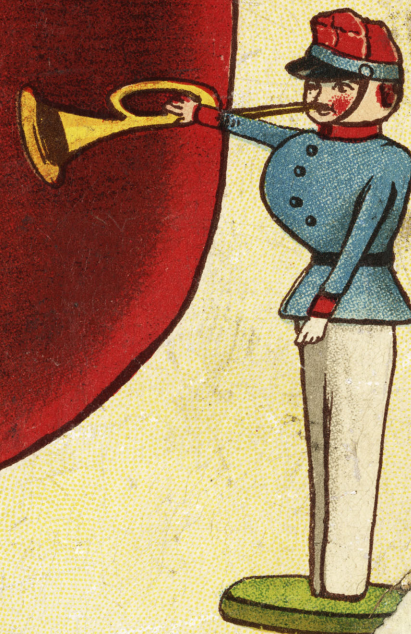




WHAT THE TOYS DID!

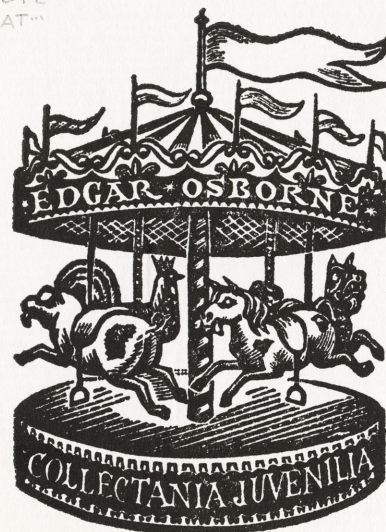
Verses
By E. L. SHUTE.



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WHAT??



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WHAT THE TOYS DID!

A Dream.

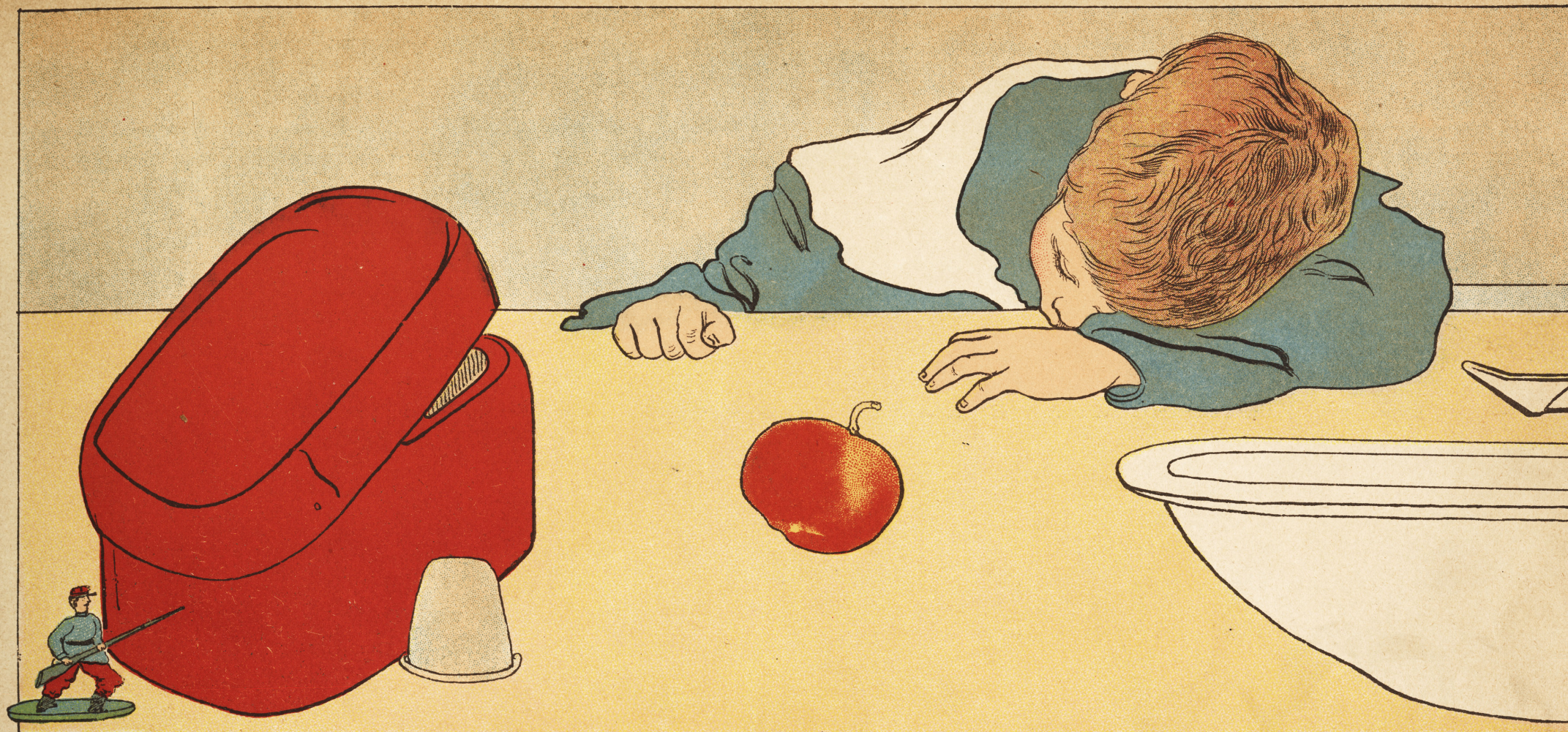
Told in Verses By

E. L. SHUTE.



LONDON — FREDERICK WARNE & CO — & NEW YORK

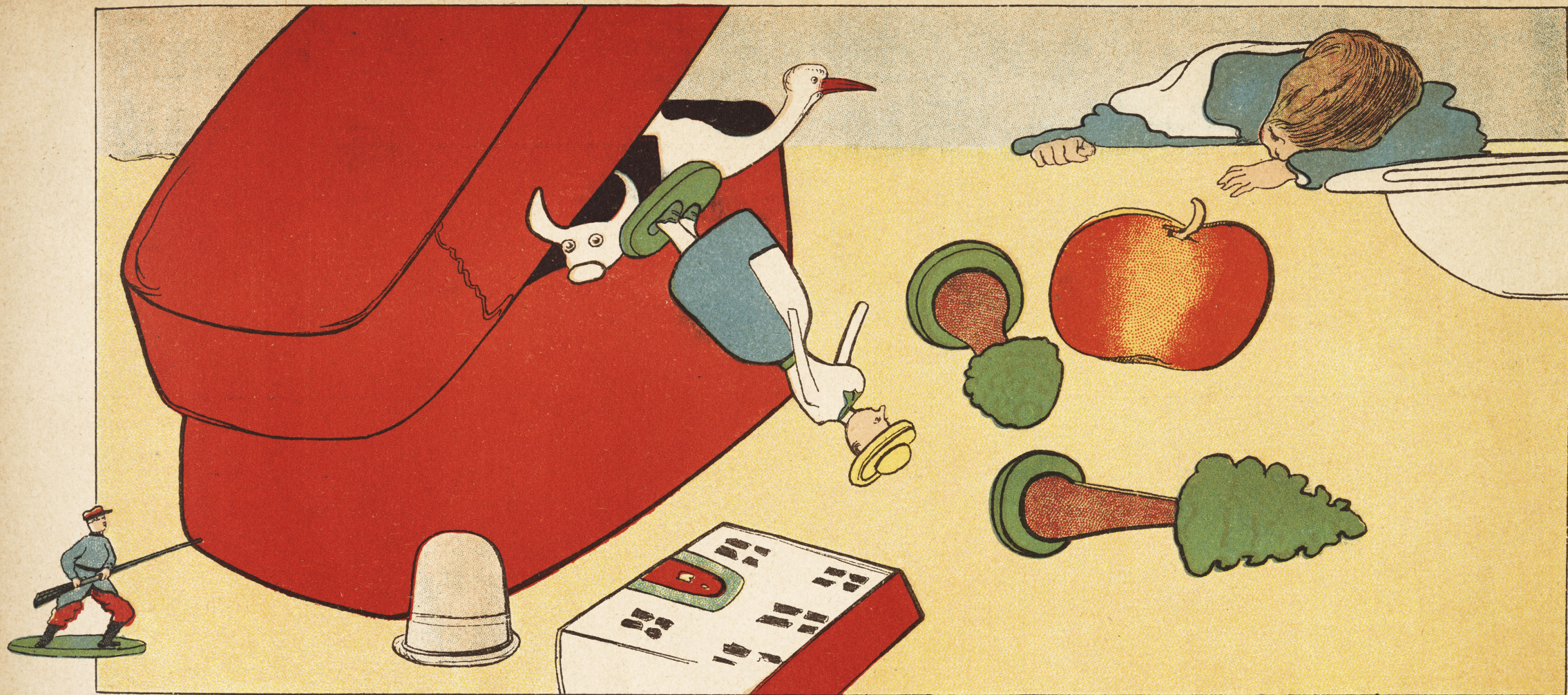
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There was a boy, his name was
Freddy,
Who always was at lessons steady.
He quiet sat,
And learnt them pat,
And then for playtime he was ready.

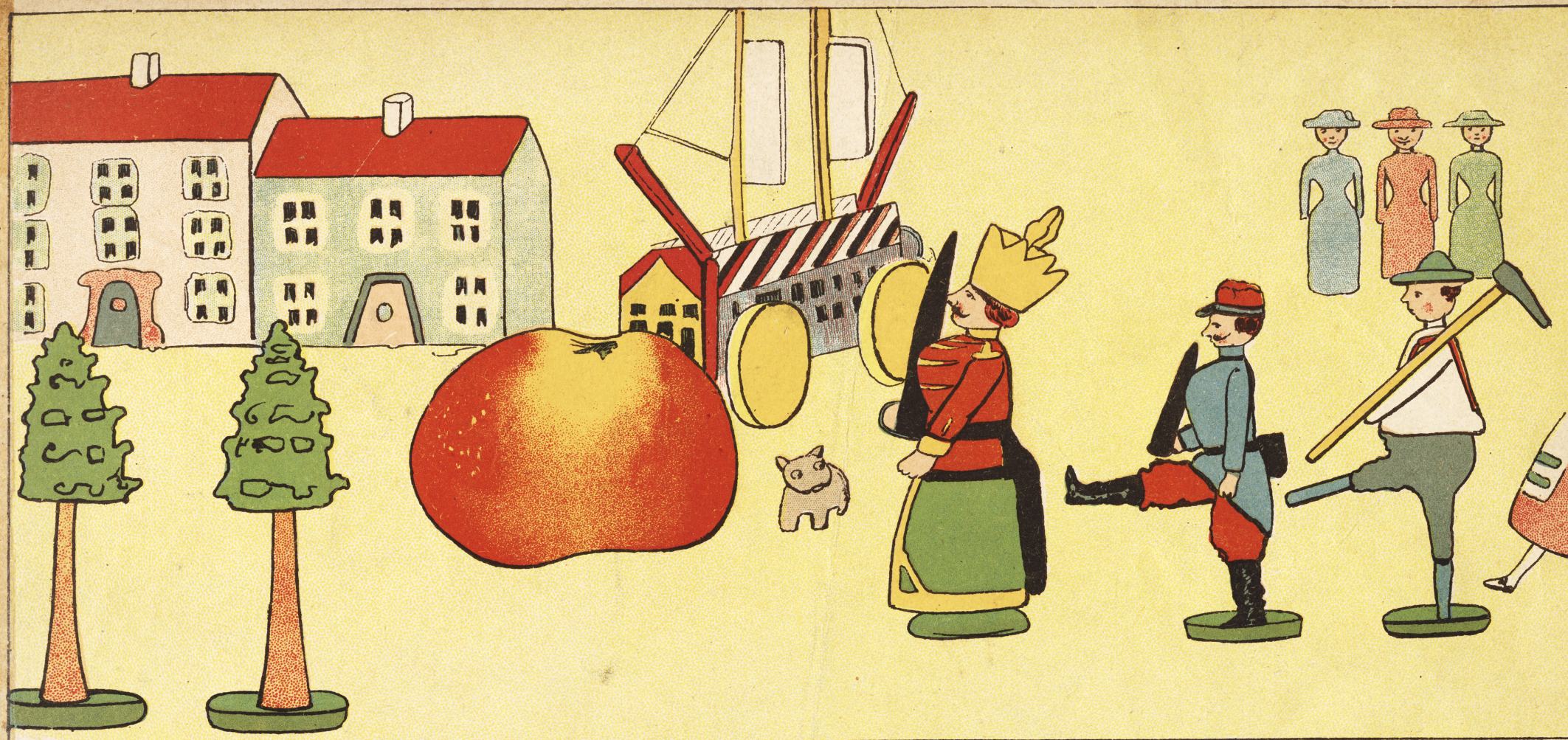
He rushes, runs and plays at horses,
Which of all games the best, of
course, is ;
He tears about.
Till tired out,
He wonders if Mamma indoor is ?

Not yet! So Freddy gets his playthings,
Nice toys that always Christmas Day
brings,
But . . . sound and deep,
He falls asleep,
And from his brain a dream most gay
springs.



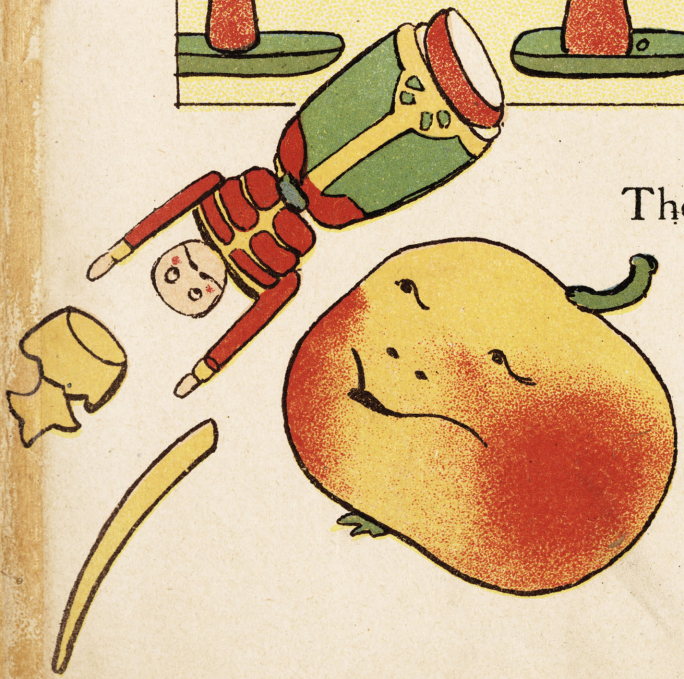
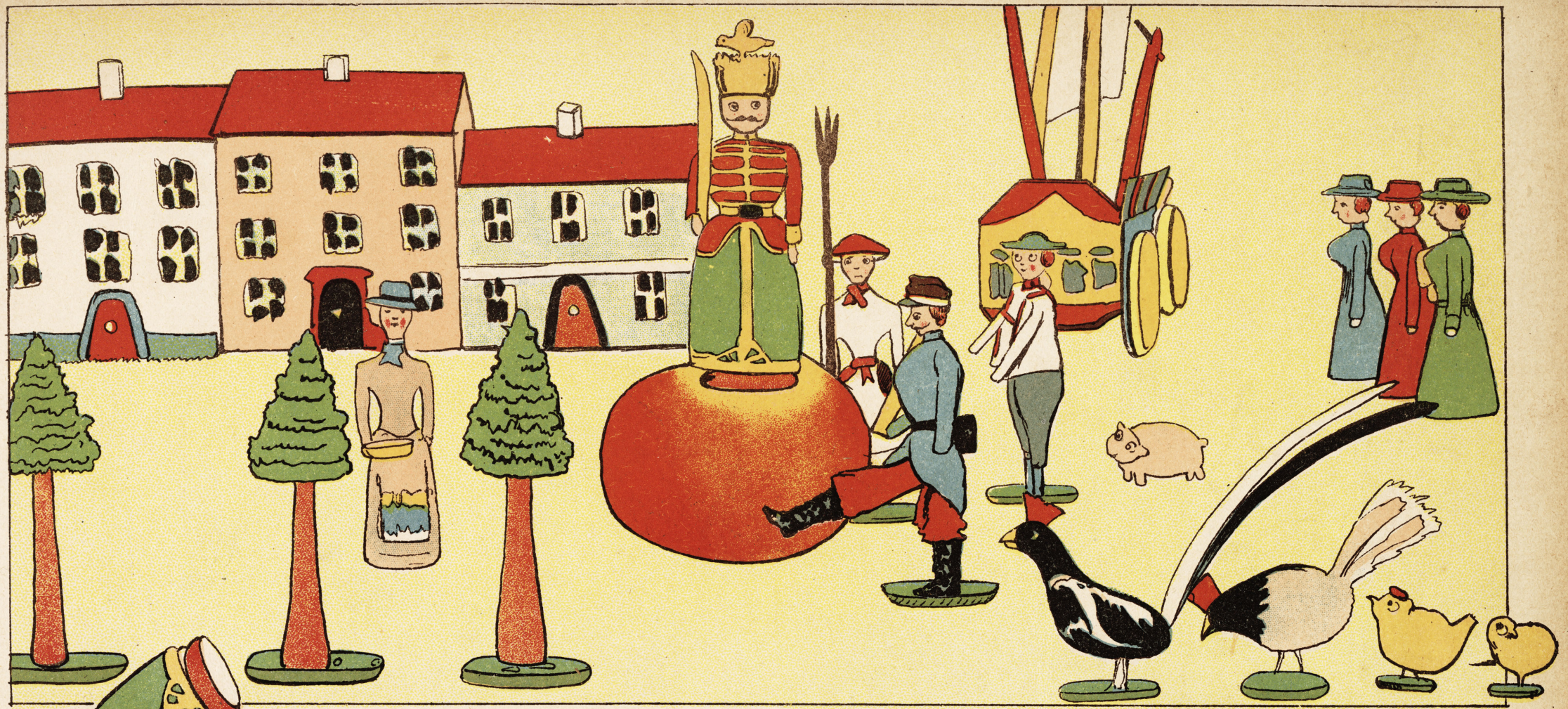
A basin white on the table stood,
And Freddy's toys in a box of wood.
Why, look what's happening in the box,
The cover tilts, the whole thing rocks.

Then out come tumbling all the toys,
Clattering down with a dreadful noise ;
A house, a soldier, a peasant girl,
Two dear little trees with their leaves in curl.



There came a King in gold-laced frocks,
And a crown on his ruddy hair;
But he belonged to another box,
And he had no business there.

That he was proud was plainly shown,
As he said, "I'm a King?" said he
"That fine red apple shall be my throne,
And I'll rule the whole countree."



The soldier, the peasant, the doggie,
and then

The three pretty maidens,
the cock and the hen,
All walked up and down
and admired the King,
With his lovely gold crown
and his beautiful ring.

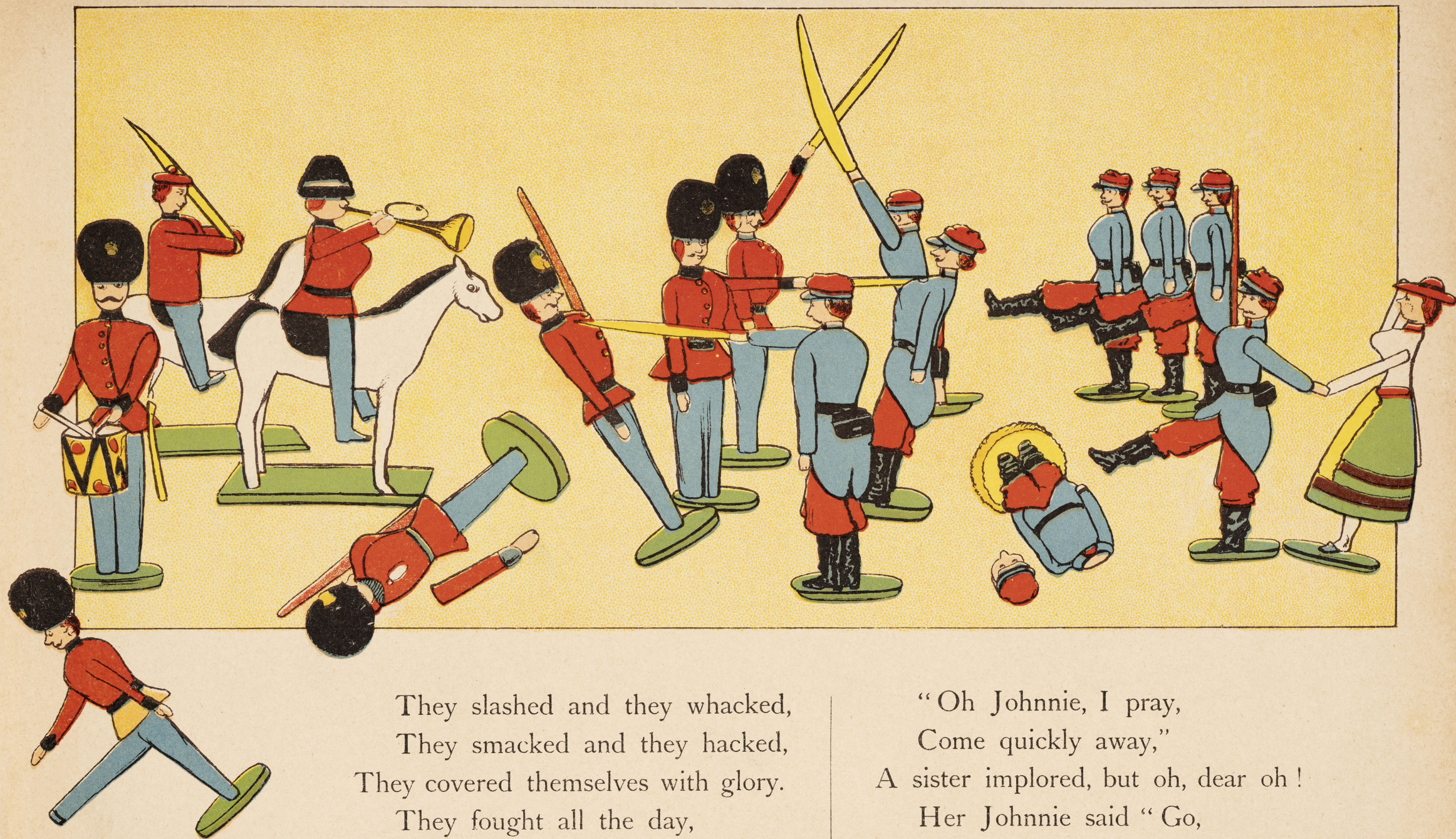
The King was delighted, the apple not so,
He thought the usurper had better just
go!
So slily he rocked till the King tumbled
down,
And toppling right over had smashed his
fine crown.



A soldier saw the dreadful fall,
And rushed to tell his comrades all !

The men in blue
Cried "Shame on you !
You should have held the apple still."
The men in red,
Bawled out instead,
"That's no part of a soldier's drill."

They then set to work,
With sword and with dirk,
They fought and they slaughtered each other.
They caused such a scare,
That the children in fear
Ran shrieking each home to its mother.



They slashed and they whacked,
 They smacked and they hacked,
 They covered themselves with glory.
 They fought all the day,
 Till battered they lay,
 It was a most terrible story.

“Oh Johnnie, I pray,
 Come quickly away,”
 A sister implored, but oh, dear oh!
 Her Johnnie said “Go,
 When a fight is on? No!
 You don’t seem to know I’m a hero.”



There were three pretty maidens clad in
pretty dresses three,

They spied a boat upon the floor as dry
as she could be.

“Oh, come you gallant gentlemen, let’s
all put out to sea!

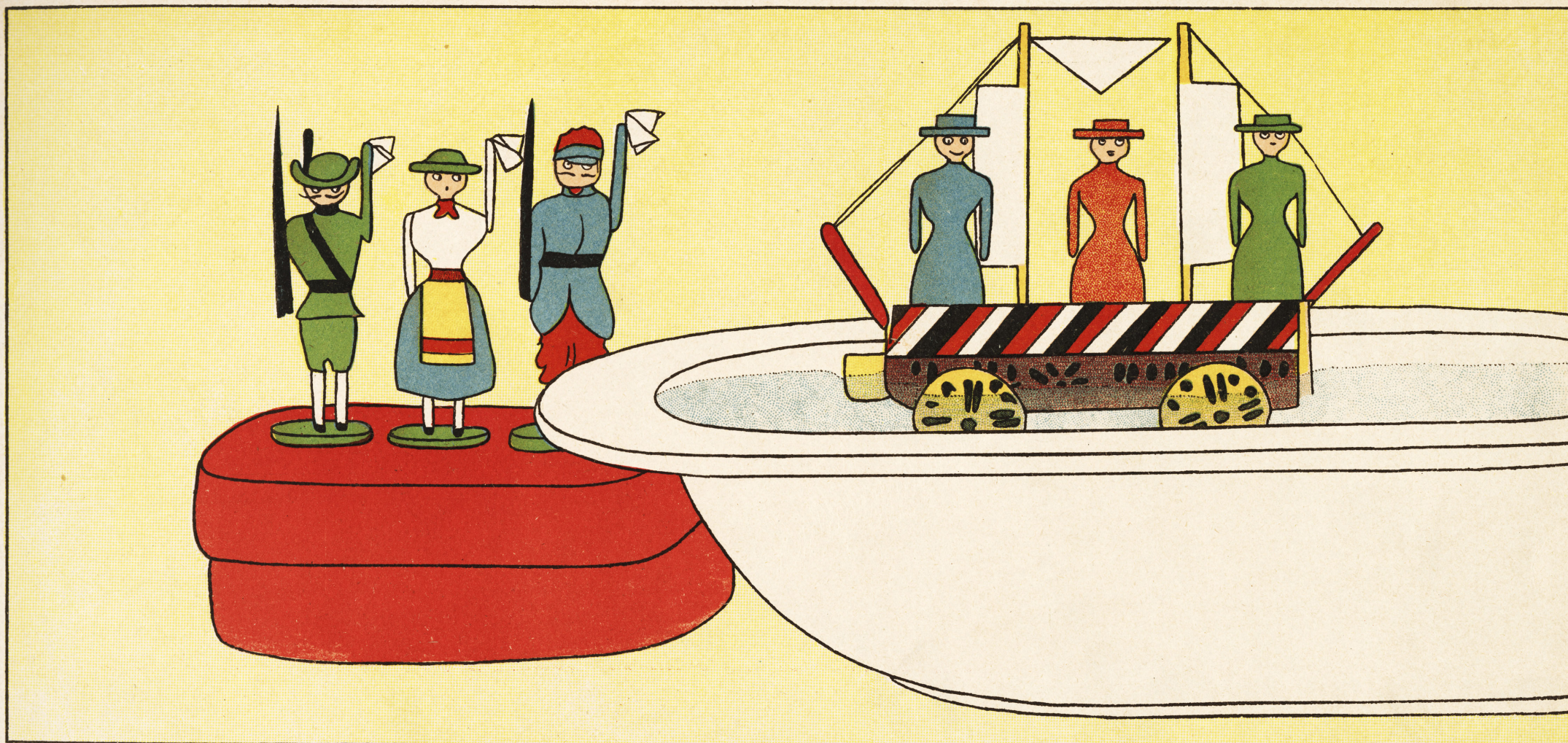
If the windy waves and wavy winds are steady.”

There were two gallant gentlemen, they answered
back “we will.”

They tugged and hauled upon the ropes, their
promise to fulfil.

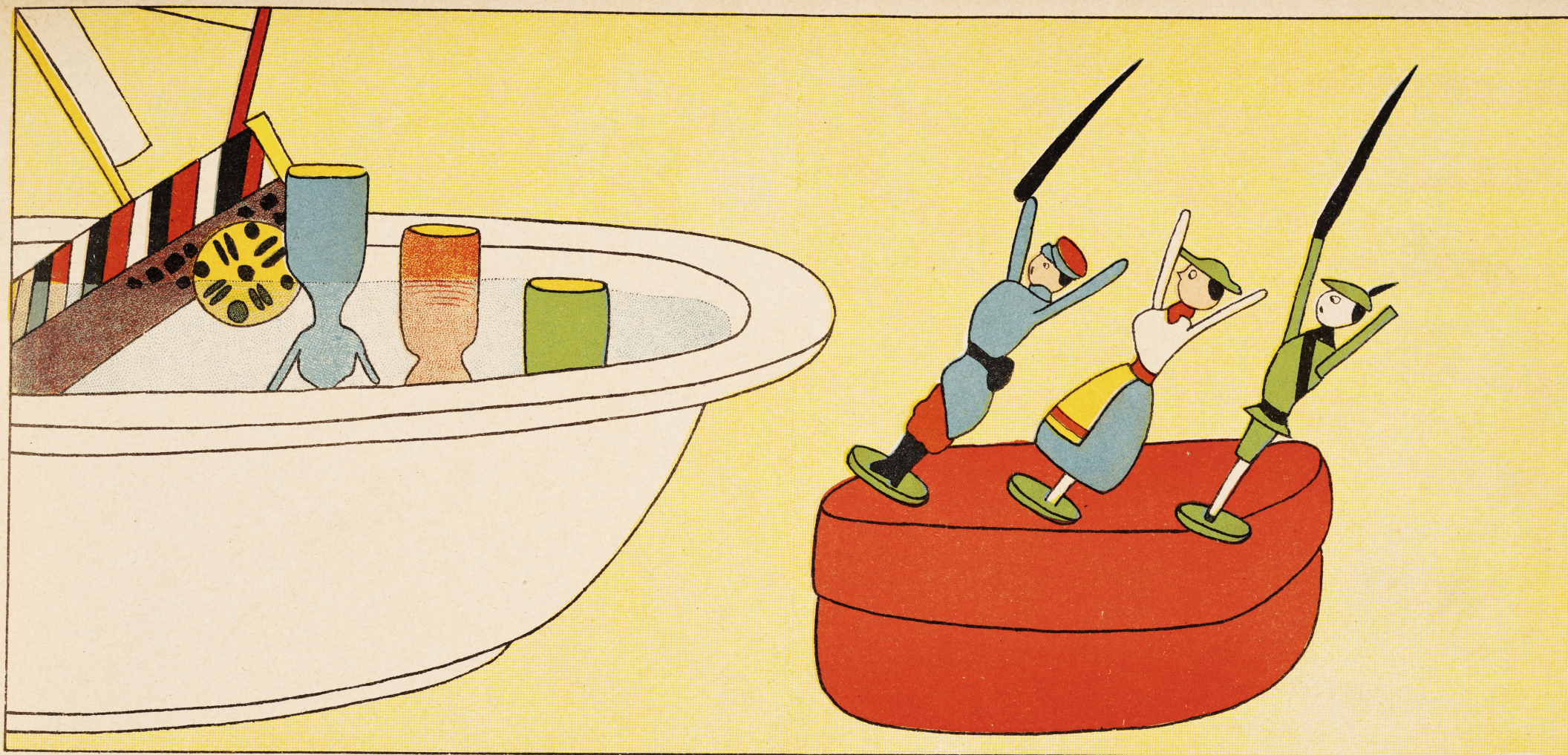
They got the boat to Basin’s Edge, and launched
her with great skill,

For the windy waves and wavy winds were steady.



The hunter and the soldier man, they also pushed
the box,
Close up to Basin's Edge just like, the real East
India Docks.
Then in there jumped the maidens three, in their
three coloured frocks,
And the windy waves and wavy winds were steady.

There was the soldier's sister too, she clambered
up as well,
And all of them waved handkerchiefs and wished
the three farewell,
While the boat set sail. And, oh, dear me! what
do you think befel?
Though the windy waves and wavy winds were steady.



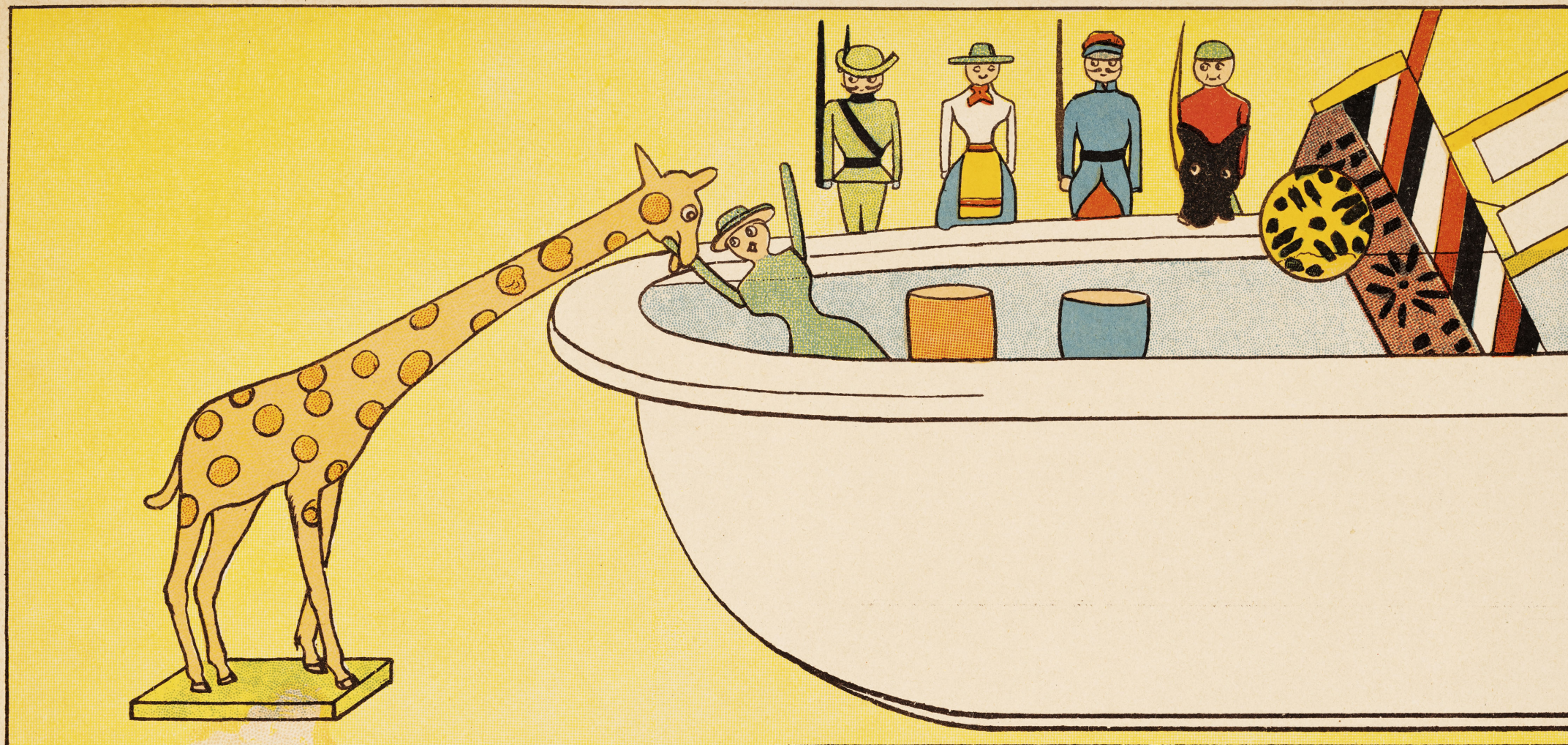
Oh, it's very nice to sail
When one isn't in a gale!
And "I love still waters too,"
Said the little maid in blue,
"But we're going rather slow,
Just a trifle, don't you know!
Let us rock from side to side,
As there isn't any tide—

That will get us on much faster."
But it brought a dire disaster;
For head-first into the sea,
They all tipped, one, two and three.
On the shore, friends yelled, of course,
Till a man upon a horse,
Galloped off some help to seek,
While the rest could only shriek.



Whom has the horseman found?
Who came with leap and bound,
Flying to help the drowned,
Rescue preparing?

'Twas the Giraffe who came,
Long necked, and swift, and tame,
Would you have done the same?
Are you so daring?

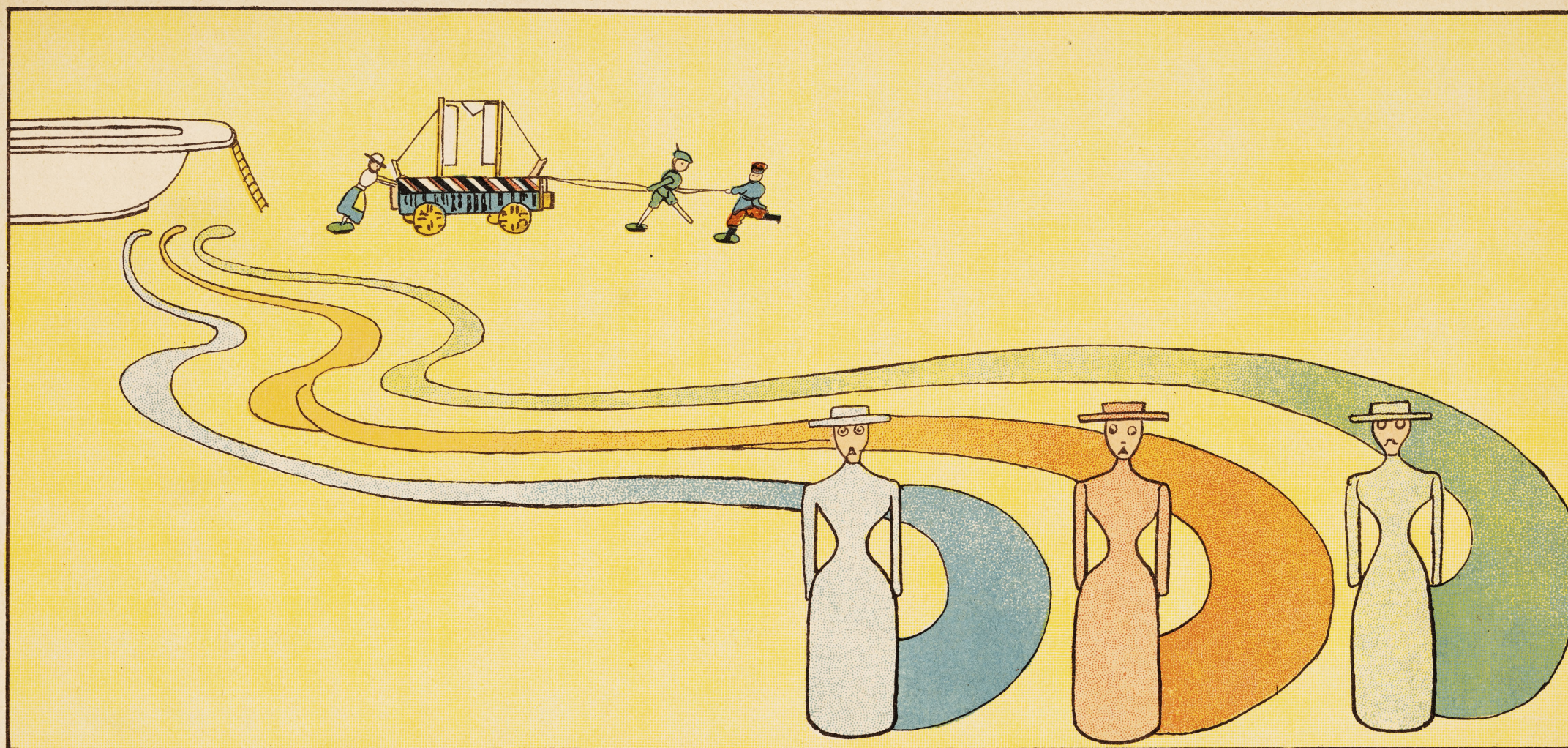


In his long neck he dipped,
Each by the arm he nipped,
Dragged her out (how she dripped !)

Till the task ended.

Three times he went to save,
Three times beneath the wave,
Poked in his nose so brave,
Wasn't it splendid ?

Still stood the "gallant two,"
Still stood the sister true,
Still stood the horseman too,
Anxious, each gazes.
Stood first in fear and doubt,
Then raised a joyful shout.
Giraffe, he turned about !
Wanted no praises.

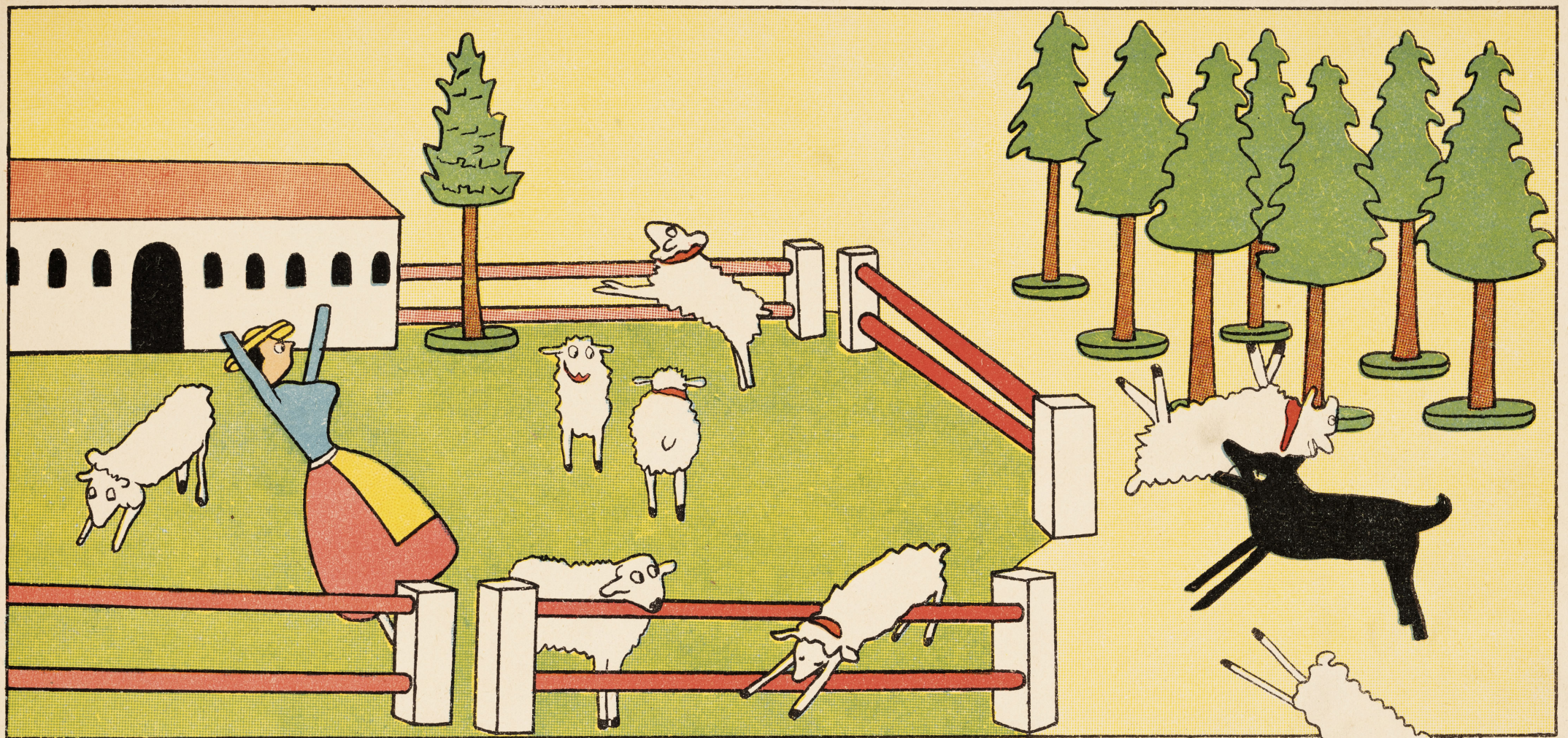


Wet and dripping, sliding, slipping,
Sadly went each maiden back,
Each behind her, (don't remind her !)
Left a funny coloured track.

Hear them wailing " Why a sailing
Went we out upon the main ?
Not for ever, never, *never*,
Will we take a bath again ! "

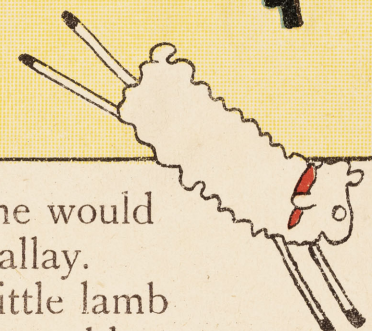


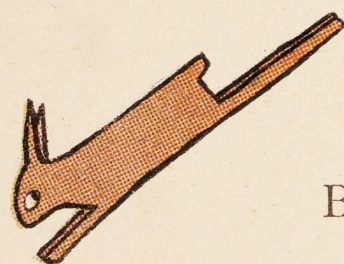
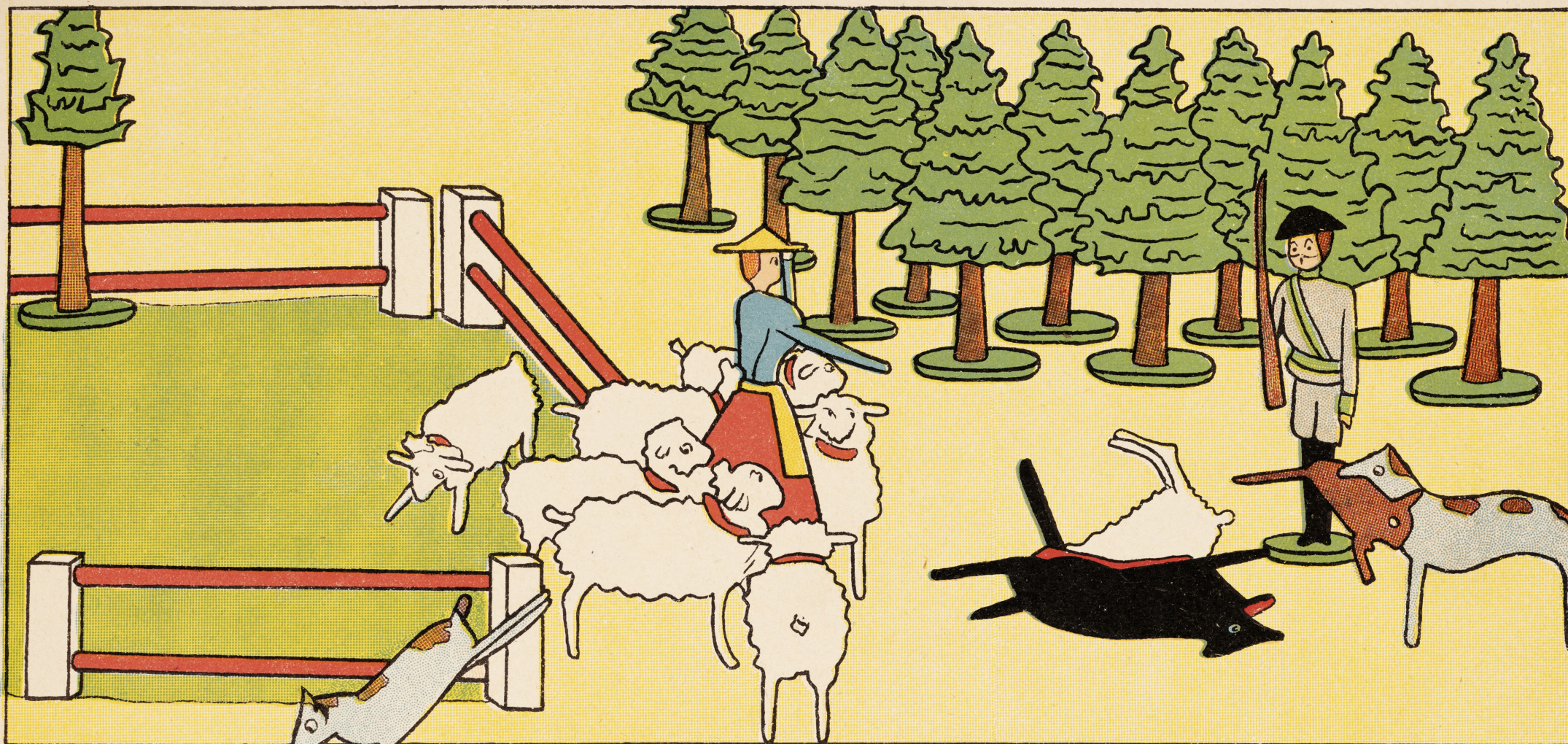
A lion ! a lion ! The town 's in a fright
 And e'en the policeman seeks refuge in flight.
 The girls up a side street make quickly a dive,
 For they none of them wish to be eaten alive !
 And eaten alive they most surely had been,
 But it chanced that a peasant the danger had seen ;
 He passed a long chain through the nose of the beast,
 And led him away without minding the least.



There was a little shepherdess
 Who had some little sheep
 (Eight of them—neither more nor less),
 She carefully did keep
 All in a red-barred sheep-fold,
 Where safe from wolves they played ;
 Until one day a lambkin bold,
 Beyond the hurdles strayed.
 A black wolf from the pine-wood,
 Who'd had no food that day,

Thought that on lamb to dine would
 His hunger sharp allay.
 " Help oh ! help oh !" the little lamb
 Cried out with piteous bleat.
 " Be quiet !" said the wolf, " my dear,
 You're very nice to eat !"
 Then loudly cried the shepherdess,
 " Quick, hunter ! with your gun !"
 But ere he came, wrong to redress,
 The wolf's fierce meal was done.



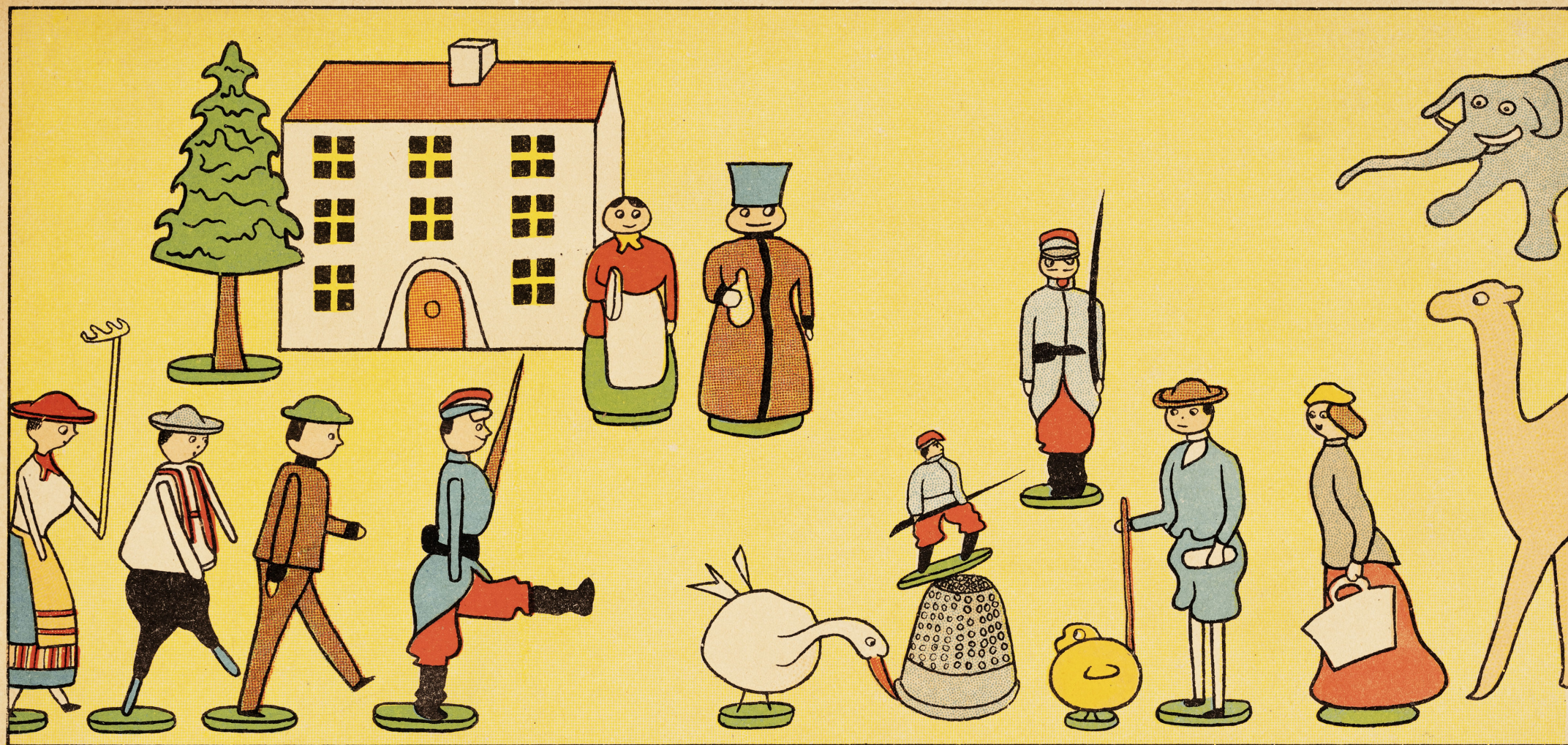


The hunter came running
as quick as he could
(His dog had a hare that he'd
caught in the wood).

But ere he could shoot the bad
wolf through the heart,
Crick! crack! the wolf's hide was
seen splitting apart;

And the poor little legs of the poor little sheep
Stuck up in the air, and the sight made one
creep!

"That comes," said the man, "of his being a
glutton,
And being too partial to dining on mutton."
The dog *was* astonished! He let go the hare,
Who galloped away to his own cosy lair.

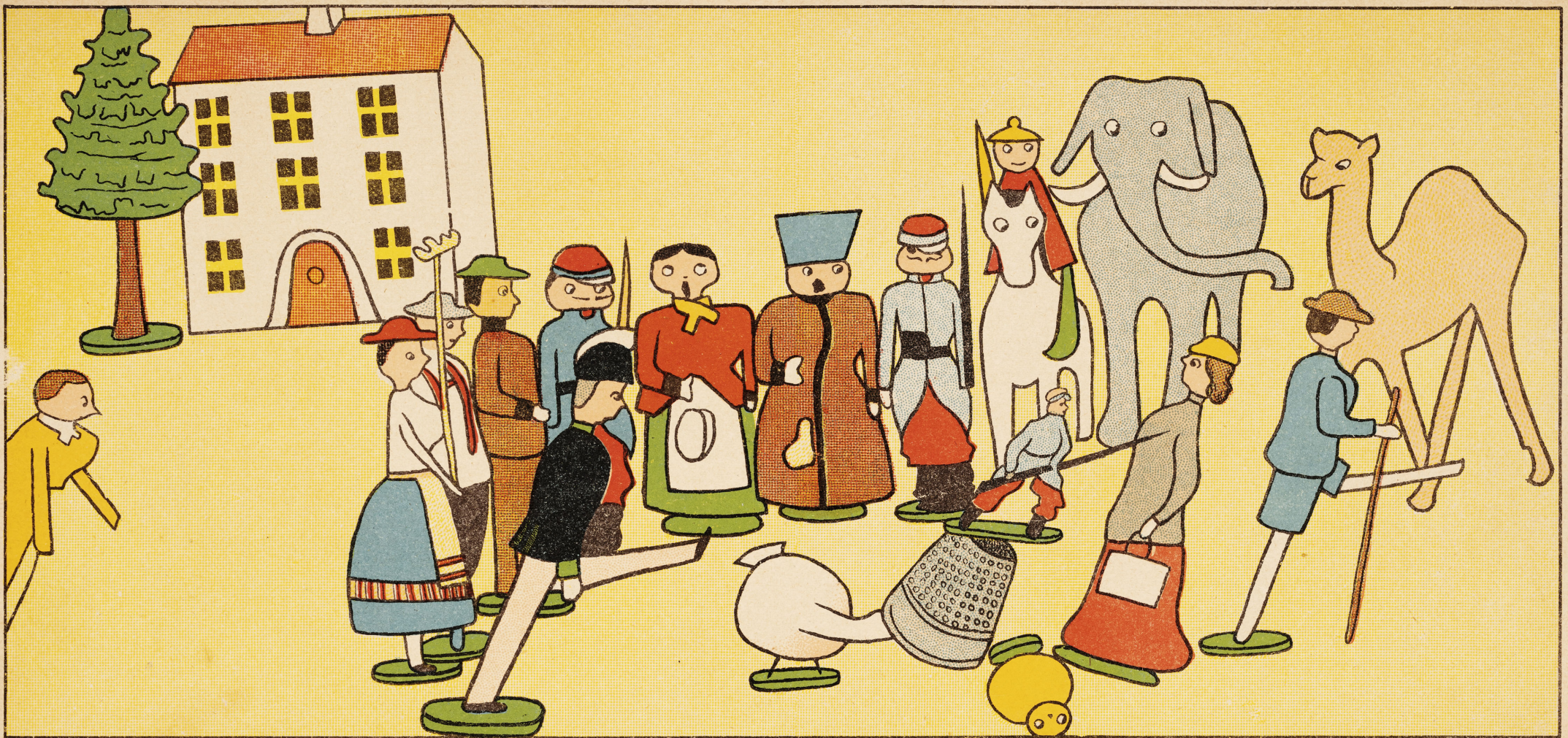


The soldier made
of lead,
He got into his head,
That he'd like to see
the world from off a height.
So he got upon the thimble,
As his legs were very
nimble,

And he proudly gazed around
from left to right.

Well! There came along that
morn,
A boy, who eyed with scorn,
That soldier, as he stood upon
his peak;
And a girl who giggled too,
And a camel brown of hue,
And a goose, who went a
poking with her beak.

There were many others there,
And they all began to stare,
And the boy began to chaff the
soldier man,
But the soldier said, "Stop that!
Or I'll run you through! That's
flat!"
The boy answered "Bosh! I don't
believe you can!"

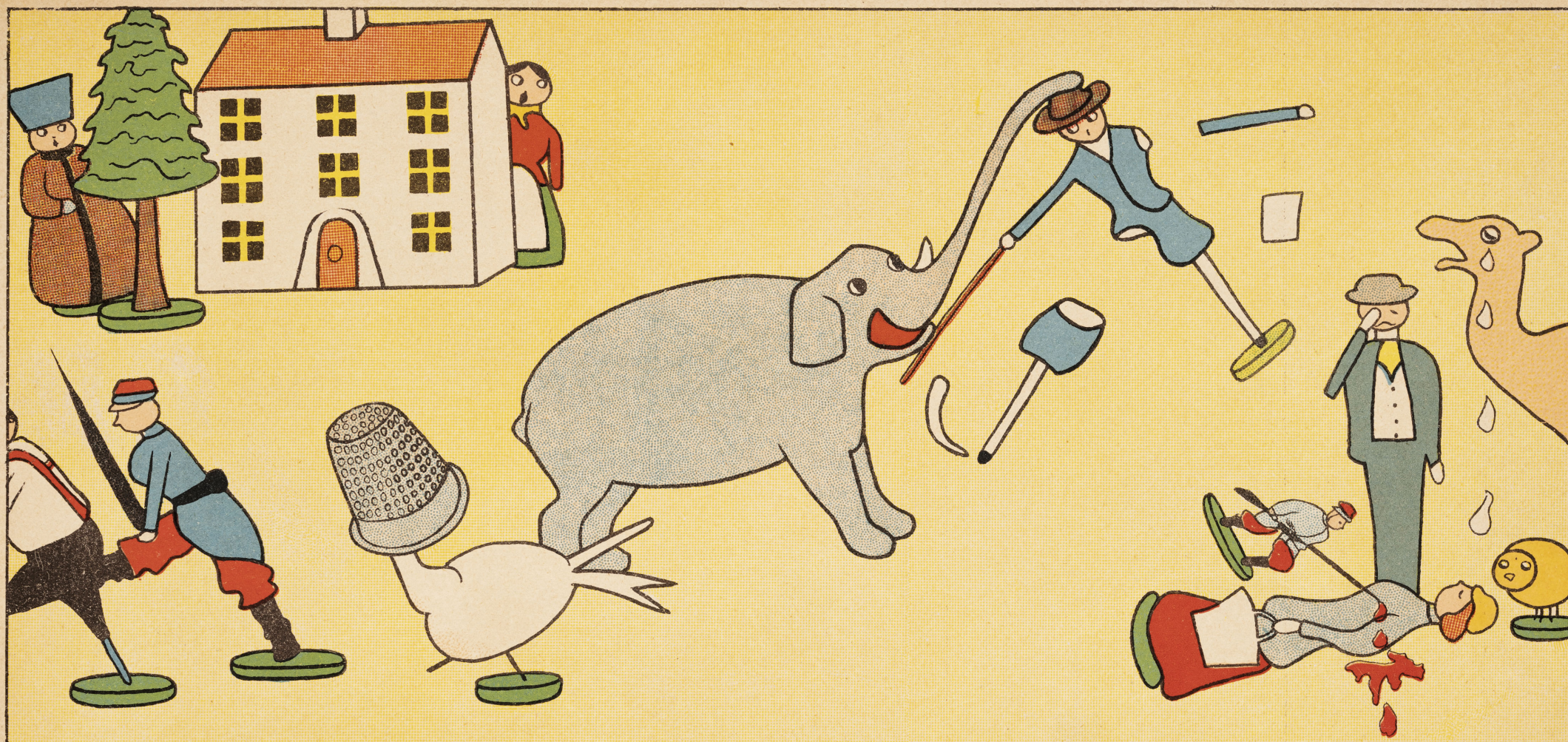


So the silly boy grabbed hold
Of the lance. The soldier bold
Cried "Let go there," and frowned an awful
frown.

“If you don’t—” but, at that minute
Goosey got her head within it
(That’s the thimble), and the soldier tumbled down.

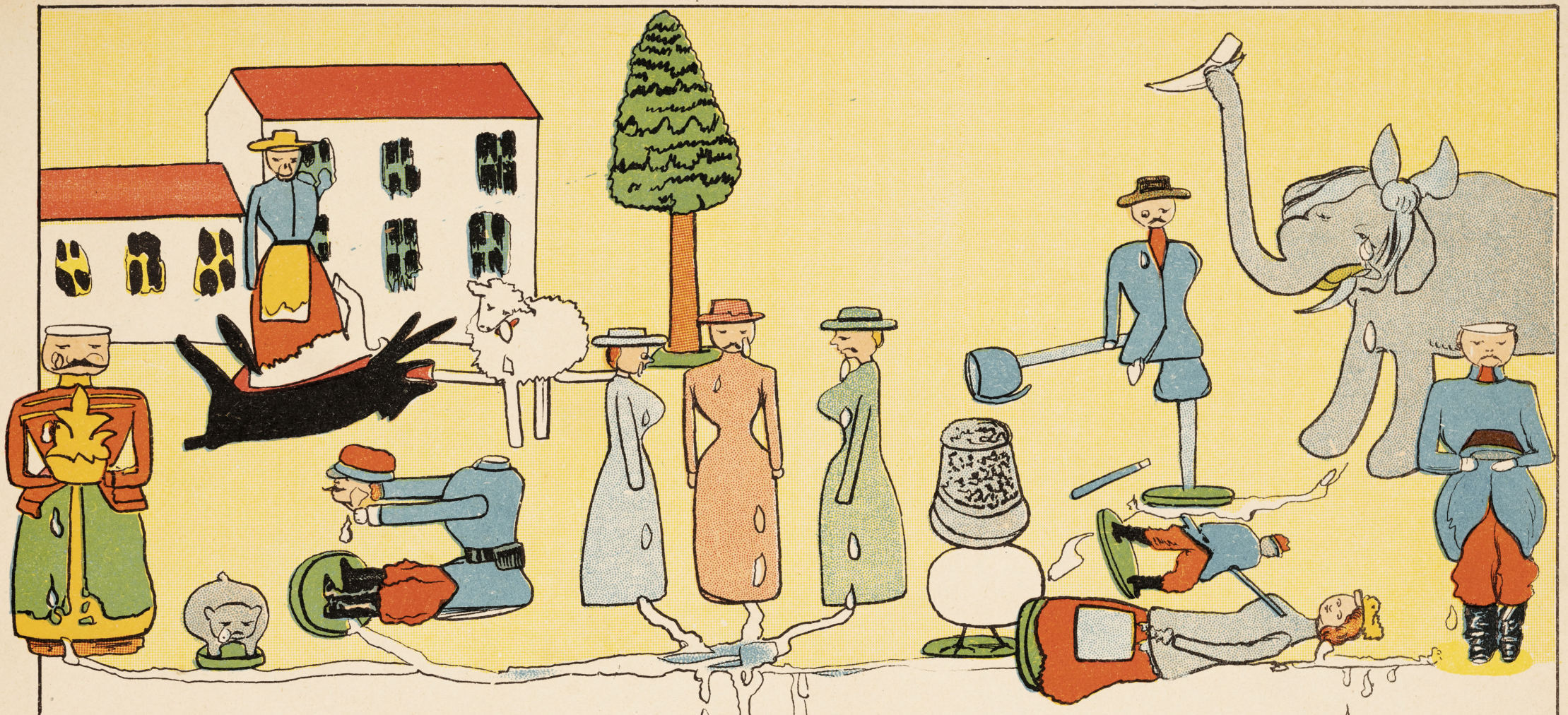
Then that mean boy turned and fled,
So his sister got instead
The tin soldier's lance right through and through
her chest !

Straight the elephant got furious.
For he is a beast most curious,
And when children misbehave he cannot rest.



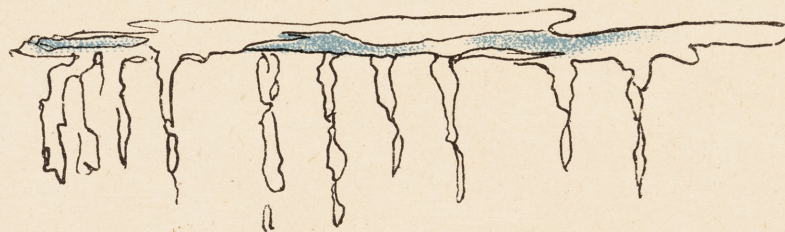
So the elephant just took him
 By the crown, and hard he shook him,
 Shook him till an arm and leg dropped on
 the ground.
 True, the boy knocked off a tusk,
 Which snapped clean, as might a rusk,
 But the elephant shook on, and made no sound.

And there was a fine to do !
 The poor father cried " Boo-hoo !"
 That cruel soldier's pierced her to the heart !"
 The camel he shed tears,
 But the others, full of fears,
 Only thought of how they quickest might
 depart.



Then all these poor unlucky toys,
They fell a weeping sadly.
They cried "Why did we come to life,
And then behave so madly?"

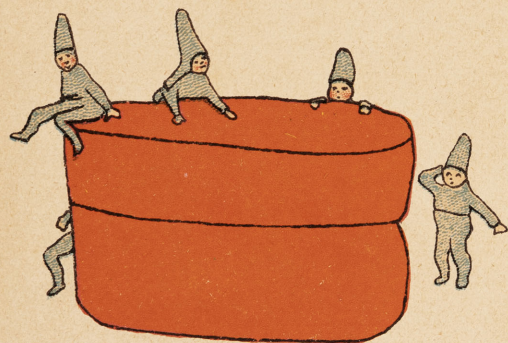
"We once were pretty, whole
and bright,
Laid in our box contented.
But all we've lately tried to do,
We've bitterly repented."



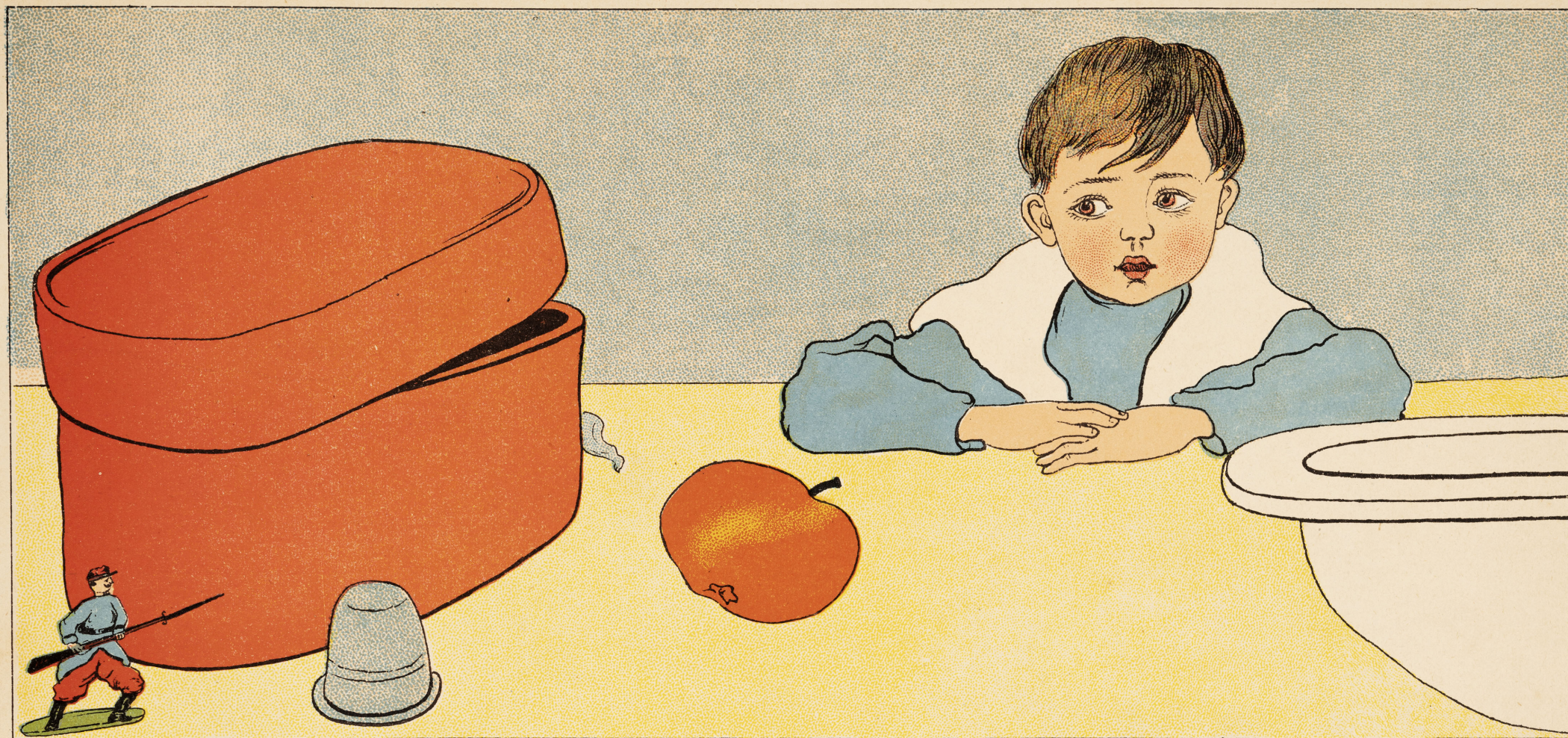


The elephant, he waved his trunk,
 Cried "I've a splendid notion!
 The Brownies! *They* will put us right
 With glue and paint and potion."

And did they come to help? Why yes!
 Look how each Brownie rushes,
 With seccotine and glue and mess,
 And paints and jugs and brushes.



They worked and stuck and painted
hard,
They glued, and screwed, and
pasted ;
The elephant got back his tusk,
Then to the wolf they hasted.



In fact, they went to each and all,
And each one did recover.
They poked them all into the box,
And then clapped on the cover.

Then vanished quickly. So, when Fred
Woke from his happy dreaming,
He rubbed his eyes and looked all round,
Had it been only seeming?

Had he not really seen the king,
The soldier and the lion?
And *had* there been no cruel lance,
For that poor girl to die on?

Well, anyway, it was great fun,
So thought out little Freddie,
And down he jumped and off he ran,
To see if tea were ready.