

Bowl away! bowl away!  
 Fast as you can;  
 He who can fastest bowl,  
 He is my man!

Up and down, round about,—  
 Don't let it fall;  
 Ten times, or twenty times,  
 Beat, beat them all!



KG



"For what are you longing, you three little boys?  
Oh, what would you like to eat?"

"We should like some apples, or gingerbread—  
Or a fine big drum to beat."

"Oh, what will you give me, you three little boys,  
In exchange for these good, good things?"

"Some bread and cheese, and some radishes,  
And our little brown bird that sings."

"Now, that won't do, you three little chums,  
I'll have something better than that—  
Two of your fingers, and two of your thumbs,  
In the crown of your largest hat!"



O RING the bells! O ring the bells!  
We bid you, sirs, good morning;  
Give thanks, we pray — our flowers are gay,  
And fair for your adorning.

O ring the bells! O ring the bells!  
Good sirs, accept our greeting;  
Where we have been, the woods are green.  
So, hey! for our next meeting.

KG





Then ring the bells! then ring the bells!  
For this fair time of Maying;  
Our blooms we bring, and while we sing,  
O! hark to what we're saying.

O ring the bells! O ring the bells!  
We'll sing a song with any;  
And may each year bring *you* good cheer,  
And each of *us* a penny.

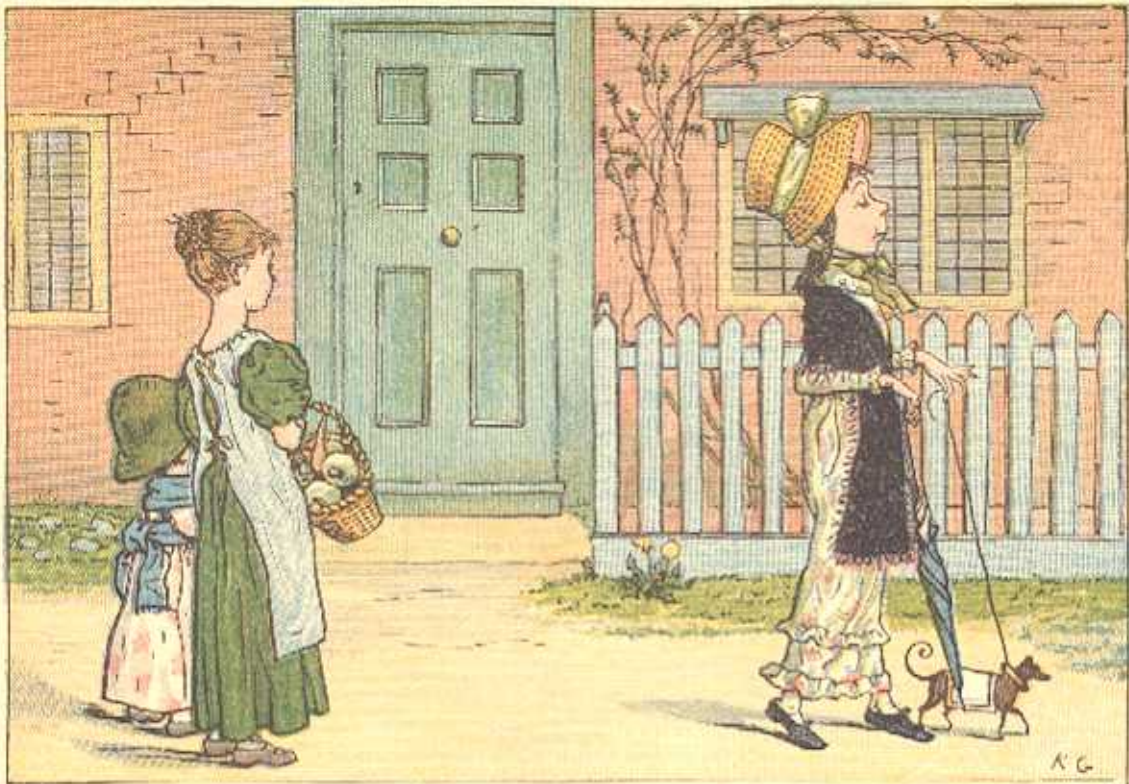




I saw a ship that sailed the sea,  
It left me as the sun went down ;  
The white birds flew, and followed it  
To town—to London town.

Right sad were we to stand alone,  
And see it pass so far away ;  
And yet we knew some ship would come—  
Some other ship—some other day.

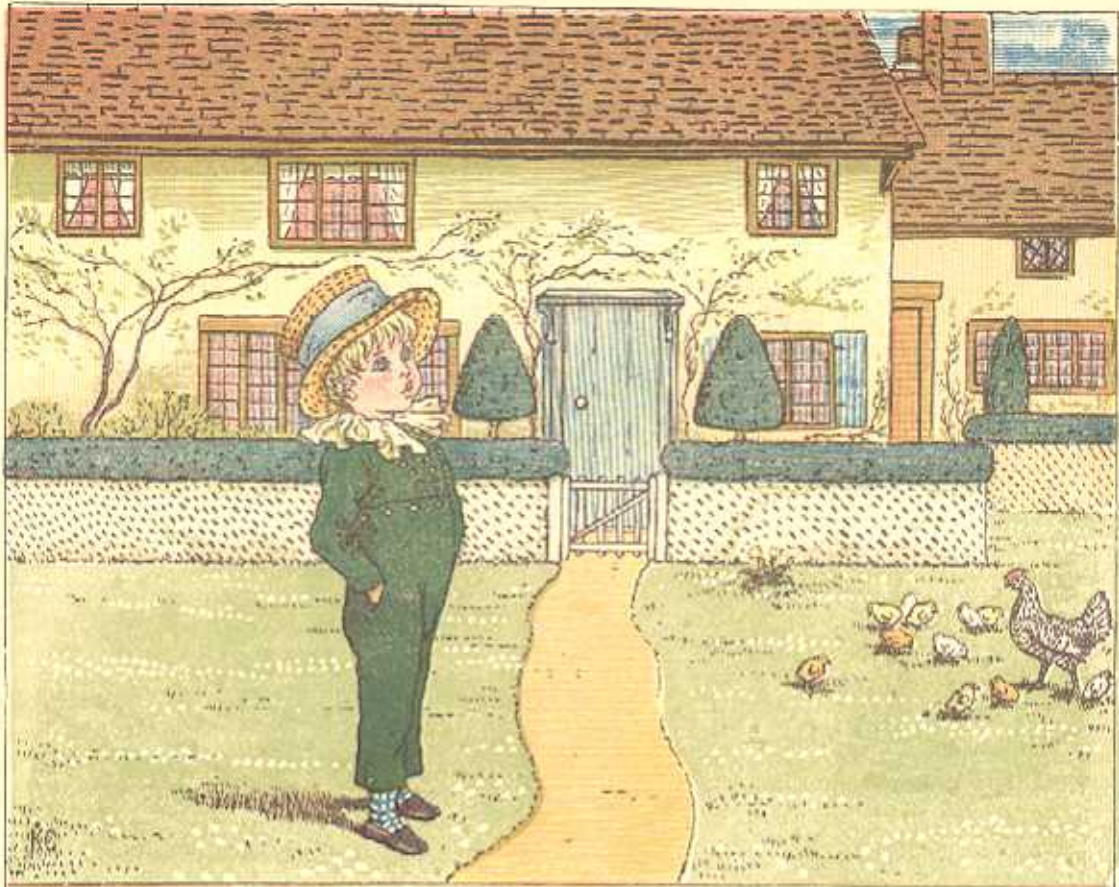




Yes, that's the girl that struts about,  
She's very proud,—so very proud:  
Her *low woad's* quite as proud as she:  
They both are very wrong to be  
So proud—so very proud.

See, Jane and Willy laugh at her,  
They say she's very proud:  
Says Jane, "My stars!—they're very silly;"  
"Indeed they are," cries little Willy,  
"To walk so stiff and proud."





It was Tommy who said,  
"The sweet spring-time is come ;  
I see the birds fit,  
And I hear the bees hum.

"Oho! Mister Lark,  
Up aloft in the sky,  
Now, which is the happiest—  
Is it you, sir, or I?"





LITTLE Miss Patty and Master Paul  
Have found two snails on the garden wall.  
"These snails," said Paul, "how slow they walk!  
A great deal slower than we can talk.  
Make haste, Mr. Snail, travel quicker, I pray;  
In a race with our tongues you'd be beaten to day."



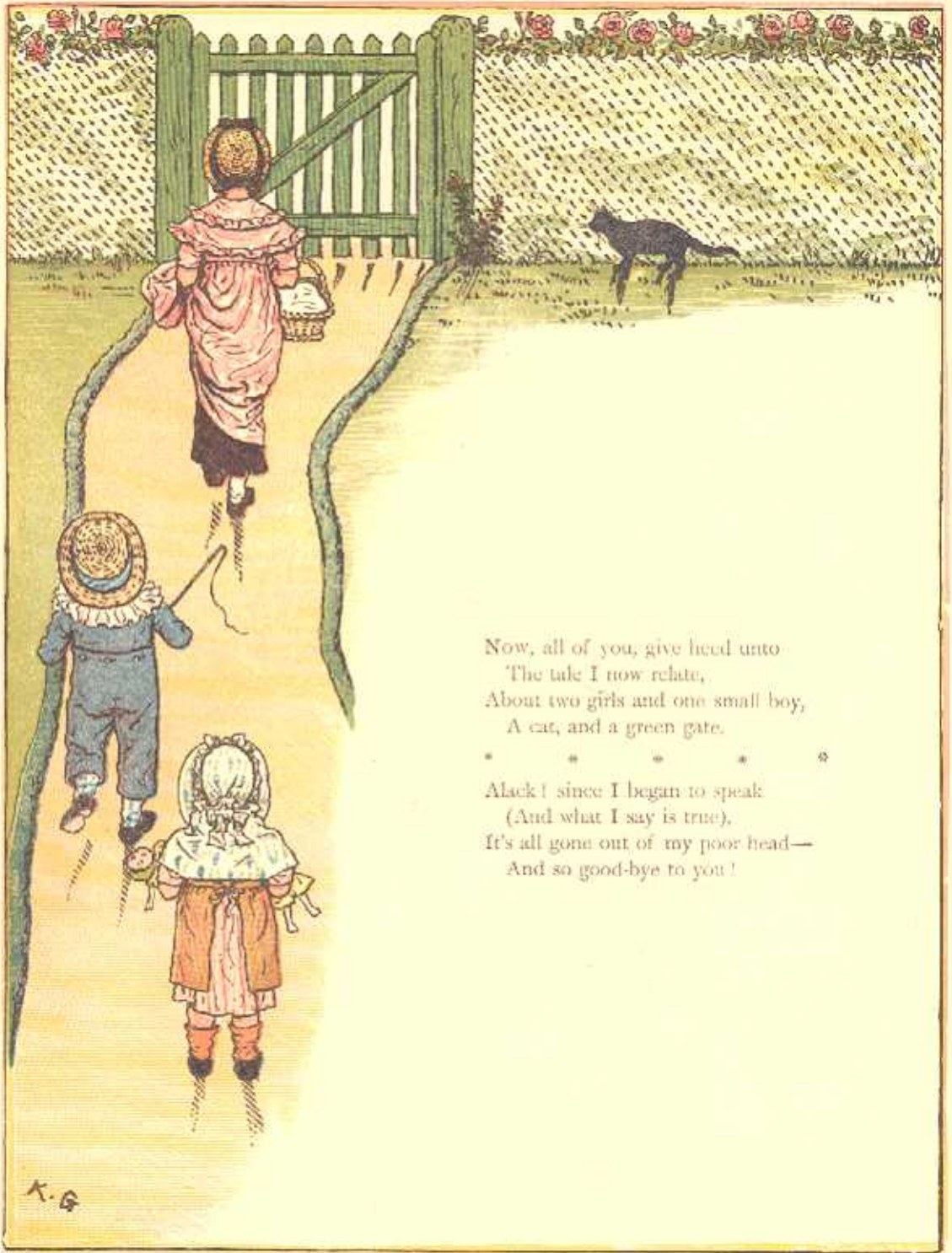




Yes, it is sad of them—  
Shocking to me ;  
Bad—yes, it's bad of them—  
Bad of all three.

Warnings they've had from me,  
Still I repeat them—  
Cold is the water—the  
Fishes will eat them.

Yet they will row about,  
Tho' I say "Fie!" to them ;  
Fathers may scold at it,  
Mothers may cry to them.



Now, all of you, give heed unto  
The tale I now relate,  
About two girls and one small boy,  
A cat, and a green gate.

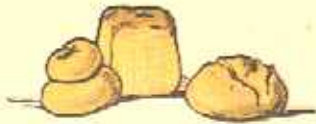
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Alack! since I began to speak  
(And what I say is true),  
It's all gone out of my poor head—  
And so good-bye to you!

WHAT is Tommy running for,  
Running for,  
Running for?  
What is Tommy running for,  
On this fine day?



Jimmy will run after Tommy,  
After Tommy,  
After Tommy:  
That's what Tommy's running for  
On this fine day.



A BUTCHER'S boy met a baker's boy  
(It was all of a summer day):  
Said the butcher's boy to the baker's boy,  
"Will you please to walk my way?"



Said the butcher's boy to the baker's boy,  
"My trade's the best in town,"  
"If you dare say that," said the baker's boy,  
"I shall have to knock you down!"

Said the butcher's boy to the baker's boy,  
"That's a wicked thing to do;  
And I think, before you've knocked me down,  
The cook will blow up *you*!"



The twelve Miss Pelicoes  
 Were twelve sweet little girls;  
 Some wore their hair in pigtail plaits,  
 And some of them wore curls.

The twelve Miss Pelicoes  
 Had dinner every day;—  
 A not uncommon thing at all,  
 You probably will say.

The twelve Miss Pelicoes  
 Went sometimes for a walk;  
 It also is a well-known fact  
 That all of them could talk.

The twelve Miss Pelicoes  
 Were always most polite—  
 Said "If you please," and "Many thanks,"  
 "Good morning," and "Good night."

The twelve Miss Pelicoes  
 You plainly see, were taught  
 To do the things they didn't like,  
 Which means, the things they ought.

Now, fare ye well, Miss Pelicoes,  
 I wish ye a good day;—  
 About these twelve Miss Pelicoes  
 I've nothing mote to say.

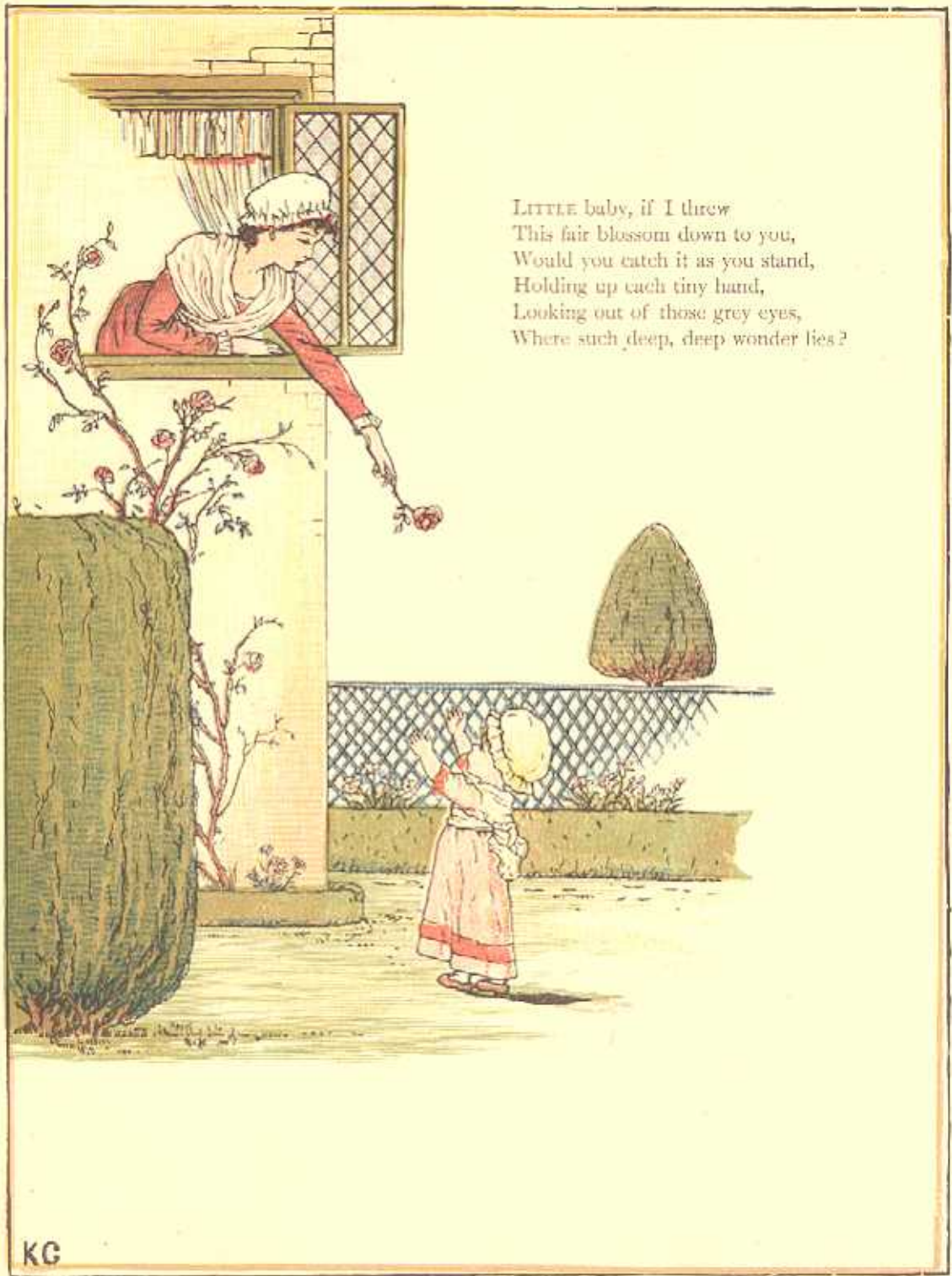
The twelve Miss Pelicoes,  
 Of course, to school were sent;  
 Their parents wished them to excel  
 In each accomplishment.

The twelve Miss Pelicoes  
 Played music—*Fal-lal-la!*  
 Which consequently made them all  
 The pride of their papa.

The twelve Miss Pelicoes  
 Learnt dancing and the globes;  
 Which proves that they were wise, and had  
 That patience which was Job's.

K.C.





LITTLE baby, if I threw  
This fair blossom down to you,  
Would you catch it as you stand,  
Holding up each tiny hand,  
Looking out of those grey eyes,  
Where such deep, deep wonder lies?

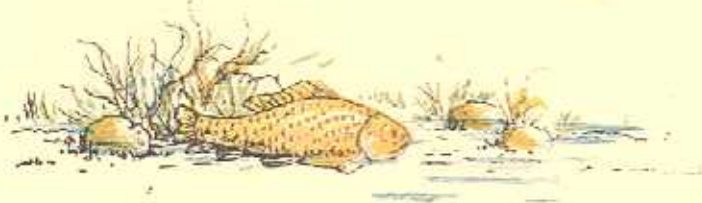
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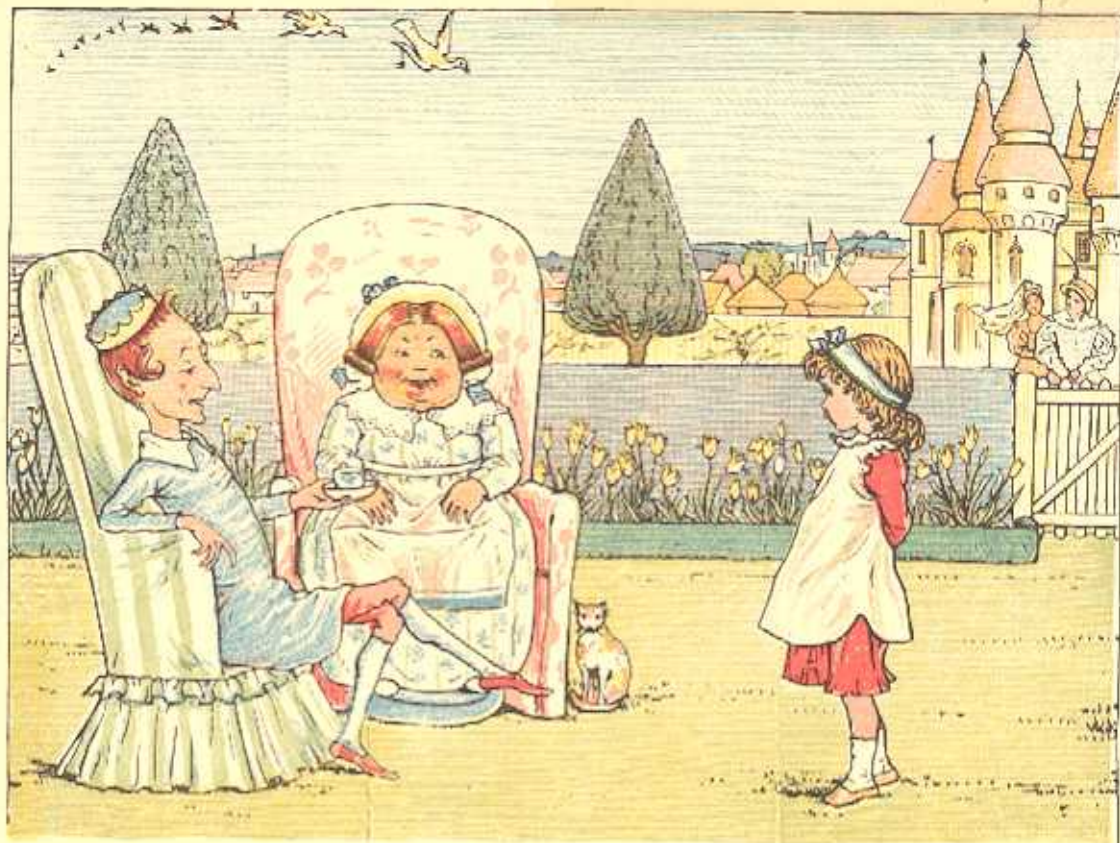
KG



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The finest, biggest fish, you see,  
Will be the trout that's caught by me.  
But if the monster will not bite,  
Why, then I'll hook a little mite.





PRINCE FINIKIN and his mamma  
Sat sipping their bohea ;  
" Good gracious ! " said his Highness, " why,  
What girl is this I see ?

" Most certainly it cannot be  
A native of our town ; "  
And he turned him round to his mamma,  
Who set her teacup down.

But Dolly simply looked at them,  
She did not speak a word ;  
" She has no voice ! " said Finikin ;  
" It's really quite absurd."

Then Finikin's mamma observed,  
" Dear Prince, it seems to me,  
She looks as if she'd like to drink  
A cup of my bohea."

So Finikin poured out her tea,  
And gave her currant-pie ;  
Then Finikin said, " Dear mamma,  
What a kind Prince am I ! "

KC



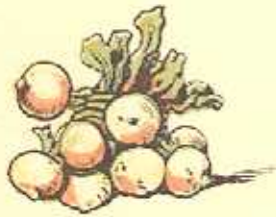
HEIGH HO!—time creeps but slow ;  
I've looked up the hill so long ;  
None come this way, the sun sinks low,  
And my shadow's very long.

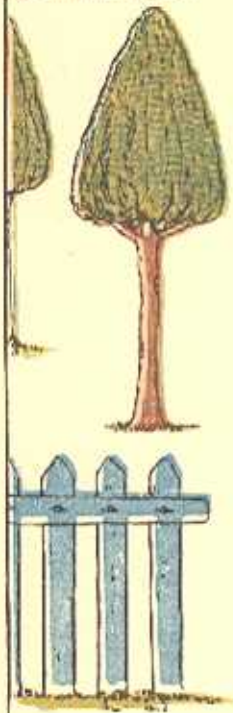
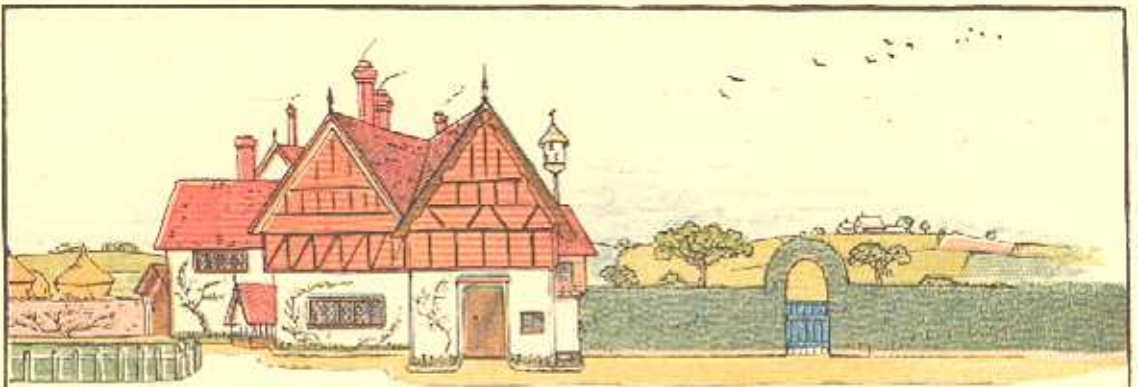


KC

They said I should sail in a little boat,  
Up the stream, by the great white mill ;  
But I've waited all day, and none come my way ;  
I've waited—I'm waiting still.

They said I should see a fairy town,  
With houses all of gold,  
And silver people, and a gold church steeple ;—  
But it wasn't the truth they told.





My house is red—a little house,  
A happy child am I,  
I laugh and play the livelong day  
I hardly ever cry.

I have a tree, a green, green tree,  
To shade me from the sun;  
And under it I often sit,  
When all my work is done.

My little basket I will take,  
And trip into the town;  
When next I'm there I'll buy some cake,  
And spend my bright half-crown.



K.G

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THREE little girls were sitting on a rail,  
Sitting on a rail,  
Sitting on a rail;  
Three little girls were sitting on a rail,  
On a fine hot day in September.

What did they talk about that fine day,  
That fine day,  
That fine day?

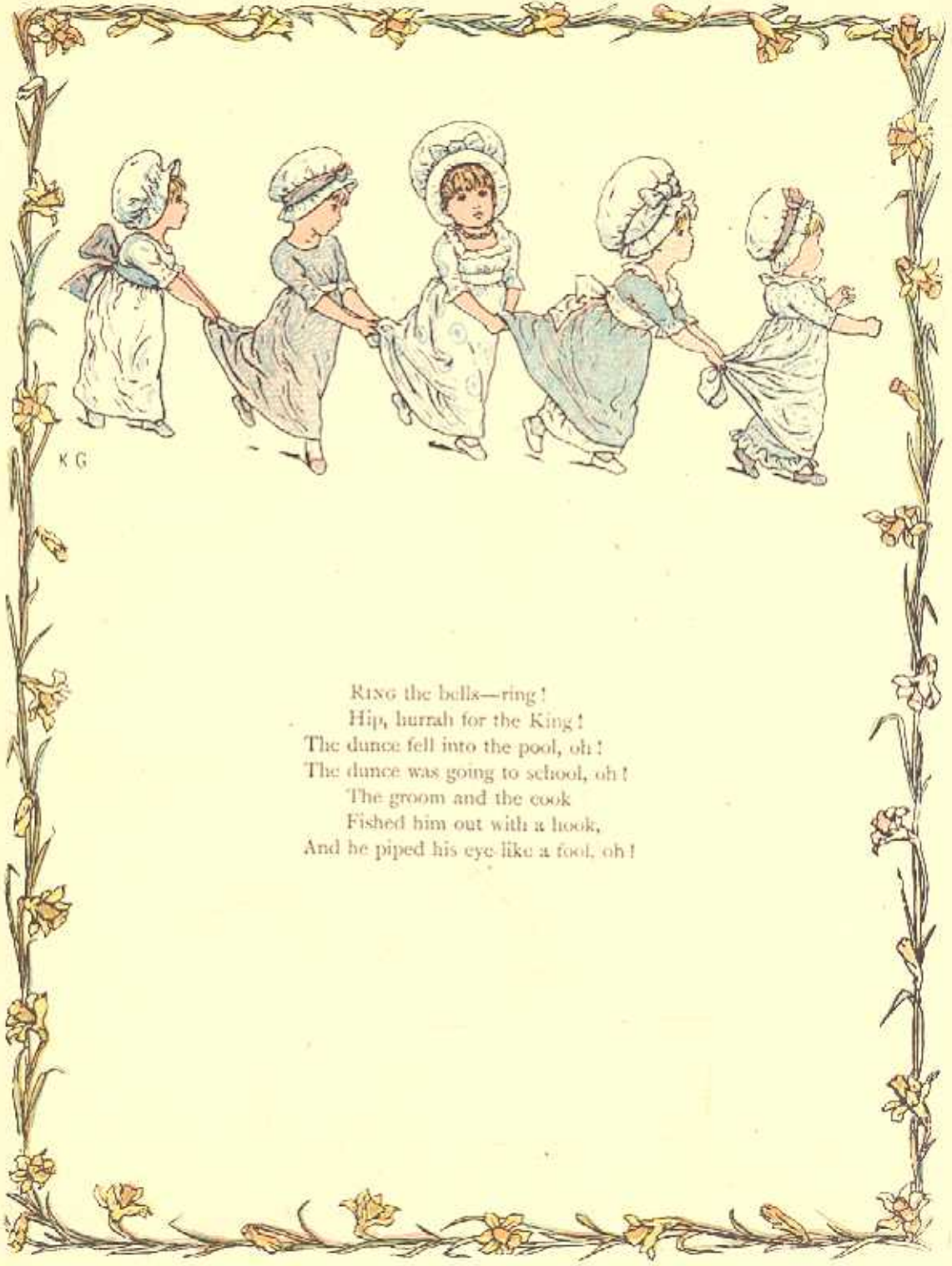
What did they talk about that fine day, —  
That fine hot day in September?

The crows and the corn they talked about,  
Talked about,  
Talked about;

But nobody knows what was said by the crows,  
On that fine hot day in September



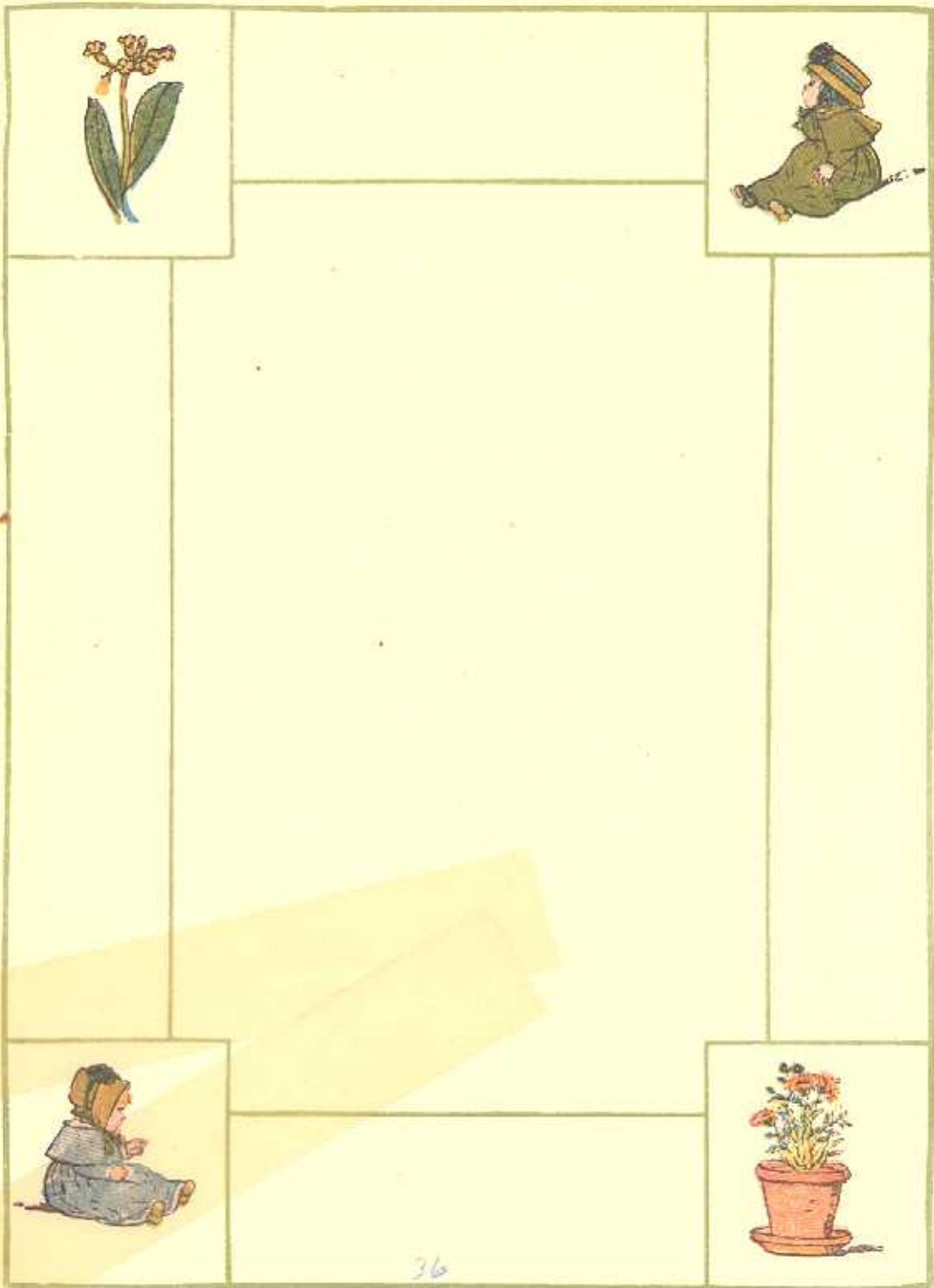
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RING the bells—ring!  
Hip, hurrah for the King!  
The dunce fell into the pool, oh!  
The dunce was going to school, oh!  
The groom and the cook  
Fished him out with a hook,  
And he piped his eye like a fool, oh!



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