

THE RHYME



BOOK



THE RHYME BOOK

WRITTEN & PICTURED
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AULT



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I.

THE TWINS.

Wee Betty and Bessie are
two little twins, O!

And they are alike as two
little pins, O!

And they can say Boo! and
they can say Peep, O!

And sometimes they eat,
and sometimes they
sleep, O!

The Twins.

And often, Oh dear me!
they cry for a while, O!

But still there are none
such for many a mile, O!





14

Make-Believe.

What shall I buy me with
a penny?

There's a money-box
and a key to lock it,
And tops a few, and
soldiers many--

I wish I'd a penny in
my pocket.

16

II.

MAKE-BELIEVE.

What can I buy me with
a penny?

There's a lot of drums
and Noah's arks,
And clothes for dolls
which hav'nt any,
And squeaking cats,
and a dog that barks.

15

III.

THE WOODEN HORSE.

It is such fun
To ride upon
A wooden horse.
At times he'll kick
And then, so quick
I tumble off--of course!

17

The Wooden Horse.

I pull his mane,
And mount again
My wooden horse.
I never will
Fall off, until
He kicks again--of course!!

18



22



19

IV.

A STRANGE THING.

I know a little girl called
Ruth,
With laughing eyes
blue as the sky.
Alas! She never tells the
truth,
And yet she never told
a lie.

23

A Strange Thing.

But if you ask what is
the cause

Of this strange thing, I
quickly say--

She cannot talk at all
because

She's only one year
old to-day.

24

A Little Man.

To-morrow I must give
my dollie,

Mother says, to baby
Fan.

Oh! could I keep my doll,
I wonder,

If she wore "chowsers"
like a man?

25

V.

A LITTLE MAN.

And now I'm going into
"chowsers,"

To-morrow I shall be
a man,

And leave my pinafores
and frockses,

And--leave--my--dollie
--if--I--can.

26



27



30

The Dream.

And when I woke,
They went like smoke,
These silver treasures of
mine,
These nine, nine, nine;
But the moon-man
never spoke.

32

VI.

THE DREAM.

I dreamt last night,
The moon-man bright
Had filled these pockets
of mine
With nine, nine, nine,
Large silver pennies
white.

31

VII.

A PINCH OF SALT.

A little boy said to a
bird:
"Is it quite true what I
have heard--
A pinch of salt upon
your tail,
And I shall catch you
without fail?"

33

A Pinch of Salt.

The little bird said to
the boy:

"Salt is the right thing
to employ.

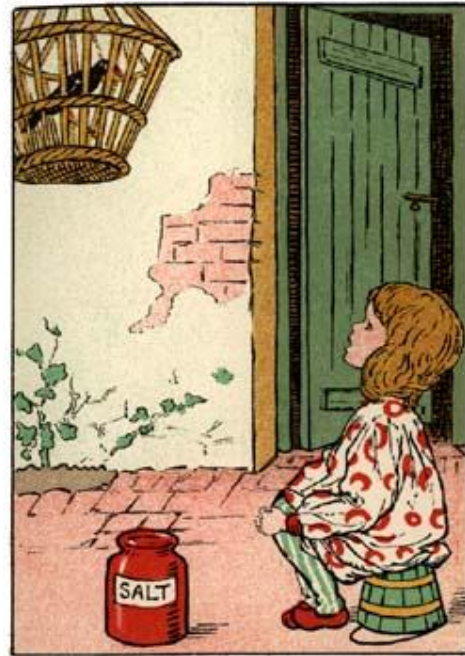
A pinch of salt will never
fail,

But first of all, please--
catch
my
tail!"

34



38



35

VIII.

TRUANTS.

They play away from the
school;

And, float a boat on a
pool.

They stay all day until
six,

Wet through, lost shoe,
such a fix!

39

Truants.

Then home they come,
Mother's cane--
A sound all round, howls
of pain!

40

The Umbrella.

But Betty she spread her
umbrella,
Umbrella,
Till nothing of her could
be seen;
And the Gocse, he could
never compel her,
Compel her
To run from those mea-
dows so green.

42

IX.

THE UMBRELLA.

Young Betty she took an
umbrella,
Umbrella,
Down in the meadows so
green.
Goosey Gander came up
just to tell her,
To tell her:
That HE owned the
meadows so green.

41



43



46

The Hero

Just then he saw a little
mouse

Peep through a cranny,
And Tom ran sobbing
through the house

To find his Granny;
And in her arms, was
safe from harms,
And dangers many.

48

X.

THE HERO.

Young Tommy had a
sword of wood,

A wooden sword;
And marched as stiffly
as he could,

Just like a board.
With sword in hand, he
said he'd stand
If lions roared.

47

XI.

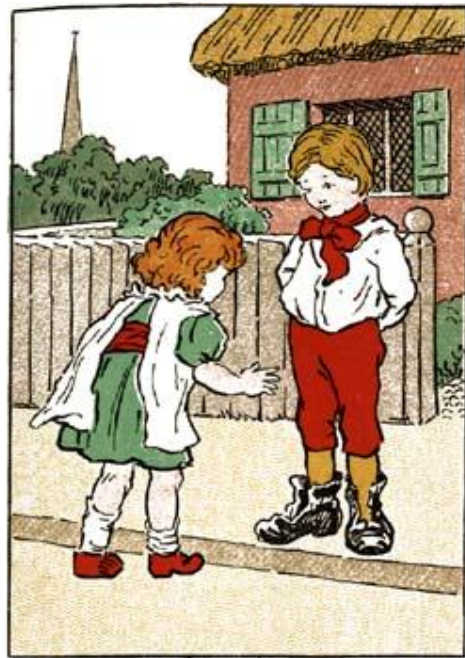
A BIG SHOE.

Said little Sue
To little Pete:
"I can't see you
For your big feet."

49

A Big Shoe.
Said little Pete
To little Sue:
" 'Tis not my feet,
'Tis but my shoe."

50



51



54

XII.

A WISH.

I would like to be a
queen,
And to walk in gardens
green,
And to have the pages
all before me bow.

55

A Wish.

And I ever would be
seen
Guarded by the sol-
diers keen,
With a gleaming golden
crown upon my brow.

56

A Short Sweet Tale.

He thought it funny to
swallow honey,
And treacle he loved
to lick ;
Hark ! what a warning!--
One dreadful morn-
ing
He changed into a sugar
stick.

58

XIII.

A SHORT SWEET TALE.

Peter Pratt was so very
very fat,
A fat fat boy was Peter ;
He washed his face in a
sugar basin,
To make his manners
sweeter.

57



59



62

The Dunce.

For I have only fingers
ten,
And though I try and
try again,
I cannot add up ten and
three--
My fingers are too few,
you see.

63

XIV.

THE DUNCE.

Add four and two and
four and three--
Oh dear! these sums do
puzzle me.
I cannot add up any more
Than ten: that's four and
two and four.

63

XV.

SAND CASTLES.

A little boy with wooden
spade
Went digging, digging in
the sand;
And built himself a castle
grand,
And sat upon the throne
he made.

65

Sand Castles.

A little wave with leaps
and dashes
Came splashing, splash-
ing round the walls;
And all too soon the
castle falls,
The boy into the water
splashes.

66



70



67

XVI.

AN APRIL DAY.

The sky to-day is like a
naughty child:
At first 'twas bright and
gay, the sunshine
smiled;
Then clouds so gray
along the sky were
piled,
It wept its tears away
with sobbings wild.

71

An April Day.

And so all day it ever
cried and smiled.

"What will it do next,
pray?" asks a small
child.

72

Lost, Lost, Lost.

And nobody knows
Where Timothy goes,
Since the day he got lost
like that, that, that.

74

XVII.

LOST, LOST, LOST.

Timothy Rose,
Right down to his nose
One day got lost in his
hat, hat, hat.

And I suppose
'T would have reached
to his toes,
If his cheeks were not so
fat, fat, fat.

73



75



78

Snowman--The Building.

His eyes as black as
black can be,

We make of coal.

We give him broom, and
buttons three,

And hat so droll.

A famous snowman now
is he.

80

XVIII.

THE SNOWMAN.

The Building.

When winter comes with
snow around,

It is such fun

To gather snow up from
the ground,

To make a man--

A snowman large and
smooth and round.

79

XIX.

THE SNOWMAN.

The Melting.

The famous snowman,
fine to see,

Looks poorly now.

He dropped his broom,
and buttons three,

I don't know how.

Whatever can the matter
be?

81

Snowman--The Melting.

Too soon the snowman
off will go,

In night-time dark.

He'll creep away when
warm winds blow,

And leave no mark,
Except a heap of dirty
snow.

82



86



83

XX.

GOING TO BED.

All up the wooden hill
I go,

Quickly, quickly!

It's such a cold dark
place you know.

Quickly, quickly!

The wind will blow the
candle so.

8-

Going to Bed.

Such ugly shadows on
the floor.

Quickly, quickly!
And after me come more
and more.

Quickly, quickly!
Hurrah! I've reached
the nursery door.

All right.

Good-night.