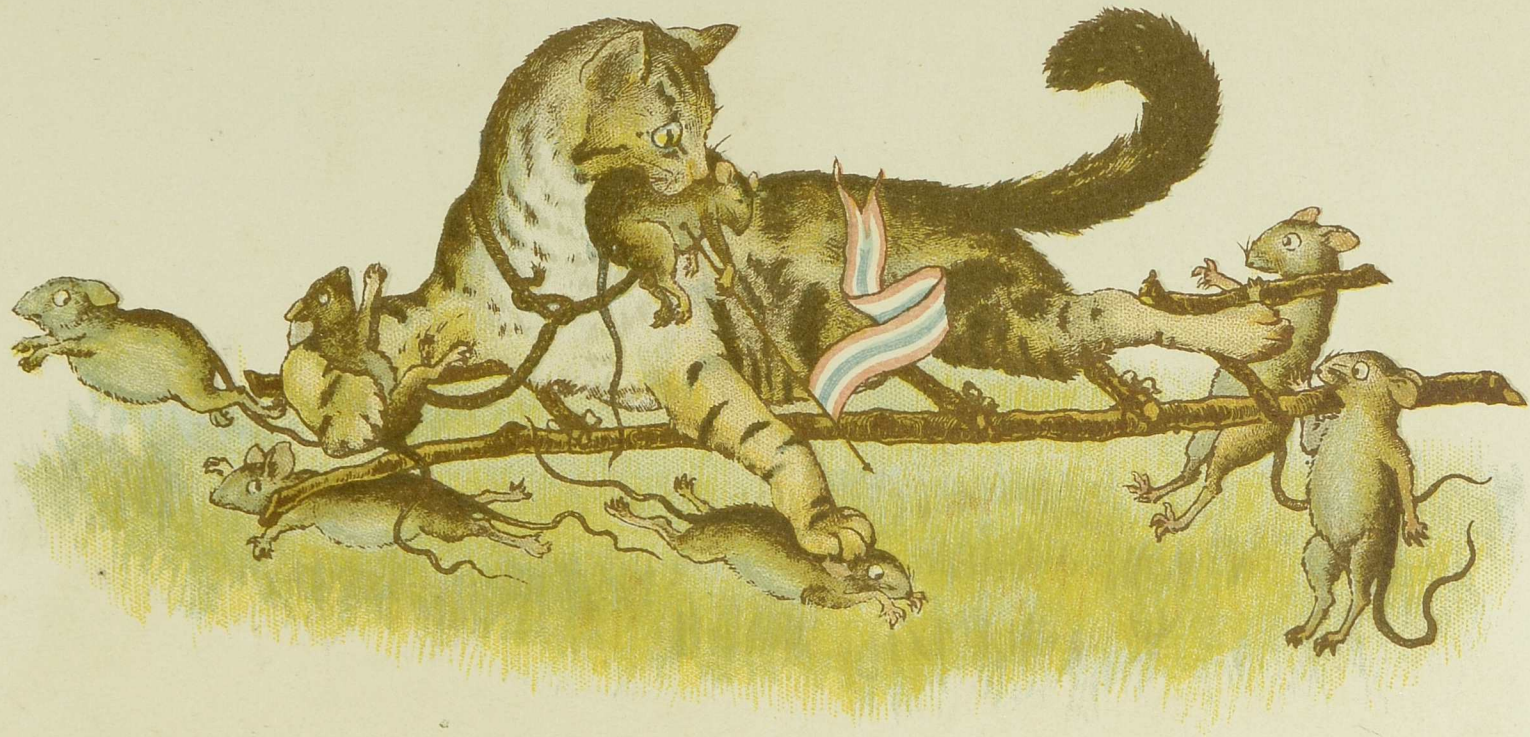
LOOK, neighbours, look! here lies poor Pussy dead ;
Peal, peal the bells, but let no tears be shed :
Our enemy no longer need we fear,
Come see her lying prone and harmless here.



Bring now a stretcher, that in triumph we
May celebrate this glorious victory ;
Sing songs of joy, and ere we go to bed,
Tell all the world that our old foe is dead.



'Tis difficult for us to shed a tear,
But with all proper pomp we'll deck her bier :
To day we'll let her lie in funeral state,
And write an epitaph upon her fate.



Short is their mirth, soon cries of grief begin,
For Pussy's art has taken them all in ;
Bristling with rage and all alive she sits,
Her tiny victims scared out of their wits.
To see them dumb and tremulous with fright,
After their triumph, is a sorry sight.

Four hapless victims here you see secured,
Whom Pussy by her artifice allured ;



The others ran away in such a fright,
Their fur turned grey all in a single night.



DETECTIVES AND DELINQUENTS

WHEN Froggies with Bull's-eyes are seen
Like Will-o'-the-Wisps on the green,
Be sure there's a reason, most probably treason
'Gainst Commonwealth, Nation, and Queen.



No doubt these delinquents they seek,
Who, flying o'er meadow and creek
In fear for their lives, will return to their wives,
And keep quiet at home for a week.

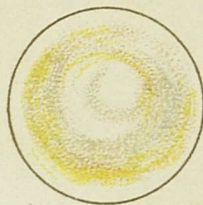
A DANCE BEFORE DINNER

PLAINTIVE little tender Mouse,
You're gladly welcome to my house ;
I feel a love for you, and find
Your music soothes my anxious mind.
Your winning ways and sweetness I
Shall know much better by-and-by.
But I don't wish to stop the fun,
We'll wait until the dance is done.
Play on, dear Mouse, unconscious play,
My appetite's not keen to-day!

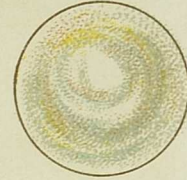


THE CONVIVIAL MICE

FOUR Mousies convivial lived in a hole,
And, luxuries liking, they borrowed or stole
A pipe and tobacco and glassful of sherry,
Quite sufficient for four to feast and make merry.
Rather curious likings for mice, you will say,
But mice don't get luxuries every day.







Their bright little eyes satisfaction expressed,
As they dipped in their tails and sucked sherry with zest ;
Having filled the pipe full of tobacco, they found
They could smoke it quite well, so they passed it around,
Then squeaked out their pleasure in very high notes,
But coughed when the pungent smoke tickled their throats.







Now as all such indulgence is bad, you must know,
They began by-and-by to feel dismal and low,
Till at last, by the wine and the smoke overcome,
Growing drowsy, each mouse became helpless and dumb.
Next morning they suffered from headache, no doubt,
For tobacco and sherry they're better without.





THE STRANGER

TO kittens at their light repast
A stranger suddenly appears,
And says, "You should not eat so fast ;
'Tis not polite, my little dears."

He fixes them with piercing eye,
And keeps them all within his view,
And says, as they prepare to fly,
"Tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-who!"

This is enough—not one will stop—
They scamper off in such a fright,
They cannot drink another drop,
Or eat another tiny mite.



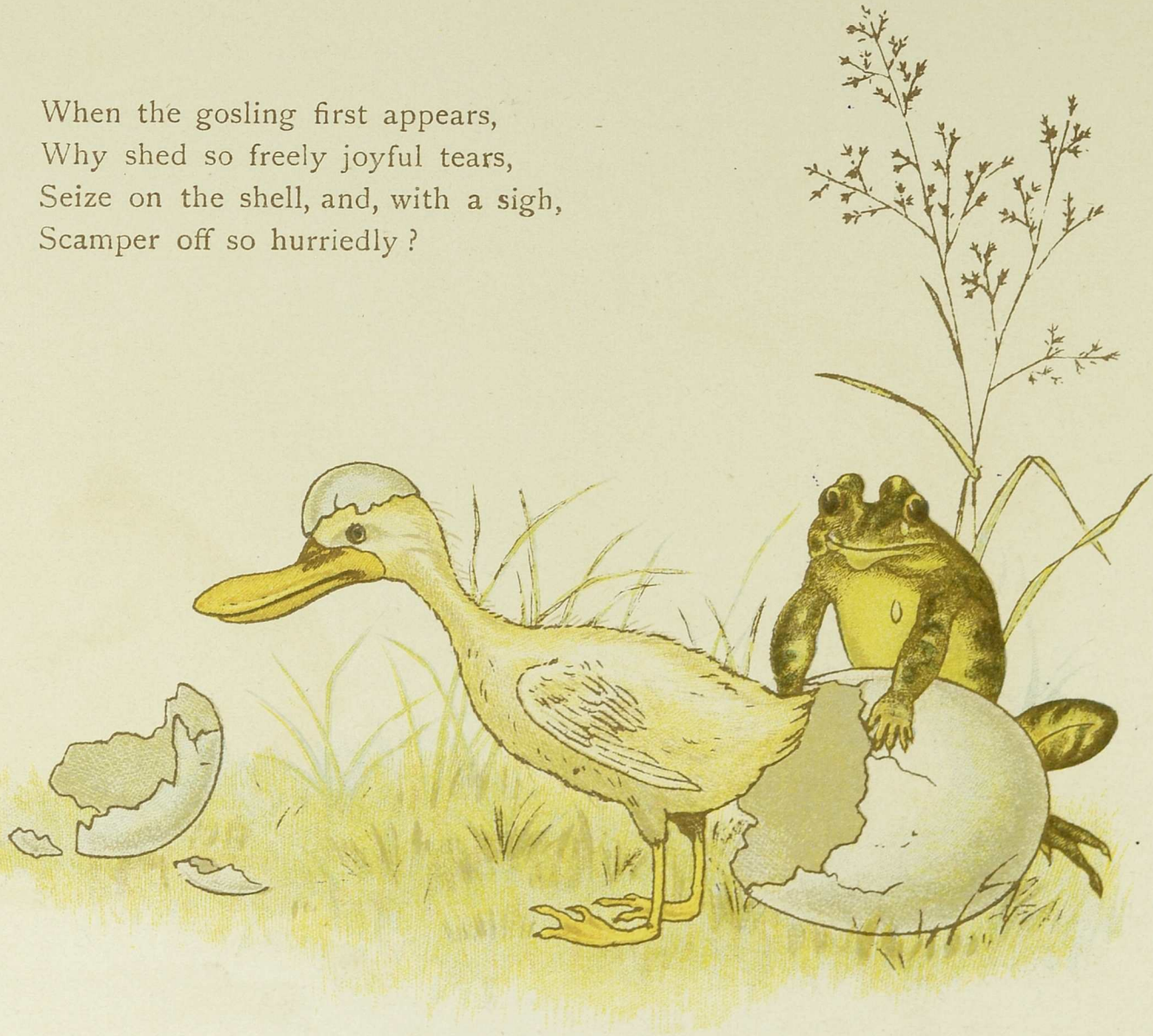
As they will neither bite nor sup,
The stranger has to finish up.



THE FROG & THE GOSLING

WANDERING, inquiring Frog,
Most at home in pond or bog,
Why so patient do you wait—
What is it you anticipate?

When the gosling first appears,
Why shed so freely joyful tears,
Seize on the shell, and, with a sigh,
Scamper off so hurriedly ?



“ The stupid bird won't feel the loss,
And I've a cold, and wish to cross
Without delay, and with dry feet,
The pond, so farewell till we meet.”



O Froggy! 'tis a risky boat,
I doubt much whether it will float :



He's off! and waves, with graceful hand,
Adieu to Goosey on the land.

A CURE FOR A COLD

MR. MOUSEY caught a cold!
And vowed no longer he'd endure it.
You see him here in blanket rolled,
Doing his very best to cure it.
He's got his feet in water hot,
Upon his knees is something hotter,
Which he believes will harm him not,—
It's milk—and something else—and water!
Three days he'll keep within the house—
What better cure for man or mouse?





SULTRY WEATHER

'TIS very warm, I'm gasping for fresh air,
This summer temperature is hard to bear—
The damp and dews suit me. Ah! when again
Shall we have weeks and weeks of pleasant rain,
When ponds are full, and fields are soaking wet?
Phew! I believe a sunstroke I shall get.



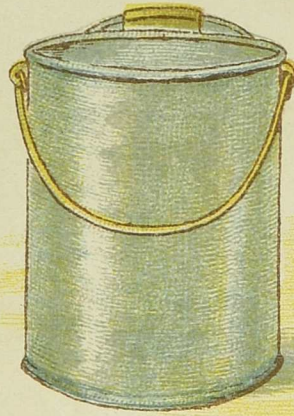
A LITTLE SPORT

TWO sportsmen, when the shooting season came,
Went out one day to shoot a little game ;
Not having had much practice with a gun,
Many a bird they saw, but bagged not one.



At last a chance. "Stand still! Upon my word
I think I have him." Bang! Off flew the bird!
The luckless comrade, standing far too near,
Received the charge instead, and lost an ear.

THE MICE
AND THE MILK-CAN



THESE Mice have a capital plan
To steal milk from an uncovered can ;
With a collar and rope
They very much hope
To succeed with this eggshellent plan.



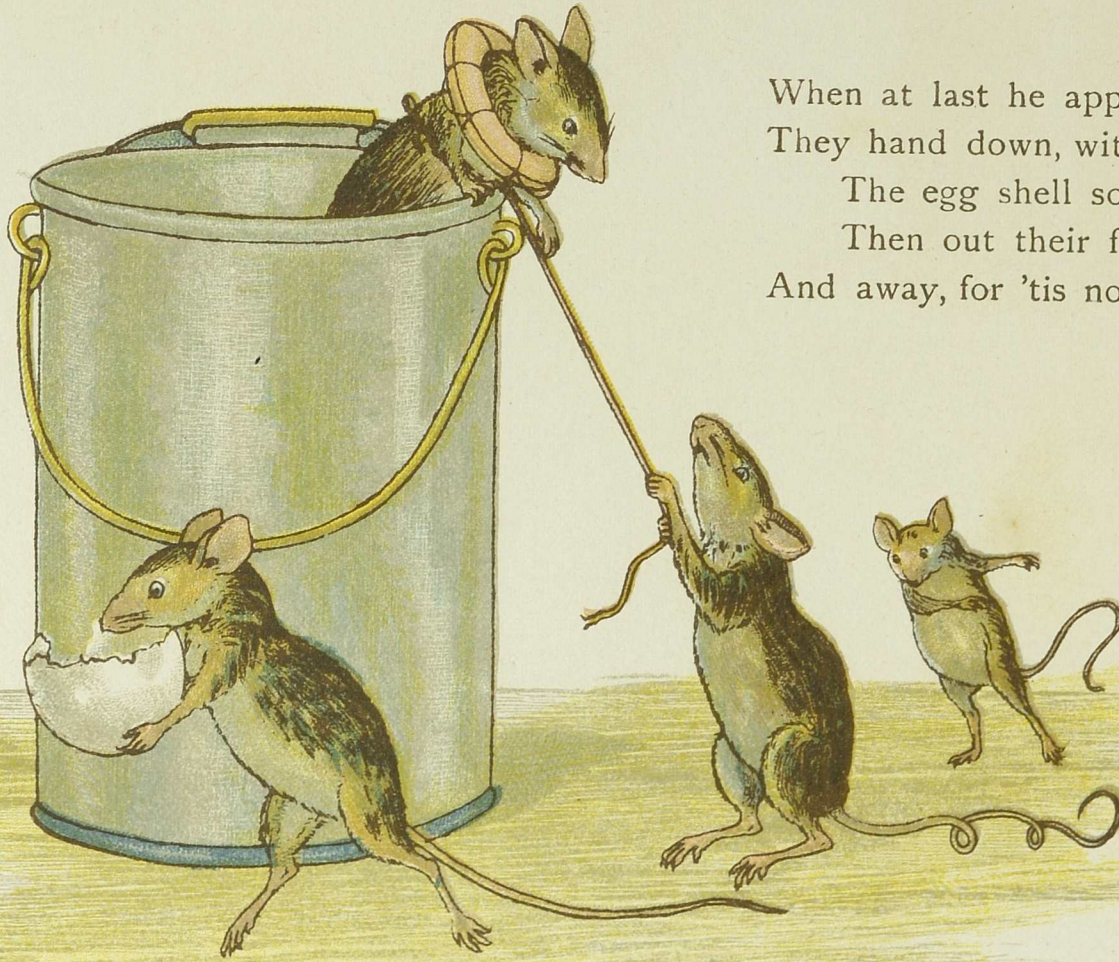
They let down their youngest with care,
For they have not much tackle to spare,
And hold themselves ready
To pull him up steady,
And anxiously wait for their share.

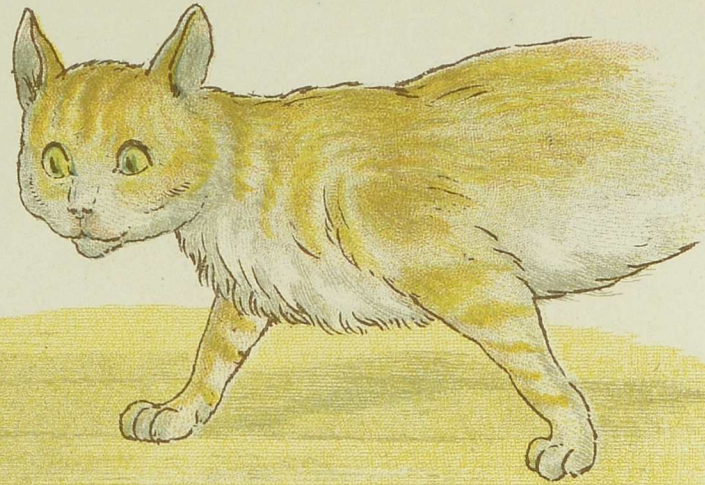


But the mouse that's on guard quickly cries,
"Here comes Pussy—I see her bright eyes!
O pull him up slick,
And in mercy be quick,
Or we'll not get away with our prize!"



When at last he appears at the top,
They hand down, without spilling a drop,
The egg shell so full,
Then out their friend pull,
And away, for 'tis not safe to stop.





But ere they can fairly clear out,
Puss comes to see what they're about ;
And upset in a minute
Is the shell and milk in it—
Of their fate I'm afraid there's no doubt.



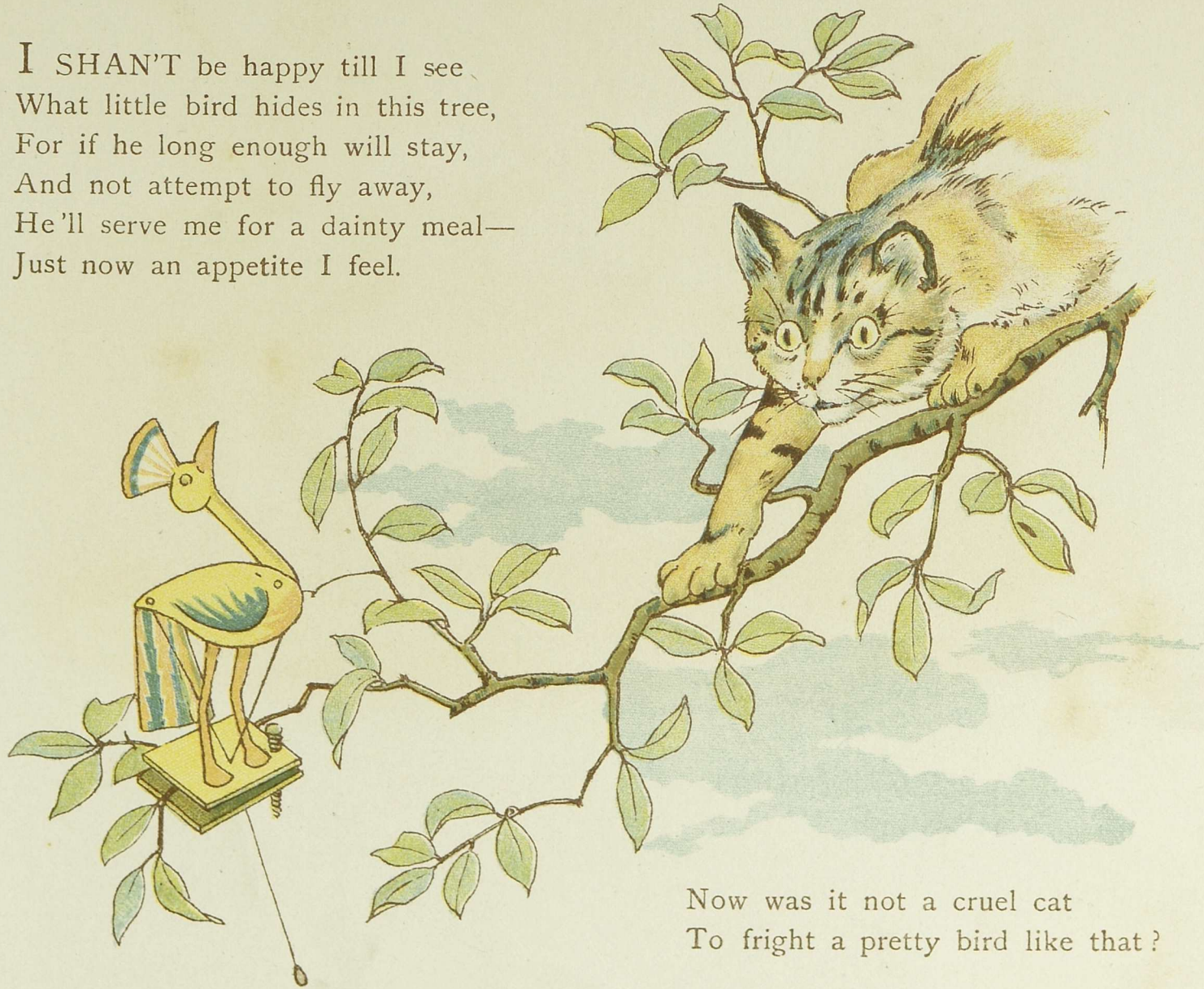
A MARSH MELODY

I AM the Prima Donna of the marsh;
Don't wonder if my voice is rather harsh,
For all day long I'm lurking in the fen,
And seldom get to bed till half-past ten.

You haven't often heard a voice like mine,
My high notes are particularly fine;
And since my Brothers joined me on the stage,
Our Operatic Trios are the rage.

THE WAGTAIL

I SHAN'T be happy till I see,
What little bird hides in this tree,
For if he long enough will stay,
And not attempt to fly away,
He'll serve me for a dainty meal—
Just now an appetite I feel.



Now was it not a cruel cat
To fright a pretty bird like that?

THE MICE AND THE OYSTER

A PHILOSOPHER Mouse, who was aged and grey,
Had many disciples, and showed them the way
To be steady and wise, yet merry in season,
And for all things that happened to find out a reason.



As the subject of oysters to them was a mystery,
He gave them a lecture on "Natural History:"
On the shell, with its beauteous pearl, he dilated,
A few words on its culture, its price unabated,

And, ending, exclaimed—" Now I'll give you a treat ;
This mollusc is found quite delicious to eat :
'Tis just dinner time, and each one I invite
To oyster with me, and a good appetite."



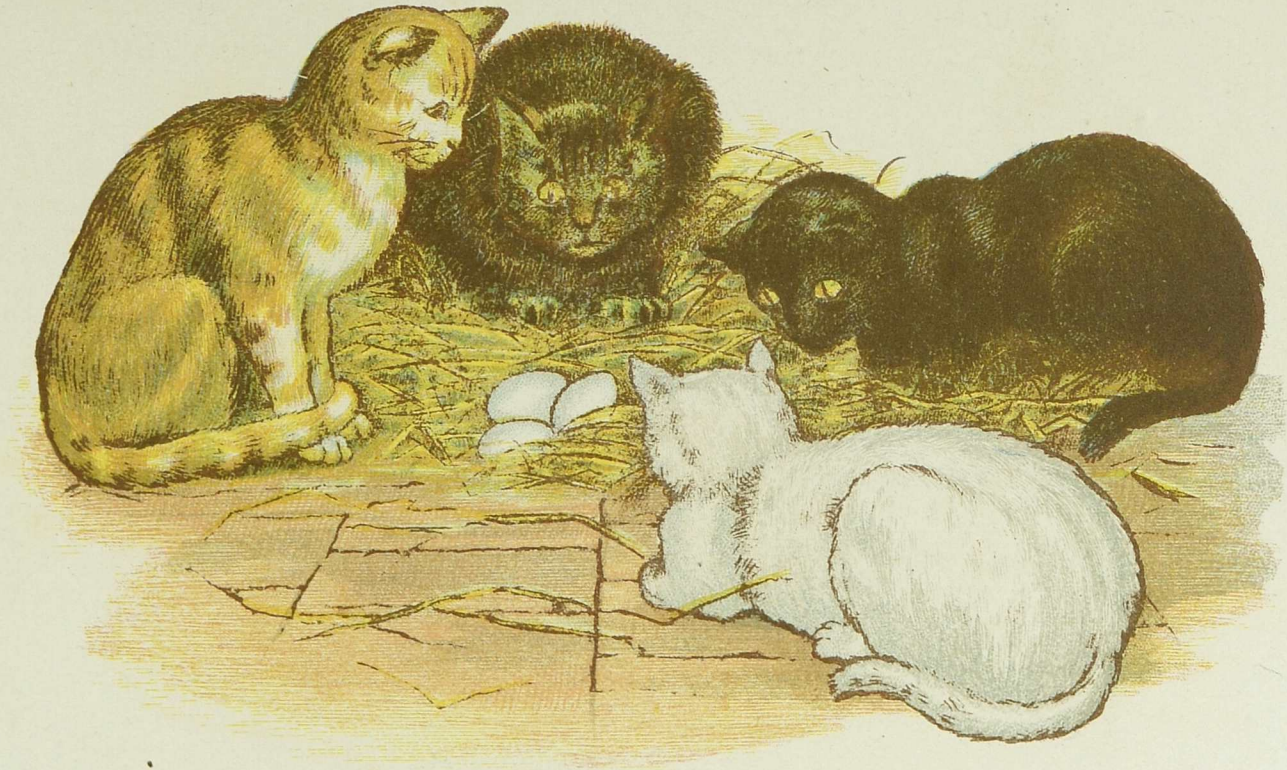
He entered the shell, and he carved with much grace,
Forgetting that caution was due in that place.

The oyster for fresh air before opened wide,
Now shut up with a snap, with the sage still inside!
His pupils dismayed can be scarcely called winners,
They lost in one moment their friend and their dinners ;



But they learned this one fact, and digested it well—
When you tickle an oyster, stand clear of its shell.

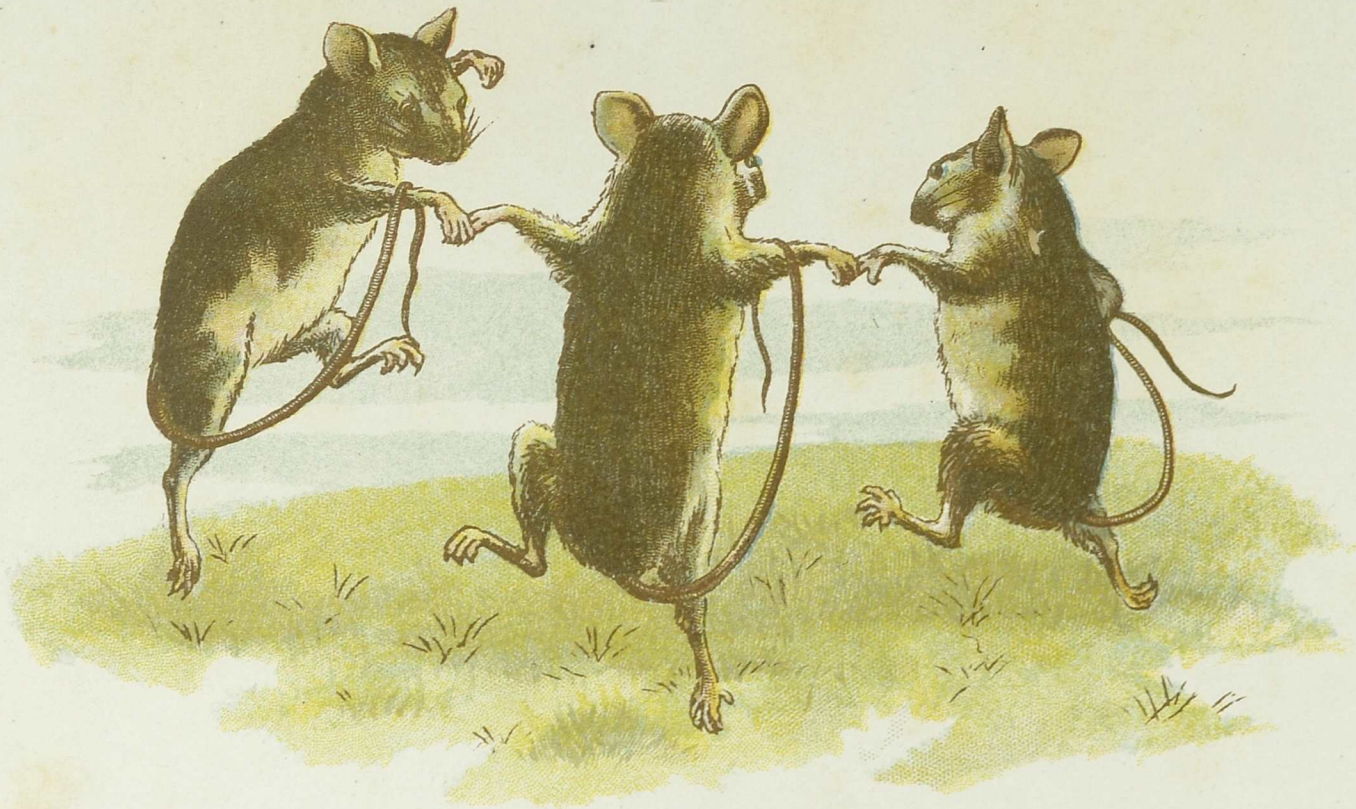
CHICKEN HAZARD

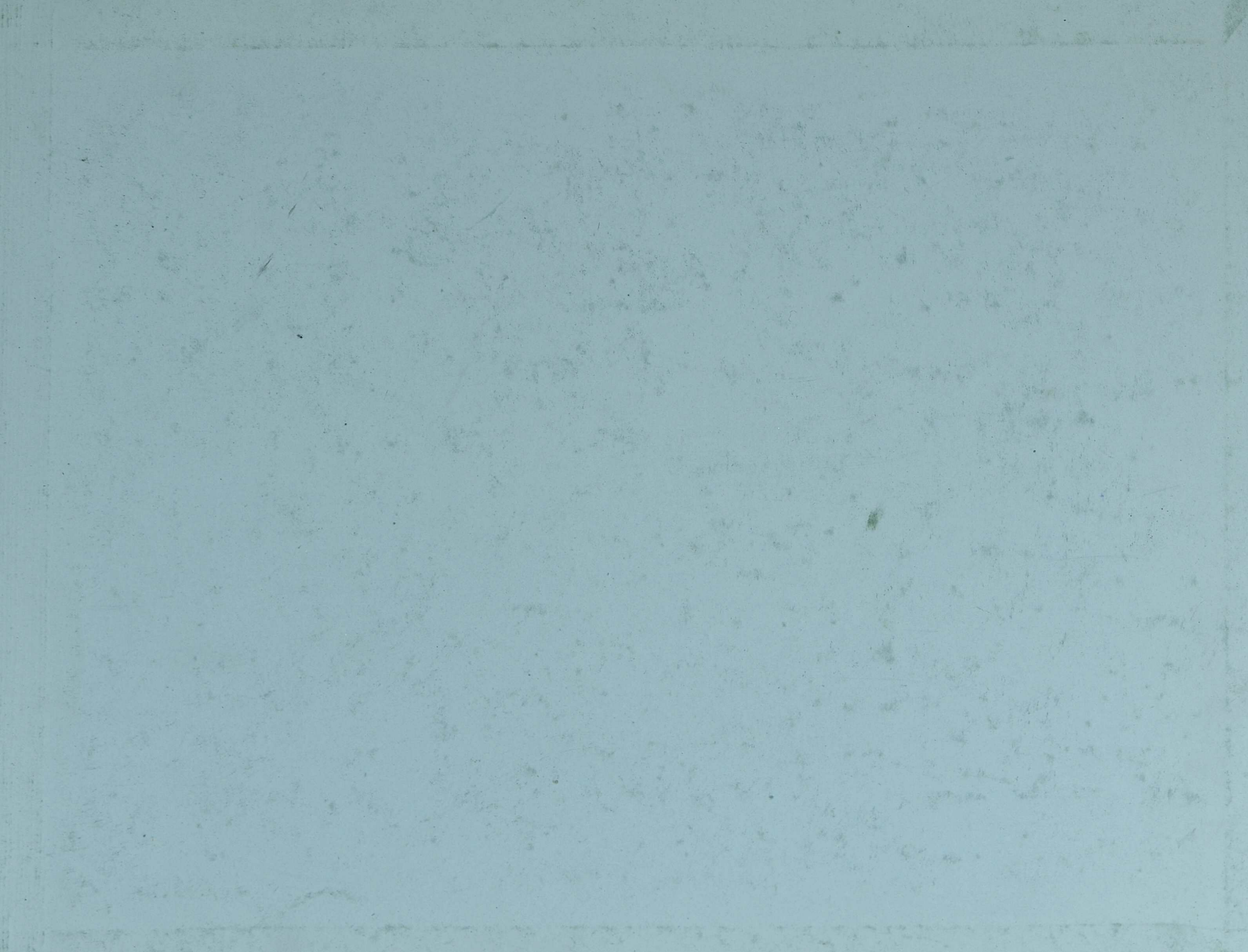



ANXIOUS and worn with watching,
Four cats you see portrayed ;
Evil is their intention
I'm very much afraid.

Oh, who would be a chicken,
Beginning life like that,
Completely at the mercy
Of every pussy cat!

OUR bubble's burst—your judgment please append ;
All bubbles and all tails must have an end.







"The Earth has Bubbles as the Water has
And these are of them"

SHAKSPERE

