

**LONDON TOWN**

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London Town by Felix Leigh

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**FELIX LEIGH**

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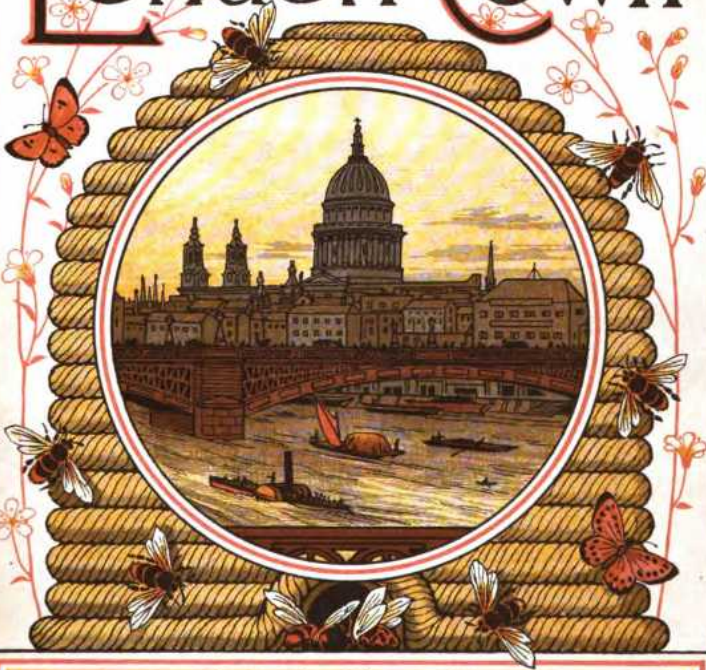
COME CHILDREN ALL,  
BOTH GREAT AND SMALL,  
WITH EAGER EYE AND EAR,  
WHO DWELL AFAR OR NEAR

IN HOPE THAT SOME DAY YOU'LL CONTRIVE  
TO VIEW GREAT LONDON'S BUSY HIVE,  
AND HEAR THE MIGHTY HUM OF BEES  
AT WORK ALIKE IN SUN OR SHOWER,  
WHILE BUTTERFLIES BENEATH THE TREES  
FLIT IDLY BY FROM FLOWER TO FLOWER  
IN PARKS AND GARDENS BRIGHT AND GAY :  
COME,—CLIMB SAINT PAUL'S WITH US TO-DAY,  
AND WITH THIS BOOK IN HAND,  
UPON THE DOME WE'LL STAND,  
AND THENCE LOOK DOWN  
O'ER LONDON TOWN.



Felix Leigh

# London Town



Designed and Illustrated by  
Thos. Crane & Ellen Houghton

LONDON

BELFAST

MARCUS WARD & CO.

NEW YORK

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## The Omnibus

EVERY day along the streets of mighty London Town

Nine hundred omnibuses rumble up and down.

When you're tired of walking, call "Hi! Conductor, stop!"

And he'll give you such a jolly ride, for twopence, on the top.



Sometimes by the 'bus's side small boys will run a mile,

Turning round just like the wheels, and hungry all the while:—

"We've not had any breakfast,—won't you toss us down a brown?"—

That's what they call a penny in the streets of London Town.





## The Penny-Ice Man

IN summer when the sun is high,  
And children's lips are parched and dry,  
An ice is just the thing to try.  
So this young man who comes, 'tis plain,  
From Saffron Hill or Leather Lane,  
A store of pence will quickly gain.  
"A lemon ice for me," says Fred ;  
Cries Sue, "No, have a cream instead."  
"A raspberry!" shouts Newsboy Ned.  
"What fun! Although we're now in June,  
It feels"—says Ned—"this afternoon,  
Like eating winter with a spoon!"





THIS is Covent Garden,  
What a lively scene!  
Here are flowers so pretty,  
There are leaves so green.  
These are busy buyers,  
Busy sellers those,  
Selling, buying, selling,  
Everything that grows.

Fruits and lovely blossoms  
Hither come each day,  
Fresh from *other* gardens  
Many miles away.  
Cabbages potatoes,  
Pears and apples too,  
Grapes, and pines, and peaches,  
All are here on view.

So the air is scented  
With the pleasant fruits,  
With the bright-hued nosegays,  
And the springing roots.  
For the little street-boys,  
Walking up and down,  
It's almost like the country  
Brought to London Town.



