

## **Teddy Bear**

A bear, however hard he tries,  
Grows tubby without exercise.  
Our Teddy Bear is short and fat,  
Which is not to be wondered at;  
He gets what exercise he can  
By falling off the ottoman,  
But generally seems to lack  
The energy to clamber back.

Now tubbiness is just the thing  
Which gets a fellow wondering;  
And Teddy worried lots about  
The fact that he was rather stout.  
He thought: "If only I were thin!  
But how does anyone begin?"  
He thought: "It really isn't fair  
To grudge one exercise and air."

For many weeks he pressed in vain  
His nose against the window-pane,  
And envied those who walked about  
Reducing their unwanted stout.  
None of the people he could see  
"Is quite" (he said) "as fat as me!"  
Then, with a still more moving sigh,  
"I mean" (he said) "as fat as I!"

One night it happened that he took  
A peep at an old picture-book,  
Wherein he came across by chance  
The picture of a King of France  
(A stoutish man) and, down below,  
These words: "King Louis So and So,  
Nicknamed 'The Handsome!'" There he sat,  
And (think of it!) the man was fat!

Our bear rejoiced like anything  
To read about this famous King,  
Nicknamed "The Handsome." There he sat,  
And certainly the man was fat.  
Nicknamed "The Handsome." Not a doubt  
The man was definitely stout.  
Why then, a bear (for all his tub)  
Might yet be named "The Handsome Cub!"

"Might yet be named." Or did he mean  
That years ago he "might have been"?  
For now he felt a slight misgiving:  
"Is Louis So and So still living?  
Fashions in beauty have a way  
Of altering from day to day.  
Is 'Handsome Louis' with us yet?  
Unfortunately I forget."

Next morning (nose to window-pane)  
The doubt occurred to him again.  
One question hammered in his head:  
"Is he alive or is he dead?"  
Thus, nose to pane, he pondered; but  
The lattice window, loosely shut,  
Swung open. With one startled "Oh!"  
Our Teddy disappeared below.

There happened to be passing by  
A plump man with a twinkling eye,  
Who, seeing Teddy in the street,  
Raised him politely to his feet,  
And murmured kindly in his ear  
Soft words of comfort and of cheer:  
"Well, well!" "Allow me!" "Not at all."  
"Tut-tut! A very nasty fall."

Our Teddy answered not a word;  
It's doubtful if he even heard.  
Our bear could only look and look:  
The stout man in the picture-book!  
That 'handsome' King - could this be he,  
This man of adiposity?  
"Impossible," he thought. "But still,  
No harm in asking. Yes I will!"

"Are you," he said, "by any chance  
His Majesty the King of France?"  
The other answered, "I am that,"  
Bowed stiffly, and removed his hat;  
Then said, "Excuse me," with an air,  
"But is it Mr Edward Bear?"  
And Teddy, bending very low,  
Replied politely, "Even so!"

They stood beneath the window there,  
The King and Mr Edward Bear,  
And, handsome, if a trifle fat,  
Talked carelessly of this and that....  
Then said His Majesty, "Well, well,  
I must get on," and rang the bell.  
"Your bear, I think," he smiled. "Good-day!"  
And turned, and went upon his way.

A bear, however hard he tries,  
Grows tubby without exercise.  
Our Teddy Bear is short and fat,  
Which is not to be wondered at.  
But do you think it worries him  
To know that he is far from slim?  
No, just the other way about -  
He's proud of being short and stout.

## **Come Out with Me**

There's sun on the river and sun on the hill . . .  
You can hear the sea if you stand quite still!  
There's eight new puppies at Roundabout Farm-  
And I saw an old sailor with only one arm!

But everyone says, "Run along!"  
(Run along, run along!)  
All of them say, "Run along! I'm busy as can be."  
Every one says, "Run along,  
There's a little darling!"  
If I'm a little darling, why don't they run with me?

There's wind on the river and wind on the hill . . .  
There's a dark dead water-wheel under the mill!  
I saw a fly which had just been drowned-  
And I know where a rabbit goes into the ground!

But everyone says, "Run along!"  
(Run along, run along!)  
All of them say, "Yes, dear," and never notice me.  
Every one says, "Run along,  
There's a little darling!"  
If I'm a little darling, why won't they come and see?

## **At the Zoo**

There are lions and roaring tigers,  
and enormous camels and things,  
There are biffalo-buffalo-bisons,  
and a great big bear with wings.  
There's a sort of a tiny potamus,  
and a tiny nosserus too -  
But I gave buns to the elephant  
when I went down to the Zoo!

There are badgers and bidgers and bodgers,  
and a Super-in-tendent's House,  
There are masses of goats, and a Polar,  
and different kinds of mouse,  
And I think there's a sort of a something  
which is called a wallaboo -  
But I gave buns to the elephant  
when I went down to the Zoo!

If you try to talk to the bison,  
he never quite understands;  
You can't shake hands with a mingo -  
he doesn't like shaking hands.  
And lions and roaring tigers  
hate saying, "How do you do?" -  
But I give buns to the elephant  
when I go down to the Zoo!

## **Wind on the Hill**

No one can tell me,  
Nobody knows,  
Where the wind comes from,  
Where the wind goes.

It's flying from somewhere  
As fast as it can,  
I couldn't keep up with it,  
Not if I ran.

But if I stopped holding  
The string of my kite,  
It would blow with the wind  
For a day and a night.

And then when I found it,  
Wherever it blew,  
I should know that the wind  
Had been going there too.

So then I could tell them  
Where the wind goes...  
But where the wind comes from  
Nobody knows.

## **If I Were King**

I often wish I were a King,  
And then I could do anything.

If only I were King of Spain,  
I'd take my hat off in the rain.

If only I were King of France,  
I wouldn't brush my hair for aunts.

I think, if I were King of Greece,  
I'd push things off the mantelpiece.

If I were King of Norway,  
I'd ask an elephant to stay.

If I were King of Babylon,  
I'd leave my button gloves undone.

If I were King of Timbuctoo,  
I'd think of lovely things to do.

If I were King of anything,  
I'd tell the soldiers, "I'm the King!"

## **Happiness**

John had  
Great Big  
Waterproof  
Boots on;  
John had a  
Great Big  
Waterproof  
Hat;  
John had a  
Great Big  
Waterproof  
Mackintosh --  
And that  
(Said John)  
Is  
That.



## The King's Breakfast

The King asked  
The Queen, and  
The Queen asked  
The Dairymaid:  
"Could we have some butter for  
The Royal slice of bread?"  
The Queen asked the Dairymaid,  
The Dairymaid  
Said, "Certainly,  
I'll go and tell the cow  
Now  
Before she goes to bed."

The Dairymaid  
She curtsied,  
And went and told  
The Alderney:  
"Don't forget the butter for  
The Royal slice of bread."  
The Alderney  
Said sleepily:  
"You'd better tell  
His Majesty  
That many people nowadays  
Like marmalade  
Instead."

The Dairymaid  
Said, "Fancy!"  
And went to  
Her Majesty.  
She curtsied to the Queen, and  
She turned a little red:  
"Excuse me,  
Your Majesty,  
For taking of  
The liberty,  
But marmalade is tasty, if  
It's very  
Thickly  
Spread."

The Queen said  
"Oh!:"

And went to  
His Majesty:  
"Talking of the butter for  
The royal slice of bread,  
Many people  
Think that  
Marmalade  
Is nicer.  
Would you like to try a little  
Marmalade  
Instead?"

The King said,  
"Bother!"  
And then he said,  
"Oh, deary me!"  
The King sobbed, "Oh, deary me!"  
And went back to bed.  
"Nobody,"  
He whimpered,  
"Could call me  
A fussy man;  
I only want  
A little bit  
Of butter for  
My bread!"

The Queen said,  
"There, there!"  
And went to  
The Dairymaid.  
The Dairymaid  
Said, "There, there!"  
And went to the shed.  
The cow said,  
"There, there!  
I didn't really  
Mean it;  
Here's milk for his porringer,  
And butter for his bread."

The Queen took  
The butter  
And brought it to  
His Majesty;  
The King said,

"Butter, eh?"  
And bounced out of bed.  
"Nobody," he said,  
As he kissed her  
Tenderly,  
"Nobody," he said,  
As he slid down the banisters,  
"Nobody,  
My darling,  
Could call me  
A fussy man -  
BUT  
I do like a little bit of butter to my bread!"

## **Daffodowndilly**

She wore her yellow sun-bonnet,  
She wore her greenest gown;  
She turned to the south wind  
And curtsied up and down.  
She turned to the sunlight  
And shook her yellow head,  
And whispered to her neighbour:  
'Winter is dead.'

## **Furry Bear**

If I were a bear,  
And a big bear too,  
I shouldn't much care  
If it froze or snowed;  
I shouldn't much mind  
If it snowed or friz—  
I'd be all fur-lined  
With a coat like his!

For I'd have fur boots and a brown fur wrap,  
And brown fur knickers and a big fur cap.  
I'd have a fur muffle-ruff to cover my jaws,  
And brown fur mittens on my big brown paws.  
With a big brown furry-down up to my head,  
I'd sleep all the winter in a big fur bed.

## Halfway Down

Halfway down the stairs  
is a stair  
where i sit.  
there isn't any  
other stair  
quite like  
it.  
i'm not at the bottom,  
i'm not at the top;  
so this is the stair  
where  
I always  
stop.

Halfway up the stairs  
Isn't up  
And it isn't down.  
It isn't in the nursery,  
It isn't in town.  
And all sorts of funny thoughts  
Run round my head.  
It isn't really  
Anywhere!  
It's somewhere else  
Instead!

## Forgiven

I found a little beetle; so that Beetle was his name,  
And I called him Alexander and he answered just the same.  
I put him in a match-box, and I kept him all the day ...  
And Nanny let my beetle out -  
Yes, Nanny let my beetle out -  
She went and let my beetle out -  
And Beetle ran away.

She said she didn't mean it, and I never said she did,  
She said she wanted matches and she just took off the lid,  
She said that she was sorry, but it's difficult to catch  
An excited sort of beetle you've mistaken for a match.

She said that she was sorry, and I really mustn't mind,  
As there's lots and lots of beetles which she's certain we could find,  
If we looked about the garden for the holes where beetles hid -  
And we'd get another match-box and write BEETLE on the lid.

We went to all the places which a beetle might be near,  
And we made the sort of noises which a beetle likes to hear,  
And I saw a kind of something, and I gave a sort of shout:  
'A beetle-house and Alexander Beetle coming out!'

It was Alexander Beetle I'm as certain as can be,  
And he had a sort of look as if he thought it must be Me,  
And he had a sort of look as if he thought he ought to say:  
'I'm very very sorry that I tried to run away.'

And Nanny's very sorry too for you-know-what-she-did,  
And she's writing ALEXANDER very blackly on the lid,  
So Nan and Me are friends, because it's difficult to catch  
An excited Alexander you've mistaken for a match.

## Forgotten

Lords of the Nursery  
Wait in a row,  
Five on the high wall,  
And four on the low;  
Big Kings and Little Kings,  
Brown Bears and Black,  
All of them waiting  
Till John comes back.

Some think that John boy  
Is lost in the wood,  
Some say he couldn't be,  
Some say he could.  
Some think that John boy  
Hides on the hill;  
Some say he won't come back,  
Some say he will.

High was the sun, when  
John went away . . .  
Here they've been waiting  
All through the day;  
Big Bears and Little Bears,  
White Kings and Black,  
All of them waiting  
Till John comes back.

Lords of the Nursery  
Looked down the hill,  
Some saw the sheep-fold,  
Some say the mill;  
Some saw the roofs  
Of the little grey town . . .  
And their shadows grew long  
As the sun slipt down.

Gold between the poplars  
An old moon shows;  
Silver up the star-way  
The full moon rose;  
Silver down the star-way  
The old moon crept . . .  
And, one by another,  
The grey fields slept.



Lords of the Nursery  
Their still watch keep . . .  
They hear from the sheep-fold  
The rustle of sheep.  
A young bird twitters  
And hides its head;  
A little wind suddenly  
Breathes, and is dead.

Slowly and slowly  
Dawns the new day . . .  
What's become of John boy?  
No one can say.  
Some think that John boy  
Is lost on the hill;  
Some say he won't come back,  
Some say he will.

What's become of John boy?  
Nothing at all,  
He played with his skipping rope,  
He played with his ball.  
He ran after butterflies,  
Blue ones and red;  
He did a hundred happy things—  
And then went to bed.