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Children's corner



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The Children's Corner



Rhymes by

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Illustrations by

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601-608 South Washington Square
Philadelphia



Augener Ltd.
63 Colindale Avenue
London

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DREADFULLY BUSY

I don't want my doll, and I don't want my
book,

For I've got a *real* needle and thread!

And I'm doing *real* needlework: just come
and look

At my crosses in blue and in red!

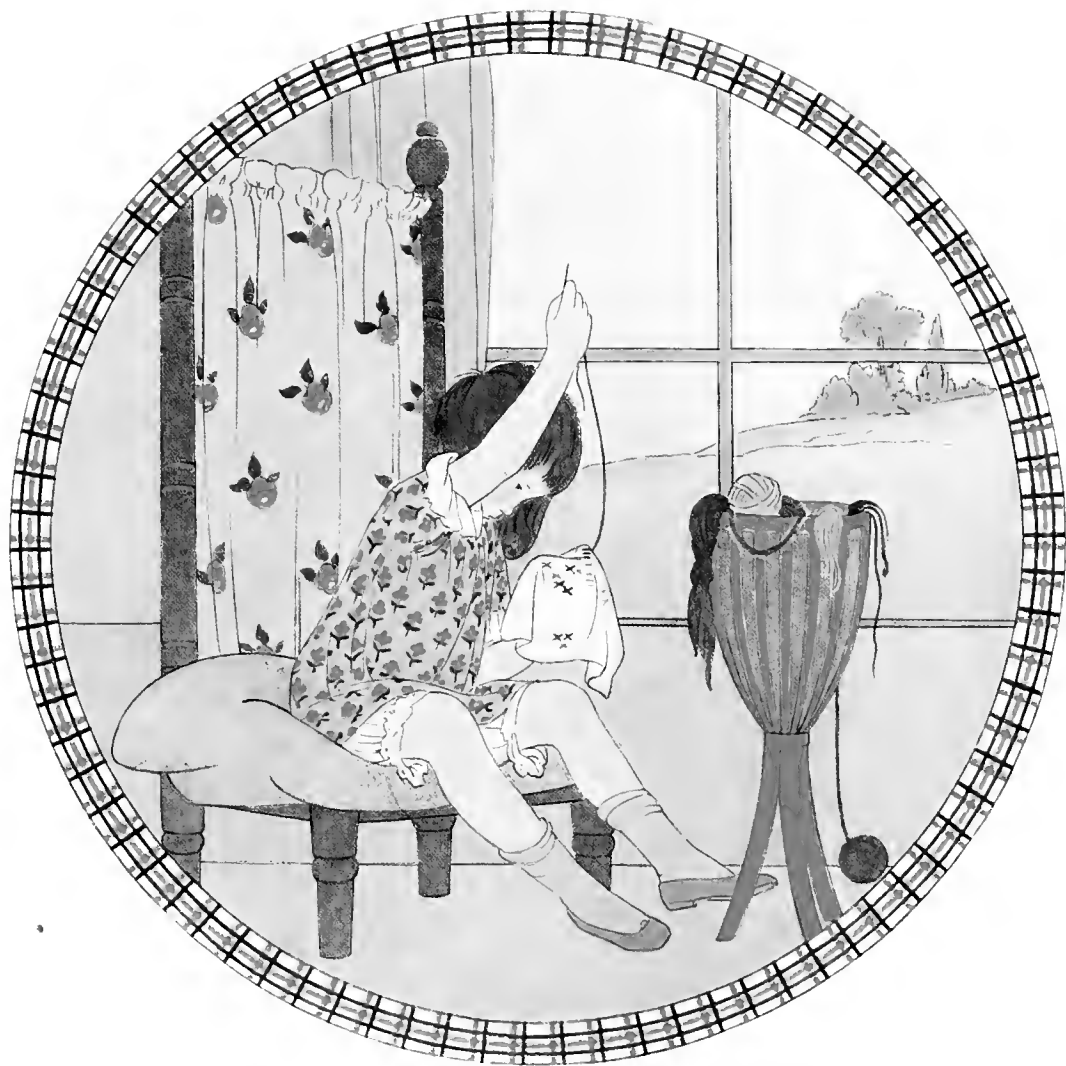
I am working a mat, it's to be a surprise

For my grandmamma's birthday in May,

And I'm dreadfully busy you know how
time flies—

So I can't spare a minute to play.

W. W. W. W.
W. W. W. W.
W. W. W. W.



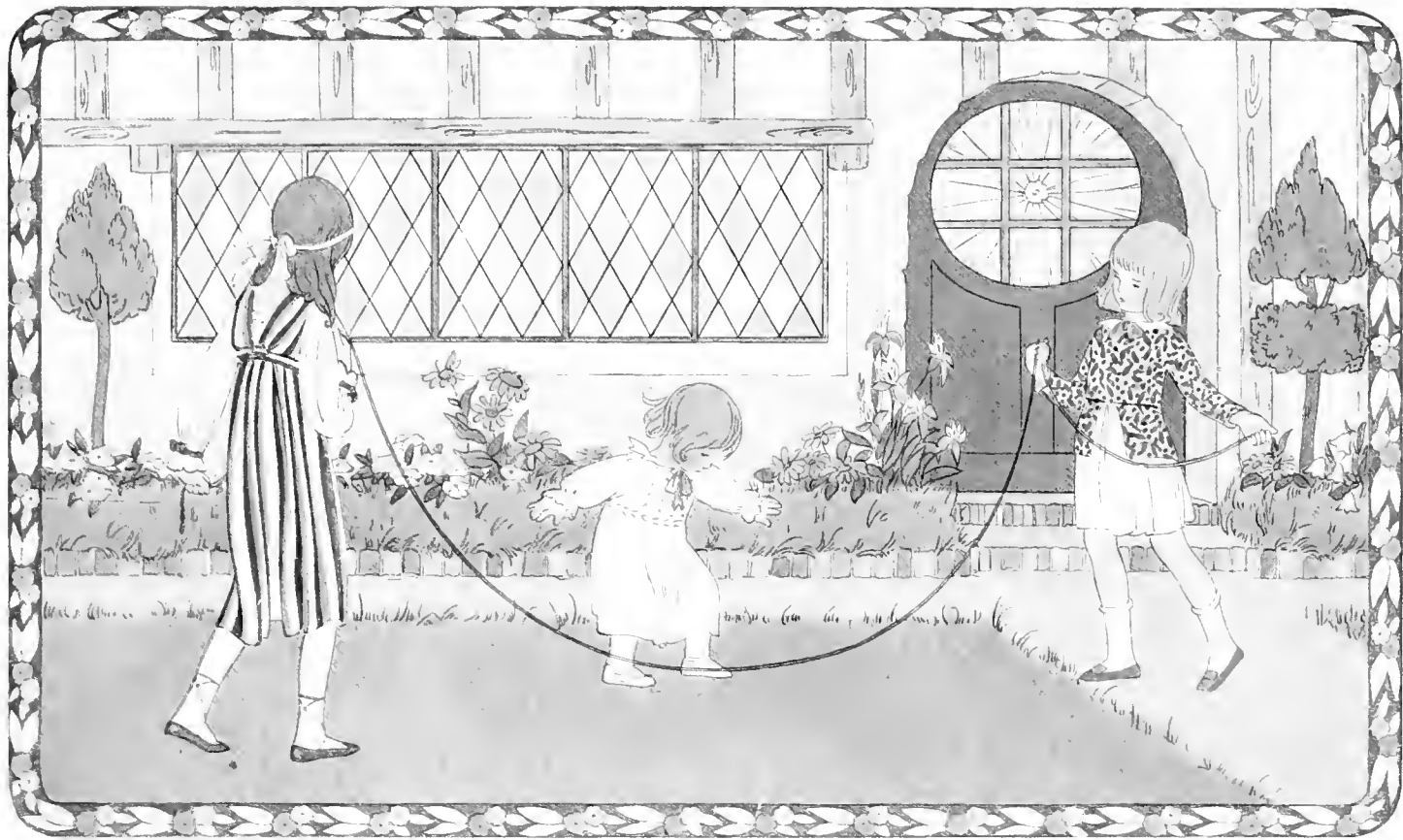
TROUBLESOME CHILDREN

Johnny is distressed and grieved ;
He would never have believed
That his Teddy-bear and toys
Could be such naughty girls and boys !
The only thing that can be done
Is just to punish every one ;
So in the corner they are stood
Until they promise to be good !



PERSEVERING DICKY

Jenny and Kate have skipped a lot,
And now at last it's Dicky's turn
He has been waiting patiently,
Because he is so keen to learn.
And now he tries with all his might ;
Well done, my Dicky ! At this rate,
It won't be long before you skip
As well as Jenny and as Kate !



A COSY CORNER

In the cosy inglenook
When the tea is cleared away,
Dora reads her story book
To her little sister May :
All about a valiant knight,
What he did, and what he said ;
May could listen all the night—
If it were not time for bed !



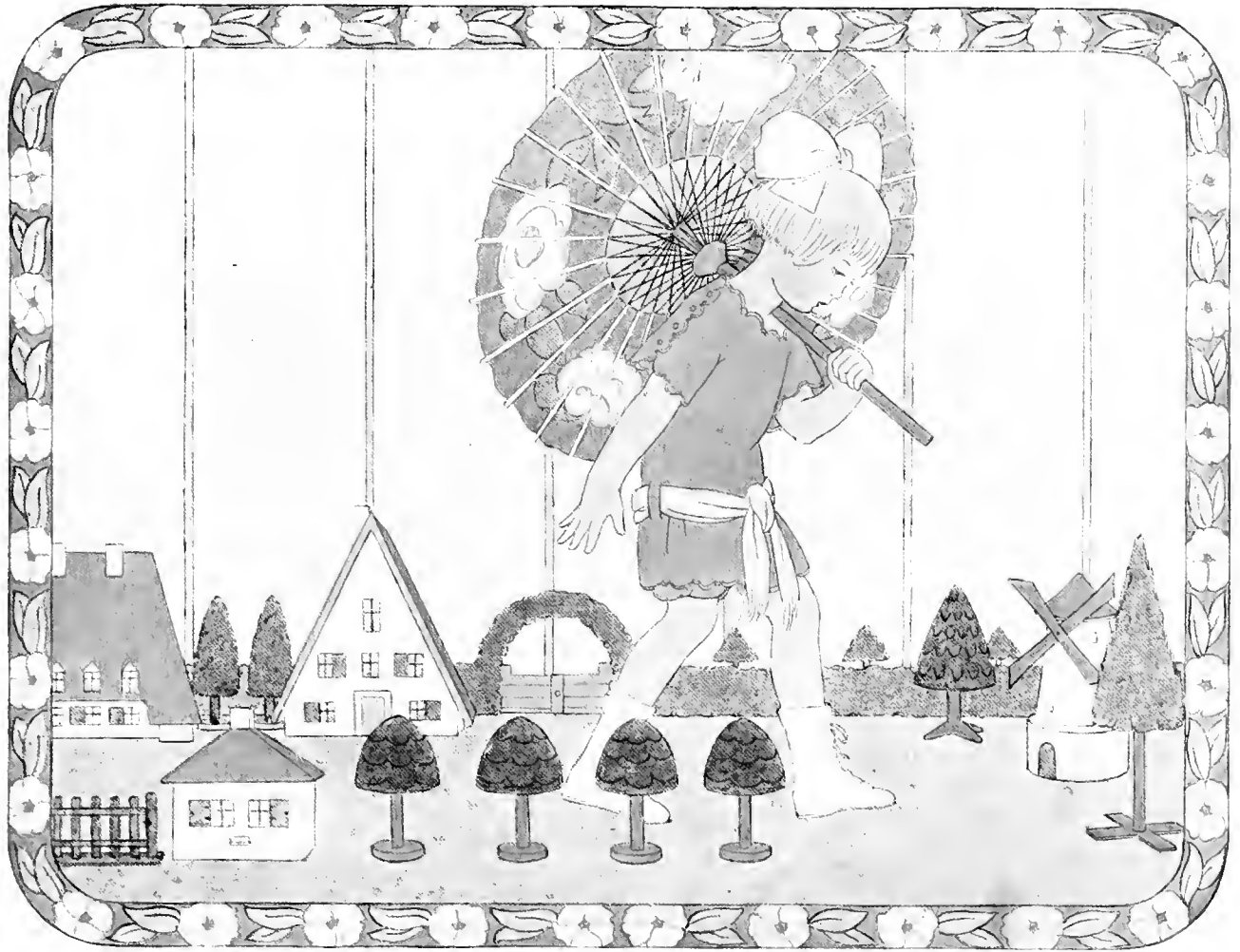
BABY'S FRIGHT

Into the garden
I have just run ;
No one is with me,
Isn't it fun ?
What are those shadows ?
Where is the sun ?
Why don't the stars shine ?
Why are there none ?
Oh, I feel frightened,
Night has begun !
Where is my Nanny ?
What *have* I done ?



KITTY-TOWN

Kitty has built a wonderful town ;
And now she is sauntering up and down,
Proudly admiring her perfect street,
With mill and town-hall quite complete ;
With trees and hedges and a gate,
And all laid out so nice and straight !
Isn't it rather clever of Kitty
To build such a wonderful model city ?



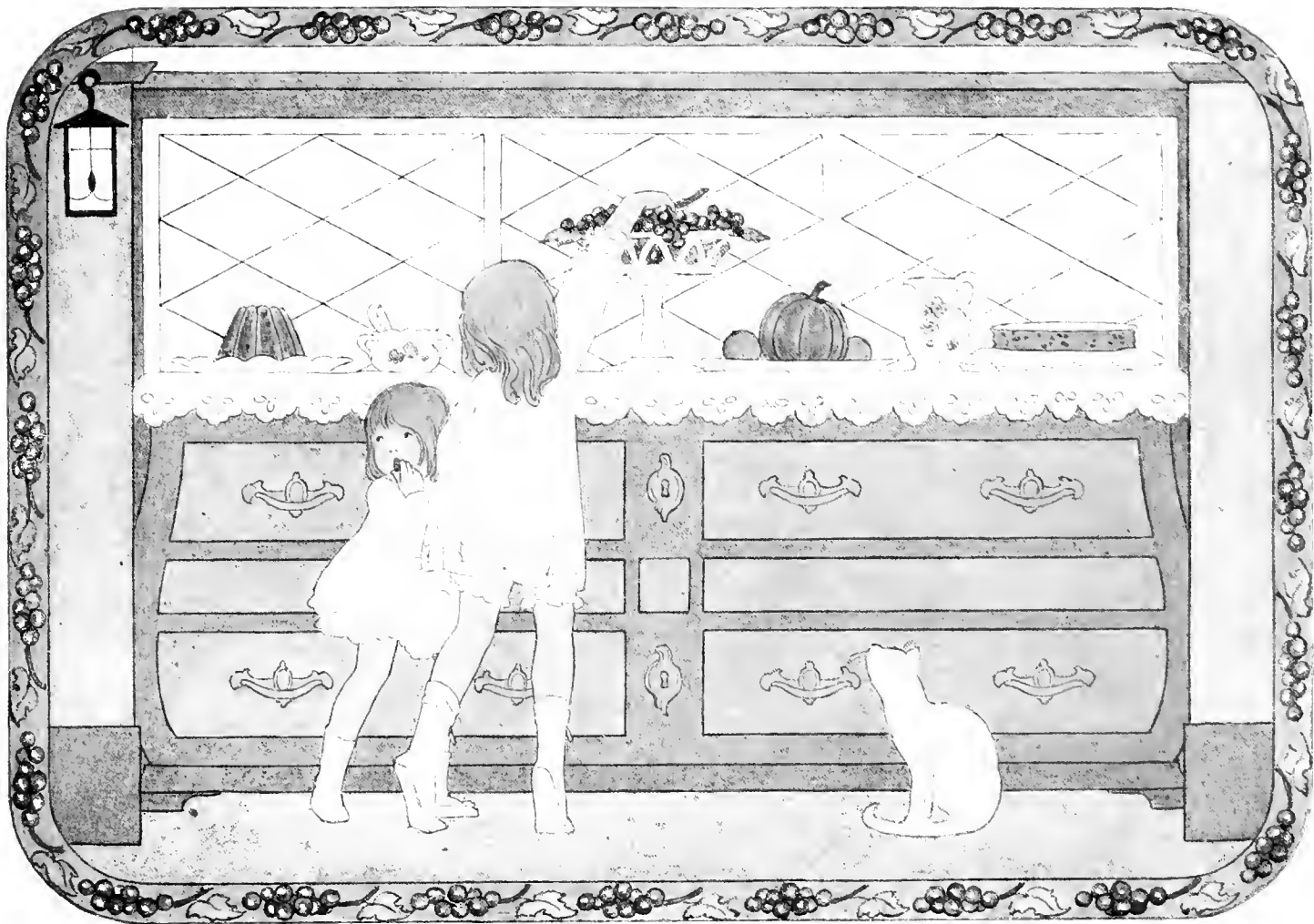
BUYING HATS

A lovely game for rainy days
Is playing "hat-shops" (just you try) !
Johanna is the milliner,
Mary and dolly come to buy.
"Your daughter, Ma'am, looks sweet in
white,
Or do you like these reds and blues ? "
" Oh dear, she looks so nice in all,
I really don't know which to choose ! "



GREEDY

“What can it matter if we take
Some grapes and just a taste of cake?
There’s such a lot, no one will know;
See, I can reach them, on tiptoe.”
So Jane tempts little sister Ann
And both of them eat all they can.
But Ann does not feel happy long,
She knows that they are doing wrong.



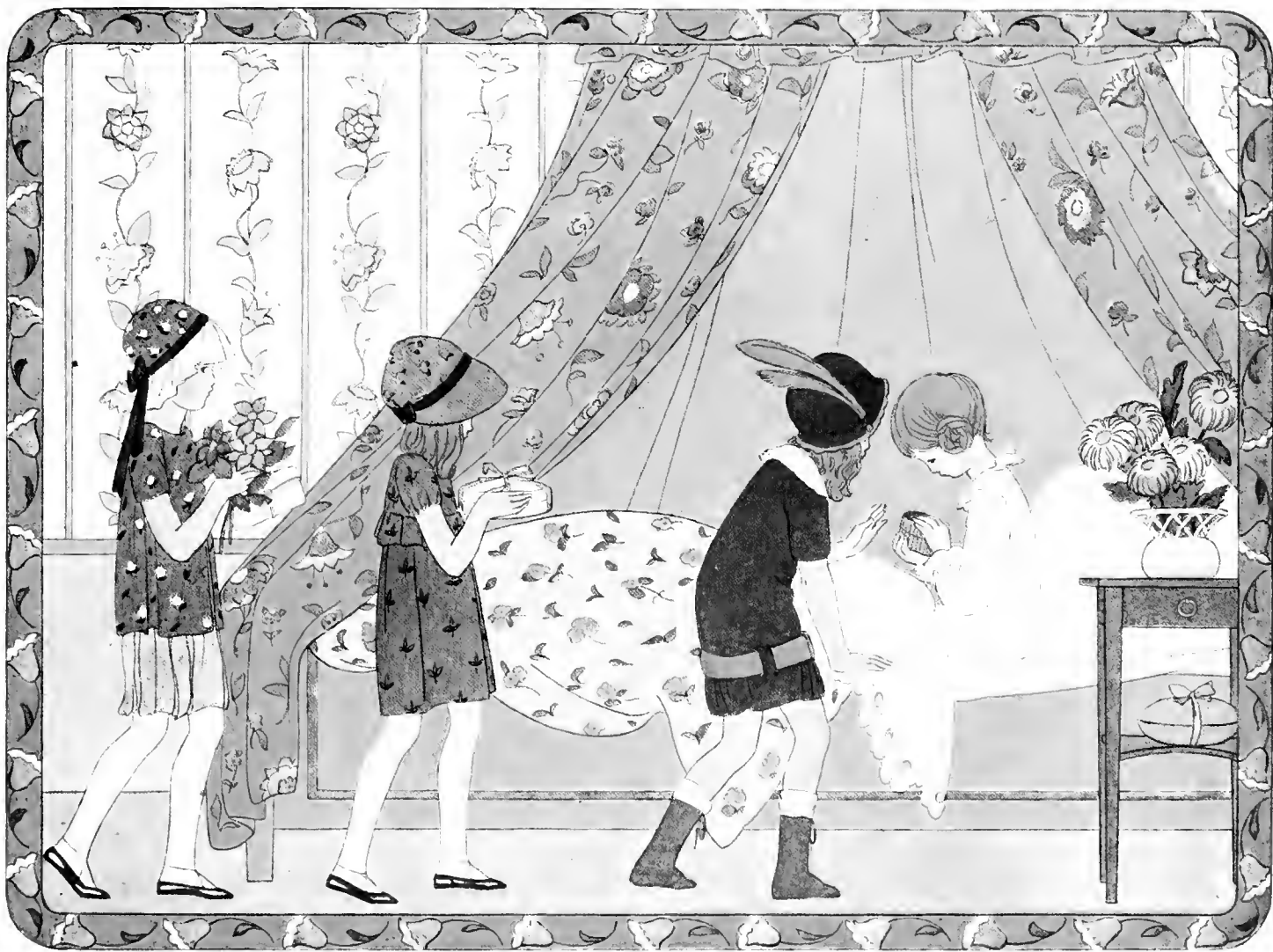
LAST YEAR'S FROCK

Oh, Mummy darling, quick, come here,
I *must* be growing tall !
The frock that fitted me last year
I can't get on at all !
The neck and sleeves are much too tight,
The hooks and eyes won't meet,
Oh, Mummy, don't I look a sight ?
I must have grown *two feet* !



THE INVALID'S BIRTHDAY

Kate was just thinking : “ What a bore
To spend my birthday sick in bed ,”
When tapping at her bedroom door
Came Mollie, Joan and Winifred.
Each with a present too, how sweet !
Kate had been having horrid pain,
But now this lovely birthday treat
Has made her nearly well again !



THE DOVES' DINNER-TIME

Poor little doves, you pretty loves,
You want your kind friend Lily ;
The sky is grey, and cold the day,
And you, poor things, are chilly.
See, here she comes with corn and crumbs,
Her daily kindness doing ;
With eager eye each crumb you spy,
And flutter round her, cooing.



OUT IN THE SNOW

The snow lies on the ground ;
Our footsteps make no sound ;
The air is still and grey ;
It is a bitter day !
But Margery and Jo
Trot gaily through the snow
Without a thought of fear
To see their Granny dear.
The snow won't do them harm,
Their clothes are thick and warm.
When Granny (who is old)
Is anxious lest they're cold,
Both girlies proudly boast
They are as warm as toast,
And think it splendid fun
To have a good long run !



POOR BABY !

Betty and Baby are busy as bees,
Picking the apples up under the trees ;
Suddenly Baby starts screaming with fear ;
Up rushes Betty and asks : " Baby dear,
Why are you frightened ? What's making
you cry ? "
But Baby's so tiny, she cannot tell why !



FISHING-BOATS

It's dark and getting rather late,
But John and Babs beg sister Kate
To let them stay and see the light
The fishing-boats hang out at night.
"When you," says Kate, "are fast asleep,
The fishermen, upon the deep,
Toil by those lamps and cast their net
To see what fishes they can get ;
Herrings and soles and plaice and dabs,
For you and me and little Babs !"



Publications Illustrated in Colour by

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SCHUMANN: Children's Pieces

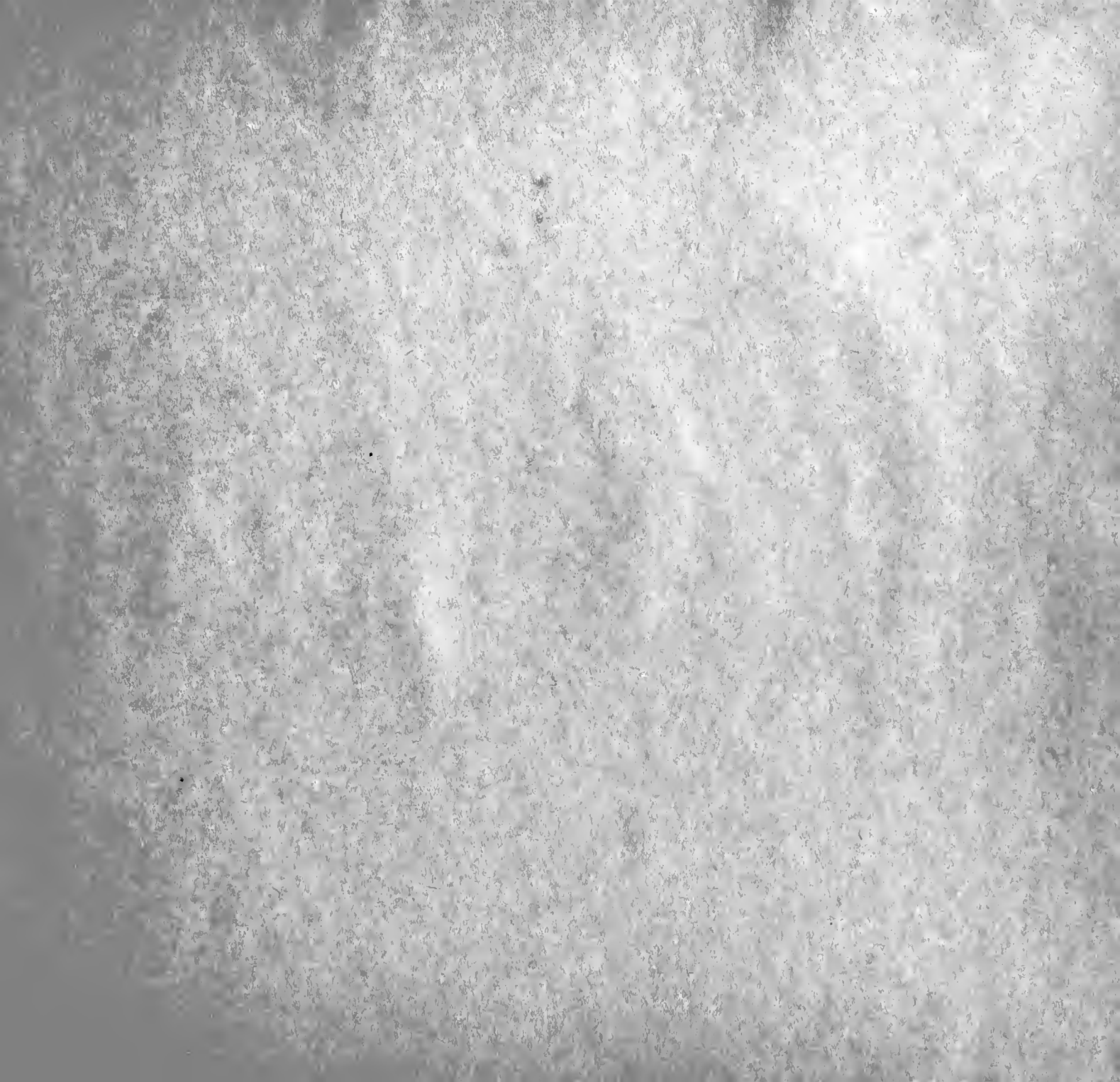
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