

THE

PRETTY

BOOK



PICTURES BY
MILLICENT SOWERBY.

VERSES BY
GITHA SOWERBY

Eleanor
with love from
Mother

Braamore
1917.



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MILLICENT SOWERBY

VERSES BY
GITHA SOWERBY



LONDON
HENRY FROWDE
HODDER & STOUGHTON





IN THE PARK.

Pretty deer,
Pretty deer,
Come, prick up your ear,
And see what I've got for you here,
Pretty deer.
You'll find it's as nice
As a strawberry ice,
So don't be afraid, but come near,
Pretty deer.



SUMMER.

In summer, when the sun is hot,
I wear the largest hat I've got,
 And all my clothes are light;
I wonder how my kittens play,
Who wear a furry coat all day,
 And keep it on all night.







BY THE SEA.

If you listen to a shell
(Why it is I cannot tell)
You can hear the distant swell
 Of the sea,
When the tiny ripples play
On a quiet summer's day,
And it murmurs far away,
 Like a bee.



HARVEST.

Before the sun has dried the grass,
When grown-ups still are sleeping,
Miss Nancy tumbles out of bed,
And gaily goes a-reaping.
Bind a sheaf? Of course she can;
Just as well as any man.







BALLOONS.

A little boy I know
Went out one sunny day
To buy a big balloon
But stopped upon his way.
He spent his money on a cake.
Now, wasn't that a great mistake?



AN INVALID.

When I had measles long ago,
The hours were very long and slow;
Nurse gave me powders every day
With jam to take the taste away;
And every evening after tea
Aunt Mary came and read to me.







REGRETS.

I don't remember much about
The time when I was small,
But I am very much afraid
I was not good at all.
But here's a child who's everything
A baby ought to be;
Just like a pretty little rose,
And not a bit like me.



THE BRIDESMAID.

My bonnet and my frock were new,
With sash and ribbons all of blue—
 (I was allowed to choose);
I was as nice as nice could be;
And all the people looked at me,
 To see my pretty shoes.







MY DONKEY.

Every day I take a ride
By the pathway through the corn,
And my donkey turns aside
To the farm where he was born,
Where the farmer's grown-up daughter
Brings him out a pail of water.

There are lots of chickens there ;
But my donkey, as he goes,
Always takes the greatest care
Not to tread upon their toes.
If he did, he'd squash them flat ;
I should scold him well for that.



SPRING.

We are little children three,
Going home in time for tea.

I am singing—dancing, too;
You can see it by my shoe.

John, who cannot dance at all,
Sings, altho' he's very small.

Dolly cannot dance or sing;
Dolly can't do anything.

I am better far than she.
What does Johnny think of me?



M.S.





MANNERS.

Carlo's most polite, I think,
Though of course he's very young;
He would like some milk to drink;
See, he's hanging out his tongue;
But, however great his thirst,
He remembers, kittens first.



A PRINCESS.

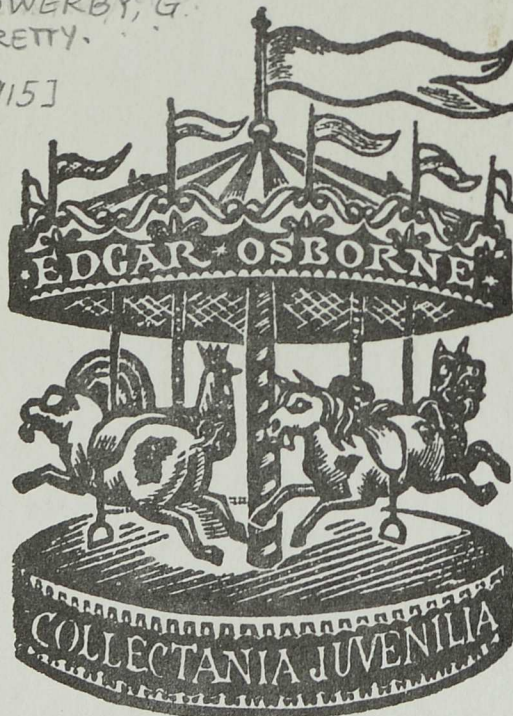
Jimmy's the chief of an Indian race;
I am a princess gay,
With a crown on my head and a smile on my face,
All in my royal array.
And I like to feel like a gay princess,
Although it's only in fancy dress.



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