

Naughty Children.



By Robert Overton.

Published by
W. Hagelberg, London & New York.

Printed by
W. Hagelberg, Berlin.

Warren Louis Chapin

from Papa

Jan 1. 1891

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Words
by
Robert Overton.



WAITING.

FIVE bright little children, all in a row,
Brimful of mischief and brimful of glee:
What are they waiting for, I'd like to know,
What are they waiting to hear or to see?

Each one has clambered as high as she can,
Up on to the top of the garden gate ;
Keenly the road to the station they scan,
Each one is thinking the train must be late.

They're holding each other and sitting on
tight,
Lest, like Humpty Dumpty, they all
tumble down—
And if they did that, what a terrible sight,
When all their kind papas come home
from town!

The sun is beginning to sink in the sky, The light on the fields beginning to fade— What <i>can</i> they be waiting for up there so high, On the top of the gate in the evening shade?	Hurrah! there's the train, their waiting is past; They can't clap their hands for fear they fall down— But each cries, "dear father has come home at last, With the book in his pocket he's brought me from town."
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That's what they've been waiting for, all
in a row,
Eager to get the first joy-giving look:
"What is it called?" you all want to know—
"Naughty Children" 's the title—and
this is the book!

COOKY AND THE COCK.

"WILL you walk into my kitchen?"

Said the cooky to the cock;

"I'll do my best in roasting you
Your feelings not to shock.



"I've a pretty little knife to take away your life,
And the fire is as warm as you could wish;
I'll put you on the spit, and turn you till you're fit
To be served with baked potatoes on a dish."

“*Won't* you walk into my kitchen ?

I do so wish you would ;

With a quantity of gravy

You would really look so good.

And much cooler you would be if you'd only just let me

Pluck your feathers off and smother you in lard :

An hour before the range your appearance would so change,

That not a fowl would know you of any in the yard.”

But the cock he crew,

“Cock-a-doodle-doo ! ”

And he cried, “ cluck, cluck ! ”

As up his comb he stuck.

He strutted in the sun and said, “ it can't be done,

Though, sir, I would oblige you if I could ;

But I've five and twenty wives, and 'twould ruin all their lives,

So I bid you now good morning, sir, good—

Cock-a-doodle-doo ! ”

HERE'S an English fisher-lad,
On the sea-beach stony.



This is an Italian boy,
Eating macaroni.



HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

HOME for the holidays—off we go ;
Isn't this engine absurdly slow ?
Look here, driver, we've half a mind
To get out of the train and push up
behind.

If you'd been at school with Doctor
Whack,
And felt his cane across your back,
You'd be as glad as we are to-day
To get home for the holidays out of
his way.

Hurry up, driver, pile on the coke,
Bother the sparks and bother the smoke,
We're home for the holidays—off we go :
But really this train is absurdly slow.

BACK TO SCHOOL.

RETURNING to school—our holiday
past :

Isn't this train alarmingly fast ?
Surely it's going much too quick
To Doctor Whack and his caning stick.

To travel fast don't try so hard,
There might be an accident, Mister Guard :
And you know when boys are returning to
school
To move very slowly should be the rule.

Don't we feel wretched?—but cheer up,
boys,
Think of our hampers and all their joys :
From heart and face let fretting be cast—
But really this train is much too fast.



MY SWEETHEARTS.

HERE were four little nigger boys
who came a-courting me—
Yes, four naughty nigger boys quite
as black as jet ;

Each one, I do assure you, my
sweetheart wished to be,
Tho' I really haven't time to
marry anybody yet.



The first took off his hat and remarked, "if me you'll wed,
I make a declaration that I'll settle upon you
This fine white piece of ivory I cut off from the head
Of poor old gentle **Jumbo** when they sent him from the Zoo."

And the next said, "if you'll marry me,
my dear, to you I'll give
This fine fat kicking turtle, which I
caught upon the sand ;
Upon it for a twelve-month we can
comfortably live,
And we'll be the happiest couple in
all the happy land."

Then the third said, "here's a pumpkin
which is ripe as ripe can be,
And if you'll become my sweetheart
you shall have the second bite :
If you would but come to church with
the pumpkin and with me,
All the folks would say for certain
that we were a pretty sight."

And the fourth black little nigger boy
said if I'd be his bride
He'd give me, for a pet, a little
hungry crocodile ;
And he wanted me to promise to be
his bosom's pride :
But I put up my umbrella and
answered with a smile—

"No, thank you, little nigger boys,
your gifts I don't desire—
I couldn't have a turtle and a
crocodile to tea—
And if at any future time a sweetheart
I require,
I am sure a little white boy will be
good enough for me."

THE DUEL.

HERE my heap of snowballs stands ;
Little sweetheart, yours are there :
Let us take them in our hands,
Hurl them thro' the wintry air.

I will throw mine at you—so !
I shall hit you if I can—
Not in anger, for you know
That I am a little man.

P'raps they'll strike you, but maybe
Ev'ry ball I throw will miss—
If they do you shall kiss *me*,
If not, *you* shall have a kiss.



When I've grown a great big man,
And you are my darling wife,
I will shield you all I can
From the snowballs of real life.

Fate is sure to throw them hard,
Sorrows come to one and all;
Troubles break thro' ev'ry guard,
Thick as leaves in Autumn fall.

If fate's snowballs strike my wife,
I will kiss her—just like this;
When they hit *me* in the strife,
You must cheer *me* with a kiss!



THE BOY WHO KNOCKED HIMSELF DOWN.

MY brother Jack took father's gun,
And loaded it with peas ;
And out he went to have some fun
As gallant as you please.

Around his waist a bag he slung,
And put on uncle's cap ;
I've heard it said Jack will get hung,
But he's such a fearless chap.

Out we went, and I walked behind,
While we both looked out for game—
Not a bird or a rabbit could we find,
But he shot something all the same.

For we saw, at last, a very big stack
Of rich, sweet-smelling hay ;
And I said, " my noble sportsman Jack,
Now then you can fire away."

He raised the gun and let it go,
Just like our noble sire ;
But his legs gave way and laid him low,
And the silly old stack took fire.

Here's a health in ginger-beer to Jack,
Who fired the gun at the hay—
For the damage done to the silly old stack
His pocket-money's got to pay.



BEATEN ON HIS BEAT!

A BOLD bobby-peeler is out on his
beat—

Sing hey! for cooks and mutton—

The night wind is keen and the air full
of sleet—

So sing hey! for cold roast mutton!

“For burglars I'll look where my
cookey resides”—

Sing hey! for the area belle—

“Which her name it is Martha:” as
onward he glides—

Sing hey! for the area belle!

“My Robert is coming, I hear his
dear step—

Sing hey! for the gallant force—

That brown leg of mutton for him I
will get—

Sing food! for the hungry force!”

Two naughty boys, hard up for a
spree—

Sing hey! for the useful birch—

Follow his form with unholy glee—

Sing work! for the beautiful
birch!

His “little footsteps in the snow”—

Sing bah! for the man in blue—

Their trace, wherever those foot-
steps go—

Sing small! for the man in blue!

The “beautiful snow” in balls they
bind—

Sing cold! for the cookey's friend—

And they follow, in silence, close
behind—

Sing whack! for the cookey's friend!

“ Cold mutton, for you, my
Robert dear ” —

Sing sweet ! for the heart
of love —

“ The tip of your nose will
be cold, I fear,
But sing smack ! for the
kiss of love ! ”

Hard on his head the snow-
balls beat —
Sing stop ! for the naughty
boys —

“ There are cold 'tatures to
eat with the meat ” —
Sing gone ! for the mock-
ing boys !



THE SONG OF THE SNOW.

“SO early in the morning,
Before the break of day,”
Billy Brooms the Chimney-sweep.
Arose and went his way.

On his arm he carried
Shovel, brush and sack ;
And the long black sweeping broom
He slung across his back.

Steadily onward trudging,
Out his loud voice rung,
Waking the snoring people—
And this was the song he sung.

“ Oh the snow, the beautiful snow
Silent the white flakes creep
Over the face of the earth below,
Like a mantle of ermine—SWEEP ! ”

But alas ! those boys— those naughty
boys—
They saw him all too soon
And they cried, “ here's a go—with
beautiful snow,
We'll make him alter his *toon*.”

They made hard balls with the snow
at their feet,
And hurl'd them at his head—
He stopp'd his song, and I mustn't
repeat
The naughty words he said.

The snow-balls smother'd his
broom and brush,
And soak'd into his sack ;
His ears were full and his face
was wet,
And he shiver'd all down
his back.

Then he sang again, " Oh
blow the snow !
The necks of those boys
I'll wring—
Blow the snow, the beauti-
ful snow,
I wish there was no such
thing."



BLACK AND WHITE.

LAST week to draw some water
I went down to the pump,
And there I saw so strange a sight,
It really made me jump.

For there sat those black children
I told you of before,
And when I heard what they desired
I wondered more and more.

For up sprang one and said "it is
Because we're as black as ink,
You won't have us for sweethearts,
Or so, at least, we think.

"Now if you'll kindly pump on us
For half-an-hour or so,
We think we shall be washed as white
As any boys you know.

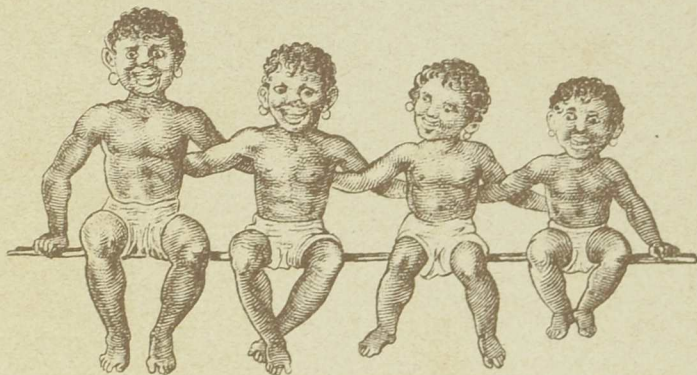
"And then perhaps our offers
Of love you won't refuse,
But one of us *white* nigger boys
For sweetheart you will choose."

And then I pumped all over them,
And left them by-and-by,
Upon an iron railing
All hanging out to dry.



But when an hour or two had passed,
And back again I came,
I found those little niggers
Were black boys just the same.

They were laughing all together,
A-sitting on the rail,
And they cried out when I went near,
“ Miss, are we berry pale ? ”



Oh dear, I'm very much afraid
There is not any hope,
Of changing their black color
Without some **Sunlight soap** !

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