

GREENAWAY

KATE

MARIGOLD

GARDEN

Kate Greenaway
Marigold Garden

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SUSAN BLUE

Oh, Susan Blue,
How do you do?
Please may I go for a walk with you?
Where shall we go?
Oh, I know—
Down in the meadow where the cowslips grow!

BLUE SHOES

Little Blue Shoes
Mustn't go
Very far alone, you know
Else she'll fall down,
Or, lose her way;
Fancy—what
Would mamma say?
Better put her little hand
Under sister's wise command.
When she's a little older grown
Blue Shoes may go quite alone.

STREET SHOW

Puff, puff, puff. How the trumpets blow
All you little boys and girls come and see the show.
One—two—three, the Cat runs up the tree;
But the little Bird he flies away—
"She hasn't got me!"

TO THE SUN DOOR

They saw it rise in the morning,
They saw it set at night,
And they longed to go and see it,
Ah! if they only might.

The little soft white clouds heard them,
And stepped from out of the blue;
And each laid a little child softly
Upon its bosom of dew.

And they carried them higher and higher,
And they nothing knew any more
Until they were standing waiting
In front of the round gold door.

And they knocked, and called, and entreated,
Whoever should be within;
But all to no purpose, for no one
Would hearken to let them in.

THE DAISIES

You very fine Miss Molly,
What will the daisies say,
If you carry home so many
Of their little friends to-day?

Perhaps you take a sister,
Perhaps you take a brother,
Or two little daisies who
Were fond of one another.

THE DANCING FAMILY

Pray let me introduce you to
This little dancing family;
For morning, afternoon, and night
They danced away so happily.

They twirled round about,
They turned their toes out;
The people wondered what the noise
Could all be about.

They danced from early morning,
Till very late at night;
Both in-doors and out-of-doors,
With very great delight.

And every sort of dance they knew,
From every country far away;
And so it was no wonder that
They should keep dancing all the day.

So dancing—dancing—dancing,
In sunshine or in rain;
And when they all left off,
Why then—they all began again.

GOING TO SEE GRANDMAMMA

Little Molly and Damon
Are walking so far,
For they're going to see
Their kind Grandmamma.

And they very well know,
When they get there she'll take
From out of her cupboard
Some very nice cake.

And into her garden
They know they may run,
And pick some red currants,
And have lots of fun.

So Damon to doggie
Says, "How do you do?"
And asks his mamma
If he may not go too.

WISHES

Oh, if you were a little boy,
And I was a little girl—
Why you would have some whiskers grow
And then my hair would curl.

Ah! if I could have whiskers grow,
I'd let you have my curls;
But what's the use of wishing it—
Boys never can be girls.

FIRST ARRIVALS

It is a Party, do you know,
And there they sit, all in a row,
Waiting till the others come,
To begin to have some fun.

Hark! the bell rings sharp and clear,
Other little friends appear;
And no longer all alone
They begin to feel at home.

To them a little hard is Fate,
Yet better early than too late;
Fancy getting there forlorn,
With the tea and cake all gone.

Wonder what they'll have for tea;
Hope the jam is strawberry.
Wonder what the dance and game;
Feel so very glad they came.

Very Happy may you be,
May you much enjoy your tea.

WHEN WE WENT OUT WITH GRANDMAMMA

When we went out with Grandmamma—
Mamma said for a treat—
Oh, dear, how stiff we had to walk
As we went down the street.

One on each side we had to go,
And never laugh or loll;
I carried Prim, her Spaniard dog,
And Tom—her parasol.

If *I* looked right—if *Tom* looked left—
"Tom—Susan—I'm ashamed;
And little Prim, I'm sure, is shocked,
To hear such naughties named."

She said we had no manners,
If we ever talked or sung;
"You should have seen," said Grandmamma,
"*Me* walk, when *I* was young."

She told us—oh, so often—
How little girls and boys,
In the good days when she was young,
Never made any noise.

She said they never wished then
To play—oh, indeed!
They learnt to sew and needlework,
Or else to write and read.

She said her mother never let
Her speak a word at meals;
"But now," said Grandmamma, "you'd think
That children's tongues had wheels

"So fast they go—clack, clack, clack, clack;
Now listen well, I pray,
And let me see you both improve
From what I've said to-day."

TO MYSTERY LAND

Oh, dear, how will it end?
Peggy and Susie how naughty you are.
You little know where you are,
Going so far, and so high,
Nearly up to the sky.
Perhaps it's a Giant who lives there,
And perhaps it's a lovely Princess.
But you very well know
You've no business to go;
You'll get yourselves into a mess.
Oh, dear, I'm sure it is true;
Whatever on earth can it matter to you?
For you know it—oh, fie—
That it's naughty to pry
Into other's affairs—
Into other folks houses to go,
Where you know
You're not asked.
So you'd better come back
While there's time, it is plain.
Go home—and be never
So naughty again.

FROM MARKET

Oh who'll give us Posies,
And Garlands of Roses,
To twine round our heads so gay?
For here we come bringing

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