



LONDON: W. SWAN SONNENSCHN & CO., PATERNOSTER SQUARE.







To dear Babi with  
Aunt Jipai love  
Christmas 1906

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L. H. O'NEILL



# IN AND OUT

By

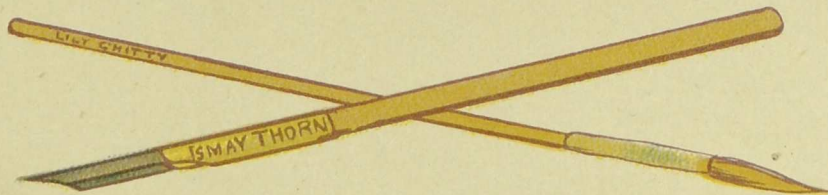
ISMAY THORN

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS  
BY

By

L

LILY CHITTY.



LONDON. W. SWAN, SONNENSCHN & CO., PATERNOSTER SQUARE.



Lily Chiffy

SPRING.

LITTLE children, do you know,  
In the soft spring weather—  
When the sunshine and the flowers  
Come hand in hand together?

Little children, can you hear  
What the sunshine sayeth—  
As among the young green leaves  
Lovingly it playeth?

Little children, pause awhile,  
Listen to its voice,  
For it whispers tenderly,  
Saying, "Rejoice! Rejoice!"

"Little children, 'tis the time,  
Now of *your* spring weather;  
When your youth and innocence  
Walk hand in hand together.



"Little children, in the spring  
All is joy and gladness,  
But autumn days and falling leaves  
Bring soberness and sadness.

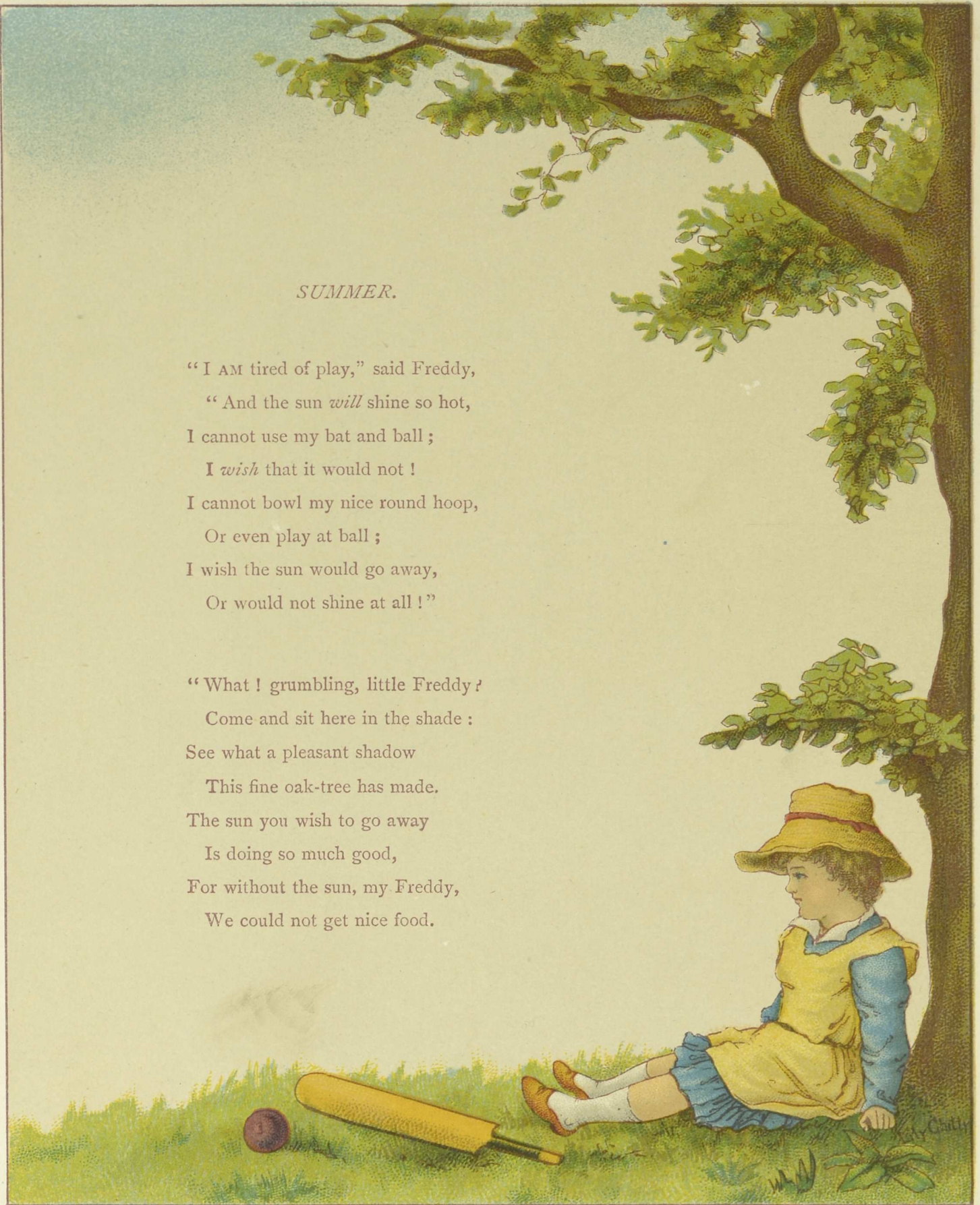
"Little children, make the most  
Of your bright spring weather,  
That wisdom may with riper years,  
Come hand in hand together."

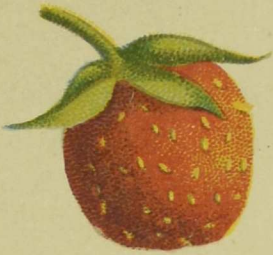


SUMMER.

“ I AM tired of play,” said Freddy,  
“ And the sun *will* shine so hot,  
I cannot use my bat and ball ;  
I *wish* that it would not !  
I cannot bowl my nice round hoop,  
Or even play at ball ;  
I wish the sun would go away,  
Or would not shine at all !”

“ What ! grumbling, little Freddy ?  
Come and sit here in the shade :  
See what a pleasant shadow  
This fine oak-tree has made.  
The sun you wish to go away  
Is doing so much good,  
For without the sun, my Freddy,  
We could not get nice food.

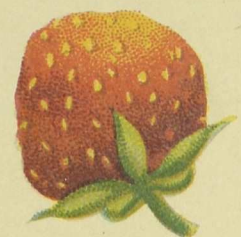




“The corn that now is growing green  
Will turn to gold and red,  
If the sun will go on shining,  
And from corn, you know, comes bread.  
Then the nice fruits in the garden  
Would rot away and fall—  
If the sun did not shine on them  
They could not grow ripe at all.

“And if the sun brought out no flowers  
What would the poor bees do?  
They’d have no honey for themselves,  
And none, my boy, for you!  
I think—not *very* long ago—  
You cried when it was night,  
But don’t you know that from the sun  
We get our pleasant light.”

That evening, as they sat at tea,  
Some strawberries did appear;  
The gardener picked and brought them in,  
The first fruit of the year.  
And as his mother gave him some  
Freddy was heard to say,  
“I’m very glad indeed, mamma,  
The sun *did* shine to-day.”

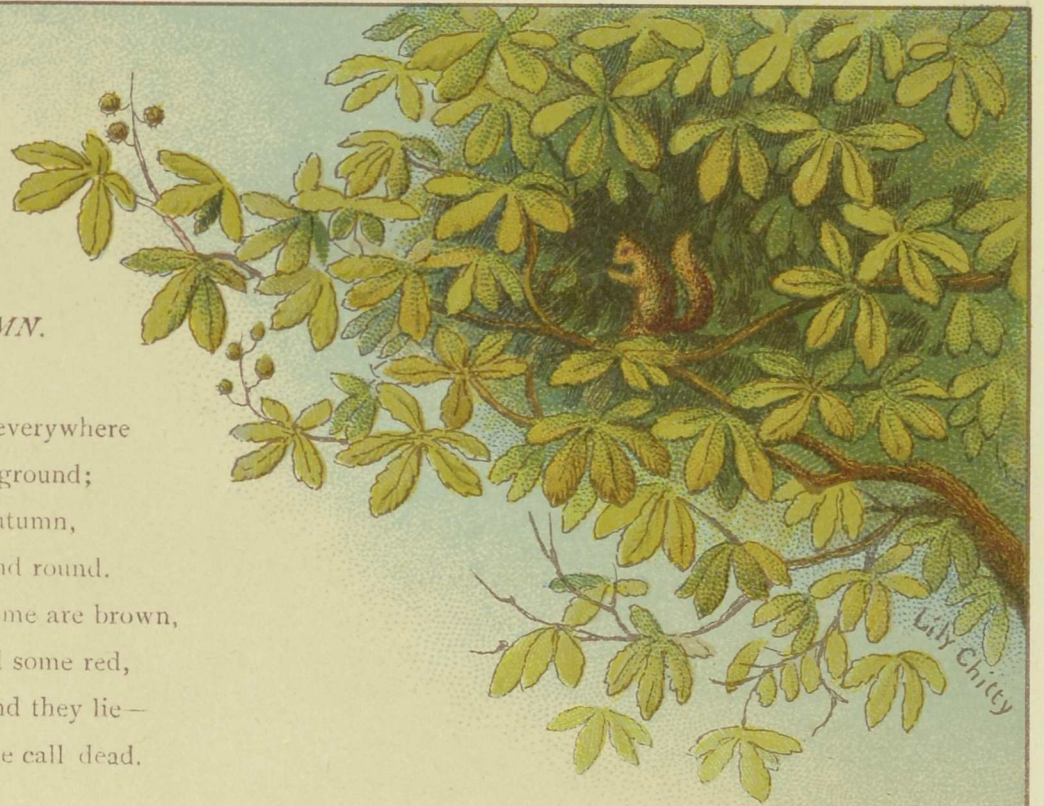


*AUTUMN.*

FLUTTER, flutter, everywhere  
Tumbling to the ground;  
Fall the leaves of autumn,  
Eddying round and round.  
Some are yellow, some are brown,  
Some orange, and some red,  
And upon the ground they lie—  
The leaves that we call dead.

What a carpet they can make,  
For little dancing feet!  
I love the woods in autumn  
After the summer heat.  
Plump! there fell a ripe nut,  
A chestnut smooth and brown;  
I'm glad it did not hit me,  
As it came tumbling down.

But see, here comes a squirrel  
To fetch the nut that fell,  
And in that hollow tree  
Is the nest where he does dwell.  
He is getting food for winter,  
For then he likes to doze  
In his warm and cozy bed  
With his tail over his nose.





*WINTER.*

SEE, the snow is falling  
Softly to the ground,  
All around it droppeth,  
And without a sound,  
Save a little flutter  
In the cold, still air,  
As it tumbles earthwards,  
Falling everywhere.

All the earth grows whiter,  
Trees no more are bare,  
Snow has softly covered  
Them with tender care.  
Now it has stopped falling,  
Let us quickly go ;  
Nicely it will warm us  
To make a man of snow.

*THE ELVES.*

FAR away in the wood,  
Be it understood,  
There live the little elves,  
Where the tall trees meet  
In the summer sweet  
They have it all to themselves.

No mortal eye  
Can ever espy  
The revels that there they hold ;  
Their banquet is spread  
On a mushroom's head,  
And they drink out of buttercups gold.





They are frugal, too,  
For their drink is dew,  
And their cheeses are made of mallows ;  
With roast bees' stings,  
And butterflies' wings,  
And minnows caught in the shallows.

These little elves dwell  
In a mossy cell,  
They dread neither heat nor cold ;  
In frolicsome play  
They pass the day,  
For they never get sick or old.

By day they sail  
On the squirrel's tail,  
Or ride on the swallow or swift ;  
Or on lilies float  
Like a tiny boat,  
And down the rivulet drift.

Or they dance and sing  
In a fairy ring,  
Or at hide-and-seeek they play ;  
Or hold small schools  
On wee toadstools,  
And so they pass the day.

But in the night  
When the moon shines bright,  
The elves come creeping out,  
And mount with a howl  
On the big brown owl,  
And on her they ride about.

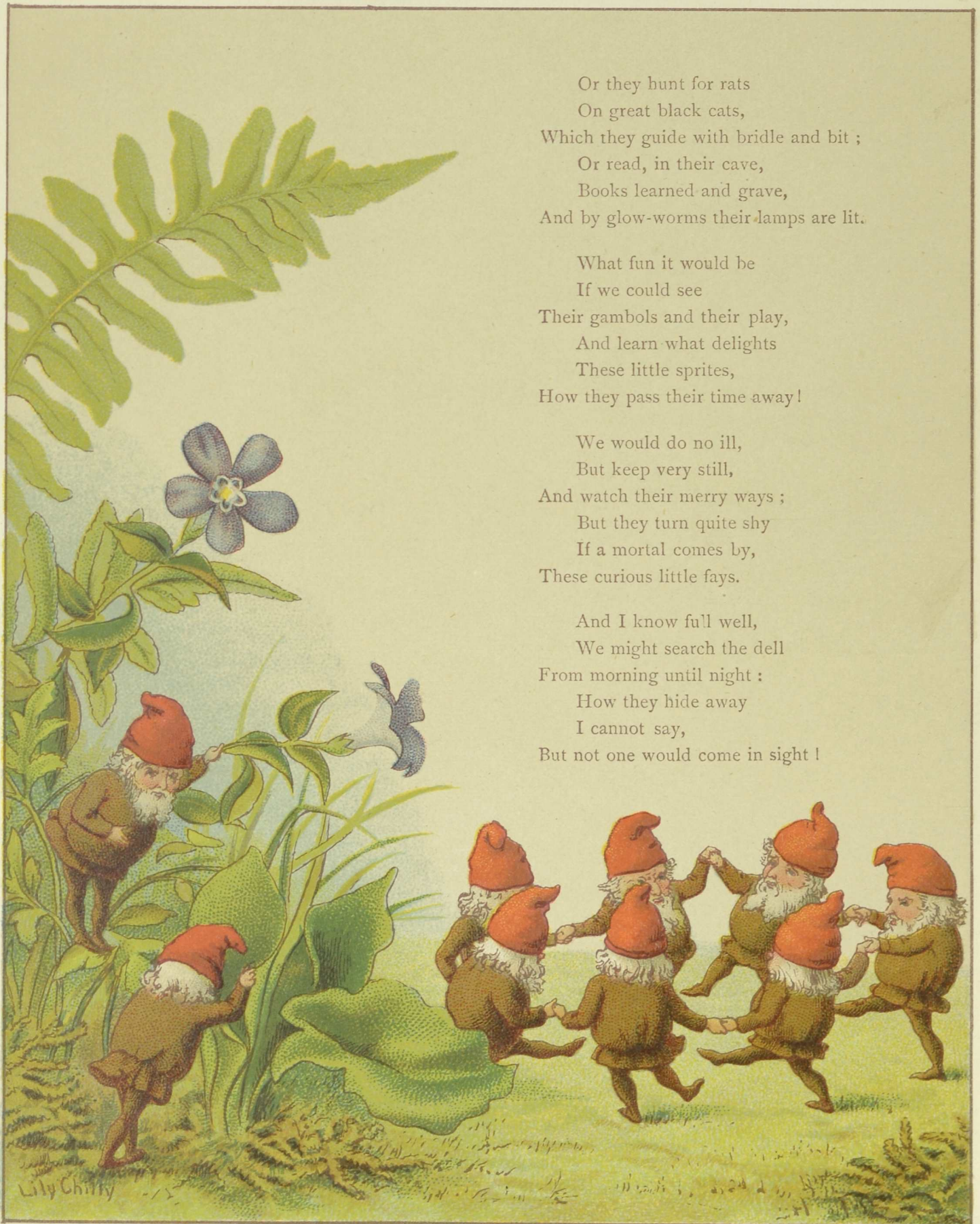


Or they hunt for rats  
On great black cats,  
Which they guide with bridle and bit ;  
Or read, in their cave,  
Books learned and grave,  
And by glow-worms their lamps are lit.

What fun it would be  
If we could see  
Their gambols and their play,  
And learn what delights  
These little sprites,  
How they pass their time away !

We would do no ill,  
But keep very still,  
And watch their merry ways ;  
But they turn quite shy  
If a mortal comes by,  
These curious little fays.

And I know full well,  
We might search the dell  
From morning until night :  
How they hide away  
I cannot say,  
But not one would come in sight !



Lily Chitty



*BABY MAY.*

SUNSHINE and heartshine,  
Both are thine,  
    Darling baby May ;  
Everything loves thee,  
Nothing reproves thee,  
    Three years old to-day !

Little feet tripping,  
Gaily skipping,  
    Life to thee is play ;  
Thou hast no sorrows,  
No thought of morrows,  
    Three years old to-day !

*THE FIRE-KING.*

“OH! come, let us wed,”  
The Fire-King said,  
“My palace is red with gold;  
It is always light,  
And we know no night,  
And nobody suffers from cold.

“The glowing heat,  
Of coal or peat,  
Shall never be known to fail;  
And we’ll play at ball  
With the sparks that fall,  
And on the smoke we will sail.

“When we laugh and shout  
The people cry out,  
‘What a noise the fire is making!’  
But little they know  
(They are stupid and slow),  
How we mock them, with laughter shaking.

“My palace so gay  
Is changing alway,  
The coals are for ever dropping;  
And the ashes grey  
We shovel away,  
And work without any stopping.

“Then oh! let us wed,”  
The Fire-King said,  
“Let us wed, little mortal, to-morrow,  
My flame you may see  
If you’ll but look at me,  
And in Fireland we know of no  
sorrow.”



The dear little maid  
Felt a little afraid  
As she sat by the blazing fire,  
Watching flame and spark  
(For the room was dark),  
As it mounted higher and higher.

Then she laughed, and said,  
As she shook her head,  
“I am rather afraid,” said she,  
“That your palace bright,  
With its burning light,  
Might perhaps not agree with me.

“Ofttimes from your light  
We hide our sight,  
For in your careless play  
You’re scorching brown  
Or burning down  
Such things as come in your way.

“So I will not wed,”  
The maiden said,  
“For all your palaces fair,  
’Neath your burning breath  
I should scorch to death,  
And I love the king of the air.

“The king of the air  
Is fresh and fair,  
And to all his palace is free ;  
His breath is life—  
I will be *his* wife,  
And he’s waiting now for me.”

The maiden gay  
Sprang laughing away,  
And left the Fire-King there,  
In his palace bright,  
With its burning light,  
Tearing his molten hair.

But the other king,  
With a willow ring,  
She wedded that very day ;  
And where they dwell,  
Nobody can tell,  
Yet I think I can hear her say—

“The king of the air  
Is fresh and fair,  
And to all his palace is free ;  
His breath is life,  
And I am his wife,  
And I love him, and he loves me !”





*A DEFERRED WEDDING.*

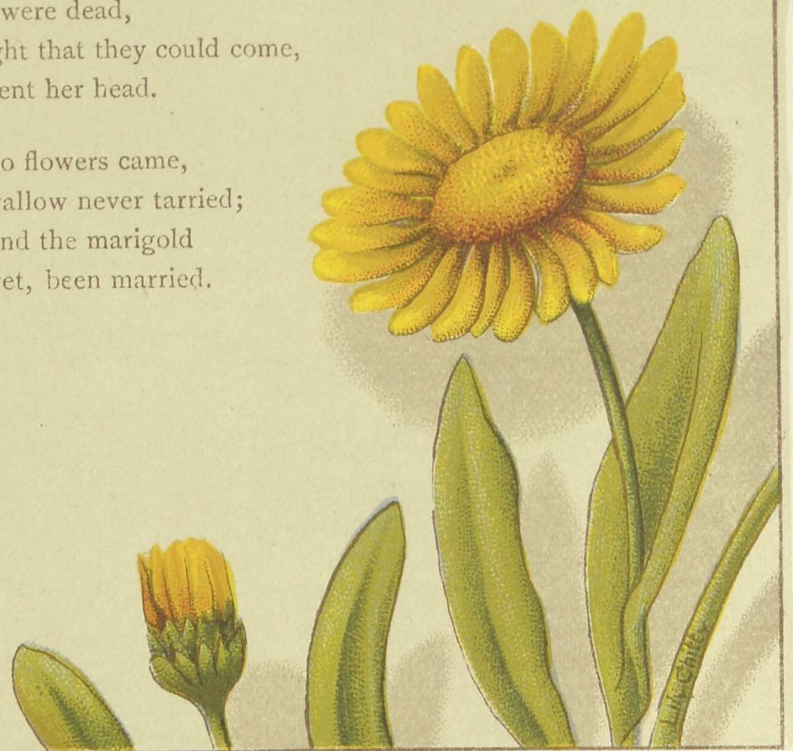
THE larkspur and the marigold  
Determined to be married ;  
The swallow to the other flowers  
The invitations carried.

The rose was asked, but she was told  
To leave her thorns behind,  
So as she could not manage that,  
Politely she declined.

The lily was afraid to come,  
It really was so far !  
And she was much more delicate  
Than other people are !

The violets were far too shy,  
The primroses were dead,  
The daisies thought that they could come,  
The harebell bent her head.

But in the end, no flowers came,  
Though the swallow never tarried ;  
So the larkspur and the marigold  
Have not, as yet, been married.





*MORNING.*

THE great red sun is getting up,  
He mounts into the skies,  
He looks into the children's room,  
And makes them ope their eyes.

Then down they come, a merry troop,  
To run about and play ;  
So glad are they to see the sun,  
And greet another day.

Some draw the water from the well,  
Others the fire must light,  
The eldest girl the table lays  
With china clean and bright.

Then breakfast is a happy meal,  
The children love it well,  
And pleasantly the time goes by  
Till out rings the school bell.

The great school clock ticks slowly on,  
'Twill point at midday soon,  
When the children have an hour for play,  
The sun above tells noon.





NOON.

OH, what a shout ! The children come  
All bounding out of school,  
They hear not now the teacher's voice,  
They care not now for rule.

The sun is shining overhead,  
So each one seeks the shade  
Which, in a small and pleasant wood,  
By tall beech-trees is made.

And here the children set them down,  
And each his dinner takes,  
Of bread and cheese, or bacon fat,  
Dumplings, or currant cakes.

Then, after that, what games they play,  
And how they laugh and shout,  
As in and out, and to and fro,  
The children run about !

Some naughty boys have climbed the trees,  
Little birds' nests to find ;  
They love to string the pretty eggs,  
Nor think the birds will mind.

Ding-dong ! ding-dong ! there goes the bell,  
The children run away ;  
Those naughty boys are late, so they  
Will get bad marks to-day.



*EVENING.*

SEE, the children are tired,  
Quite tired out with the day,  
Tired, learning their lessons,  
Tired, most of all, with play.

The great red sun is sinking  
To bed in the golden west,  
And every sound grows fainter  
As the great world goes to rest.

Soon, round the cottage doorstep,  
The children their suppers take,  
The rich milk tastes delicious,  
The bread is as good as cake.

And as they eat, they watch there,  
As the light fades in the west,  
Who first shall see the first star,  
The star they all love the best.

“It comes!” they cry together;  
“It is there!—the evening star!”  
And mother comes from the cottage,  
To gaze in the west afar.

The children soon are dreaming,  
In the west fades all the light;  
The shadows of eve turn slowly  
To the deeper shades of night.





*NIGHT.*

FAST asleep in their snug cots  
The children are packed away ;  
Their voices no longer echo,  
And silent the sounds of day.

Even the birds are sleeping,  
And the bees are in their hive ;  
The butterflies have closed their wings,  
But the moths are all alive.

The bats go to and fro,  
They are catching the moths for food,  
For their little ones love dainty fare,  
And they think the moths are good.

The owl now takes his flight,  
He was blinking all the day,  
But when night comes he ventures out,  
For then he can see his way.

Ah ! woe to the rat or mouse  
That comes across his road,  
And he even likes a bird or frog,  
A snake, or spotted toad.

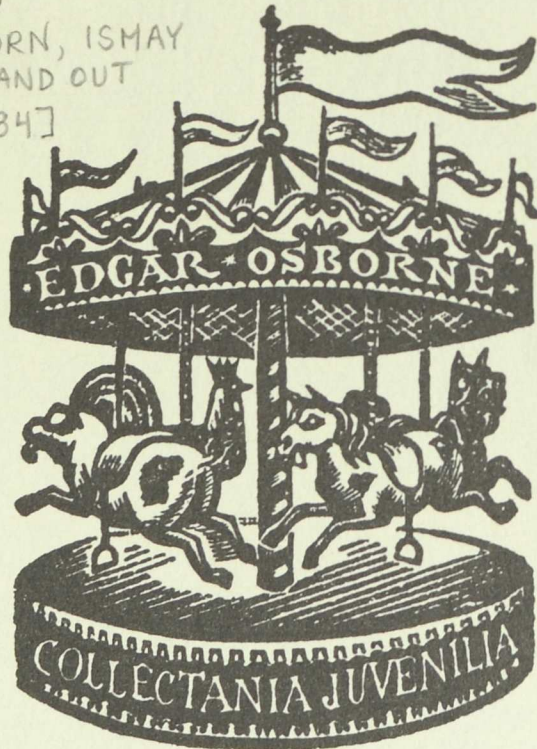
His strange, discordant cry  
Upon the air is borne,  
He flies all night, but will disappear  
With the first faint streaks of dawn.







(P)  
THORN, ISMAY  
IN AND OUT  
[1884]



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HAZELL, WATSON, & VINEY, LD., LITHO, LONDON & AYLESBURY.