

The Motor Car.

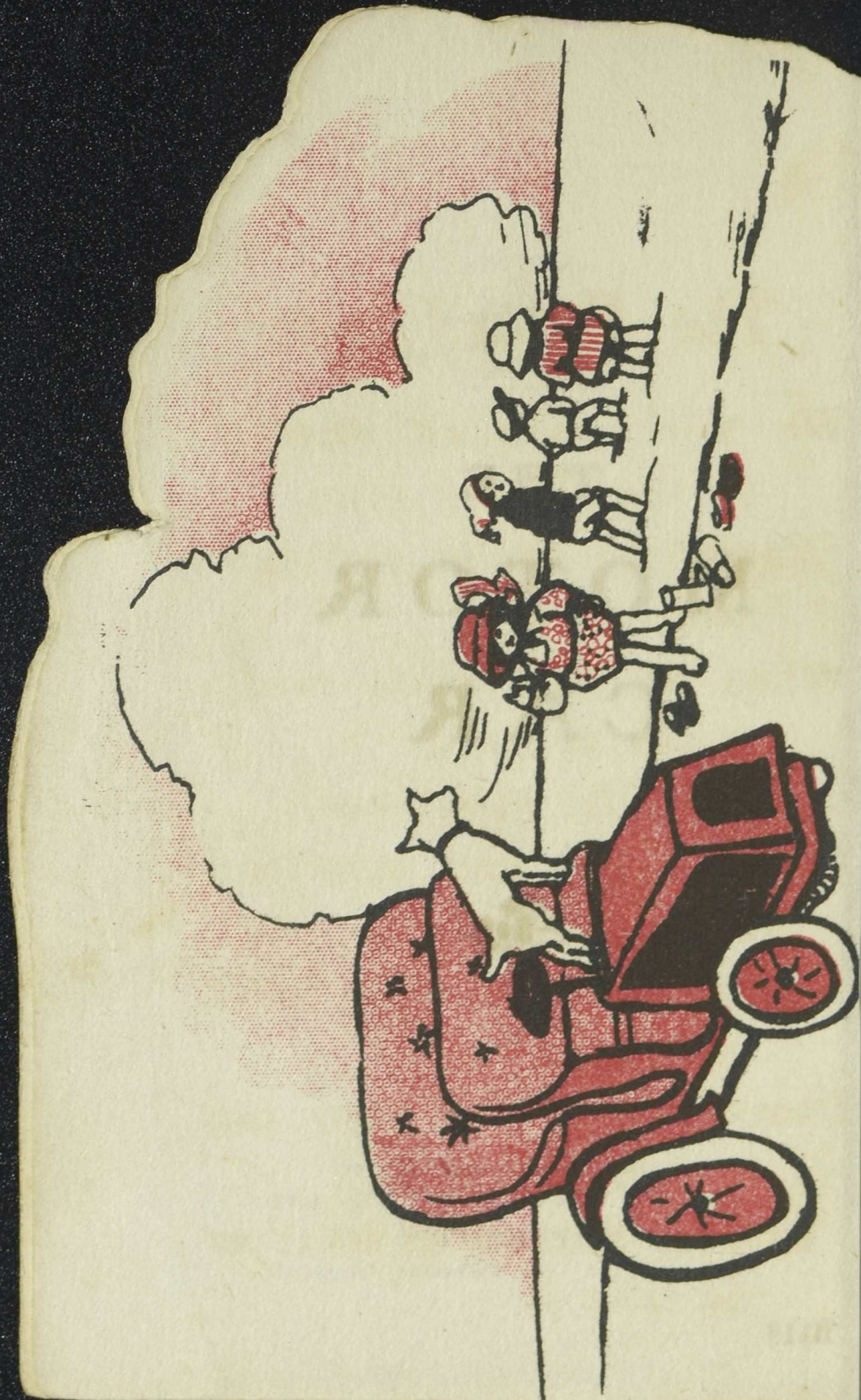


THE MOTOR CAR



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The Motor-Car

We were paddling, down
on the shingly sand,
Where the shells and the
starfish are,
When we saw, quite ready,
close at hand,
A beautiful Motor-car.
It was neat and new and
ever so large,
As nice as you ever could
make it;
There was no one there but
a dog in charge,
And he seemed to want us
to take it.



So then we all came
up from the shore,
And hunted for veils and
caps;

We solemnly held a council
of war,

And said, "It is best,
perhaps,

Not to tell Mother we mean
to go,

She gets such fears in her
head—

We'll tell her when we've
come back, you know,

And that ought to do
instead."



The provisions, of
course, we got our-
selves,

We had to collect a store.
We borrowed cake from the
cupboard shelves,
And the ham through the
larder door.

We also bought some Turkish
Delight,

And sardines; and Tom
and Teddy

Packed them in Father's bag
all tight.

And then at last we were
ready.

But we hadn't gone
either fast or far,
When—don't you think it
a shame?—

A portly policeman stopped
the car,

And took our number and
name.

He said he might have to
arrest us, too,

He thought that our pace
exceeded

The proper limit—as if he
knew

As much about it as we
did!



But the spanking rate
didn't last for long,—
We heard a crack and a
pop,
Something inside the thing
went wrong,
And it suddenly came to a
stop.
Tom and Teddy they both
crept under,
And potted and poked
about.
“Wherever,” they said, “are
the tools, I wonder?
We cannot get on without.”



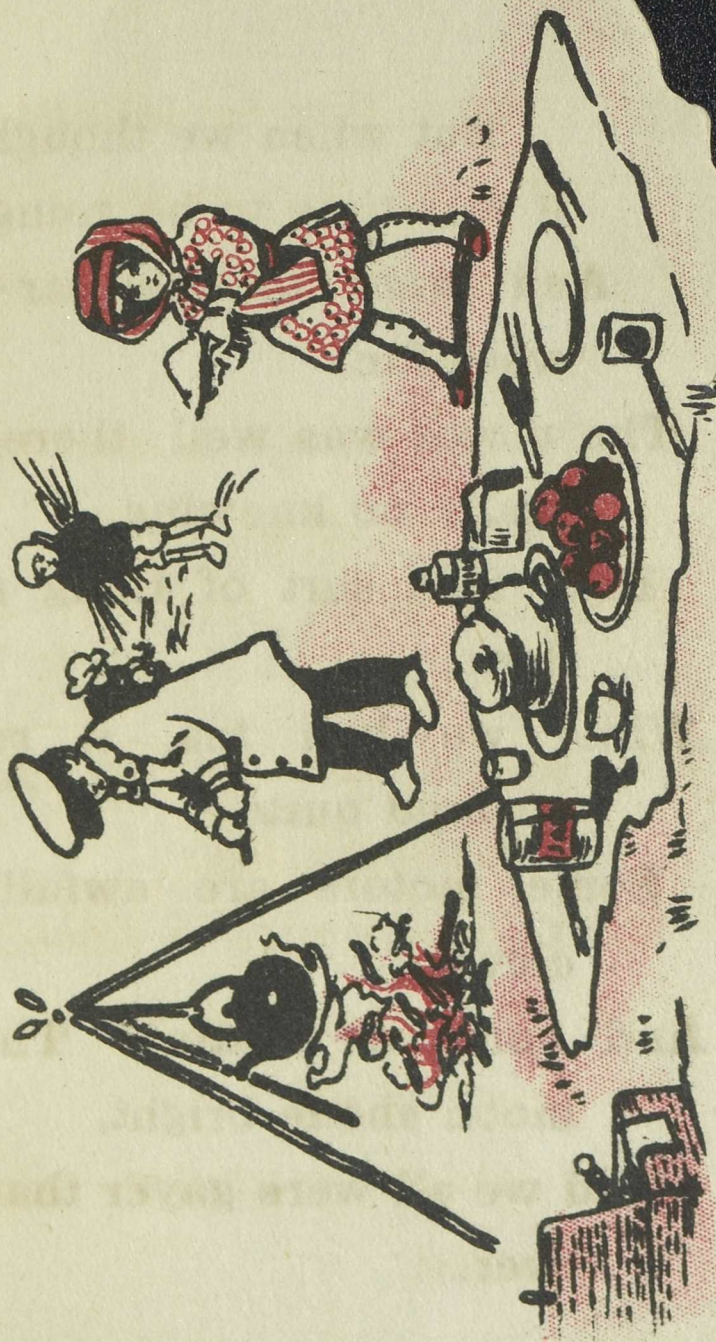
Then Tom exclaimed,
"I'm all of a sweat,
And ready for something to
eat too,"

So the precious bag on the
grass we set,
And emptied out for a
treat too.

We boiled the kettle and
made some tea,

How awfully nice it tasted;
We'd the jolliest picnic you
ever did see,

And never a crumb was
wasted.



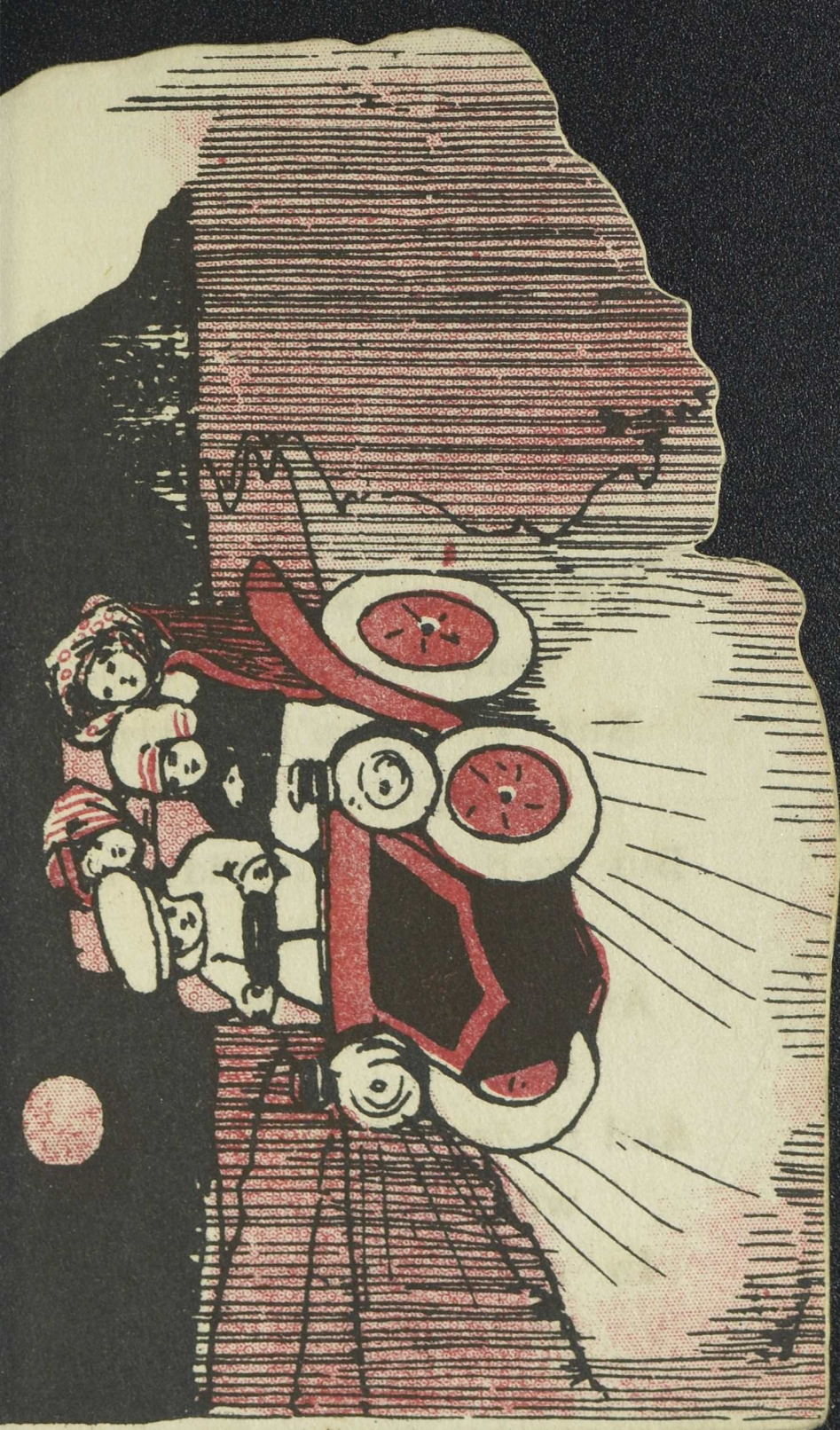
But when we thought
it was time to be going,
And went to the car—
what fun!

The motor was well—there's
really no knowing
How that sort of thing is
done.

While we had tea, it re-
covered quite—

Some motors are awfully
clever.

And home we rattled. The
moon shone bright,
And we all were gayer than
ever.



What Nurse and
Father and Mother said
We needn't repeat at
present,

When we got home and
were hurried to bed,
But it wasn't entirely
pleasant.

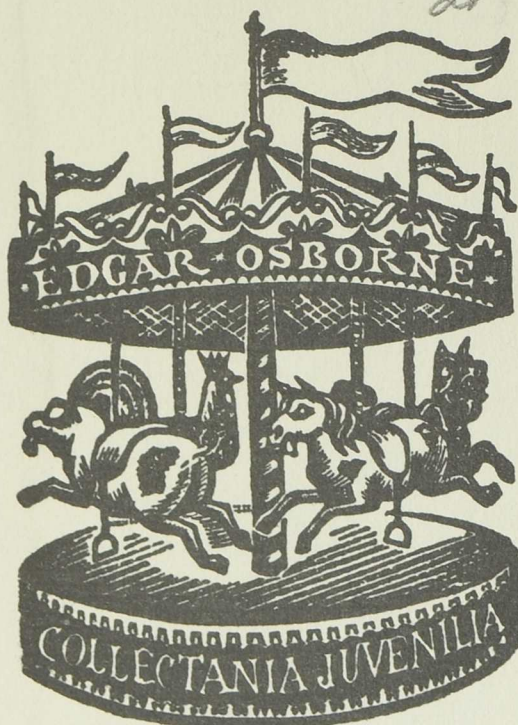
But we'd had our ride, and
that's all right,

And we know how lovely it
feels,

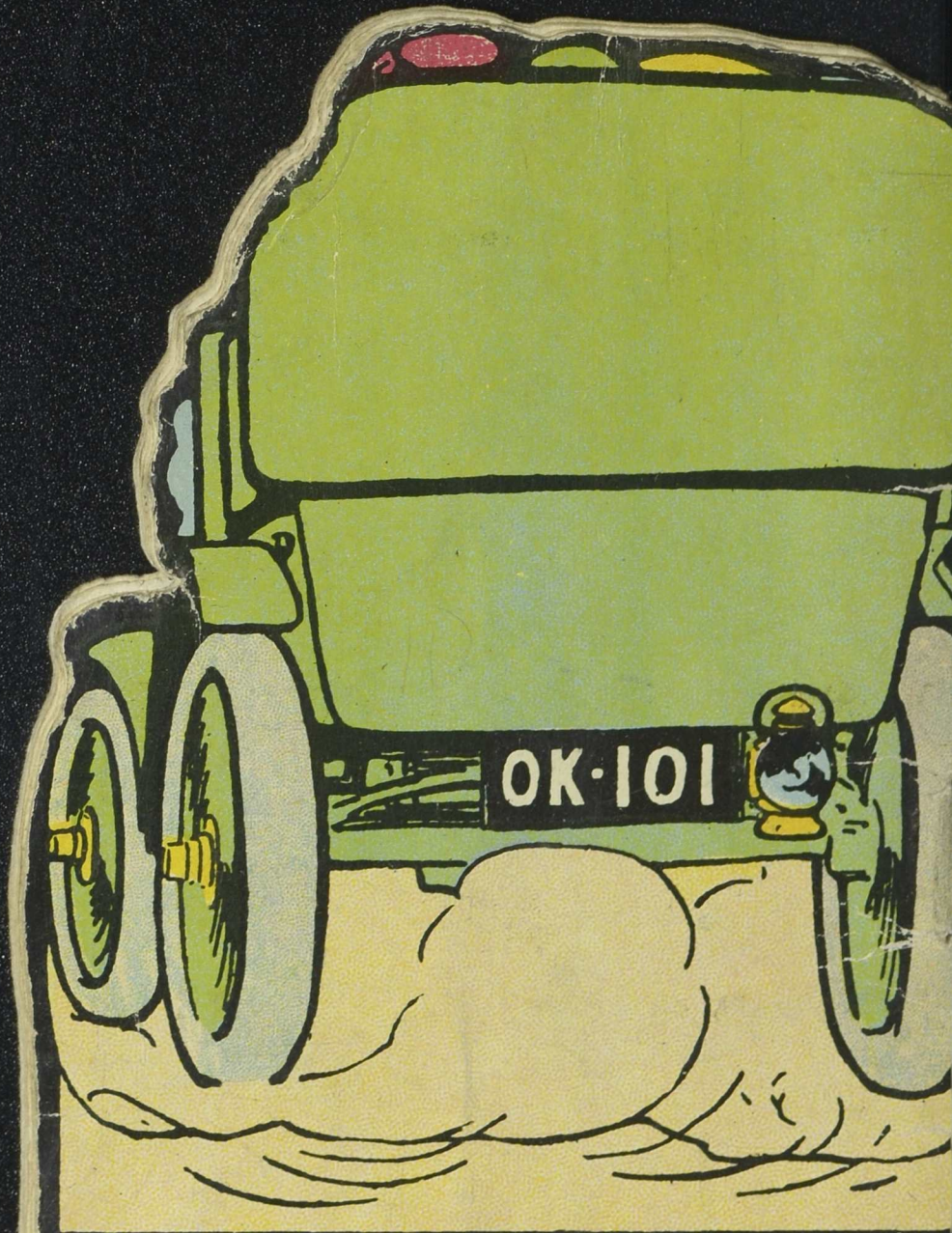
And in dreams we motor the
whole long night

In a counterpane car on
wheels.

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dr



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