

ONE SHILLING.

MERRY CONCEITS

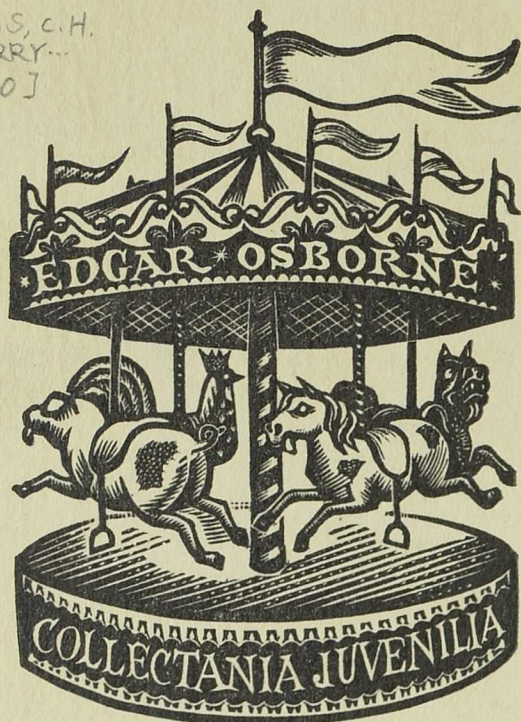
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CHARLES H. ROSS.



LONDON: GEORGE ROUT

P
ROSS, C. H.
MERRY...
[1870]



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III



MERRY CONCEITS
AND
WHIMSICAL RHYMES.

WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY
CHARLES H. ROSS.

ENGRAVED AND PRINTED BY EDMUND EVANS.



LONDON:
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS,
THE BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL.



THERE was an old party who smelt at a rose,
And a crickelty-crackle ran right up his nose,
Danced a jig in his head, and, before he could wince,
Flew out at his ear, and has not been seen since.



We,
As you see,
Have one eye among three,
Which happens to be
Belonging to me;
But when I die,
There'll be no eye,
And these poor two,
Whatever will they do?



THERE was a man who built a house,
And when the winds began to grumble,
He with his shoulder propped it up,
For much he feared that it would tumble.
He propped it up throughout the day,
Till it was time to go to bed,
But as he blew the candle out,
'The roof fell down upon his head.



THERE once was a King did a very sad thing—
He nipped all the buds off the flowers in spring.
When the thistles and weeds heard tell of his deeds,
They shook their old heads till they shook out their seeds;
Then they rose by the score, and choked up his door,
So he couldn't get out to do harm any more.
There, a lesson to teach, they left him to screech,
Whilst the flowers grew gaily just out of his reach.



Oh! jump, all ye baa-lambs, for joy,
Dear Phyllis, laugh on till you cry,
And Chloe, let's dance till we're tired,
Then we'll rest, while we try and think why.



HAISIEDAISIE was Queen, and behaved as such :
To her came a-courting King Hutchimicrutch ;
Though his Majesty thought it exceedingly odd
That she should encourage King Hoddimidod,
Yet both the kings vowed to belabour the nob
Of another great suitor—King Hobbimibob ;
But while they conspired, she played them a trick,
And flew off to church with Prince Rickettick.



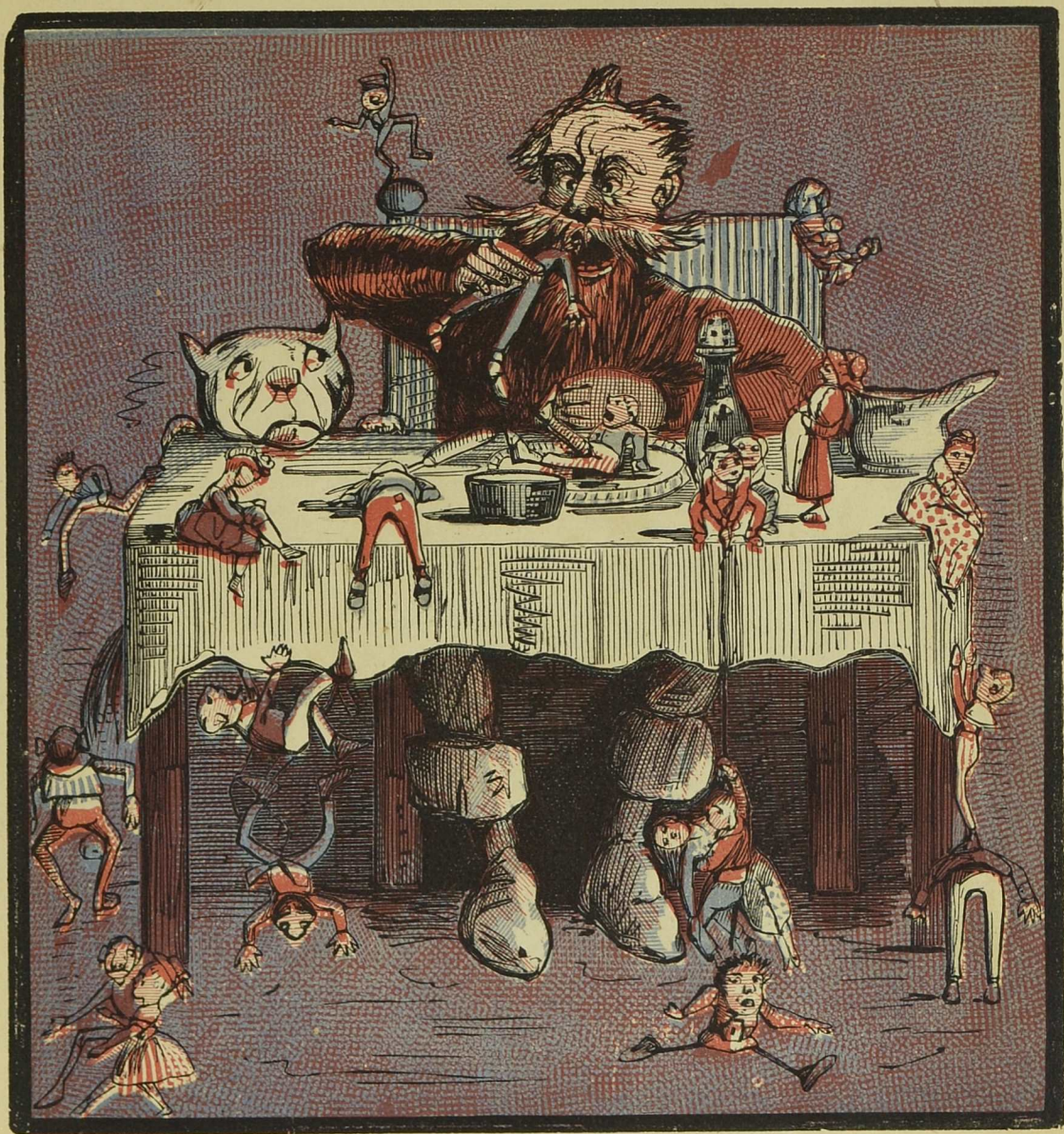
A GENTEEL dame once kept a school ;
She wore her shoes high-heeled, with buckles ;
She taught five languages under a pound,
And the sixth one over the knuckles.



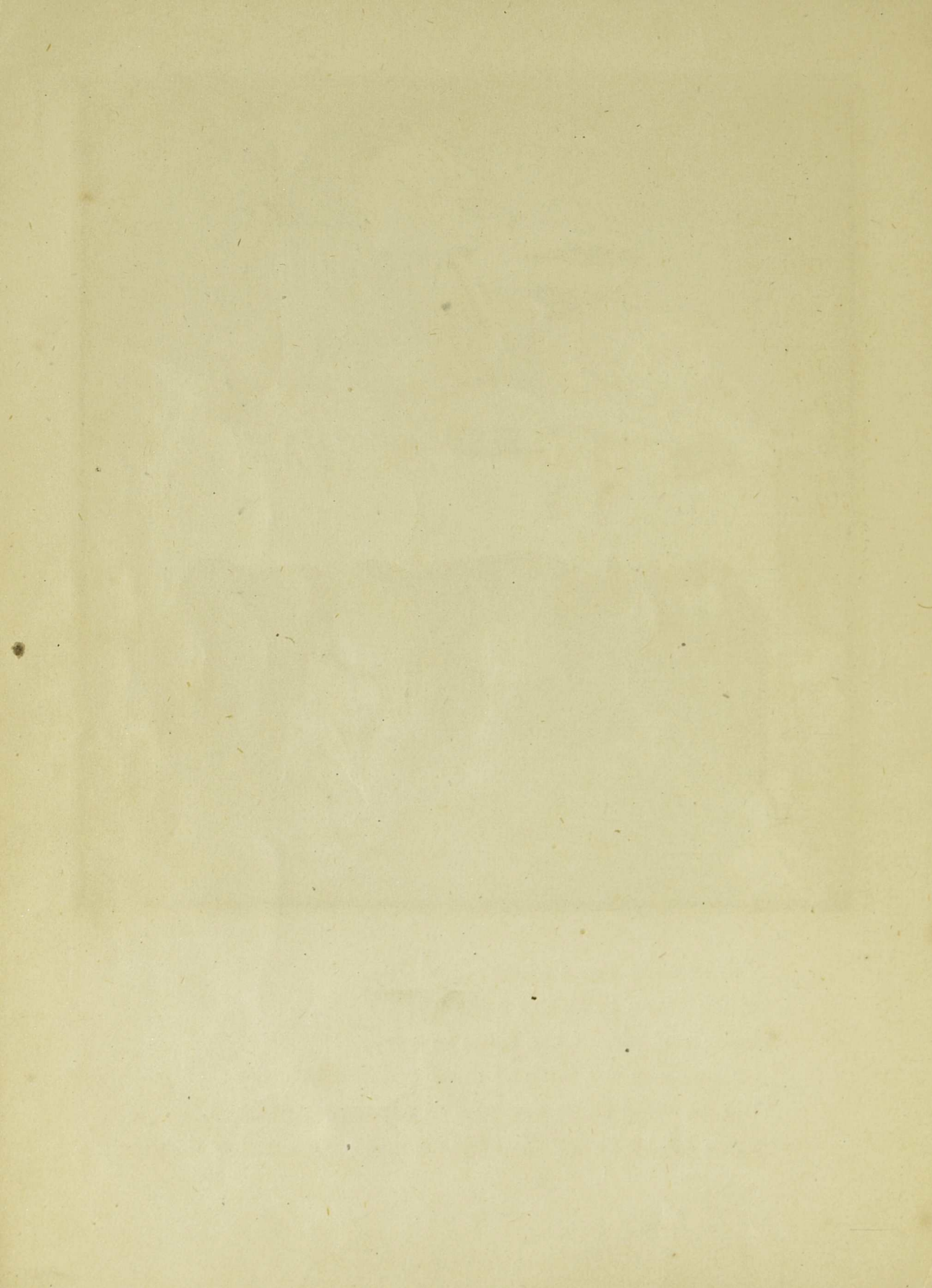
THIS was the trick
Nick played to Dick ;
Nick got the stick,
And Dicky got sticky.



HERE is pretty little Jinnie,
Nursing Master Pickaninnie :
I wonder, now, why Pickaninnie
Couldn't nurse poor little Jinnie ?



THERE once was a giant called Jup,
MUCH given to eating folks up;
BABY-girl pie, or the same in a fry,
OR sometimes a hash of small ladkins he'd try;
BUT he liked them the best as asparagus dressed,
THEN he'd bite off their heads, and give Pincher the rest.





Two Pussies once were having a chat,
And one made this observation :—
“ Me-yow-le-wow, me-yow-le-wow !”
Which ended the conversation.
Now, if they'd said more, or even said less,
Or nothing at all, it is clear,
We shouldn't have been much wiser,
Had we been there to hear.



ROSIE-POSIE softly sleeping,
Nozy-Bozy up comes creeping,
Stings the cheek of Rosie-Posie,
Tweaky-weaky, Nozy-Bozy!



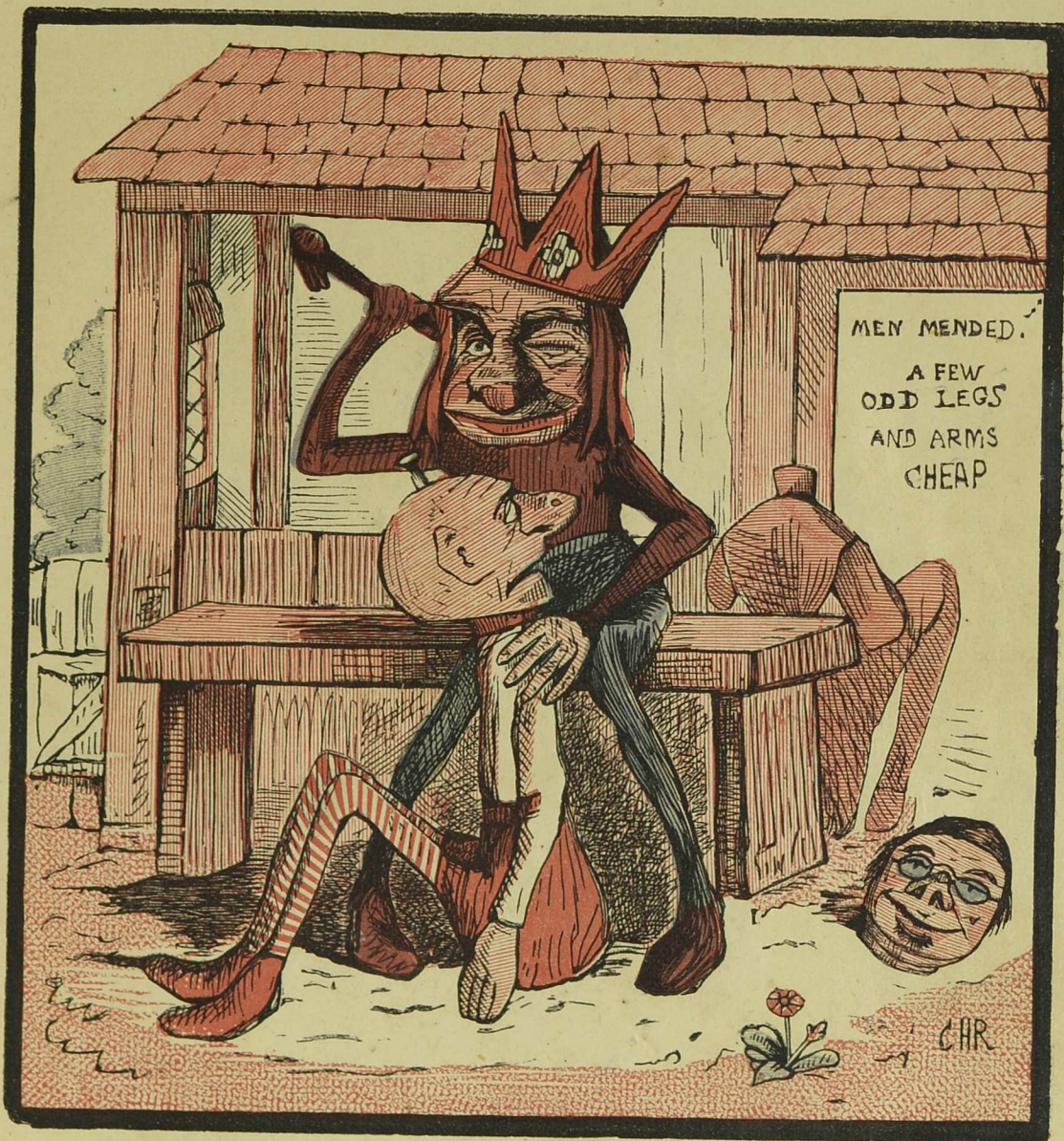
Two little tittlebats lived in a pond,
And one of the other was doatingly fond.

“Shall we marry?” says he.

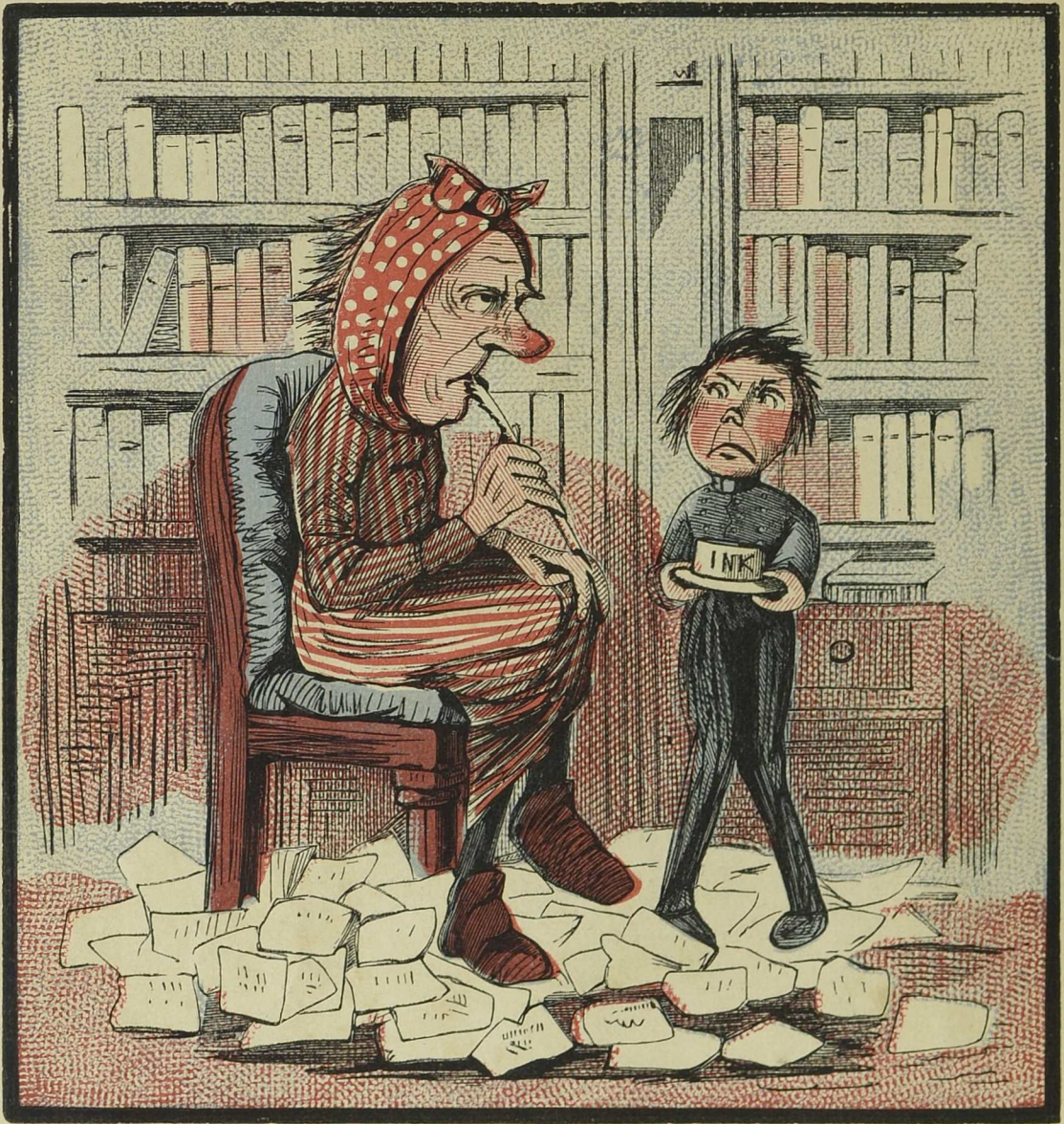
“No, thank you,” says she;

“I am told there are much finer fish in the sea.”

But, says he—who knew better—“That’s fiddle-de-dee!”



PRAY, have you heard of the fight there has been
 'Twixt the tinkers and the tailors,
 And how heads and limbs were fixed on again
 By the King of the Tenpenny-nailers?
 Hey, for a fine peal of bells!
 And hey, lads, go run for the ringers!
 For the King is as blind as a bat,
 And hasn't the use of his fingers!



THE wisest old man that ever was known
In the famous Wiseacre nation,
Sat up all night, with his head in a sling,
To make this calculation:—
If Tom's father was John's son,
But John's son hadn't a father,
What would John's son's son have done,
If Tom's son's father wouldn't rather?
He worked all night, and he worked all day,
Till he came to this conclusion,
That Tom's son's father's father's son
Was the cause of much confusion.



THREE old men sat a-thinking
For thirteen weeks and a day;
The first old man said nothing,
And the second old man said less,
So the third old man walked away.



There was a young native of France,
Good gracious ! just couldn't she dance !
Even now she's grown old,
And her toes have gone cold,
You can see at a glance,
From her amble and prance,
She must, in her time, have surprised them in France.



THIS very rude act absolutely was done
By a very rude boy to Policeman A 1;
But the pencil that sketched it was found quite unequal
To the task of depicting the terrible sequel.



THE wind from the North came bellowing forth,
And a blow in the mouth gave the wind from the South ;
'The wind from the West, too, was sorely distressed,
But the wind from the East didn't care in the least.



His name it was Jack ;
He was off in a crack,
And he never came back.



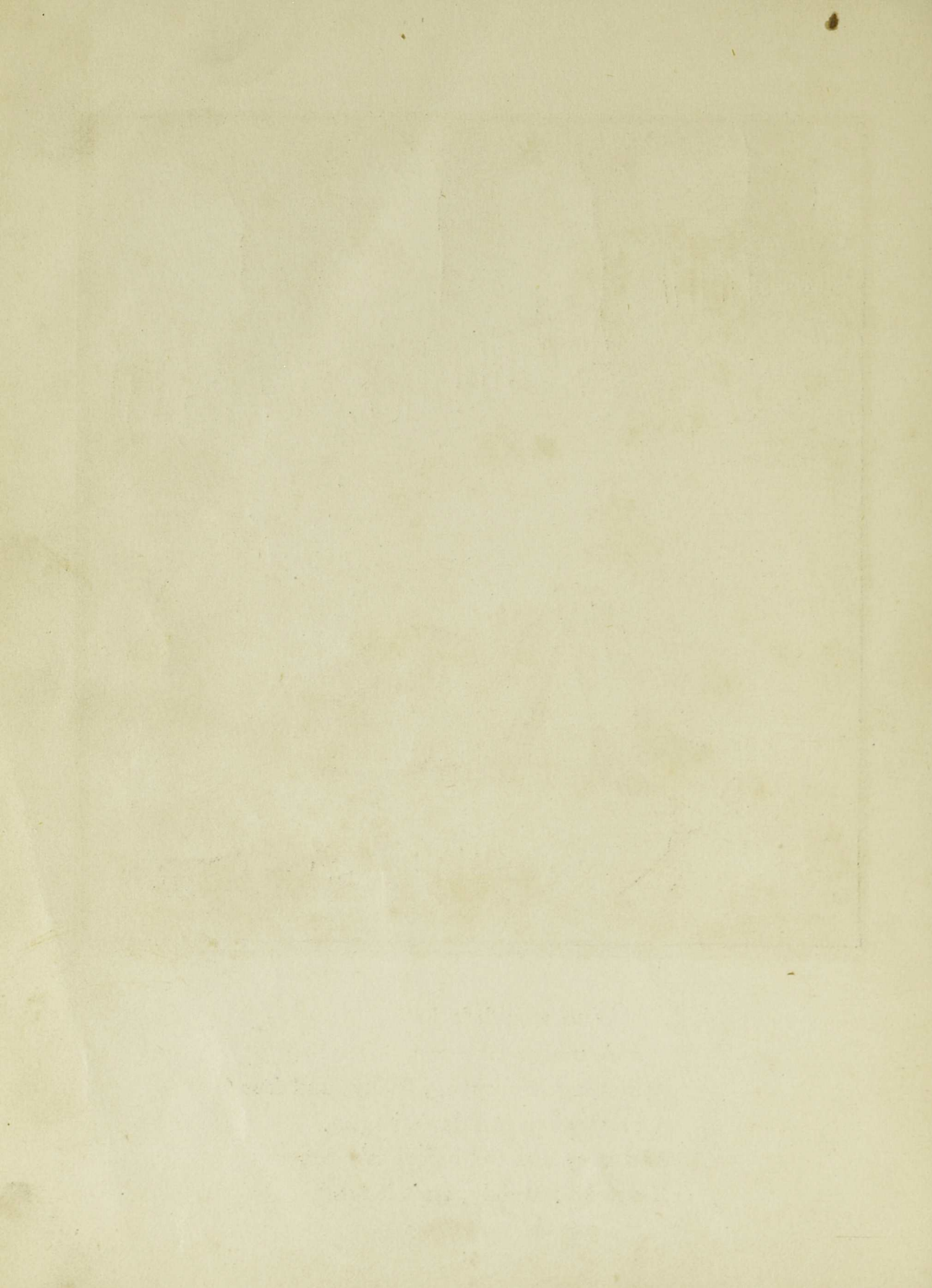
HER name it was Jane,
And she begged to explain,
She'd not do it again.

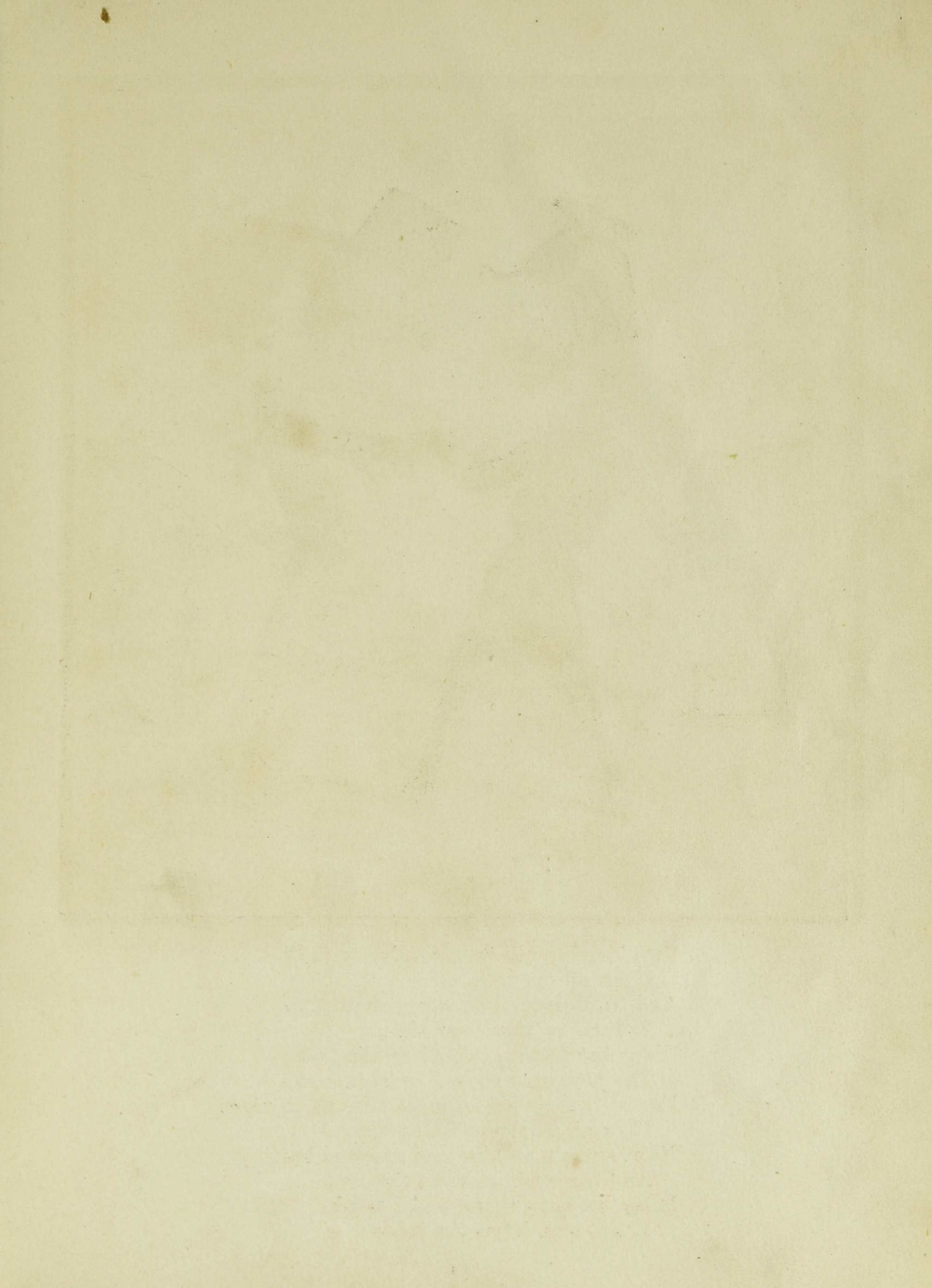


THE Laird of Fife sailed in search of his wife,
But he could never find her,
For she was sailing in seach of him,
And he always came in behind her.
They lost their patience quite, one day,
At thus for ever failing,
So turned their heads the other way,
And still they went on sailing.



Who wouldn't be
A midge like me,
Rollicking, frolicking, frisky, and free?
A baby when the day's begun,
And grey and old before it's done:
Midgedy-Pidgedy, isn't it fun?



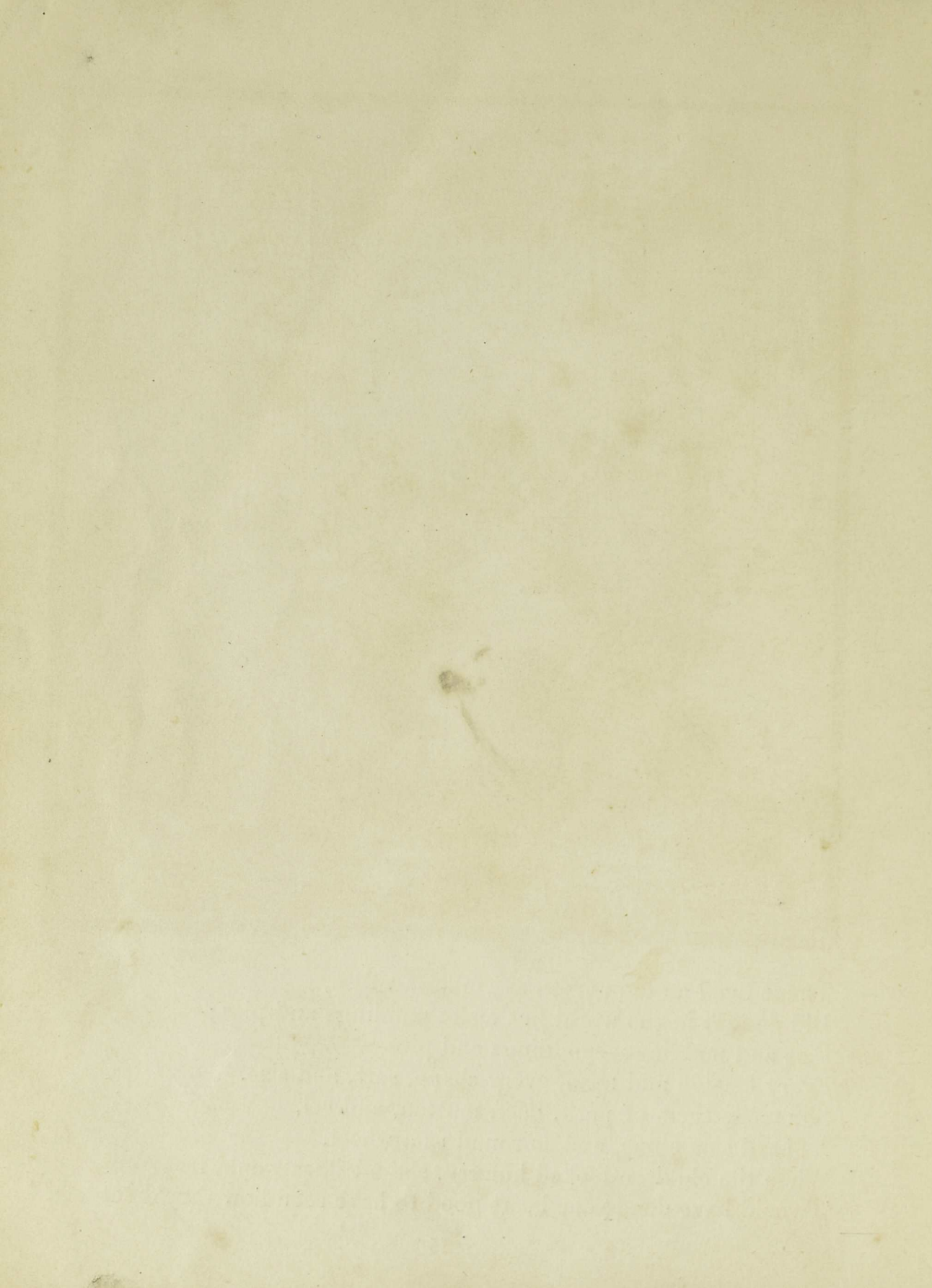


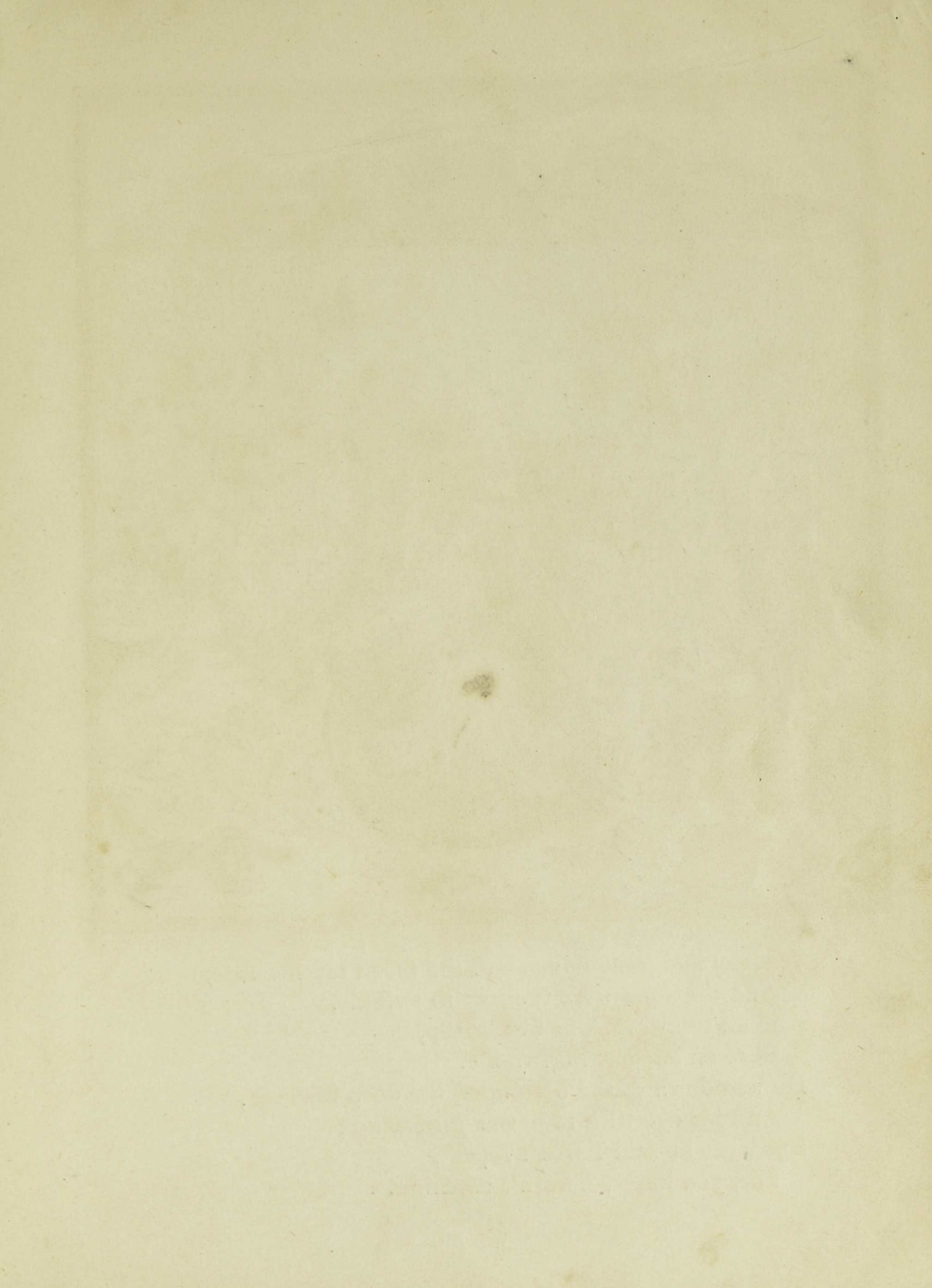


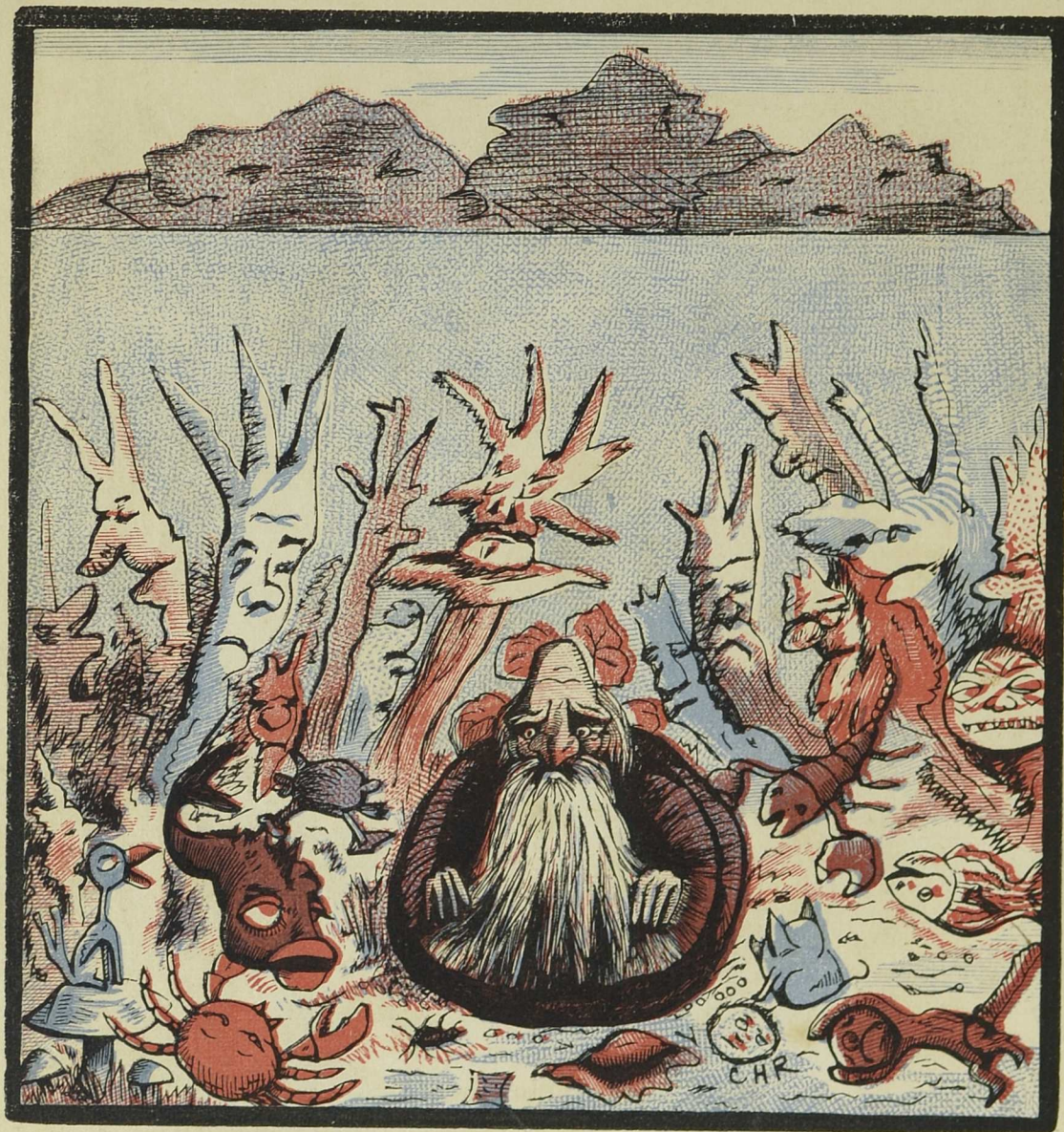
Two knights did once resolve to fight
 Upon an open plain,
 And 'twas agreed no peace should be
 Till one of them was slain.
 'Twas hard to say which of the two
 The best man should be reckoned,
 For both their heads, most strange to view,
 Flew off at the selfsame second.
 Now, some maintain this one was best,
 And some assert 'twas t'other;
 It lay between them, and I think,
 If not one, 'twas the other.



THERE lived an old person at Holloway Rise,
 Did naught in the world but make puddings and pies ;
 Pies and puddings—puddings and pies—
 Every fashion and form, every shape, sort, and size.
 She made them of pork, beef, mutton, and eel,
 As hard as a stone, and as round as a wheel.
 When the children looked hungry, she oftentimes would treat 'em,
 'Twould have done your heart good to have seen how they'd eat 'em.







THE sun had gone down, and the moon hid her face,
And the stars were too lazy to twinkle,
And all the world was fast asleep,
Save an ancient Periwinkle.
He was down at the bottom of the deep blue sea,
And his eye with rage was glistening ;
But what he said I won't repeat,
For, you know, I wasn't listening.



THAT silly old man in the moon
Was in love with a star, and he played her a tune.
"But you give me," says she, "such a pain in the head;
Pray pocket your flute, and be off to your bed."
Which he did, and is snoring now, sweetly, instead.



A YOUNG man in Egypt invented a trap,
But caught his own nose, in the midst of a nap ;
And the worst of it was, to the trap that you see,
This clever young man had not yet made a key.

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