



# DOLLY'S SOCIETY BOOK.

SET OUT IN PICTURES BY FRANK HART.

LONDON: GRANT RICHARDS,  
48, LEICESTER SQUARE.



(P)  
HART, F.  
DOLLY'S...  
1902

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Prize for Needlework  
awarded to  
Cissy Langman

Athelstan House

June 1904.







**DOLLY'S SOCIETY BOOK.**



## BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

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GRANT RICHARDS'S CHILDREN'S ANNUAL, 1902—3.

Edited by T. W. H. Crosland. With 32 full-page illustrations in colour, and other illustrations. Bound in a cretonne printed specially in colours by Messrs. Liberty from a design by Patten Wilson. Demy 4to., 5/-.

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THE SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN. Illustrated in colours. Cloth. Small Crown 8vo. 2/6.

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# CONTENT.

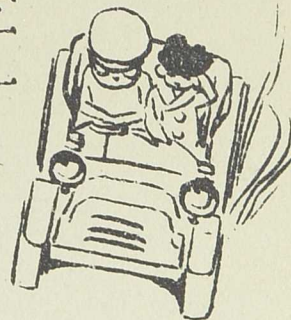
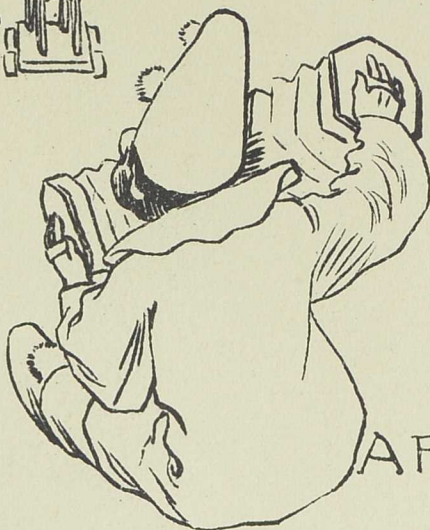
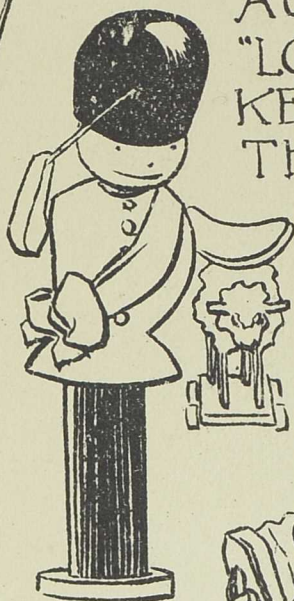
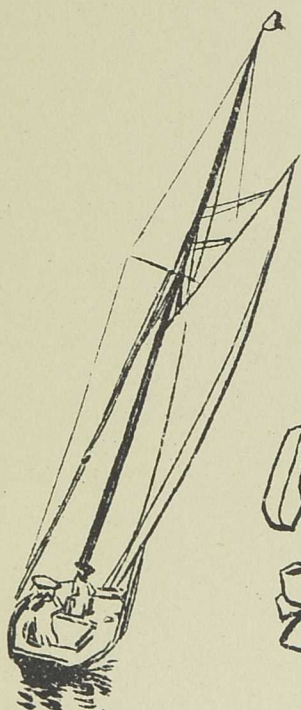


HYDE PARK  
SHOPPING  
THE ROYAL ACADEMY  
A CHARITY BAZAAR  
A COACHING MEET  
ASCOT  
HENLEY  
A GARDEN PARTY  
"LORDS"  
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A SKATING RINK  
HUNTING  
THE THEATRE  
A FANCY DRESS BALL



F.H.



## HYDE PARK.

In the Row, in the Row,  
Don't you know, don't you know,  
Mister Man, Mister Man,  
Spic and span, spic and span,  
Glass in eye, glass in eye,  
Canters by, canters by.

There's Dolly, dear girl,  
Hair in curl, hair in curl.  
“Is that you, is that you?”  
“How-de-do, how-de-do?”  
“Pretty horse, pretty horse,”  
“Why, of course, why, of course.”



“Don't you ride, don't you ride?”  
“Never tried, never tried.”  
“How's mamma, how's mamma?”  
“Really going? Well, ta-ta”——  
They manage things so  
In the Row, in the Row.



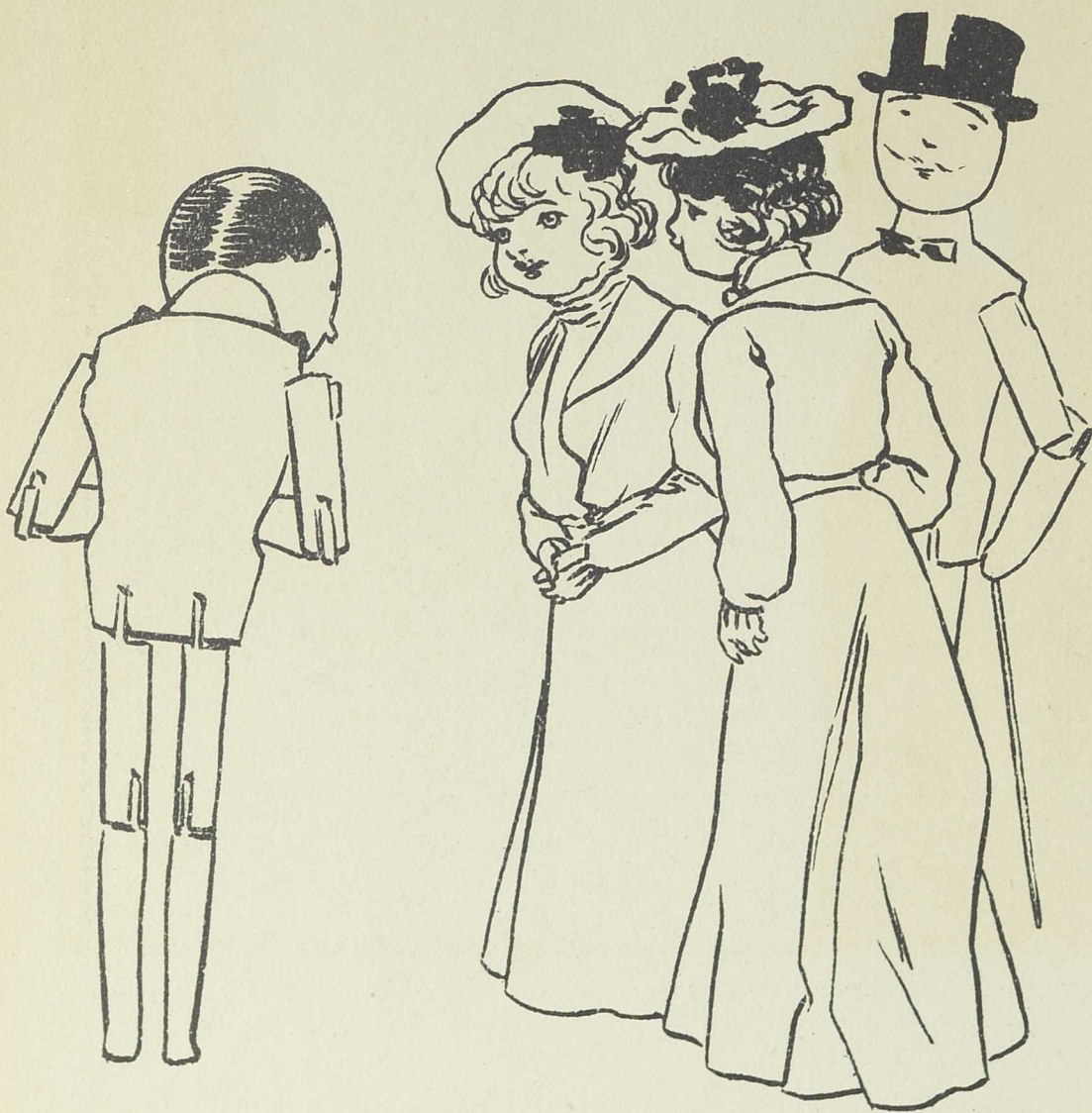




## SHOPPING.

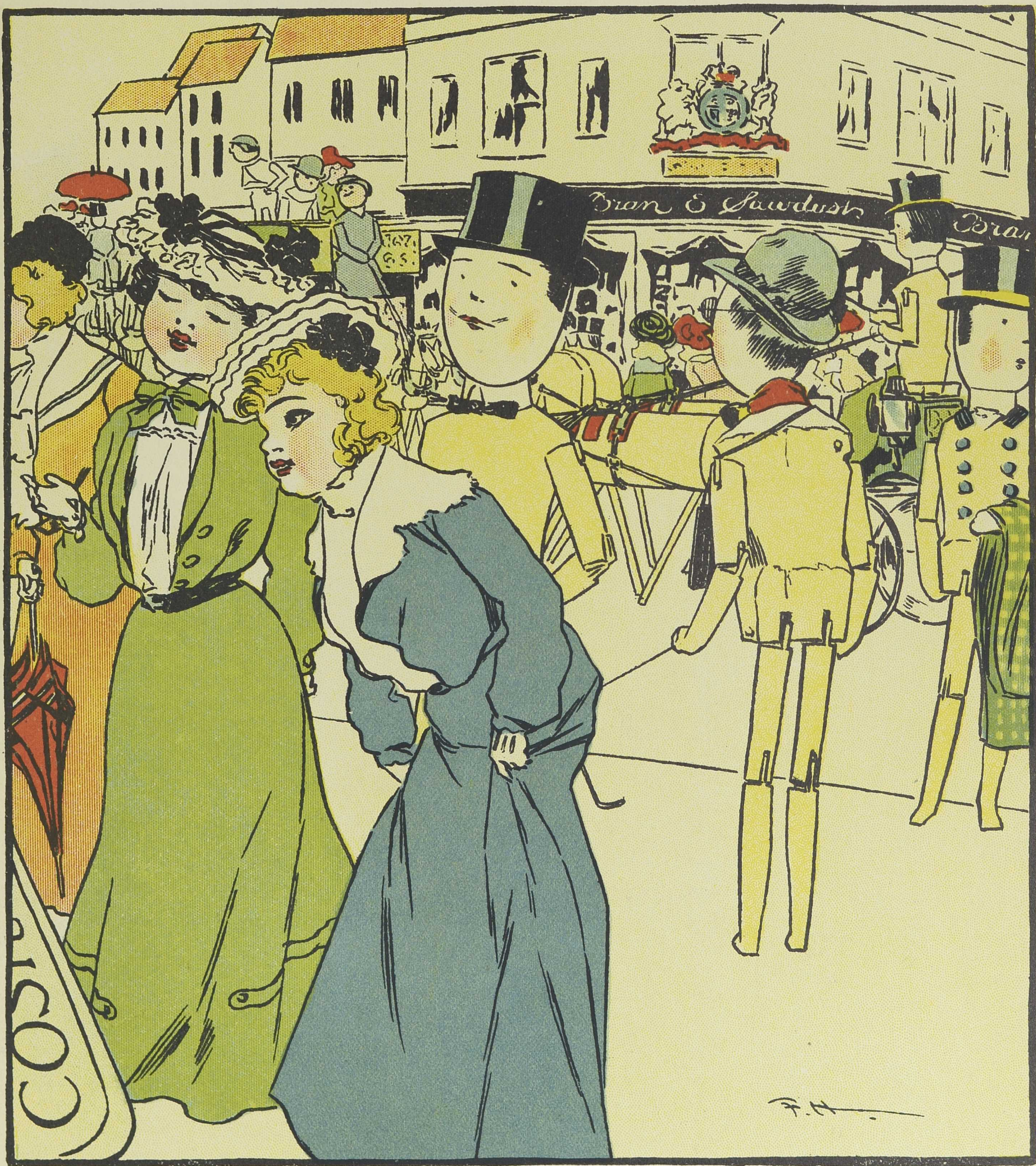
Let us shop, let us shop!  
Mister Man's fit to drop  
He is not very strong—  
“How long, oh, how long  
Will they be, will they be  
At this window?” says he.

Pretty gowns, pretty gowns  
In reds, blues and browns.  
And gay parasols  
All for dolls, all for dolls.  
Miss Dolly could stay  
Half the day, half the day.



But inside, but inside  
She will glide, she will glide  
To the place, to the place  
Where they're selling off lace,  
And her purchase will be  
One yard at Two-three.







## THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

It is May, it is May,  
Each R.A., each R.A  
Looks so fine, looks so fine  
On the line, on the line,  
And Dolly must go  
With mamma to the show.



Oh the paint, oh the paint !  
“ How charming, how quaint !  
How sweet, and how sweet !  
Oh those eyes, oh those feet !  
And the lady in green—  
Why, she must be the Queen !”

They gaze and they gaze,  
And they praise, and they praise,  
Till between you and me  
That man they don't see—  
That R.A. by their side  
Turns purple with pride.







## A CHARITY BAZAAR.

Here we are, here we are,  
A bazaar, a bazaar,  
Come and buy, come and buy,  
The prices are high,  
But the object is good——  
Noah's people want food.

Mister Man I suppose,  
For that rose, for that rose  
Dolly pins in his coat  
Pays a whole five-pound note——  
It is true, it is true,  
He looks blue, he looks blue.

Captain Chest, Captain Chest,  
Is well dressed, is well dressed,  
He will smile, he will smile,  
All the while, all the while  
And spend eighteenpence——  
He has sense, he has sense.







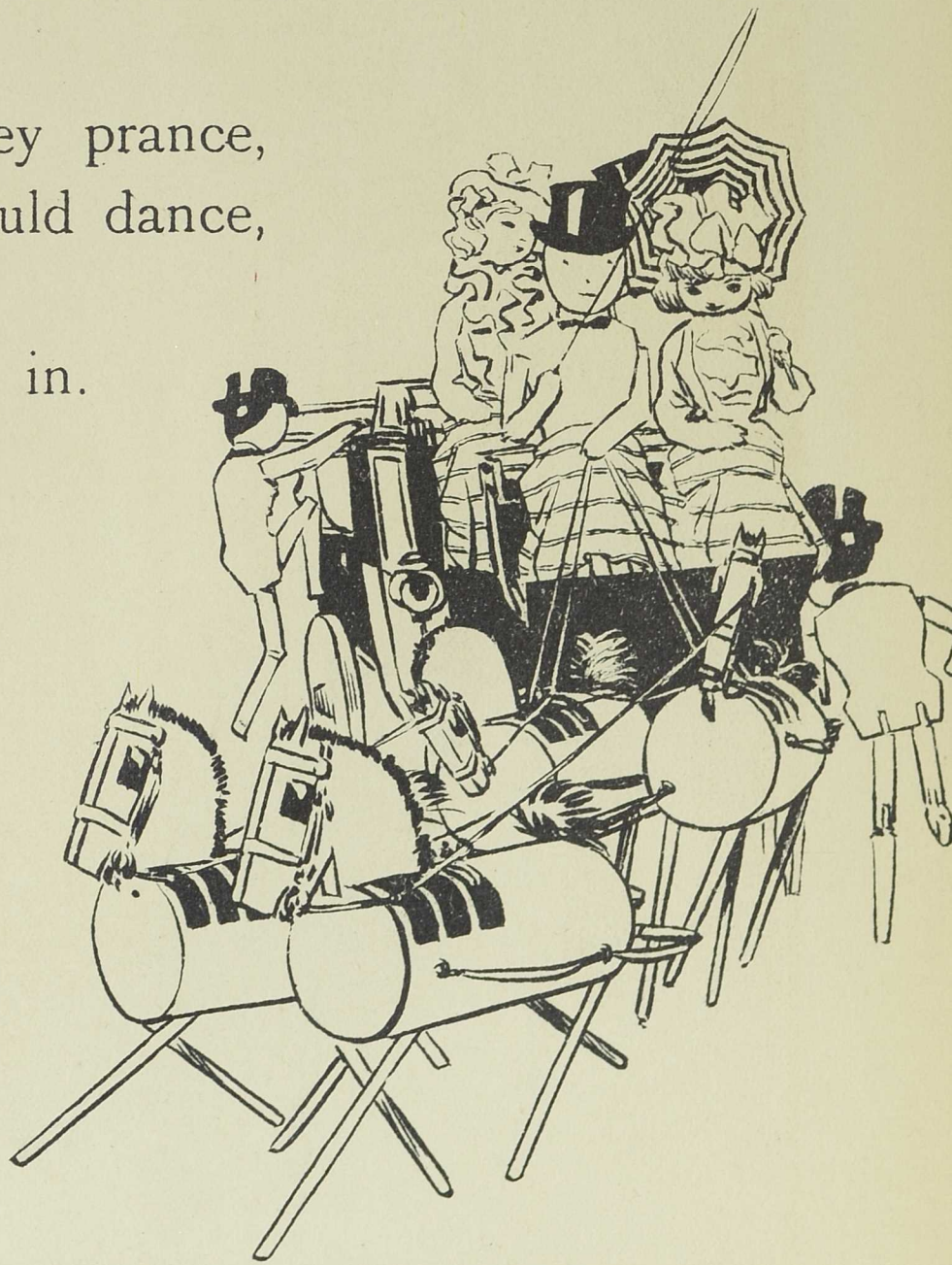


## A COACHING MEET.

At the meet, at the meet,  
Dolly takes the box seat,  
At Mr. Man's side  
With no little pride;  
There are coaches in lines,  
The sun shines, the sun shines.

Mr. Man who's a whip,  
Gives the horses a flip,  
How they prance, how they prance,  
They would dance, they would dance,  
But Mr. Man's thin,  
Nervous hands, hold them in.

We rattle along,  
Past the throng, past the throng,  
Out of town, out of town,  
To the Crown, to the Crown;  
At Dorking or Ware,  
We lunch there, we lunch there.

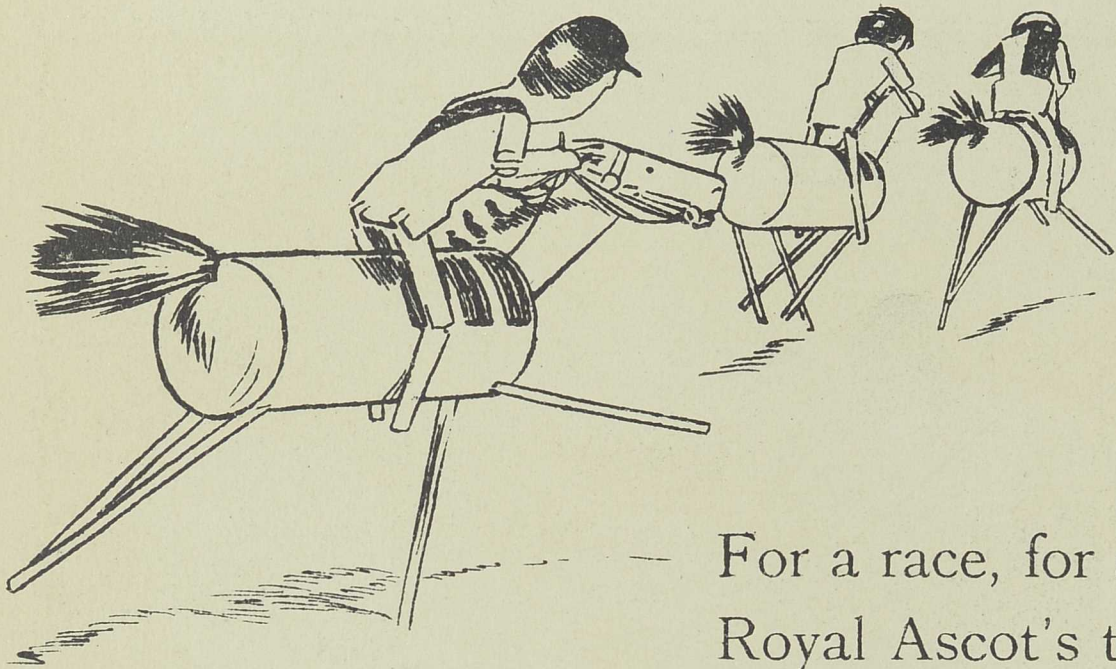








## ASCOT.

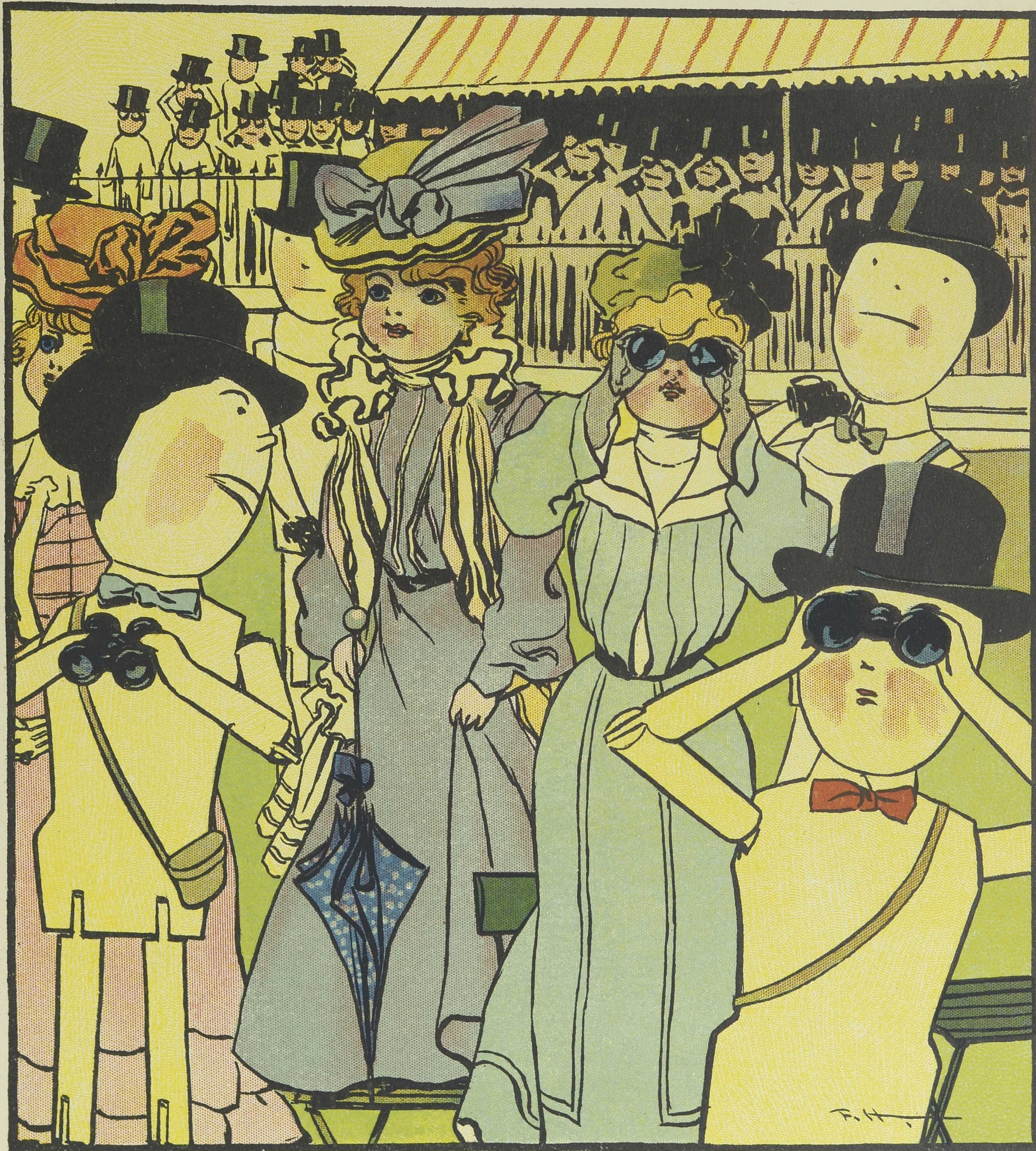


For a race, for a race,  
Royal Ascot's the place,  
Many dollie's go there,  
And what dresses they wear !  
For the week, for the week,  
All is chic, all is chic.

Mister Man, Mister Man,  
With his race-glass will scan,  
The whole field, the whole field ;  
He has never concealed,  
His view that Grand Dame,  
Is going a bit lame.

Says he " Lambkins the horse,  
Though she's new to the course."  
Now they're off, now they're off,  
Grand Dame has a cough,  
Lambkin's won, Lambkin's won,  
Oh what fun, oh what fun !





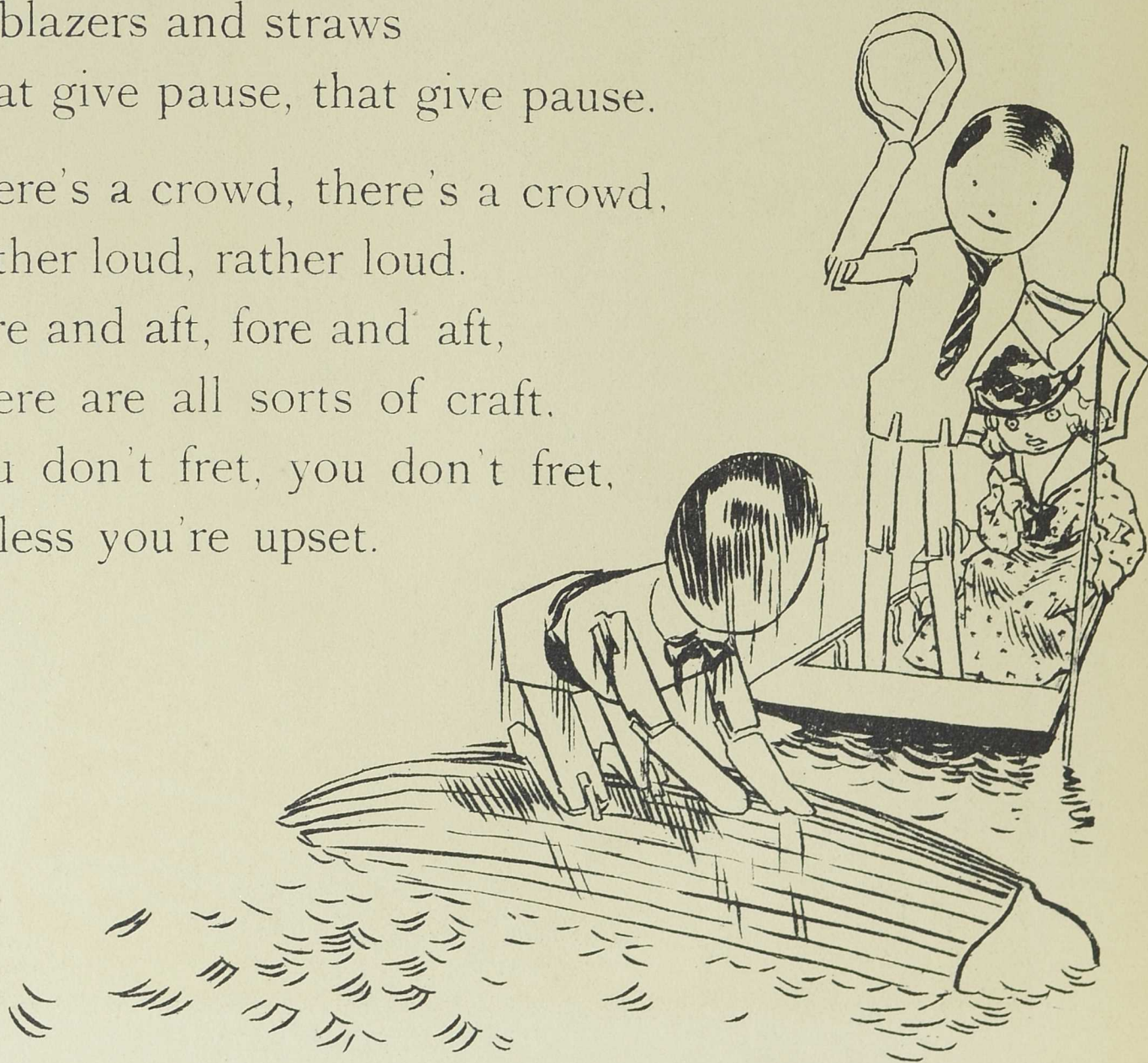


## HENLEY.

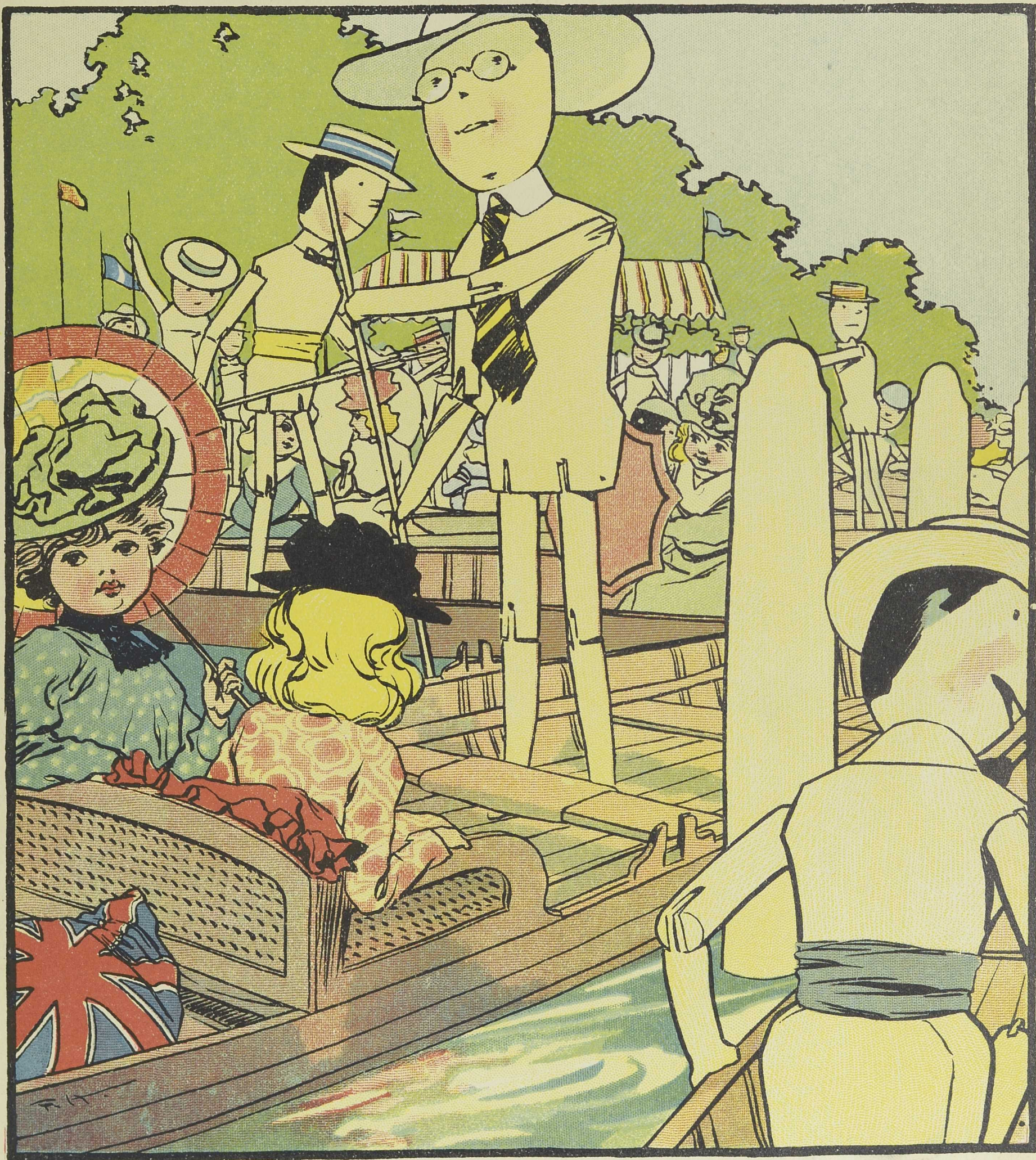
On the river you float,  
In a boat, in a boat,  
Which is moved by a scull,  
The men pull, the men pull:  
You sit in the sheets  
And eat sweets, and eat sweets.

This is Henley you know,  
All persons who row  
Come here once a year,  
And appear, and appear,  
In blazers and straws  
That give pause, that give pause.

There's a crowd, there's a crowd,  
Rather loud, rather loud.  
Fore and aft, fore and aft,  
There are all sorts of craft.  
You don't fret, you don't fret,  
Unless you're upset.









## A GARDEN PARTY.

A function like this  
You can't miss, you can't miss.  
You put on your best  
Bib and tucker, and drest  
Fit to kill, fit to kill,  
To Haverstock Hill

You repair, you repair :  
In a sweet pea-green chair  
Your hostess is sat  
She examines your hat  
And says "Oh, my dear,  
I am glad you are here.



You walk round the place  
At an indolent pace,  
You drink tea, you drink tea,  
You have one strawberry,  
You say "Why did I come?"  
And then you go home.





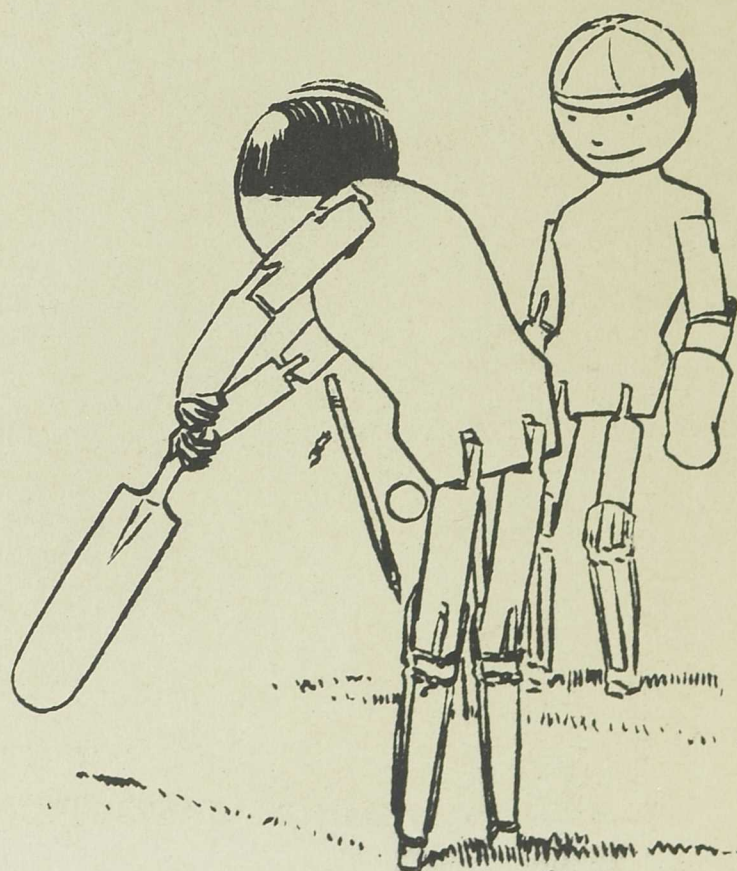


## "LORDS."

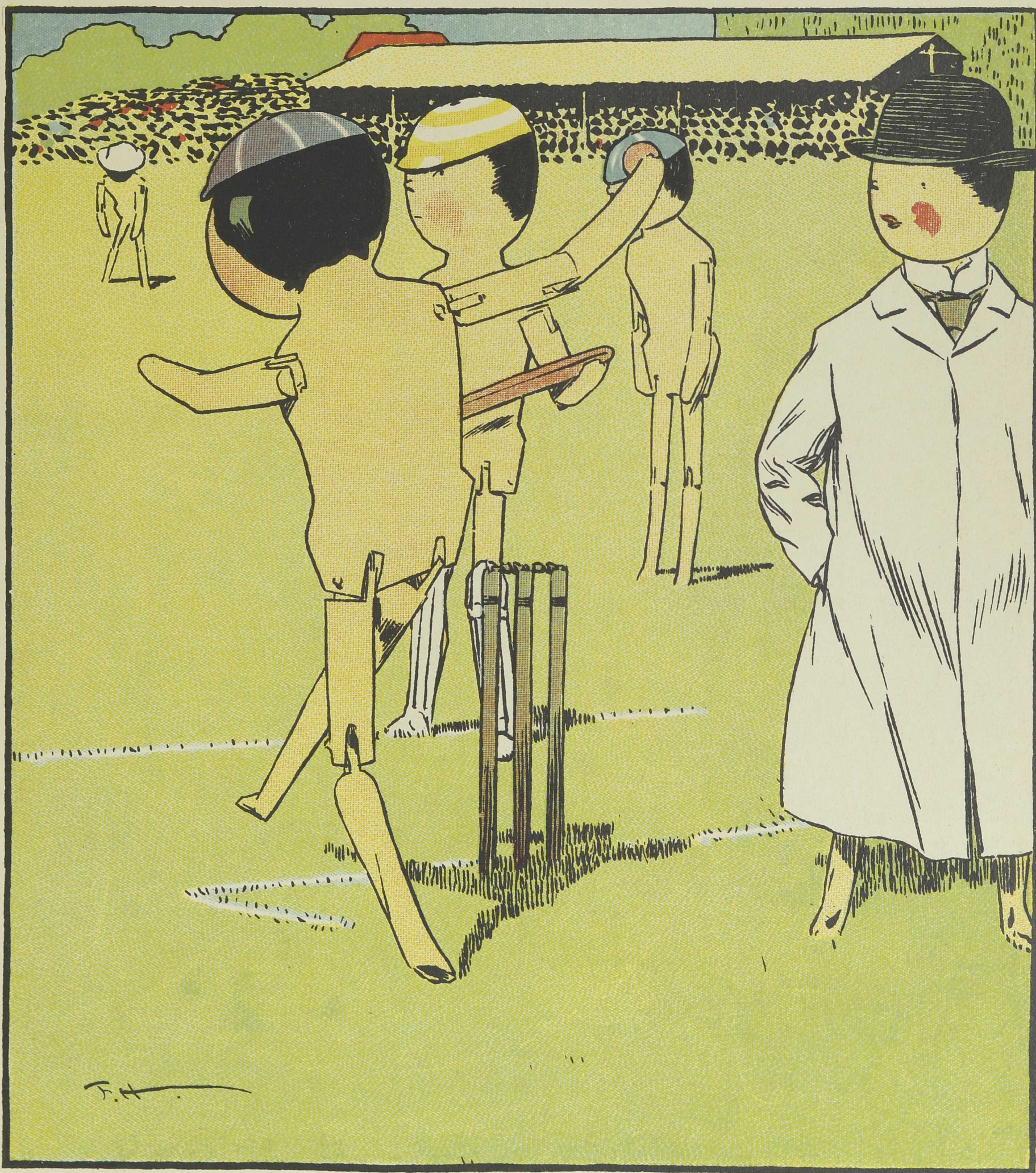
At Lords in the sun,  
Everyone, everyone,  
Takes his ease, takes his ease,  
As content as you please;  
While the men in white play,  
Through the long lazy day.

Bat in hand, bat in hand,  
At the wicket you stand,  
You are "in," you are "in,"  
The ball come—whizz—spin,  
You hear a great shout,  
You are "out," you are "out."

Or perhaps you have stuck,  
Without luck, without luck,  
At square-leg for hours,  
(It is fielding that sours);  
But my—what a catch!  
You've just won the match.







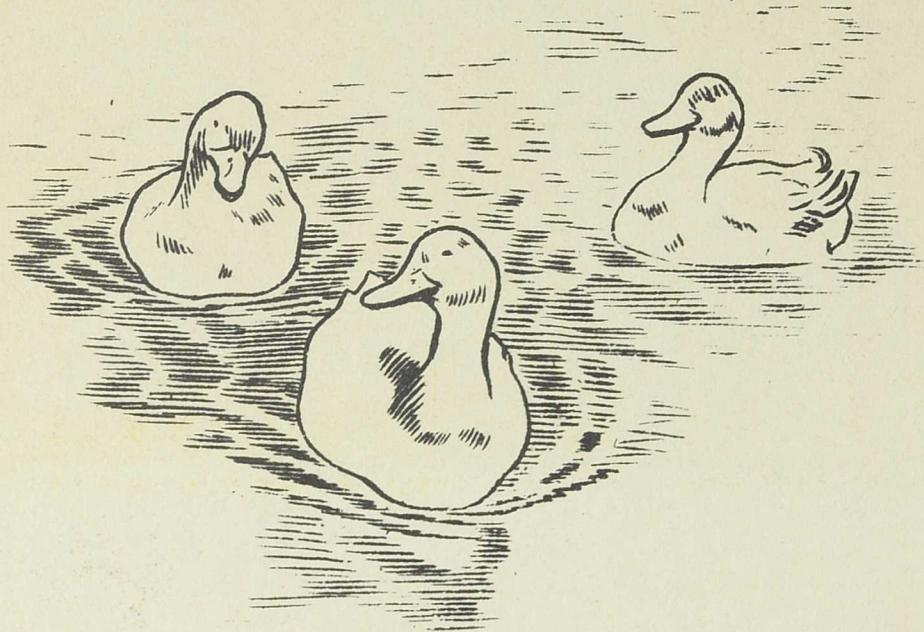


## KENSINGTON GARDENS.

When the weather is fine,  
You recline, you recline,  
In a chair, in a chair,  
On a square, on a square,  
Of green grass, of green grass,  
And see people pass.

And you take, and you take,  
Tea and cake, tea and cake,  
Cake is good, cake is good,  
An excellent food—  
Two birdies have come  
For a crumb, for a crumb.

When you've done, when you've done,  
You may run, you may run,  
Through the gardens—to where  
(Have a care, have a care) ;  
Swallows skim, swallows skim,  
And ducks swim, and ducks swim.







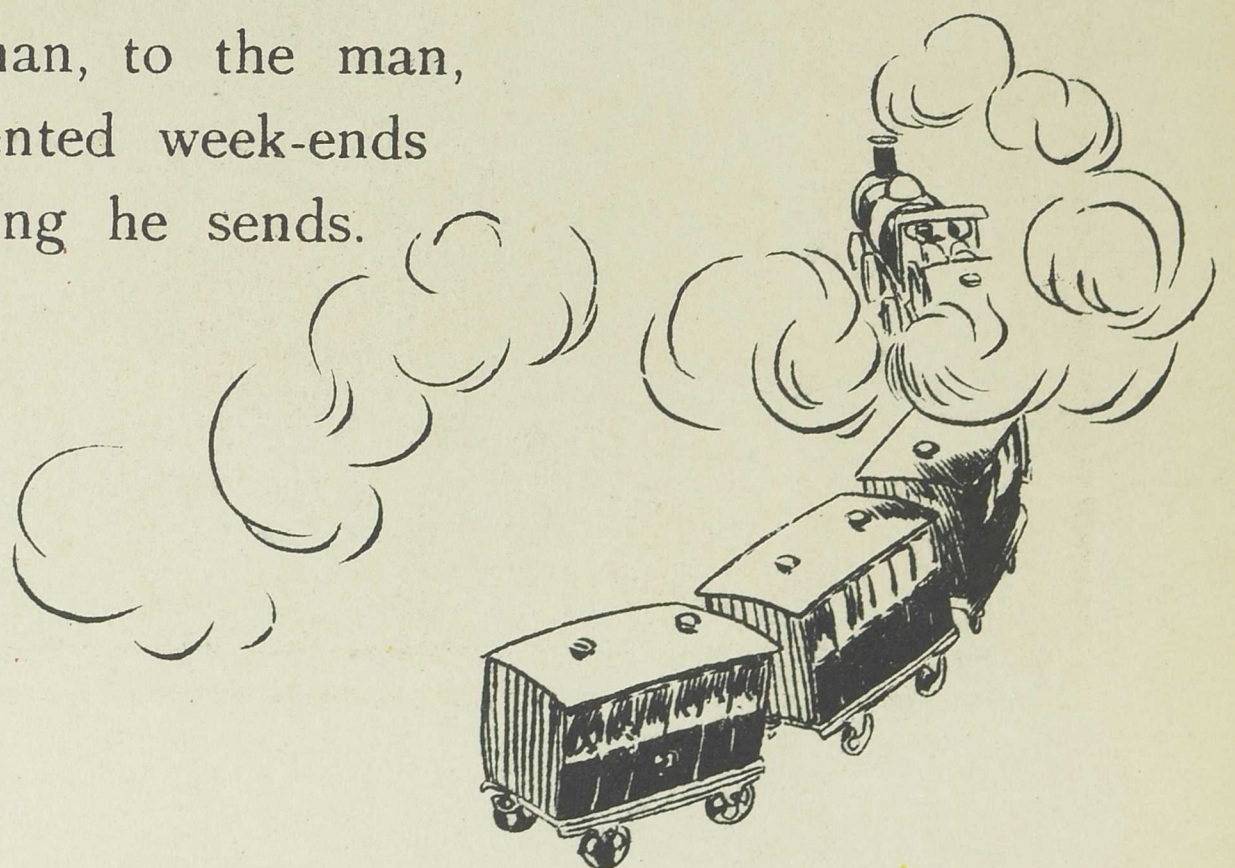


## THE WEEK END.

Mr. Man's going away,  
Every day, every day,  
For a month he has vowed,  
To get out of the crowd ;  
And spend a week end,  
With a friend, with a friend.

He will golf, he will golf,  
Tho' his play's rather off,  
He will sit beneath trees,  
And eat sandwiches ;  
He will bask in the sun  
And have general fun.

On Monday he's back  
Feeling plump as a sack  
And as fit as he can :  
To the man, to the man,  
Who invented week-ends  
His blessing he sends.















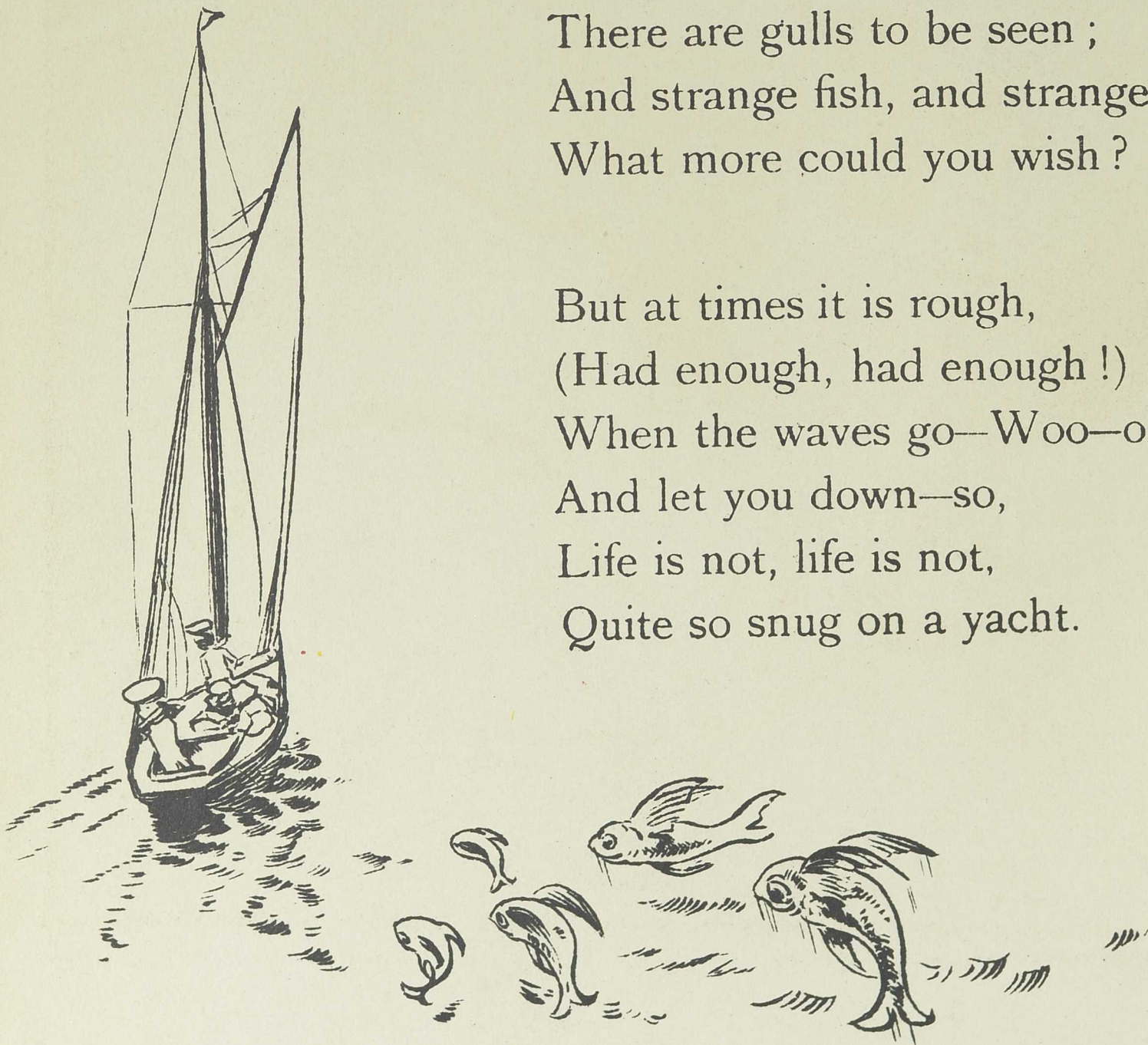


## YACHTING.

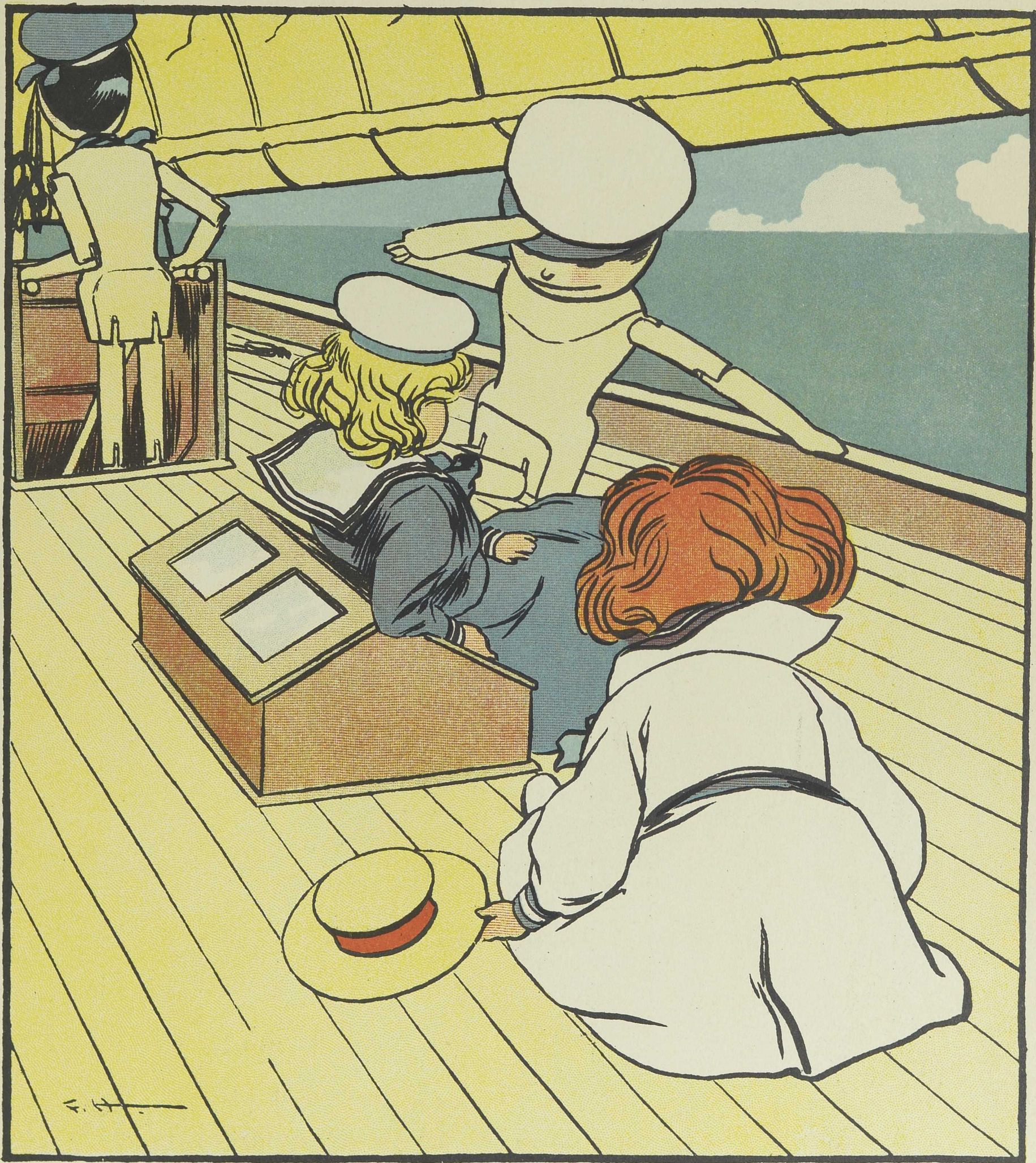
On a yacht, on a yacht,  
Life is not, life is not,  
Such a whirl, such a whirl,  
As in London, dear girl ;  
There are breezes, you know,  
And they blow, and they blow.

And between me and you,  
The sky is quite blue,  
And the sea is quite green,  
There are gulls to be seen ;  
And strange fish, and strange fish—  
What more could you wish ?

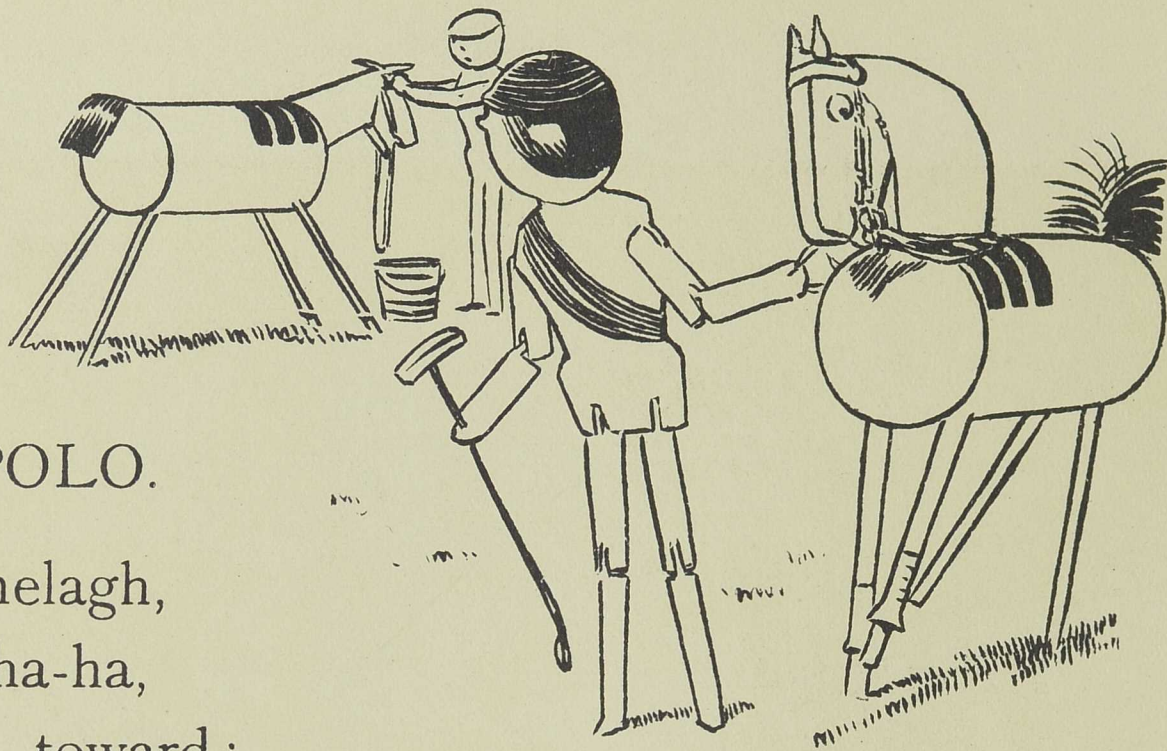
But at times it is rough,  
(Had enough, had enough !)  
When the waves go—Woo—oh,  
And let you down—so,  
Life is not, life is not,  
Quite so snug on a yacht.











## POLO.

Ranelagh, Ranelagh,  
Ha-ha-ha, ha-ha-ha,  
There is Polo toward:  
On the sward, on the sward  
You scamper about,  
In and out, in and out.

You race and you race,  
And you chase and you chase  
That dear little ball;  
Take care you don't fall,  
If you do, if you do  
There'll be trouble for you.

Our ponies are good,  
Though they're all made of wood,  
And have legs like a stick,  
They are quick, they are quick,  
And they jump, and they jump,  
And sometimes they bump.



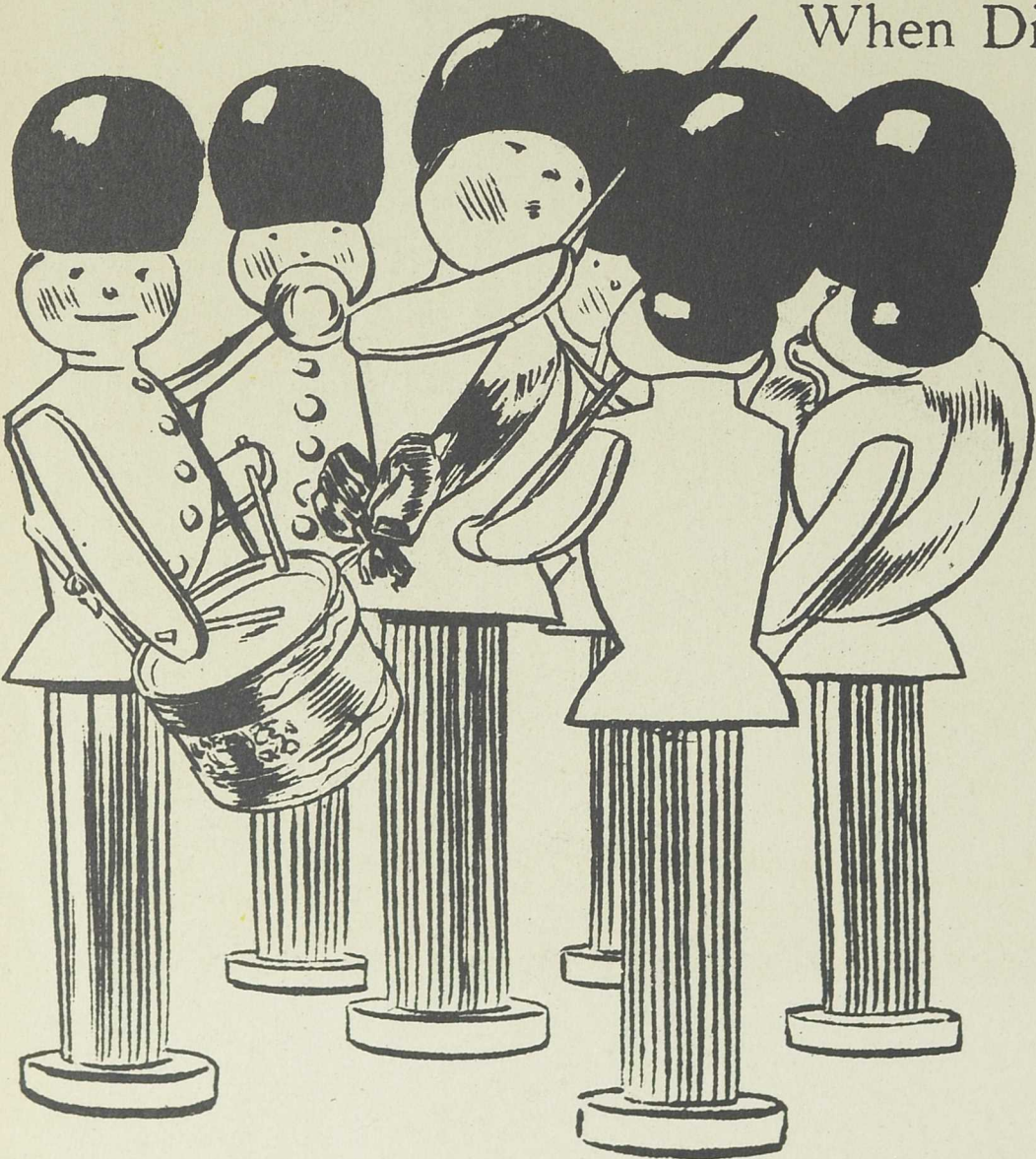




## THE EXHIBITION.

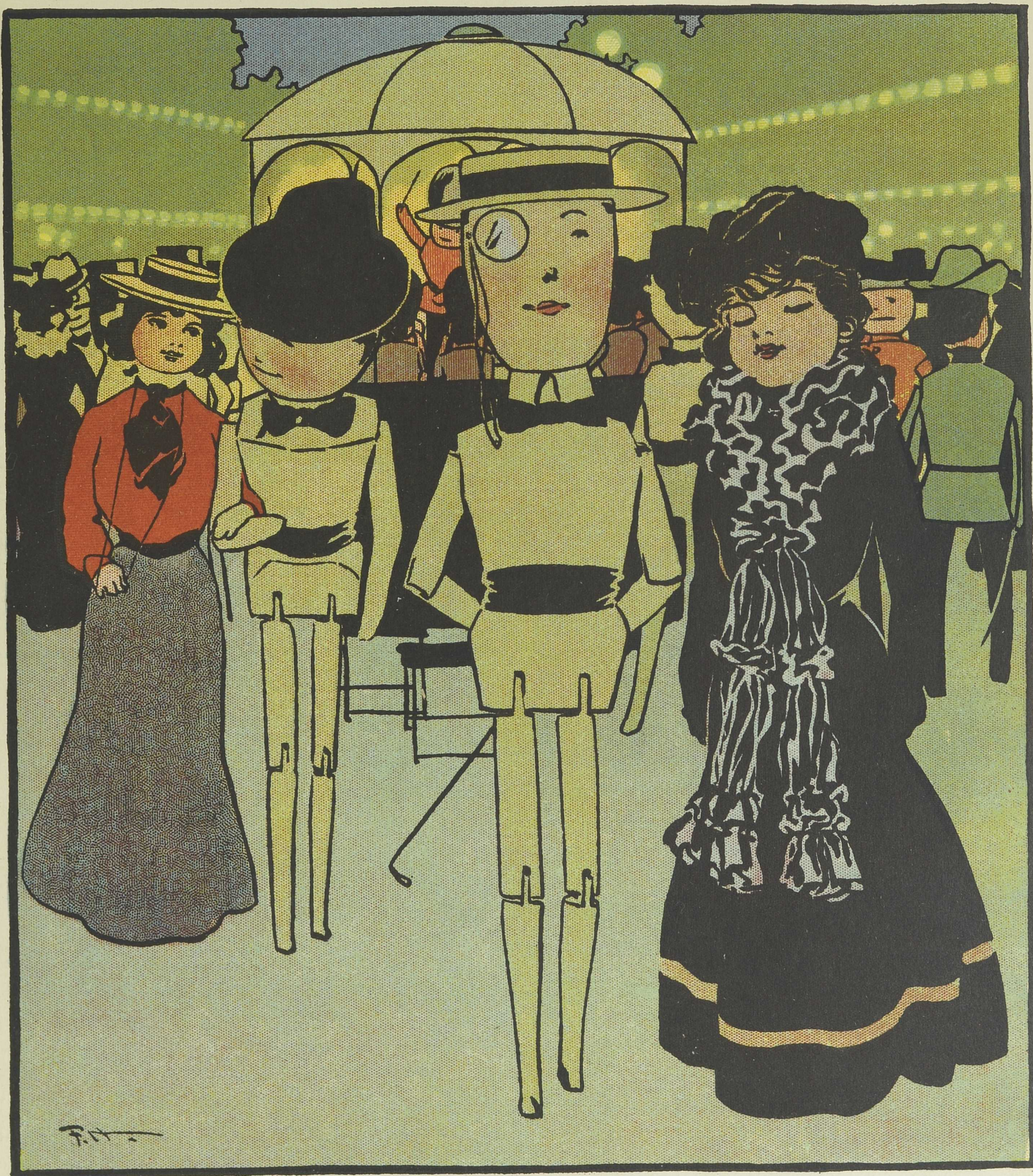
On a stand, on a stand,  
By a band, by a band,  
Sweet music is given  
From 7 till 11.  
To the sound, to the sound,  
We walk round, we walk round.

They are excellent play'rs,  
The Scotch Airs, the Scotch Airs  
Are better than Bach,  
It's a fach, it's a fach!  
And the' din, oh the din,  
When Dick Wagner comes in!



Ah Dolly, my girl,  
You're a pearl, you're a pearl.  
And a pet, and a pet,  
And that last minuet,  
It was fine, it was fine,  
Oh Dolly, be mine.





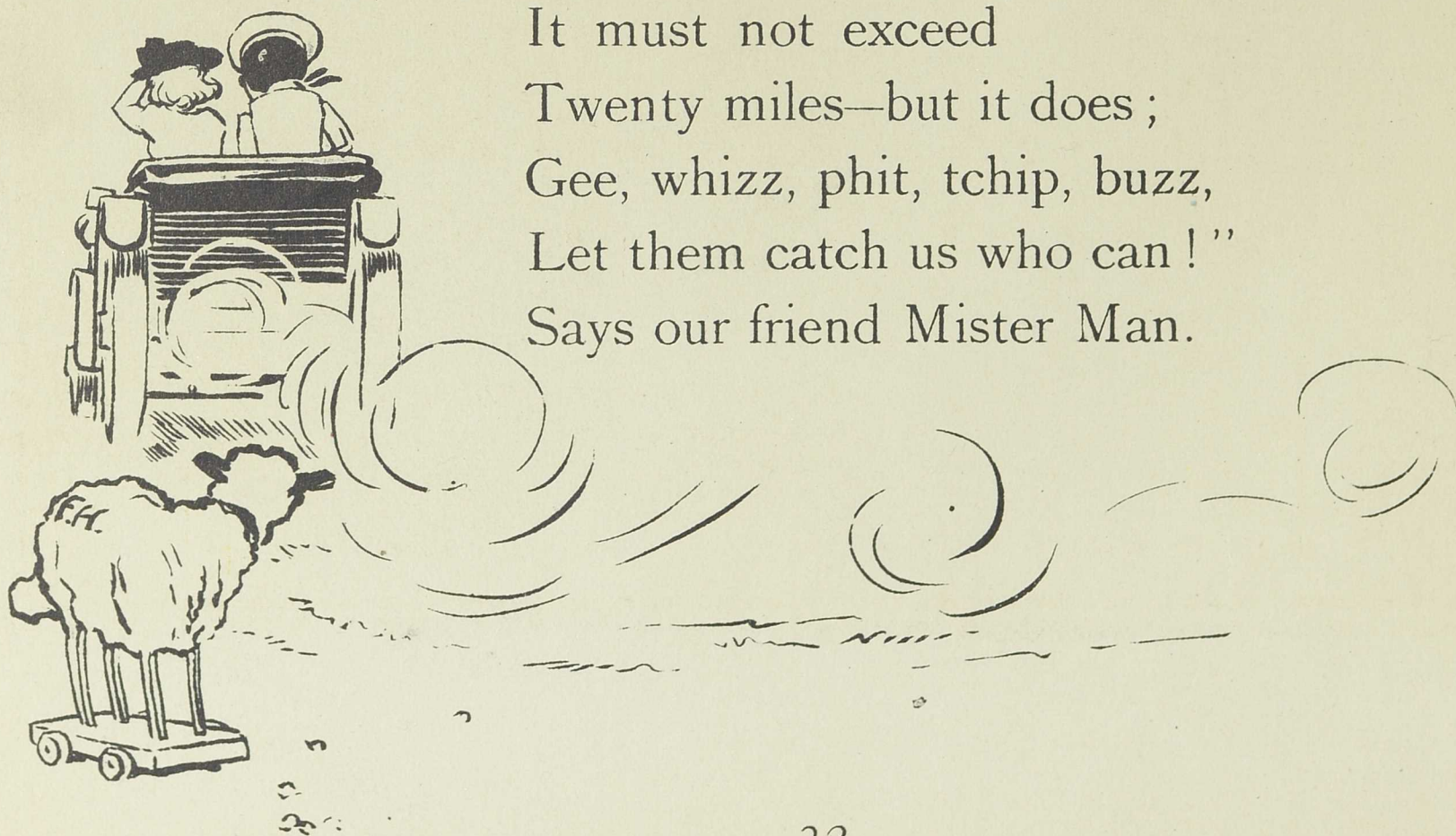


## MOTORING.

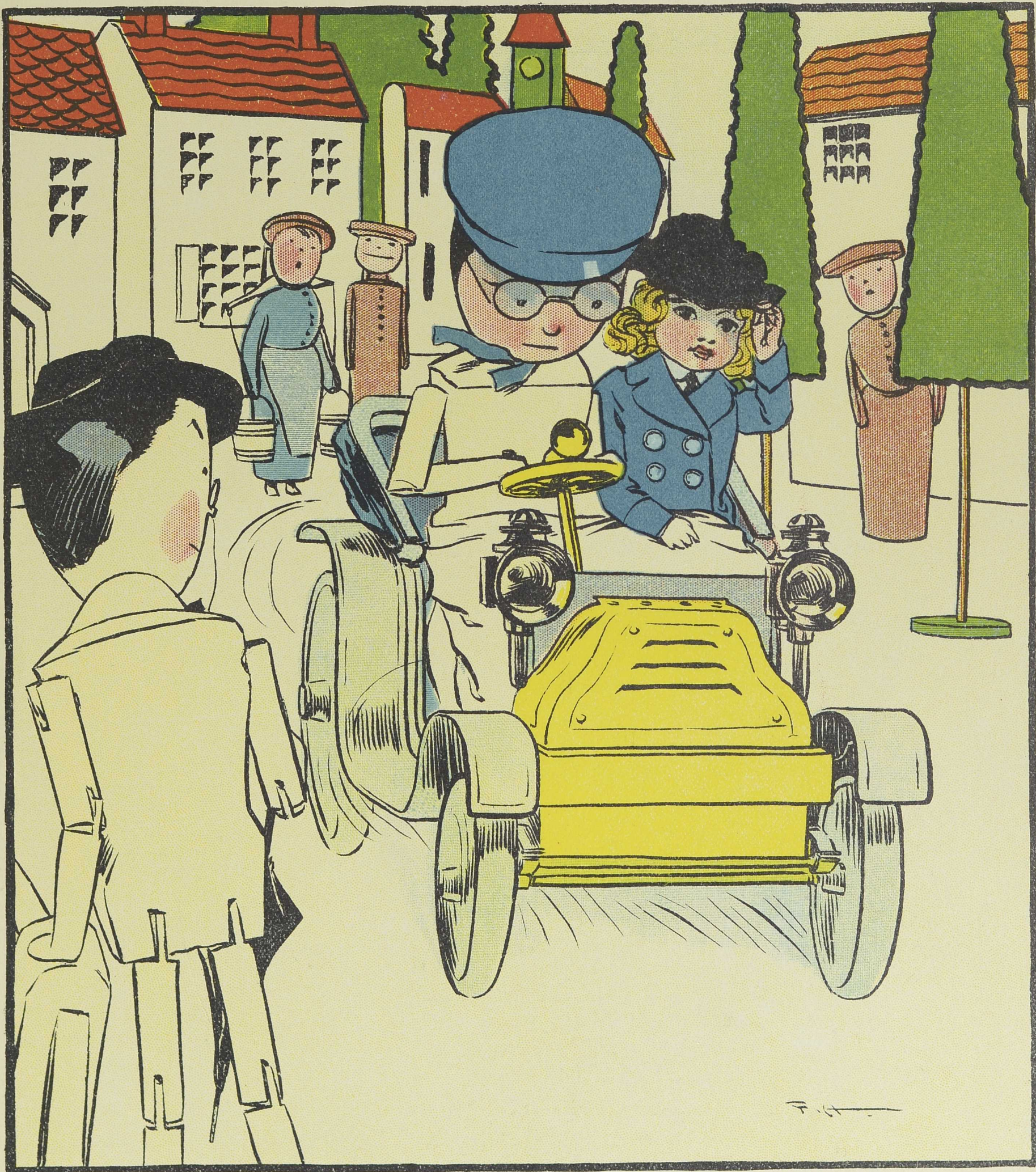
Let me mote, let me mote,  
My peculiar coat,  
My goggle-y eyes,  
And sweet thing in ties,  
Are the sort, are the sort,  
For the sport, for the sport,

Teuf-teuf-teuf-teuf-teuf-  
These cobbles are rough ;  
Pip-pip ! Oh I say,  
Do get out of the way—  
Through the village we dash,  
Like a flash, like a flash.

“ The speed—well—the speed,  
It must not exceed  
Twenty miles—but it does ;  
Gee, whizz, phit, tchip, buzz,  
Let them catch us who can ! ”  
Says our friend Mister Man.









## A CAT SHOW.

At this show, at this show,  
Seated all in a row  
Upon mats, upon mats  
There are cats, there are cats;  
Persian, Tabby, and — well  
Tortoiseshell, Tortoiseshell.

The one marked 'First Prize'  
Shuts it's eyes, shuts its eyes  
And sticks up its nose,  
It is proud I suppose  
Of the ribbon it's got,  
For being best of the lot.

But the other poor puss—  
What a fuss, what a fuss!  
She sheds tears, she sheds tears;  
"Ah! my dears, ah! my dears  
Excuse me" she cries,—  
"I have not got a prize."







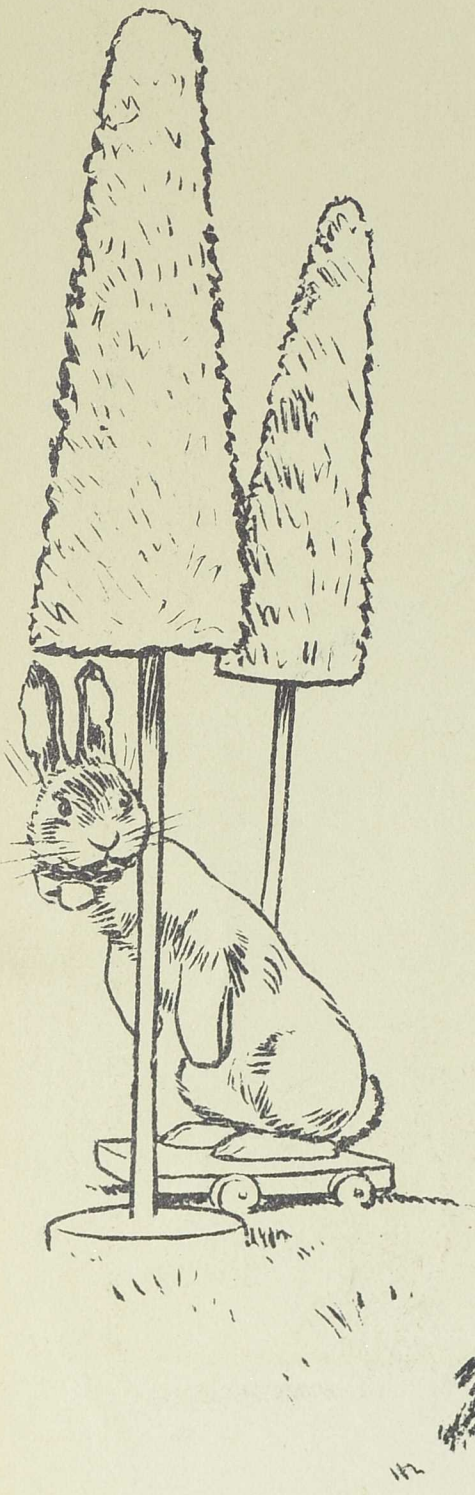


## SHOOTING.

Oh dear little Bun,  
You must run, you must run,  
Or else you'll get shot,  
And what, my dear, what  
Would you do, would you do,  
With your leg shot in two?

The other Buns stand  
Close at hand, close at hand,  
And looked scared, and looked scared;  
They were not prepared,  
Such troubles to meet,  
In this rural retreat.

And each of them feels,  
Quite cold to his wheels,  
He knows he can't stir,  
All his fur, all his fur,  
Stands on end, stands on end,  
It is cruel, my friend.





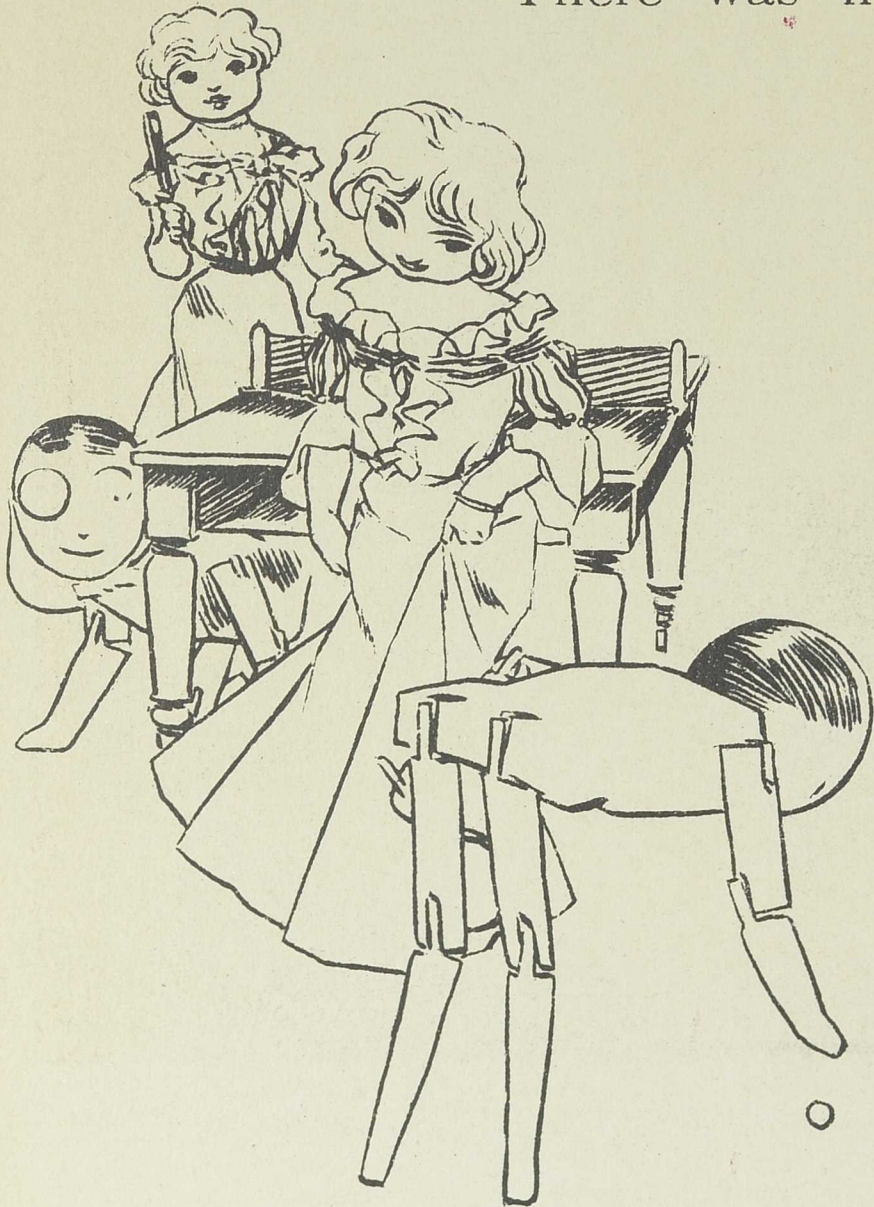




## PING-PONG.

I say, Oh I say,  
Do you play, do you play,  
That remarkable game,  
With the curious name ;  
The game called Ping-pong ?  
It's going strong, it's going strong.

After dinner, your aunt  
Says, " Darlings, I want  
To see this game played,  
I'm afraid, I'm afraid,  
That when I was young,  
There was no Ping-pong."



So you ping, and you ping,  
For the look of the thing,  
And you pong, and you pong,  
For ever so long ;  
But the best fun of all,  
Is seeking the ball.





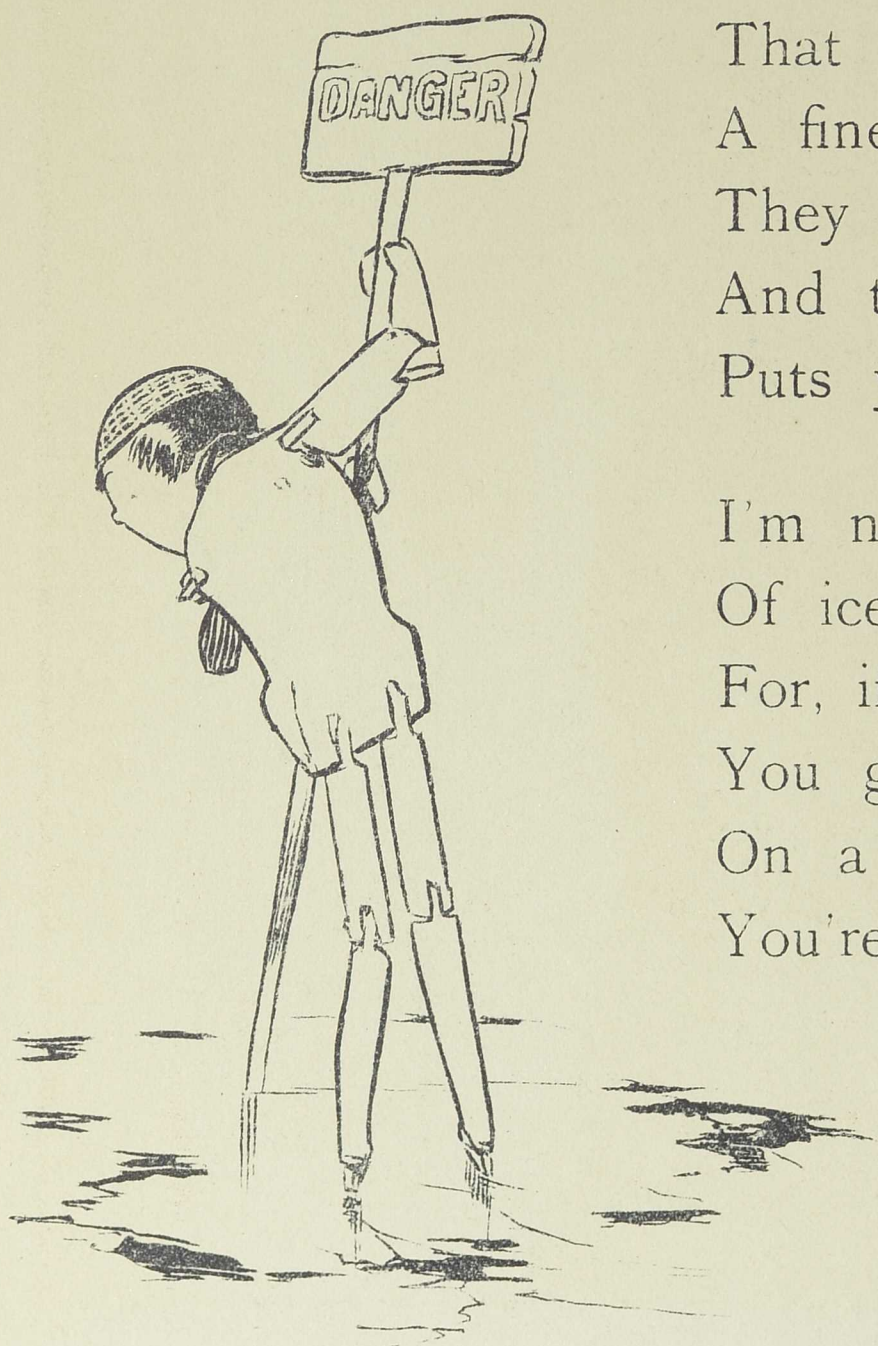


## A SKATING RINK.

Oh the ice, Oh the ice,  
It is nice, it is nice,  
I could skate, I could skate,  
Till quite late, till quite late,  
It is true, it is true,  
Couldn't you, couldn't you?

All the doctors agree  
That skating must be  
A fine exercise,  
They are wise, they are wise;  
And the motion, you know,  
Puts you into a glow.

I'm not fond, I'm not fond,  
Of ice on a pond,  
For, if it's too thin,  
You go in, you go in;  
On a rink, on a rink,  
You're much safer I think.







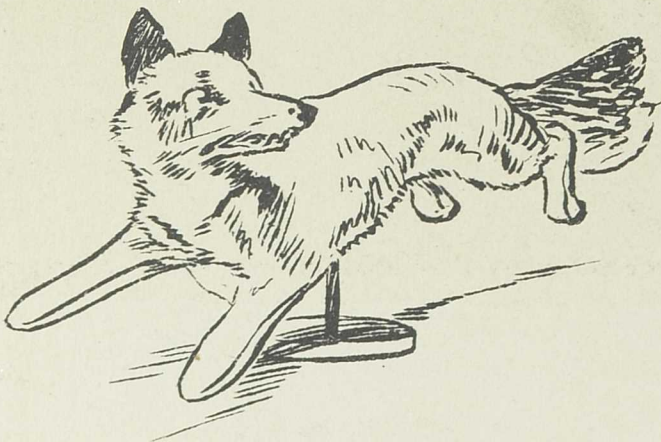


## HUNTING.

Curly Locks, curly Locks,  
In pursuit of the fox,  
Sits her pony quite well,  
She's no end of a swell  
And early or late,  
She rides straight, she rides straight.

Mr. Man shows a lead,  
On his steed, on his steed,  
Mr. Man is most kind;  
Dolly gallops behind  
Out of breath, out of breath,  
She'll be in at the death.

And the hurdles she takes!  
But la sakes, but la sakes!  
What is here, what is here?  
Something dreadful, I fear;  
Mr. Man's fallen smash,  
He's been rash, he's been rash.







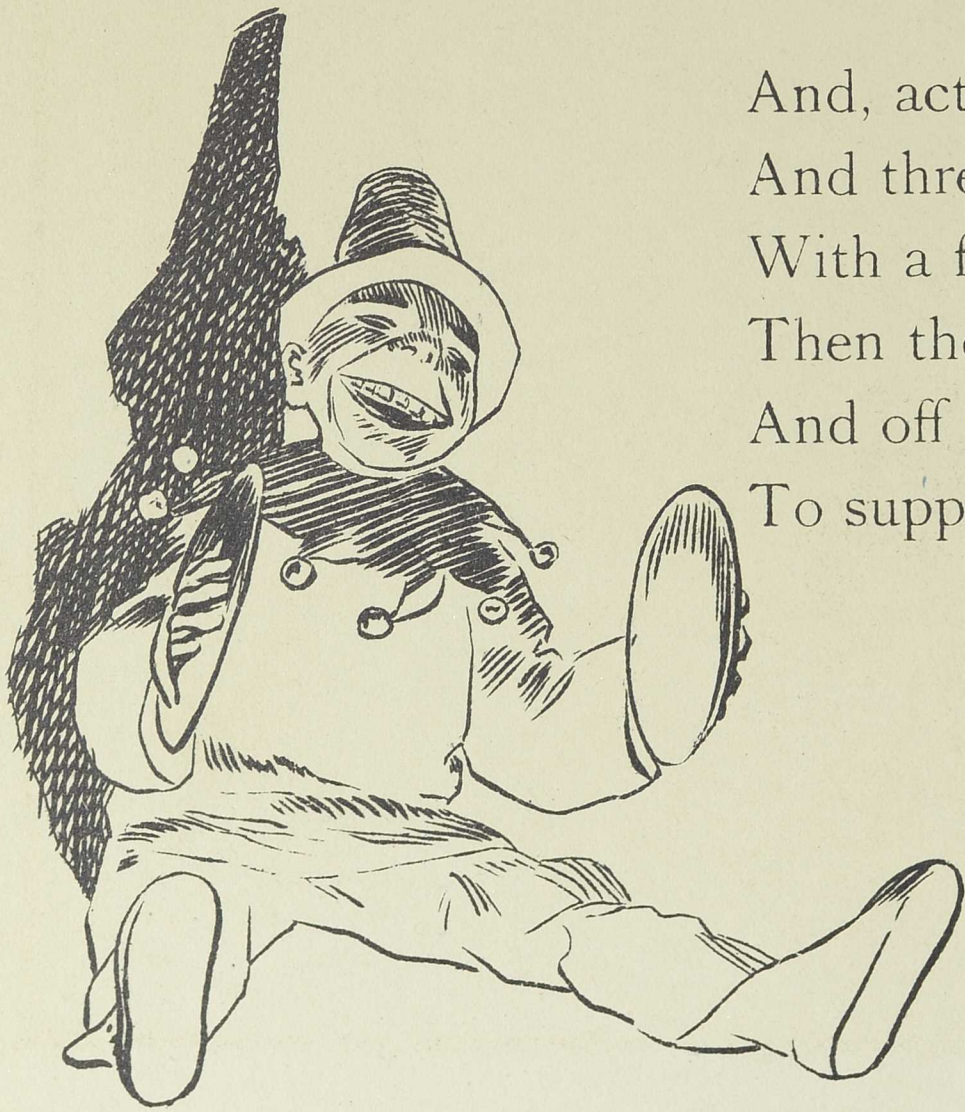


## THE THEATRE.

In your box, in your box,  
You wear frocks, you wear frocks,  
That are really quite sweet.  
You sit on your seat,  
And look gay, and look gay,  
You have come to the play.

The first act, the first act  
Will attract, will attract  
You quite strongly ; you'll sigh  
And say, " Um, ah yes,—I  
For my part opine  
It's cut rather fine !"

And, acts number two  
And three you will view  
With a frown, with a frown;  
Then the curtain comes down,  
And off you will walk  
To supper and talk.









## A FANCY-DRESS BALL.

At a fancy-dress ball  
If you can't dance at all,  
You amuse, you amuse  
The partner you choose.  
Without doubt, without doubt,  
You had better sit out.



But if you can dance  
Pray advance, pray advance:  
Dancing men are as rare  
As ever they were;  
If your step is just right  
You'll be busy all night.

When the girl you've admired  
Gets tired, gets tired,  
And flops down on the floor,  
And won't dance any more,  
Bring her cakes and a nice  
Cold strawberry ice.



