

PLAYTIME RHYMES.

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# Playtime Rhymes

Verses for the Children

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## PLAYTIME RHYMES.

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### The Jelly Fish.

WHEN the tide has left the rock pools clear  
as day,  
And the little waves are resting from their  
play,  
Often we run barefoot, hand in hand,  
Making twice two rows of footprints in the  
sand.

Pools have lots of seaweed fringes brown and  
green,  
And of jelly fishes on the rocks between ;  
Looking just like saucers made of glass,  
That are waiting for the cups and spoons to  
pass.



But they really are alive, those funny things,  
Though they haven't arms or legs, or hands  
or wings,  
And they're not all tiny just like these,  
For they've great big giant-brothers in the  
seas.

In the book that Grandma gave us when we  
came,  
There are stories of them by their proper  
name ;  
They can sting far worse than any bee,  
And they sometimes do sting swimmers in  
the sea.

When the tide comes sobbing back into the  
bay,  
We're afraid it's met those giants far away,  
And we think that Neptune ought to go  
Out and tell them that they must not sting  
it so.

## The Corn-Crake.

“GOOD-MORNING, Mr. Corn-Crake,”  
Said the busy little bee.  
“I’ve brought some cells of honey,  
Of the brand we call ‘lime tree.’”

“Our queen bee bids me tell you,  
When *her* throat is rough and sore,  
She finds this brand most useful,  
And she always keeps a store.”

“I thank you,” said the corn-crake,  
“For I certainly am hoarse,  
And to your lime-tree honey,  
I will gladly have recourse.”

The corn-crake sipped the honey,  
But it hasn’t cured his throat.  
Last night when I was wakeful,  
I heard the same harsh note.



APPLE BLOSSOMS.

## Apple Blossoms.

APPLE blossoms falling,  
Falling like the snow.  
Little children calling,  
Calling soft and low.  
Calling, calling, calling, 'neath the trees they go.

Pink and white the showers,  
Showers soft as snow.  
From the tiny flowers  
Autumn's fruit will grow.  
Rosy fruit or golden, like the sunset's glow.

Little song birds singing,  
Singing in the trees.  
Happy children swinging,  
Fanned by summer breeze.  
Gently, gently, gently, blows the summer breeze.

Sing on, happy birdies,  
Birdies overhead.  
Swing on, little children  
In your leafy shed.  
Like the apple-blossoms, glowing rosy red.

Now the swinging's over,  
Over for to-day.  
Sleepy time is coming,  
Mother calls away.  
And the sleepy children mother's call obey.



FRITZ.

## Fritz.

Rosy cheeks, soft fair hair,  
Big blue eyes, a manly air,  
Busy hands, a sunny smile.  
Restless feet, oh! rest awhile!  
Nay! not so, off they go.  
"I'm the postman, don't you know?"

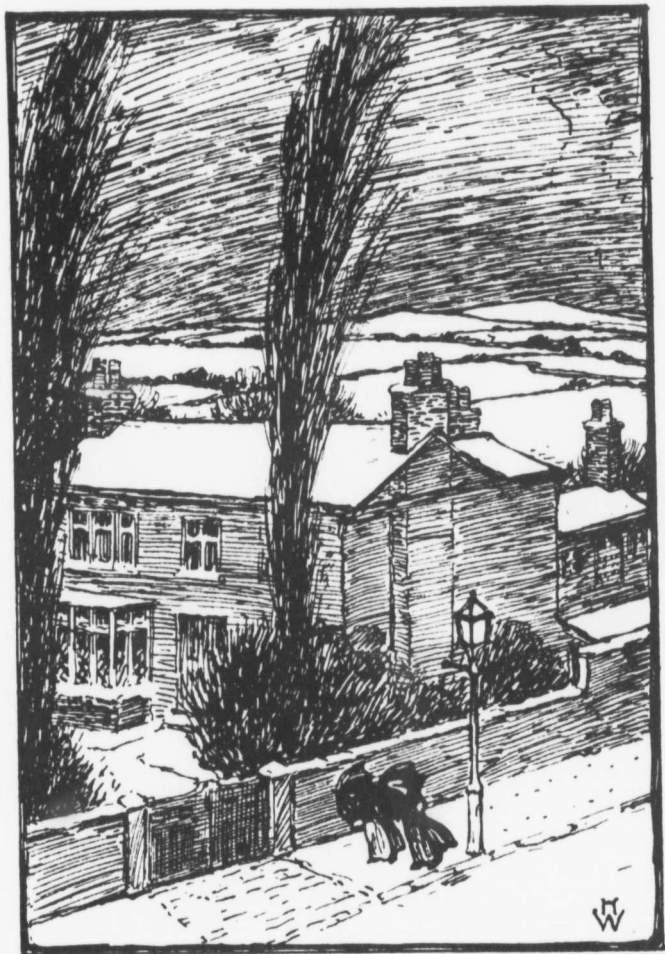
## A Rainy Day.

COUNTLESS little rain drops,  
Tumbled through the air.  
Countless little children  
Watched them in despair.

But the steady raindrops,  
Kept their weather eye  
On the prosy business  
Of a good "supply."

Rivers, lakes and cisterns,  
Brooks and little streams,  
All depend on raindrops,  
And Apollo's beams.

Now the little children,  
Turning to their play,  
Have been told one reason  
For a rainy day.



THE NORTH WIND.

## The Winds.

FROM the north the wind is blowing,  
Snowy white the ground is growing,  
In the home the fires are glowing,  
  glowing, glowing.

From the east the wind is blowing,  
Colds and coughs on us bestowing.  
(Why he does it there's no knowing !)

From the west the wind is blowing,  
Overhead are rain clouds showing,  
Swift and deep the streams are flowing,  
  flowing, flowing.

From the south the wind is blowing,  
In the meadows men are mowing,  
Past and gone is winter's snowing.





THE MUFFIN MAN.

## The Secret.

### I.

I've just been asking Nursie,  
And she says its half-past four,  
So I'll creep down very softly,  
And I'll try the drawing-room door.

If mother's there and says "Come in,"  
I'll to the window go ;  
For, standing on the hassock,  
I can watch the street, you know.

Muffin man, with apron white,  
And heavy tray ;  
Ringing loud your noisy bell,  
Oh, come our way !

"Muffins many, three a penny,  
"Ding, dong, bell !  
"Three a penny, who wants any ?  
"Pray you tell !"

(There's a secret deep, I must truly keep !)



MUFFINS HOT.

II.

I can hear the street door open,  
That was Nursie's step, I know,  
And she's going to buy the muffins,  
But, oh dear, the man is slow.

If mother should stop singing,  
And go into the hall ;  
She'd guess there was a secret,  
And that would spoil it all.

Muffin man with cheery smile  
And watchful eye ;  
Glancing up and down the street,  
Has soon passed by.

Kettle steaming, firelight gleaming,  
Ding, dong, bell !  
Firelight gleaming, Nursie beaming,  
All goes well.

(Mother's coming to tea, with Nursie, Babs  
and me.)



SATURDAY NIGHT.

## Saturday Night.

RECKLESS with splash and plunge,  
Away goes the slippery soap.  
Comb, and towel, and sponge,  
Will be better behaved, I hope.

Laughter, and shouts of glee,  
In bathroom and nursery bright.  
" Who so merry as we,  
On a Saturday tubbing night ? "

## Sunbeams.

THESE are the paths that the sunbeams take,  
Down through the leafy trees ;  
Those are the golden gleams they make,  
Flitting about like the bees.

Gaily we watch for the dancing lights,  
Grasping with eager hands ;  
Quicker than we the sunbeam sprites,  
Vanish in glimmering bands.

Back they are coming in roguish glee,  
Sprites of the sunny day ;  
Dancing about from tree to tree,  
Ready for merriest play.



PANSIES.

## The Pansies.

Pansies are here in the garden fair  
With their dark green leaves around them,  
And they nod their heads with a playful air,  
As the sunbeams dance about them.

Purple and gold is the dress they wear,  
With the soft green buds about them ;  
And they nod their heads with a graver air,  
As the chill winds blow around them.

Kind mother earth in the winter cold  
Wraps her warm brown cloak around  
them ;  
When the springtime comes she unwraps its  
fold,  
And the green buds peep about them.





MENDING THE ENGINE.

## The Dustman.

WE are often in the garden,  
On the day the dustman comes,  
Waiting till Aunt Effie calls us,  
To go in and do our sums.

Dustman grim, Ted is quite afraid of him.

Once we had the old tin engine,  
And the funnel came undone ;  
But we heard the side door open,  
So we ran and hid for fun.

Dustman grim, I am not afraid of him.

And he didn't clear the dustbin,  
Till he'd put the engine right,  
Standing on the middle pathway,  
And Ted nearly screamed with fright.

Dustman, you, p'raps have little children too!

When you come again we'll ask you,  
And we will not run away ;  
For we think you may be lonely,  
And would like to join our play.

Dustman kind, will you play at " hide and  
find ? "

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THE YOUNG GIRAFFES.

## The Young Giraffes.

If some fairy ship would carry me away,  
I would sail across the ocean any day  
With the jolly young giraffes to have some  
play.

And I'd think the roughest crossing only fun,  
When I'd landed and had bought a currant  
bun,  
And we all were playing gaily in the sun.

I've been told they like to munch the green  
tree tops,  
And they think them quite as nice as acid  
drops.  
Well, that's lucky, if they have no sweet-stuff  
shops.

But fairy ships are scarce, I've heard it said,  
And I've got to stop at home and in my bed,  
So I'll read about the young giraffes instead.



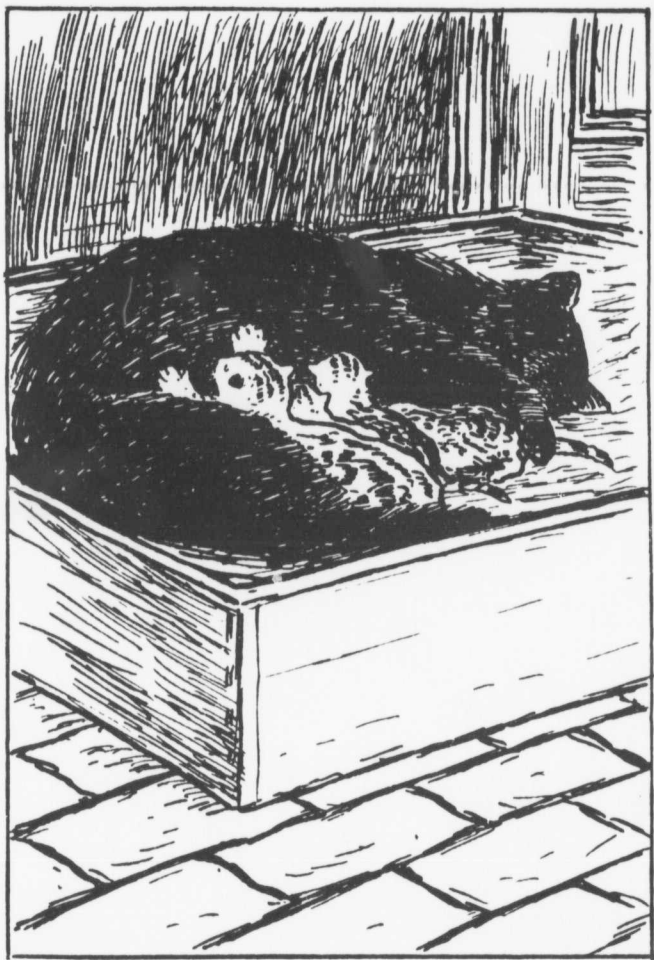
OUT OF REACH.

## I Wish I were Grown Up.

WHEN I want to get my cap,  
From the hat-rack in the hall ;  
I've to climb up on the chair  
That is standing by the wall.  
Oh, I wish I were grown up  
And very tall.

When I want to give a knock,  
For I cannot reach the bell,  
I've to click the letter-box  
And that does not do as well.  
Oh, I wish I were grown up  
And could rebel.

I'd make racks for little folks,  
And have bells that they could reach.  
I'd have a school for grown-ups,  
Out of doors upon the beach,  
There are *such* a lot of things  
I'd like to teach.



THE KITTENS.

## The Kittens.

WE heard cook telling nurse that there were four  
In puss's basket near the kitchen door ;  
And so, when all the house was hushed and  
dark,

We crept down softly, lit a tiny spark  
Of gas ; and found them on the kitchen floor,  
Just where cook said, beside the inner door.

Puss wakened when she heard us strike the light,  
Her eyes were green and very big and bright.  
I'm sure she thought we oughtn't to be there,  
She almost said it, by her savage stare.  
The kittens didn't seem to mind the light,  
But puss was truly in a horrid fright.

We hadn't thought to close the wretched door,  
Or put the door-mat on the kitchen floor ;  
So Frank set up his awful sort of wheeze,  
As if he wanted all the time to sneeze.  
That roused up cook at once, and she called  
John,

Who rushed in with his big red night-cap on.

What happened next I do not like to tell,  
But you can guess they scolded pretty well.  
We wish it had been thieves instead of us,  
And then they really might have made a fuss.  
Next time we'll put the door-mat on the floor,  
And shoot the bolt inside the kitchen door.





TURNING ON THE LIGHT.

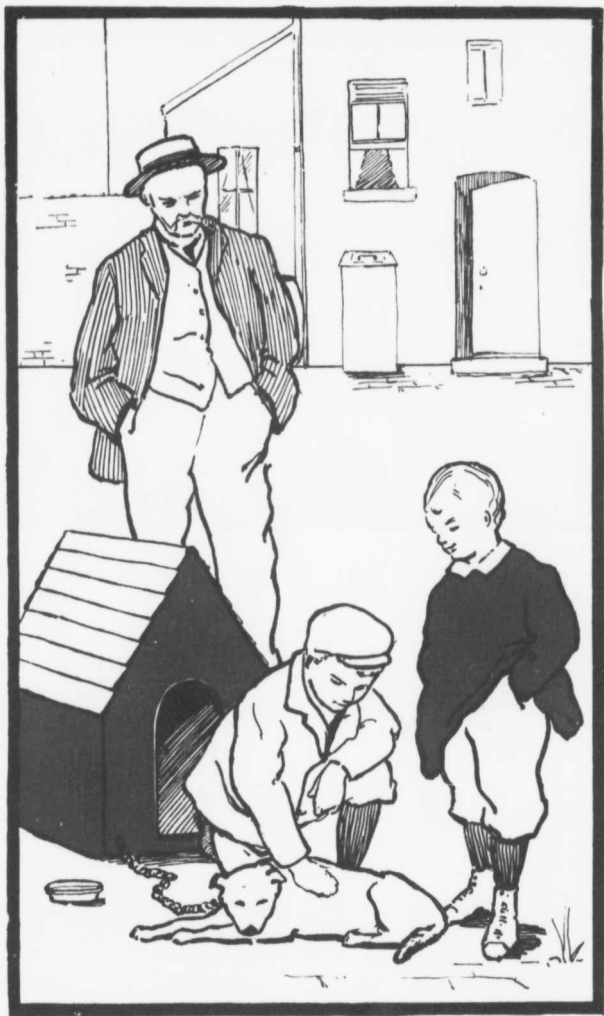
## The Electric Light.

WHEN Frank and I were downstairs,  
After breakfast yesterday ;  
We saw the new electric light,  
And turned it up for play.

The lamps are just like flowers,  
With golden things inside.  
You can't light matches at them tho',  
For Frank and I have tried.

We hadn't turned the switches off,  
When father came along.  
He often says just " Now then boys,  
You know you're doing wrong ! "

This time he only laughed and said,  
" Now, each give me a hand ;  
And we'll go out into the yard,  
To where the dustbins stand."



TOZER.

You'd never think electric light  
Was made from rubbish heaps ;  
But father says that it's a fact,  
(How quiet Tozer keeps !)

He said Shoreditch had led the way,  
With dust-destructing zeal.  
We weren't quite certain what he meant.  
(How much can Tozer feel ?)

He said that fire's a splendid thing,  
For changing bad to good.  
And nature cannot wasteful be  
All wise folk understood.

The schoolroom clock was striking ten,  
As we came back indoors.  
(I went up in the housemaid's lift,  
Ted did it on all fours !)



THE PARTY.

## The Party.

SING a song of cups and saucers,  
And of bright tea-spoons ;  
And of jam and bread and butter,  
And of macaroons.

• Sing a song of pretty ribbons,  
And of pinafores,  
And of blindman's buff and dancing,  
And of well waxed floors.

Sing a song of walking homeward  
Holding father's hand,  
And of sleepy good-night kisses,  
And of blanket land.



THE TADPOLE AND THE TARTS.

## The Tadpole and the Tarts.

A HEAD and a tail  
Oh dear, oh dear !  
The legs are to seek  
I fear, I fear.

But look at the snail, she hasn't a tail !

Two horns and a house  
It's clear, it's clear,  
Are more than a tail,  
My dear, my dear.

Just think of the mouse, she hasn't a house !

Some teeth and a voice,  
To cheer, to cheer,  
Are excellent things  
My dear, my dear.

But satisfied hearts are better than tarts.  
Yes, tarts are as nothing to satisfied hearts.





THE OLD WATCHMAN.

## The Old Directory.

It is an old directory  
Of London town,  
New covered o'er most nattily,  
In cloth of brown, in cloth of brown.

For eighteen-hundred-twenty-six  
It gives the names,  
Of gallants, merchants, carriers,  
And courtly dames, and courtly dames.

The wharves and docks for merchandise,  
And costly freights ;  
Addresses of rich companies,  
And postal rates, and postal rates.

A quarter ounce by weight, must pay  
A penny piece ;  
Of eightpence for a single ounce,  
They would you fleece, they would you  
fleece.

A waggon journeyed every day,  
From " Bull and Mouth,"  
To Cromarty in Scotland far,  
From out the South, from out the South.

No " peelers " then to guard the town,  
But watchmen old.  
And Hoxton was a country place,  
So we are told, so we are told.

For nineteen-hundred-nought-and-six  
We have instead ;  
A ponderous new directory,  
In cloth of red, in cloth of red.

Then farewell, little volume brown,  
We sadly sigh :  
May London once again grow small,  
Like thee, good-bye ! like thee, good-bye !

## Tim.

I never knew a merrier  
Little terrier

Than Tim.

He would bark and run away,  
Then bound back again for play,  
And he'd frisk the live-long day,  
Would Tim.



THE LITTLE TROUT.

## The Little Trout.

A LITTLE trout  
One day swam out,  
To see the world,  
And play about.

His brother, who  
Was rather stout,  
Preferred to stay  
At home and shout.

A pity 'tis  
(I hear you say)  
That he should be  
Too stout to play.

Now let me whis-  
Per in your ear,  
That I have got  
A growing fear,

That though all trout  
Can swim about ;  
It is not true  
That they can shout.



THE LAND OF NOD.

## The Land of Nod.

A LITTLE boat put out from shore,  
Into the twilight dim.  
A little boatman in the prow,  
Chanted an ev'ning hymn.

It drifted gently with the tide,  
Beyond the harbour's mouth ;  
And someone there who saw it said,  
'Twas drifting towards the south.

The " Land of Nod " it reached at last,  
And anchored in the bay,  
Where all the little children sleep,  
While all the ripples play.

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