

NOT NAUGHTY NOW

POEMS BY

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WHEN I'VE BEEN BAD

When I've been bad the whole day long,
Nurse says she'll wash her hands of me,
But Mummy takes me on her lap and
cuddles me so cosily,
That all the badness flies away, right
through my hair, out of my head,
Yet Mummy hardly ever scolds, but sings
me little songs instead.
Sometimes I sing to Mummy, too, about the
things I've seen and done,
Of how I'd like to thread the stars and fit a
soup plate on the sun,
Of how I hate the wind, although Nurse
says it's healthy just like bread
That's good for me—but oh! so dull,
I wish she'd butter cake instead!
So here are all the little songs
We've made on days when I've been bad.
Perhaps they'll help to keep you good
Or make you happy if you're sad.

PUSSY'S PRESENT

My Pussy went to market

In the middle of the night,

And brought me home a present

All cuddly, soft and white,

Hidden inside her basket—

Three kitties—oh ! so wee !

My Pussy went to market

And brought them home to me.

DEAR LITTLE GIRL IN GREEN

Where did you find your golden hair,
Dear little girl in green ?
Did you weave it out of the buttercups
Or a golden celandine?
Did you gather the king-cups by the lake,
Under the moon one night,
And weave them into a shining crown
Of golden hair so bright?

Perhaps it is really a fairy cloak,
And you are a fairy queen,
Wandered away from Fairyland,
Dear little girl in green.

MY MUMMY

Before I came to Mummy, I lived in Heaven,
you know,
One day I pushed a star; it fell right down
to earth below
And left a hole in the big sky. So I looked
through to see
Which one of all the Mummies was the nicest
one for me.
I chose this one because she looked right up
into my face,
And saw it shining where the star had
tumbled from his place.
She seemed to think it funny for she laughed
and waved to me;
So I jumped through that little hole and sat
upon her knee.

THE MOUSE GIRL

Little brown mouse, little brown mouse,
Where is your hole in the wall?
May I follow you down to your dark little house
With a candle alight lest I fall?
Do you live by the fire where it's cosy and warm
And rich with the odour of cheese?
Where you sit in the shadow, safe hidden from harm,
Oh, show me your hole, if you please.
What ? You're only a nice little girl, dressed in white,
And live in your own Mummy's house?
But your hair is so brown and your eyes are so bright
That I'm sure you are really a mouse.

DANDELION CLOCKS

What's the time? Oh, what's the time?
Any time you like, you know,
By a Dandelion Clock, for you blow, blow, blow
And away on the wind the minutes go,
Till it's half-past three, or time for tea,
Or strawberry time, or Xmas time,
But never bedtime—oh dear, no!
Is it lesson time? Then blow, blow, blow
And away on the wind the hours will go—
For all the day it's time for play
By a Dandelion Clock when you blow, blow, blow.

RAGGED ROBIN

Ragged Robin, Ragged Robin, did you lie
too late in bed
That your petals look so draggled-hanging
sadly round your head?
Did you fall into the water, as I fell, myself,
last night,
And spoil your clothes for ever? You're a
most unseemly sight.
Ragged Robin, Ragged Robin, you're a most
untidy fellow,
See the Iris and the King Cups how they all
stand up so yellow,
With rushes tumbling tidily like lances laid
to rest;
You're the scoundrel of the meadow but I
love you for the best.
For my name, you know, is Robin, and I'm
often ragged too,
And I'm always getting scolded as I think
the wind scolds you.

IF I COULD BE A FAIRY

If I could be a fairy upon the moon I'd
ride,
And chase the baby stars about across the
sky so wide.
I'd shake the apple blossom down to make
enchanted rain,
And no one would be angry for I'd put it
back again.
I'd sail the farmer's slimy pond in the old
broken boat
And if the bottom boards came out, upon my
wand I'd float.
I'd live on sweets and lemonade or straw-
berries and cream,
Each day would be a birthday nicer than
any dream.
I'd have two silver wings, of course, and a
crown upon my head,
And it always would be morning for I'd never
go to bed.

ANNE PRISCILLA

Anne Priscilla, Anne Priscilla, did you steal
the yellow corn
Where the scarlet poppies are a-bobbing and
a-blowing ?
Did you pull the shining ears early on a sunny
morn
And fix them round your little head and set
them all a-growing?
Anne Priscilla, Anne Priscilla, you're a solemn
little girl—
Not a laugh in either eye nor smile your
mouth to wrinkle,
Not one smooth hair out of place, not a single
kink or curl;
But, now, you can't help laughing and your
eyes begin to twinkle,
For I'm sure you went a-hunting all among
the yellow corn
Where the scarlet poppies stand like gallant
soldiers bowing.
I'm sure you stole the shining ears early on a
summer morn
And brushed them smoothly round your head
and set them there a-growing.

MY PIGEON

I found a poor lame pigeon in the road
yesterday,
He'd broken his dear lovely wing and couldn't
fly away.
I caught him and I took him home. I tried
to mend his wing
With glue, like Daddy mends my toys, then
tied it up with string.
But oh! somehow it wouldn't work, the glue
all stuck to me,
And I stuck to the pigeon. He pecked most
dreadfully.
Then Mummy came and pulled him off and
washed away the glue,
And set the wing and made things nice, as
Mummies always do.
The pigeon's going to be my own and always
live with me,
My Daddy's building him a house up in the
big beech tree.

BUTTERFLIES

When from the roses petals fall
 And scatter on the grass,
The fairies come and gather them
 In baskets as they pass;
They could not let them lie and fade—all
 scattered in the grass.

They take them home to Fairyland,
 And give them wee bright eyes,
With white and gold and purple wings
 Or deep blue like the skies,
Then send them fluttering through the
 flowers and call them butterflies.

MY AUNT

I have an aunt I do not like, she never knows
my name,
But always calls me just "The Child," and
thinks I am to blame
When vases fall, because I'm near, and break
upon the floor,
Or when I leave a room and don't quite shut
the silly door.
She's very tidy and she says I should be tidy
too,
I just hate tidy people—if you knew Aunt so
would you.
If I grew up and she grew down—quite young
and me quite old—
I'd make her have a dirty face and clothes
that would not fold,
I'd make her walk with muddy boots across
the drawing-room floor,
She'd be far nicer than she is and happier
too I'm sure.