

**A CHILD'S DAY; A  
BOOK OF RHYMES**

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A child's day; a book of rhymes by Walter De la Mare & Winifred Bromhall

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**WALTER DE LA MARE & WINIFRED BROMHALL**

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BOOK OF RHYMES**



# A CHILD'S DAY

■ A Book of Rhymes ■

by WALTER DE LA MARE

*With illustrations by*  
WINIFRED BROMHALL



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A CHILD'S DAY

## A CHILD'S DAY

I sang a song to Rosamond Rose  
Only the wind in the twilight knows:  
I sang a song to Jeanetta Jennie,  
She flung from her window a silver penny:  
I sang a song to Matilda May,  
She took to her heels and ran away:  
I sang a song to Susannah Sue,  
She giggled the whole of the verses through:

*A CHILD'S DAY*

But nevertheless, as sweet as I can,  
I'll sing a song to Elizabeth Ann —  
The same little Ann as there you see  
Smiling as happy as happy can be.  
And all that my song is meant to say  
Is just what she did one long, long day,  
With her own little self to play with only,  
Yet never once felt the least bit lonely.







*A CHILD'S DAY*

Softly, drowsily,  
Out of sleep;  
Into the world again  
Ann's eyes peep;  
Over the pictures  
Across the walls  
One little quivering  
Sunbeam falls.  
A thrush in the garden  
Seems to say,  
Wake, little Ann,  
'Tis day, 'tis day!  
Faint sweet breezes  
The casement stir,  
Breathing of pinks  
And lavender.  
At last from her pillow,  
With cheeks bright red,  
Up comes her round little  
Tousled head;  
And out she tumbles  
From her warm bed.

