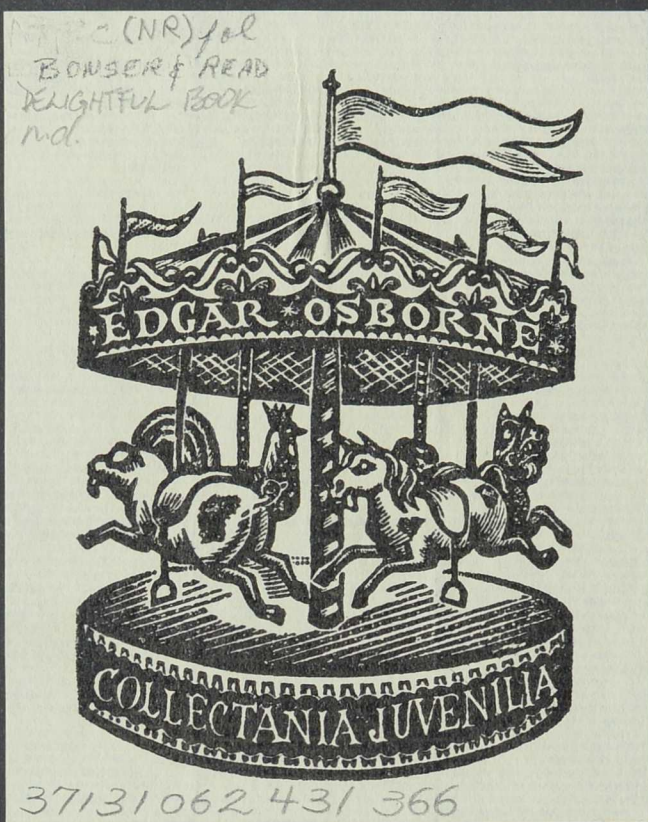


MOUNTED ON COTTON CLOTH

THE DELIGHTFUL BOOK

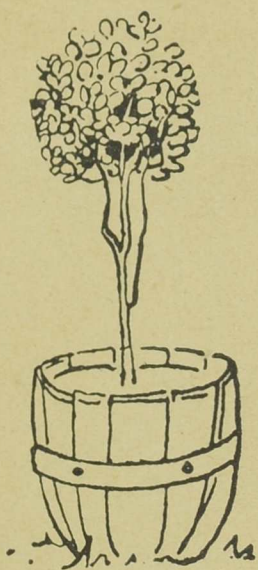




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Jane Dobell

■ MOUNTED ON COTTON CLOTH ■



The Delightful Book

Pictures
by
E. Lacombe
and
H. G. C. Marsh.



Verses
by
A. E. Bonser
and
M. M. Read.



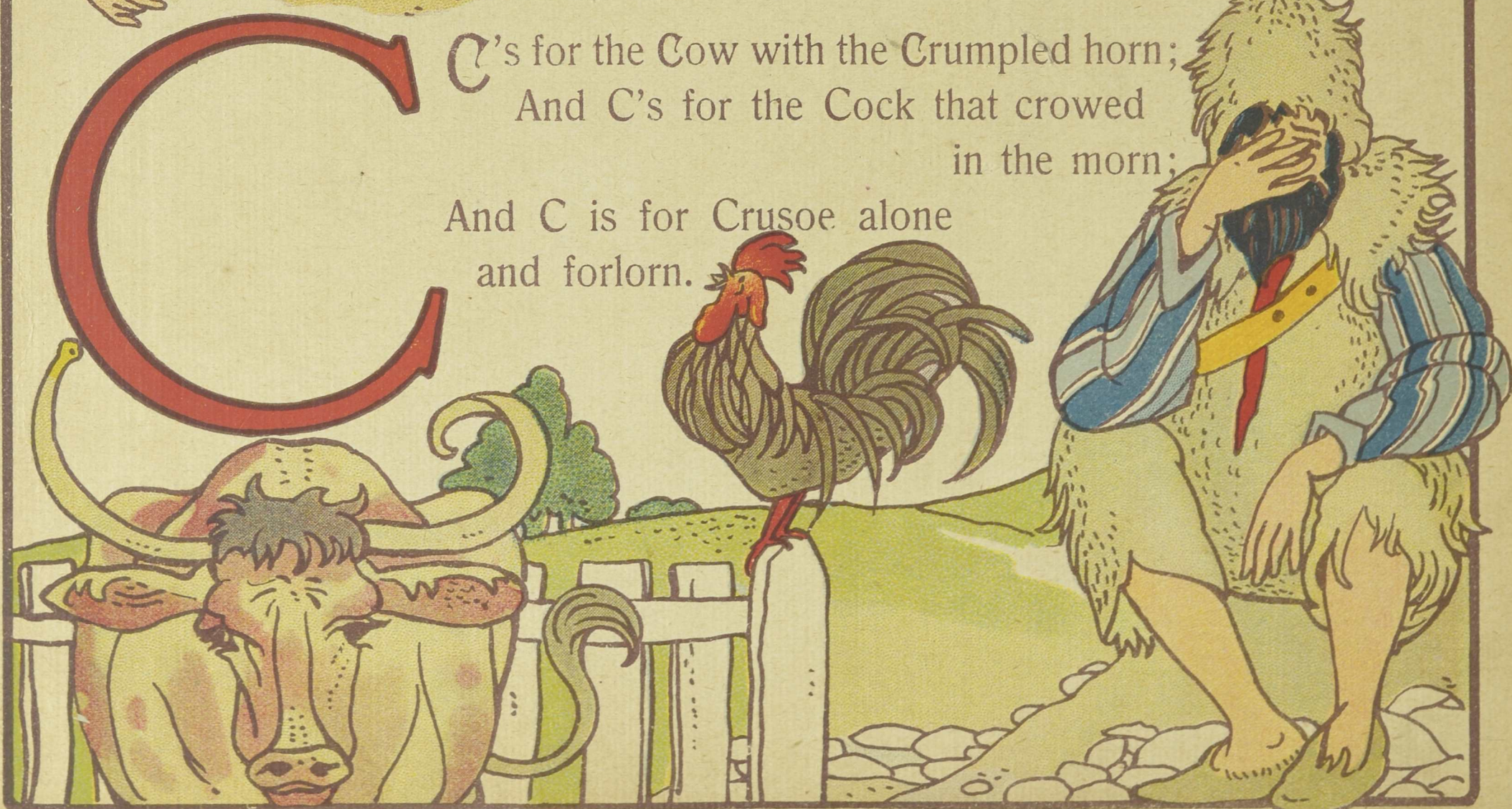
LONDON: DEAN & SON, Ltd., 160a, Fleet Street, E.C.



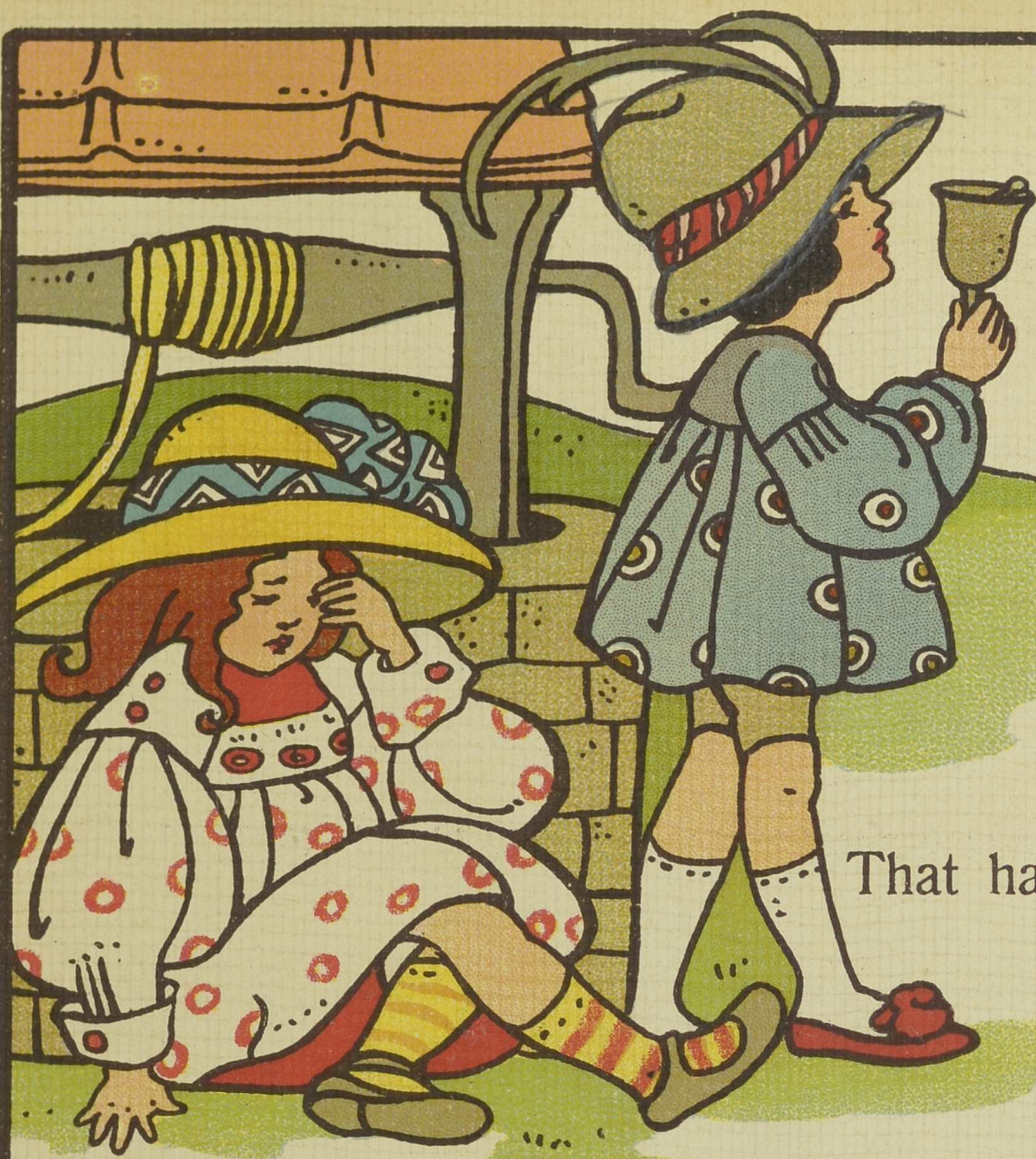
A's Ali Baba repaid for his toil,
For now that the thieves have
been choked with the oil,
He has taken possession of all
of the spoil.



B's for Boy Blue,
who goes fast asleep,
While the corn is all spoilt with the
cows and the sheep.
B is also the Blackbird who pecked, and
Bo-Peep.



C's for the Cow with the Crumpled horn;
And C's for the Cock that crowed
in the morn;
And C is for Crusoe alone
and forlorn.



D

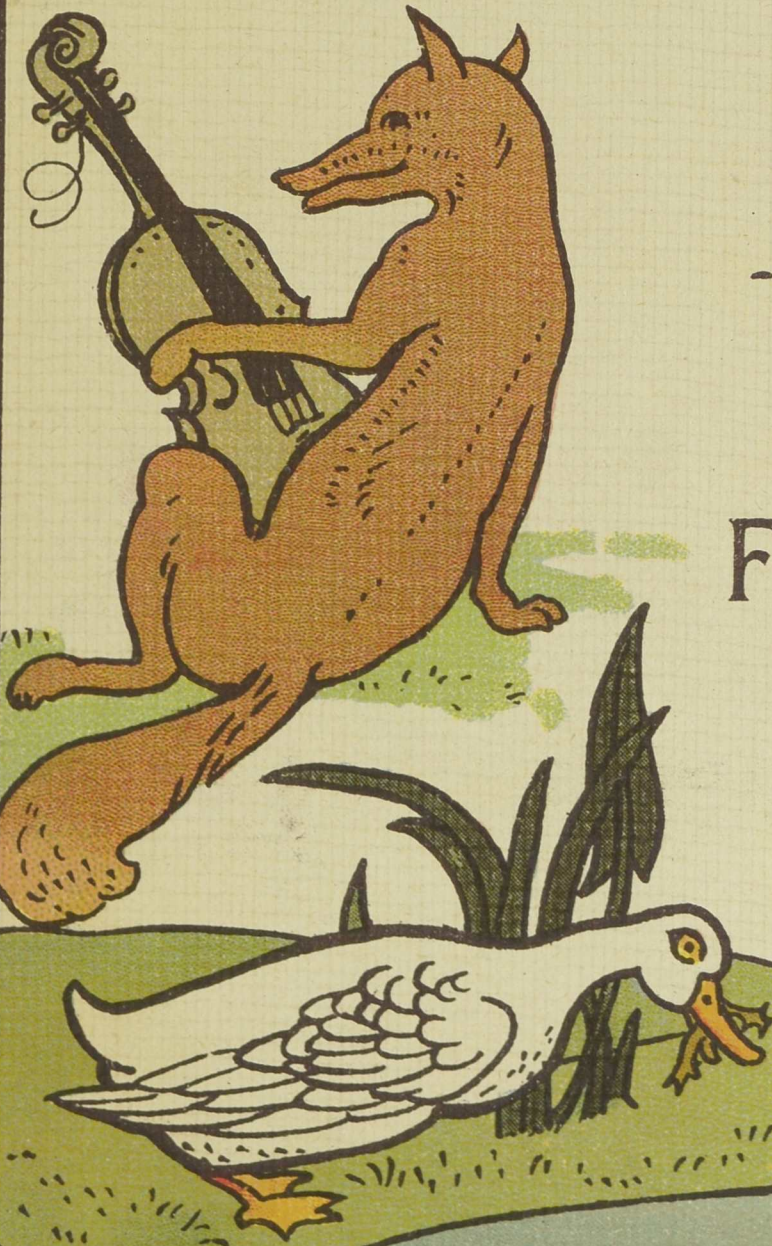
D makes the Ding and the Dong
and the Dell
That happened when pussy was put down
the well;
I wonder if Tabby was
put in or fell?

E

E is for Ella of cinder-dust name,
Who found ball room dancing
an excellent game,
For she married the prince and
had riches and fame.

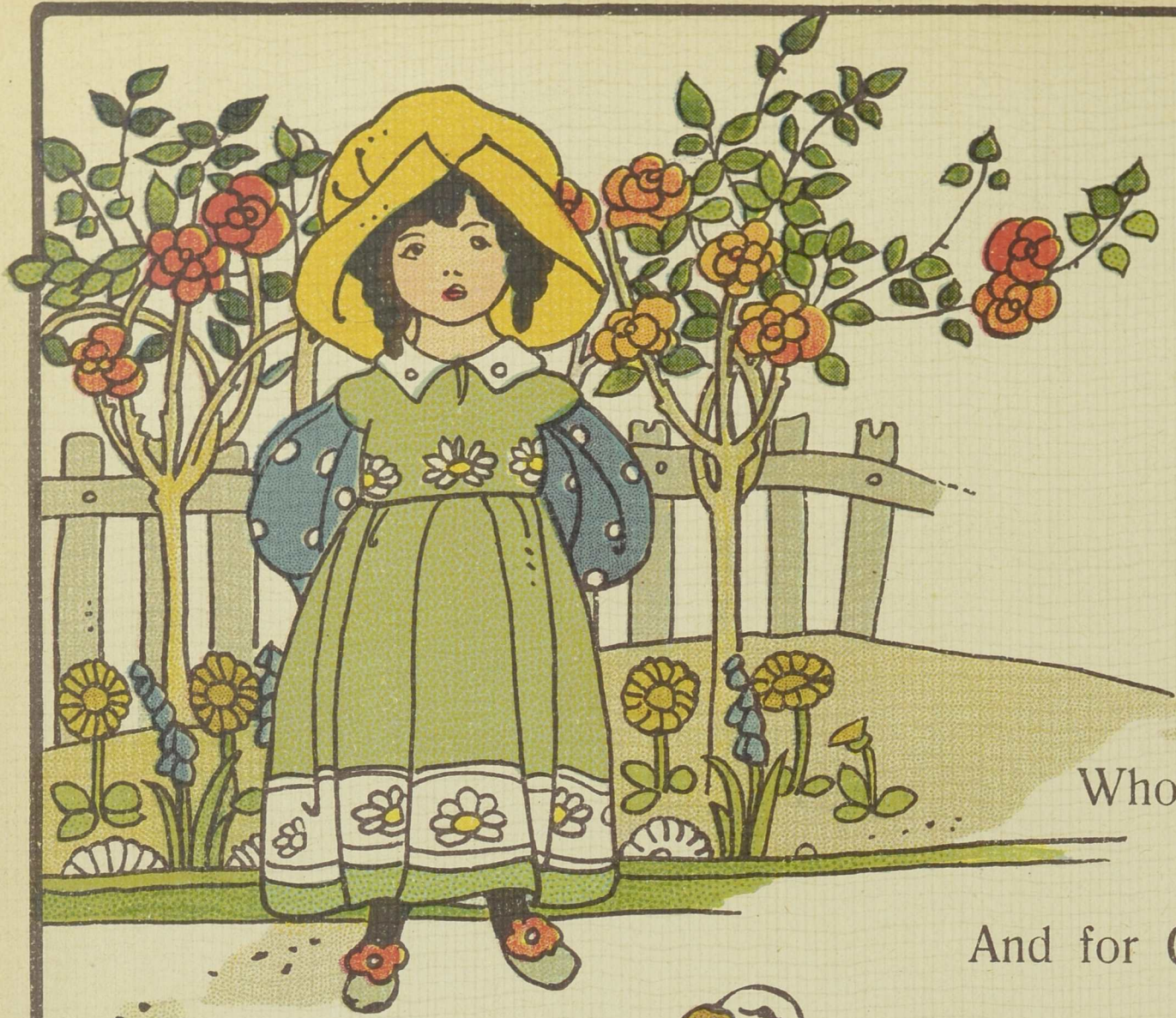


F is for Frog. He would go out to woo,
And a hungry old duck showed
his mother was true.
The Fiddle, the Fox, the Fish,
are F too.



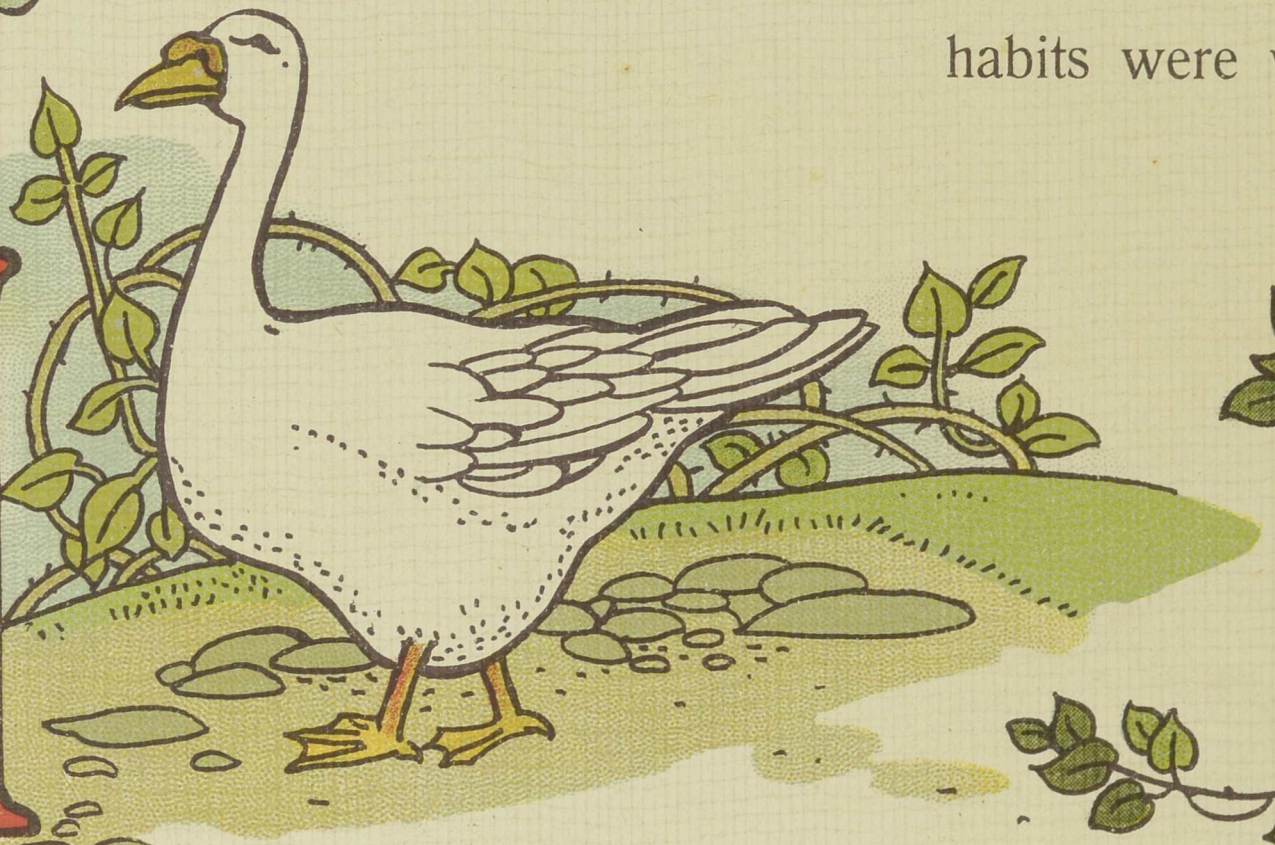
F





G

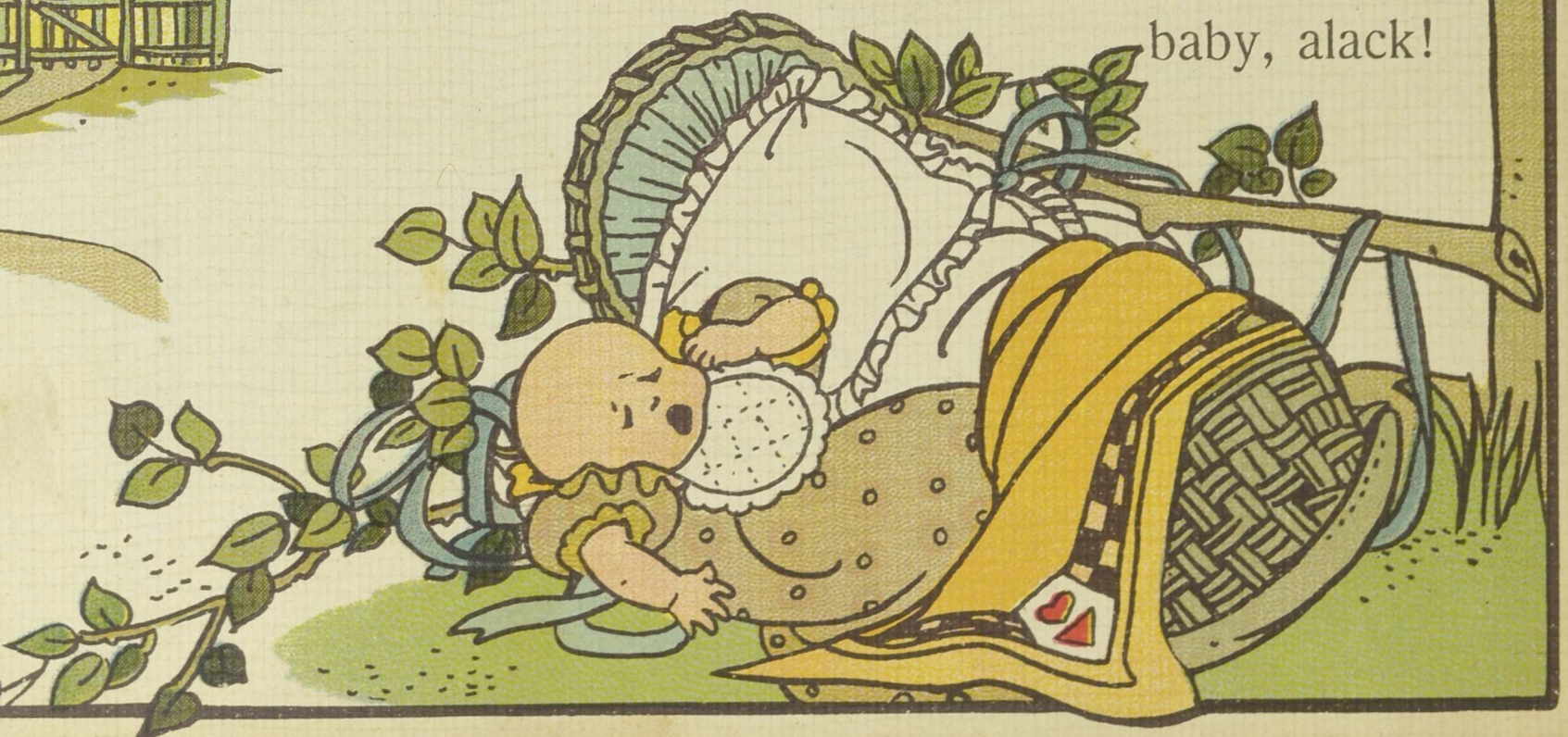
G's for the Garden of
dear little Mary;
Whose moods were, it seems,
of a nature contrary.
And for Goosey the Gander whose
habits were wary.



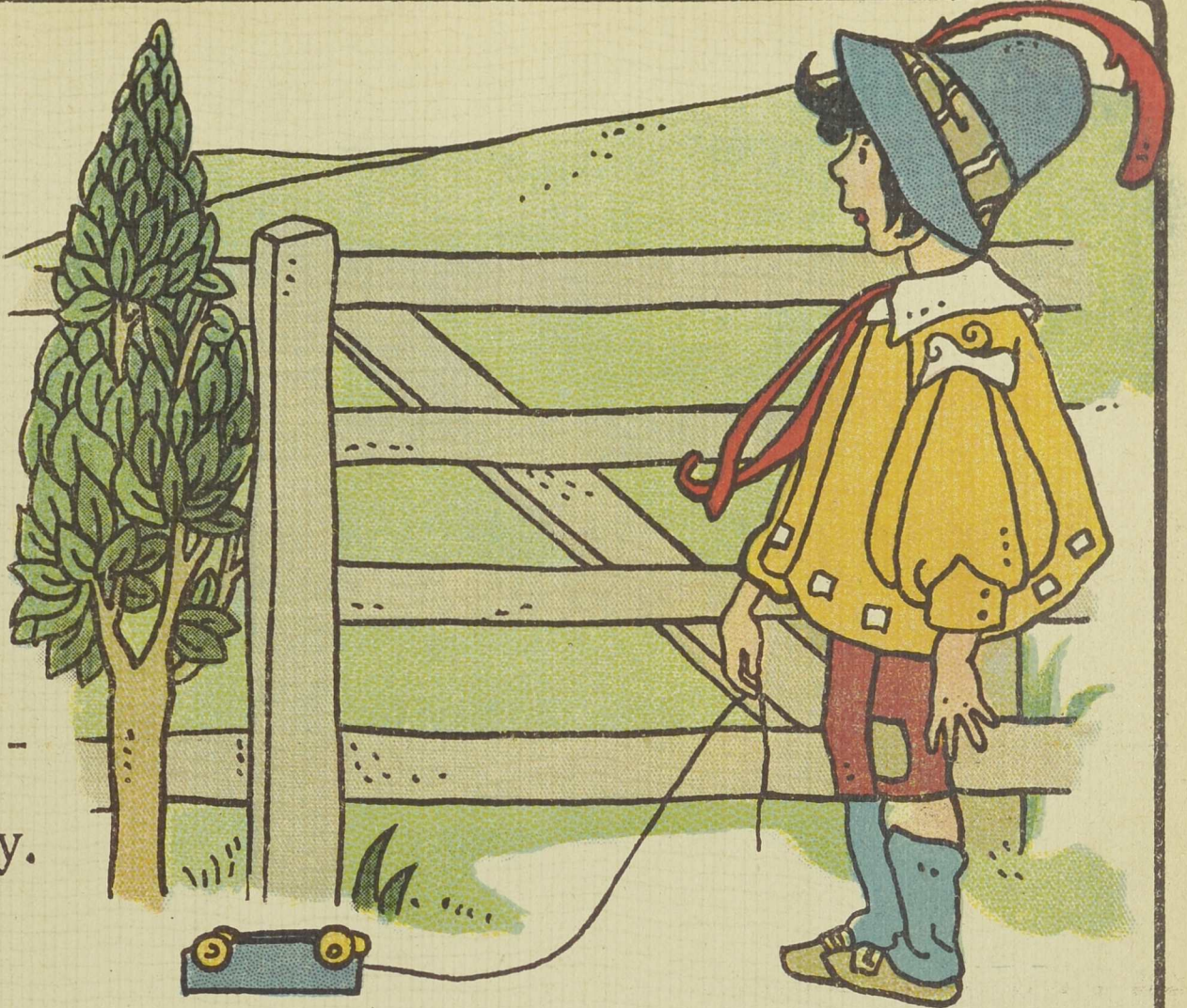
H



H is the House that was built up by Jack,
And for Hush-a-bye-baby that fell on
its back
When the bough broke and down went the
baby, alack!



I is for Idiot
- Simple Simon,
some say -
To a pieman he
cried on the high-
way one day,
For a taste of his wares, -
with no money to pay.



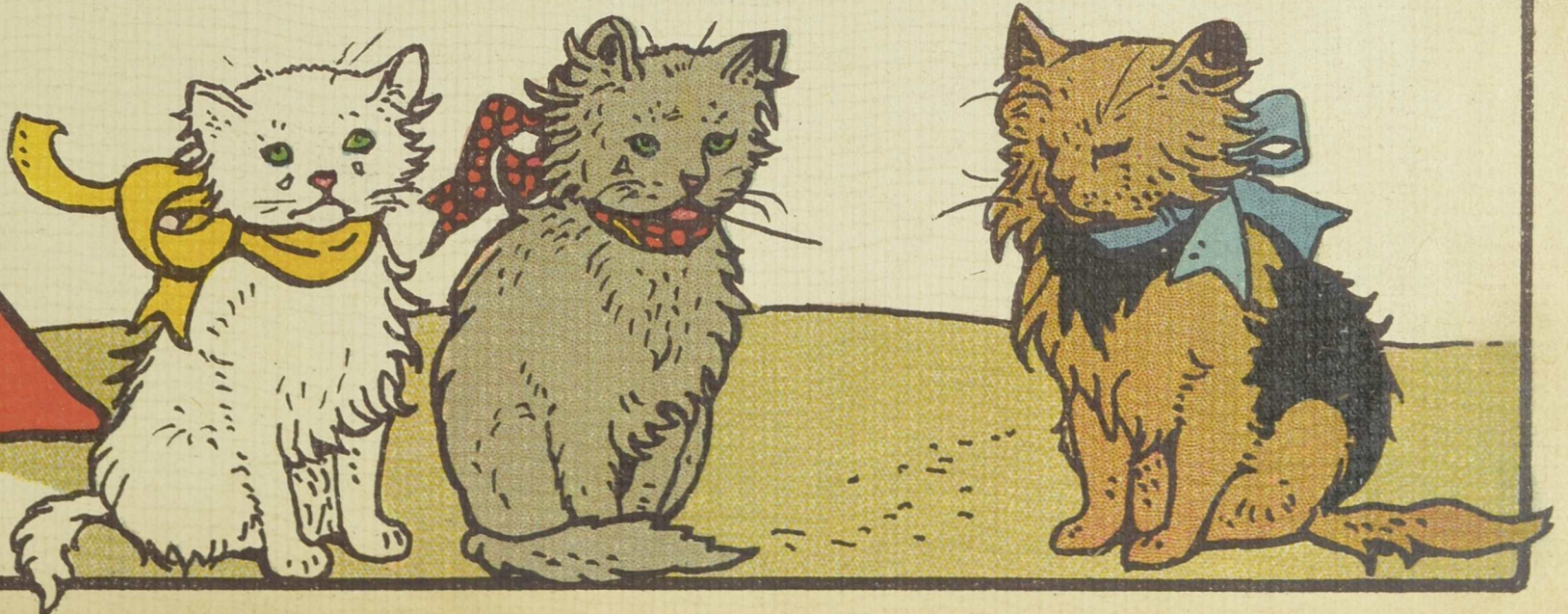
J is for Jack
and his sweet
sister Jill.

With a bucket between them they went
up the hill;
But the water was lost on account of a spill.

K's for the Kittens who couldn't have pie,
Because, when they'd hung out their
mittens to dry

They couldn't be found, though they hunt low and high.

K



L

L's for the Lamb, who was white
 as the snow;
 With two lovely brown eyes. He
 loved Mary so,
 That wherever she went he
 also would go.



M is for Mary.
 She fed her pet
 lamb

On biscuits and crumpets, on
 plum-cake and jam,
 So it never grew up to a nasty great ram.

N

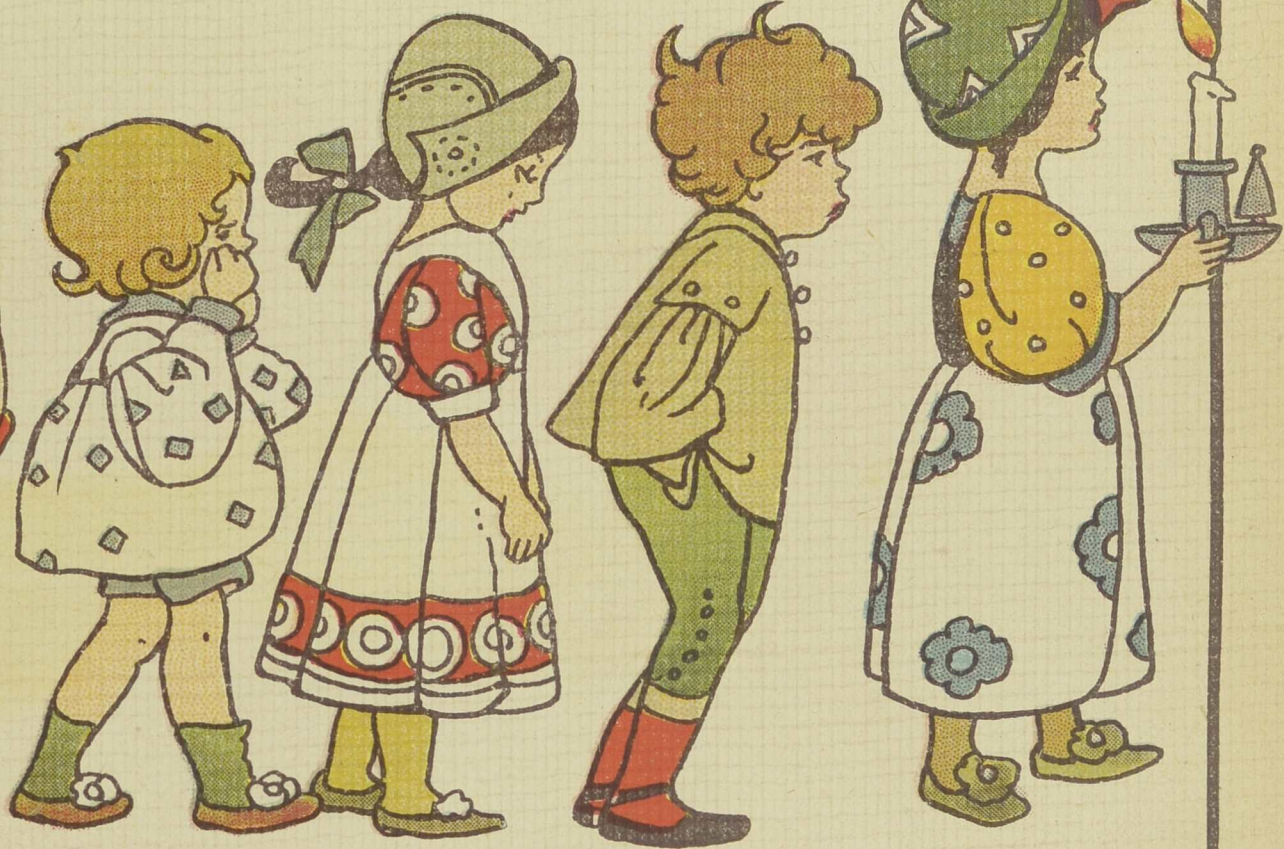
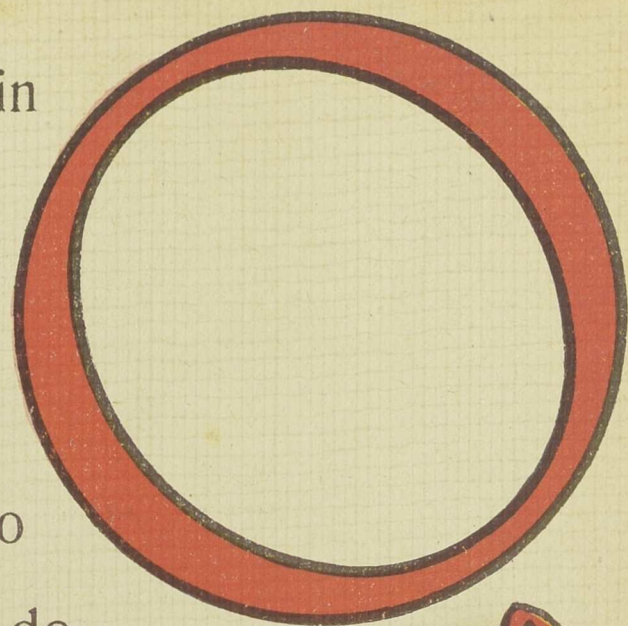
N's for the Names of
 the people put here;
 For the North wind that blows
 and puts robin in fear
 Of the snow; so he hides in the barn. Pretty dear!



O's for the Old woman who lived in
a shoe

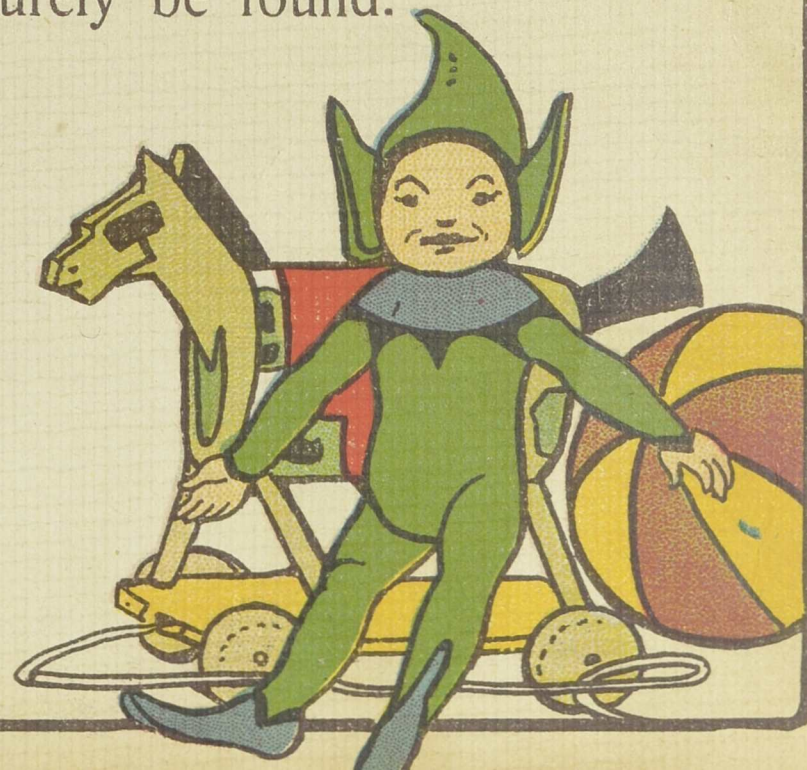
With such heaps of young children;
she found them a crew

To keep quiet. And for Ogres who
wicked things do.



P

P for the Pucks with
which toy shops abound,
And when your next birthday in
time shall come round,
One of these with your presents will
surely be found.





Q

Q is the Queen, on the
sly, eating honey.

Also the Queen who made tarts —
rather funny,
Which the Knave took away
without leaving the
money.



R

R is for Robin shot dead
with an arrow,
(As seen by the fly) by a naughty
young sparrow,
When poor Robin was perched on an old
garden barrow.



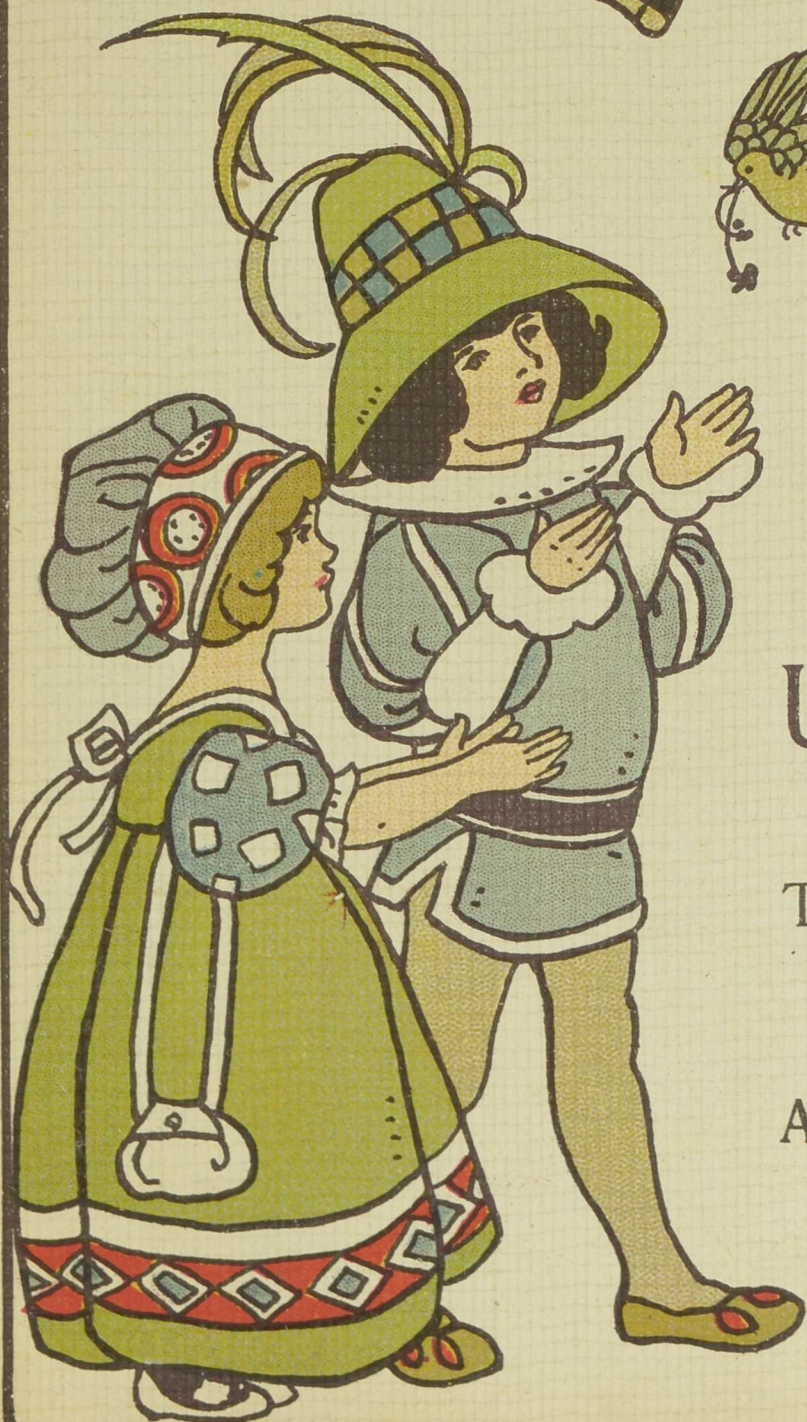
S Sings a Song of Six-pence and a sigh,
For the twenty-four blackbirds shut
up in a pie;
But the birds sang again as they pecked
up the rye.



S

T

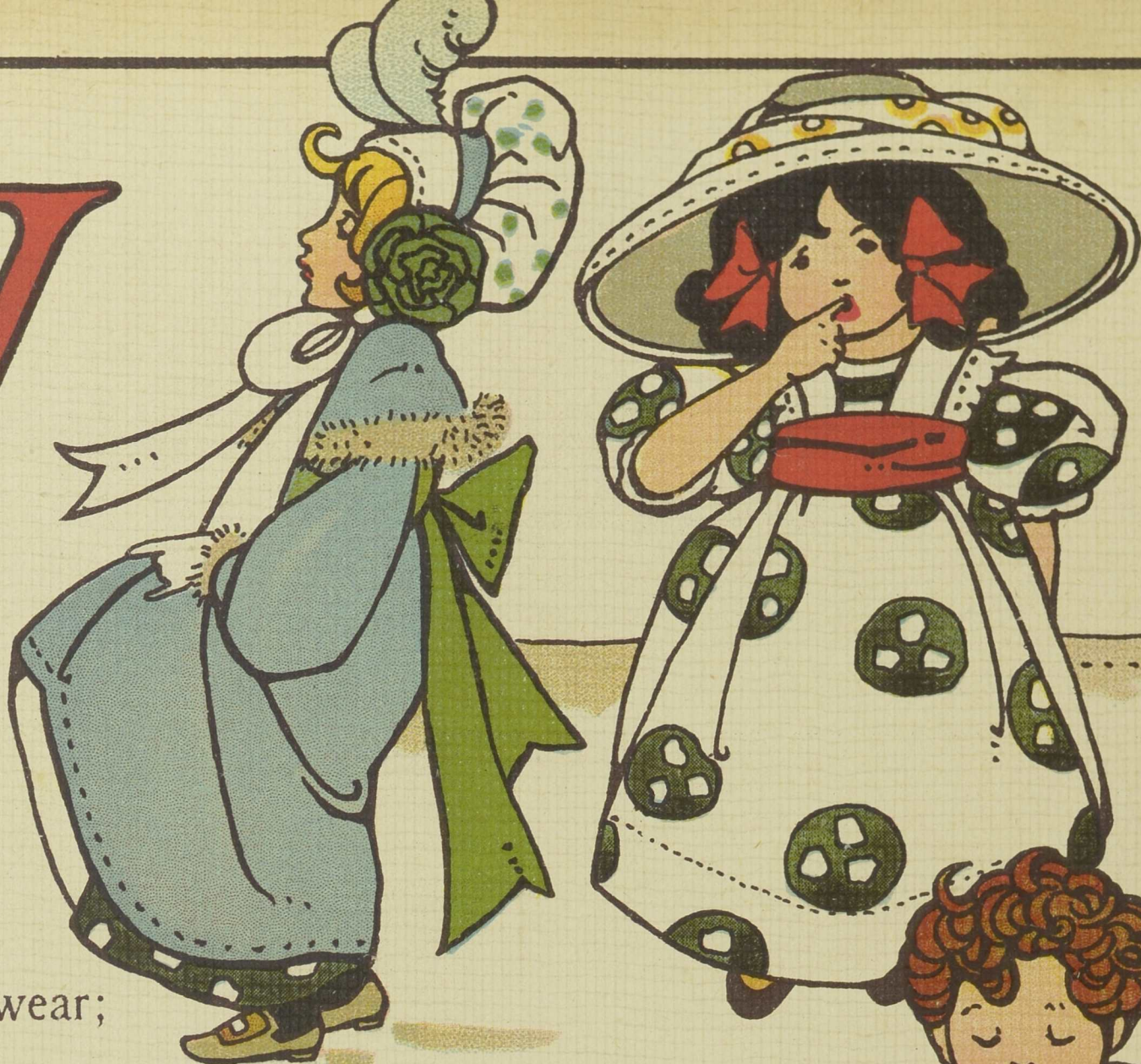
T is for Thomas, the Poor Pipers son,
Who stole a fat pig and started to run;
But the beating he had was not very good fun.



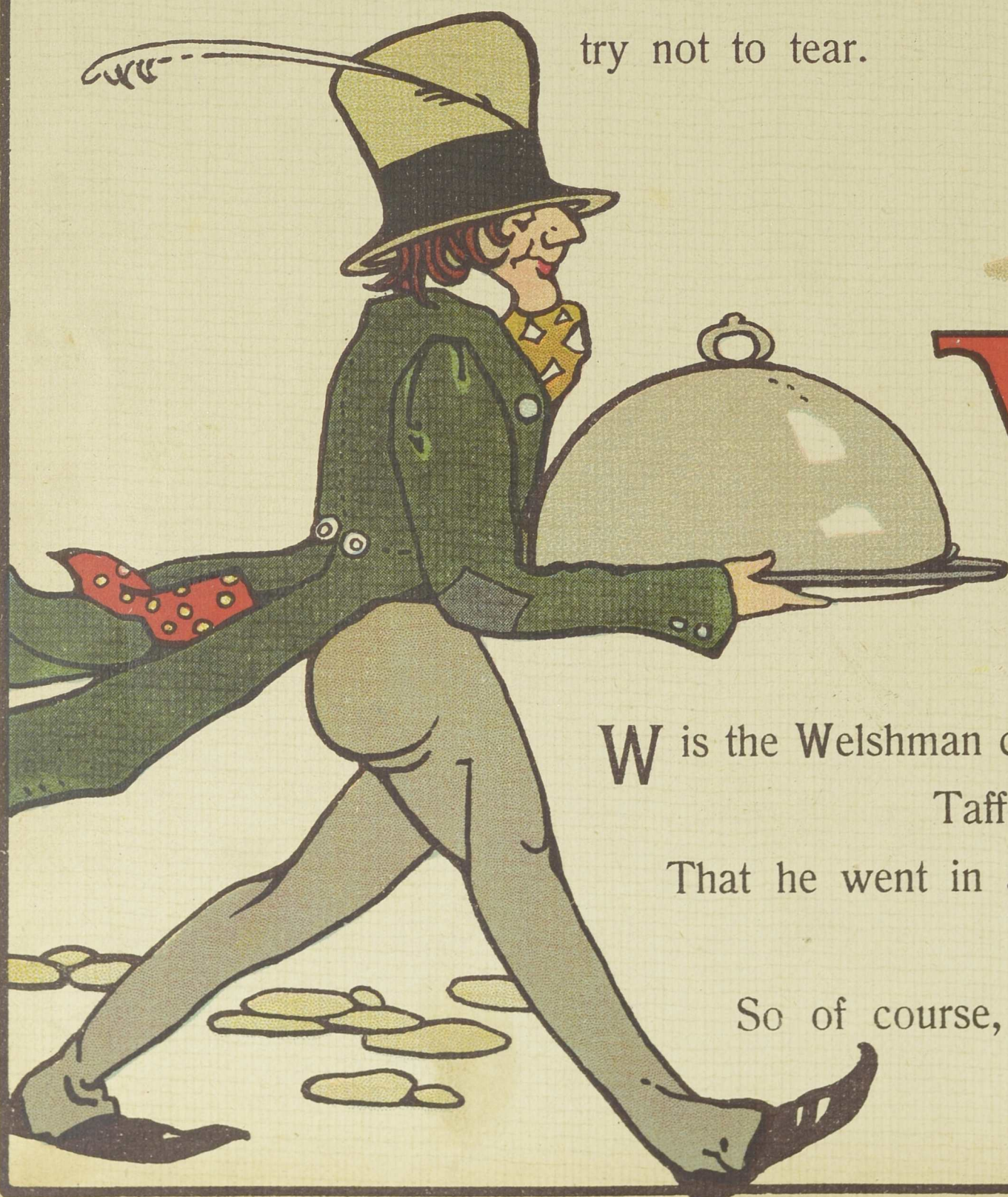
U

U's for the Uncle, who
lost in the wood
The two little babes; but the birds
understood,
And brought them some berries and
nuts for their food.

V



V is for Velvet
that all the folks wear;
These Verses which you are enjoying
my dear;
And this Volume, which I hope you will
try not to tear.

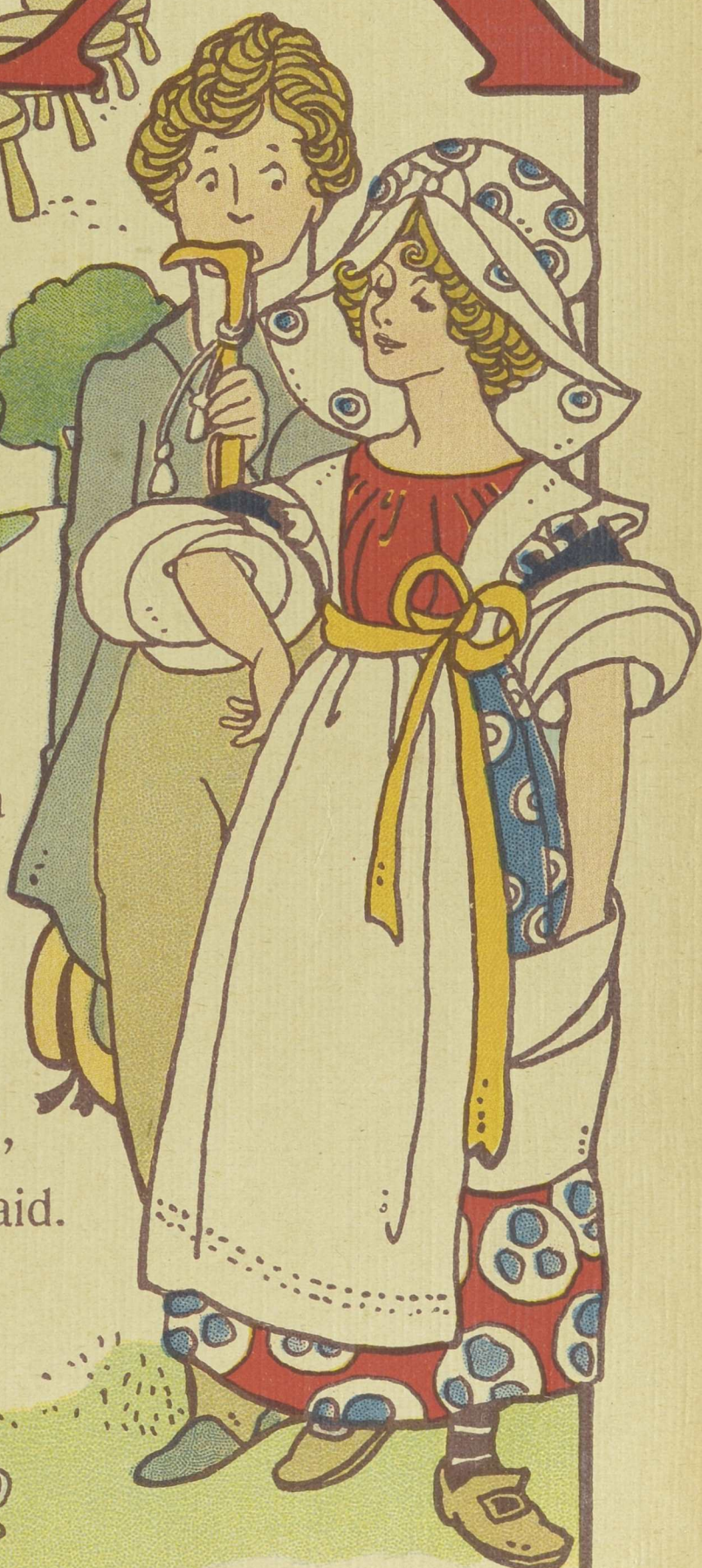
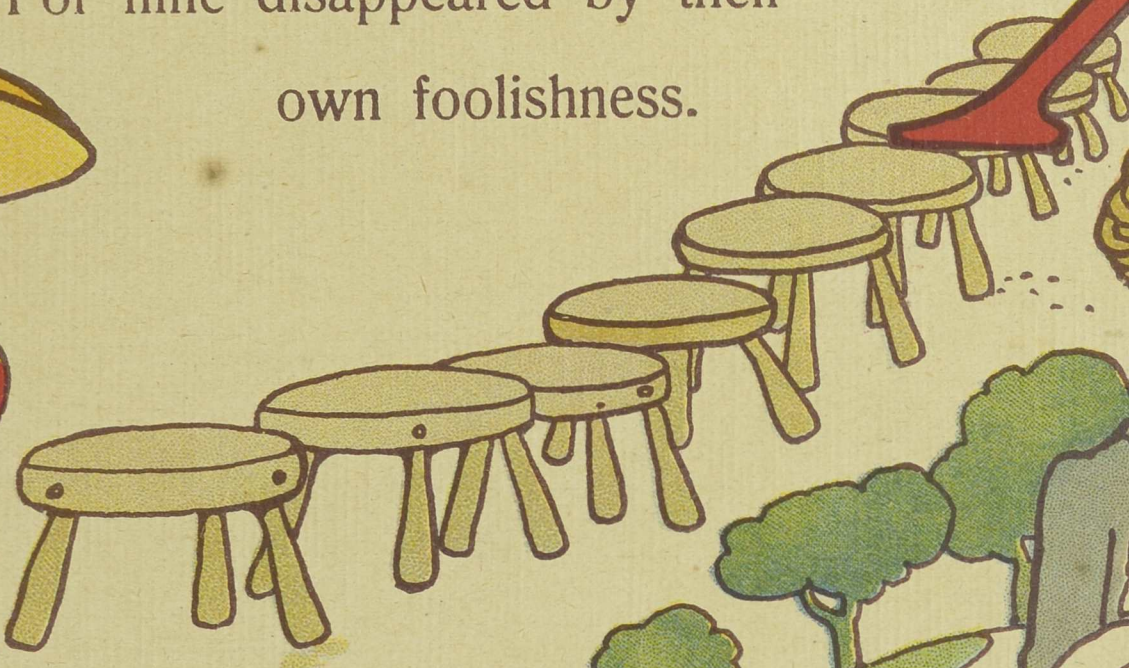


W

W is the Welshman called
Taff, such a thief,
That he went in a larder and stole all
the beef;
So of course, at the end, he came
to great grief.

X for the X Little Niggers, we guess,
Whose numbers kept getting one less
and one less,
For nine disappeared by their
own foolishness.

X



Y

Y is the Youth who loved well a
milkmaid.
But when he declared it was waste
if he stayed,
“Nobody has asked you to stay, Sir!”,
she said.

Z

Z is for Zig-Zag. The
path through the wood,
When the children were lost, wound as much
as it could.
But Z doesn't lend itself out as it should.





THE SWING.

BACKWARD, forward,
To & fro,
Hatless, breathless,
Away I go!

My hair streams out
On the rushing wind;
And my upward sweep
Leaves the earth behind!

Tightly to the rope I'm clinging;
A swift down rush and now upspringing.
Had I breath to spare, I could shout and sing,
In the giddy whiz of the
curtseying swing!

MY DOLL.

"DOLLY'S name-

Lady Grace:

Hasn't she

the loveliest face?



Hobble skirt!

High heeled shoes!

Cartwheel hat!

Rainbow hues!

In the latest

Fashion dressed,

Lady Grace,

My sweetest, best!"

THE TOP.

“THE top is wound,
Are you ready?”

Now an even
Pull and steady!



Hark! The spinner
Is not dumb!
Faster, faster,
Hum! Hum! Hum!

Silent now
It turns so fast!
Ah! it wobbles —
Down at last!

H.C. Marsh

T H E R A C E .

"CATCH me if you can!"

Cried Mary Ann —

"Well, I think I'm able!"

Said Mabel. —



H.C.
Marsh

And oh! didn't they run?

Such fun!

Mabel's legs proved the longer,

And stronger!

She ran just like a deer

That's clear!

For soon the one she sought,

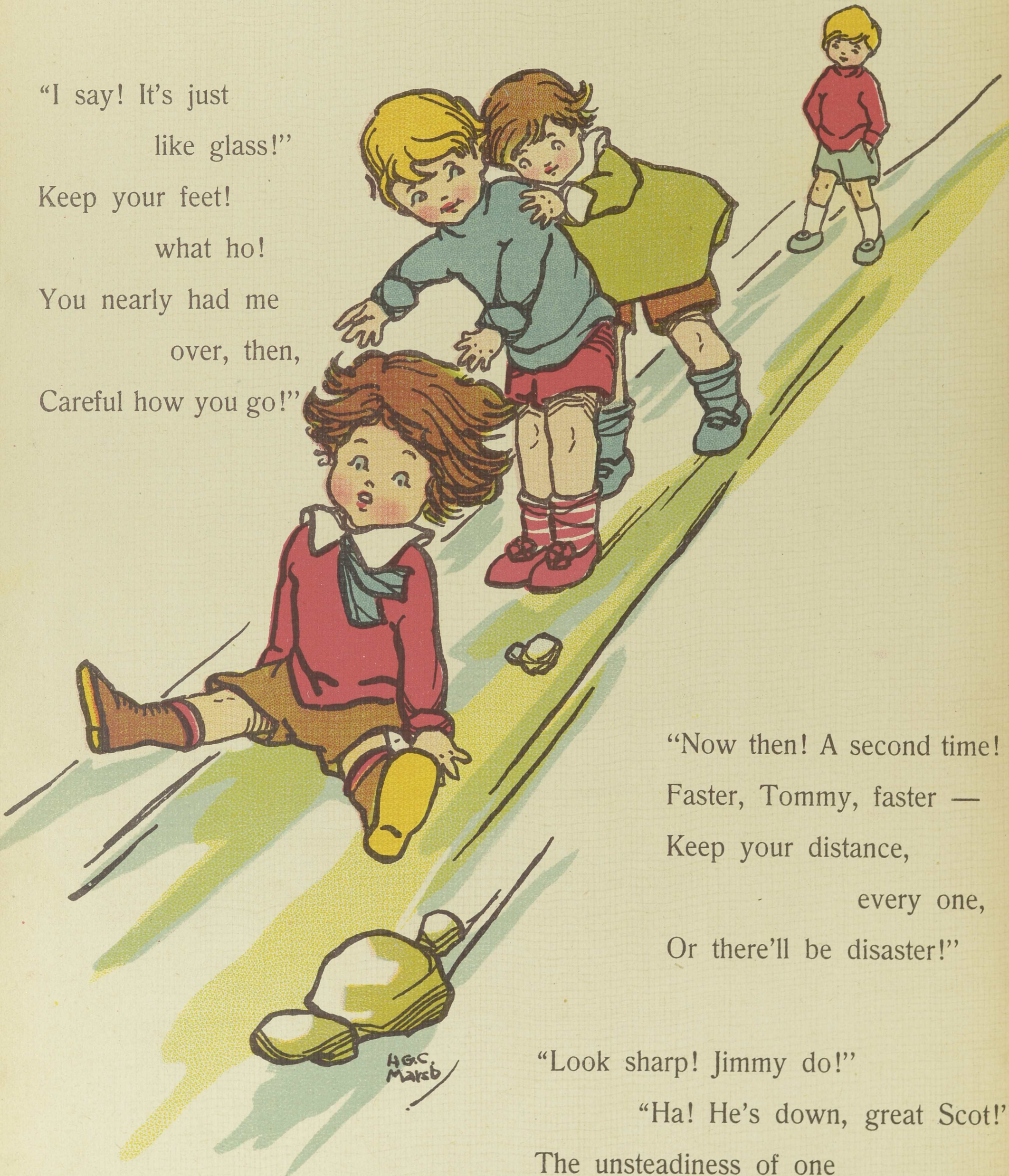
Was caught!

THE SLIDE.

“COME on, you fellows!
Here’s a jolly slide!

One, two, three, — away!
Not so long a stride!”

“I say! It’s just
like glass!”
Keep your feet!
what ho!
You nearly had me
over, then,
Careful how you go!”



“Now then! A second time!
Faster, Tommy, faster —
Keep your distance,
every one,
Or there’ll be disaster!”

“Look sharp! Jimmy do!”

“Ha! He’s down, great Scot!”

The unsteadiness of one

Has tripped up the lot!

SKIPPING.

FIRST a good

And even swing —

One, two, three,

That's the thing!



H.G.C.
Marsh.

“Off you go!”

Tit, tat, toe!

Hop! Hop!

Don't stop!”

Light as a feather,

Both feet together.

“What's the score?”

“84!”

Tap, tap, tap! No mishap!

“100?”

“Well done! what fun!”

PUSS IN THE CORNER.

ONE puss in each corner —

Polly, Elsie, Jack and Will:

In the middle of the square

Stands chubby Phil.



Polly calls to Will

“Puss, give me a drop of water!”

Then a rush, with chubby Phil

Thirsting for slaughter!

Dodging here,

Scurrying there.

“Is that fair?”

“Yes!” Polly’s caught,

By her long hair!

THE BOAT-RACE.

SAID Tommy Stoa: —

“I’m sure there is no faster boat
Than mine - the Bounding
Billy-goat!”

SAID Billy Bits:

“The jolly Sandboy — there she
sits —
Will lick your cutter into fits!”

SAID Tommy Stoa: —

“We’ll soon see that!
Let her afloat
Alongside mine!
Push off!
Now note!”



Then Billy Bits began to gloat.

Anon he said to Tommy Stoa:

“She’s lost the race, your Billy-goat!”

Tommy’s remarks I will not quote!

CRICKET.

"HOW'S that for centre?"

"Yes, that'll do."

Keep a straight bat,

Tom bowls so true!"



"Oh, well hit, Ned!"

"At least three for that!

Capital! Now, Dick,

Your turn to bat."

Ah, Tom is artful,

A Twist! "Have a care!"

See — Dick has spooned it

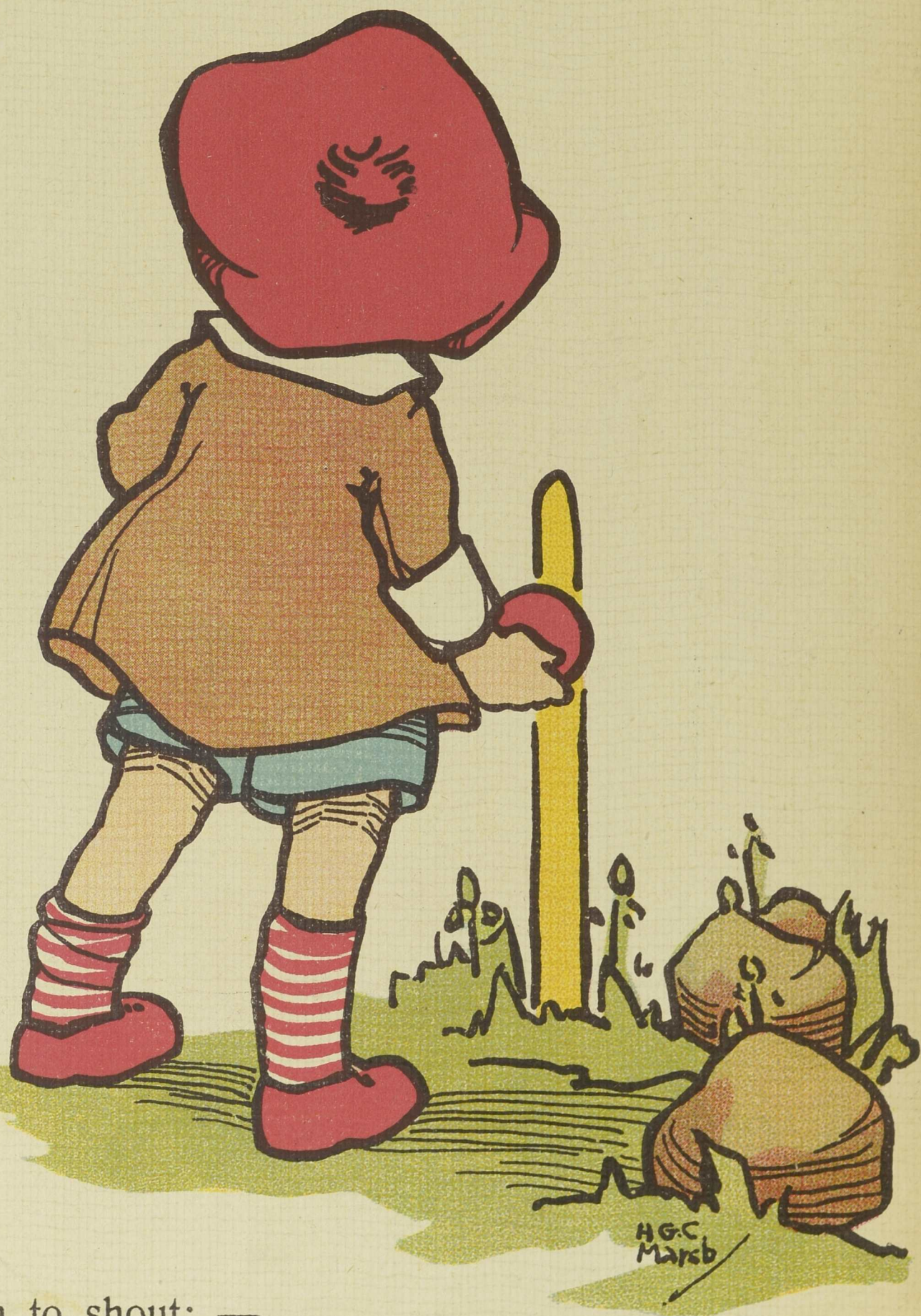
Up in the air!

The Other side fellows

Have reason to shout: —

"Bravo! Well caught, Tommy!

Our best man is out!"



THE BUILDERS.

“If we all try
I don't see why
We shouldn't build a tower
that high!”

With action quick
Jim, Harry, Dick,
And Winifred piled brick on brick.



“Look out there!

Oh! Take care!”

“Higher?” “Well, stand on this chair!”

“Pray don't sneeze!”

Or blow, or wheeze!”

Or laugh, or chatter, if you

please!”

“Dare I go

One higher?” “No!”

“Bravo!” A crash.—“I told

you so!”

