

Child Whispers

by
Enid Blyton

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BY THE SAME AUTHOR

REAL FAIRIES
RESPONSIVE GAMES

CHILD WHISPERS

By
ENID BLYTON

LONDON
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DEDICATED TO FOUR LITTLE BROTHERS

DAVID, BRIAN, PETER
AND JOHN

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PREFACE

The children of nowadays are different in many of their likes and dislikes, from the children of ten years ago. This change of attitude is noticeable as much in the world of children's poetry as it is in other things.

In my experience of teaching I have found the children delight in two distinct types of verses. These are the humorous type and the imaginative poetical type—but the humour must be from the child's point of view and not from the "grown-up's"—a very different thing. And the imagination in the second type of poem must be clear and whimsical, otherwise the appeal fails and the child does not respond.

As I found a lack of suitable poems of the types I wanted, I began to write them myself for the children under my supervision, taking, in many cases, the ideas, humorous or whimsical, of the children themselves, as the theme of the poems. Finding them to be successful, I continued, until the suggestion was made to me that many children, other than those in my own school, might enjoy hearing and learning the poems. Accordingly this collection of verses is put forward in the hope that it will be a source of sincere enjoyment to the little people of the world.

ENID BLYTON.

ROSAMUNDA

In the garden very early
Rosamunda's walking,
And to her surprise she hears
Lots of fairies talking.

She looks around but cannot see
Where they can be hiding;
Not on any butterfly
Nor bee, are they a-riding.

She goes to where the tulips grow
And finds a sight of wonder,
For out pop fairy elves and say,
"Good-morning, Rosamunda!"

DISAPPOINTMENT

Once I found a fairy
In my cup of tea.
She was nearly drowned
And wet as wet could be.

I picked her out and dried her
And asked her if she'd stay;
"Oh, no," she said, "*I mustn't*,"
And off she flew away.

ON STRIKE

My dollies are so naughty,
I'm afraid they've gone on strike;
They won't let me undress them,
But just do what they like.

They say they want a penny
To spend on Saturday,
And 'less I let them have it,
They'll not join in my play.

I can't let them behave so,
They'll never grow up right—
But I know they will be sorry
When I don't kiss them good-night.

FAIRY SIGHT

If you want to see a fairy,
In the middle of the night,
Wrap the blanket round you,
And shut your eyes up tight.
Say "Akral dafarray!"
And open your right eye,
And (if you've been a good child)
A fairy flutters by!

A FAIRY NECKLACE

The rain had rained all morning,
And then the sun shone fair,
And all the garden glittered
With raindrops everywhere!

There were raindrops on the grasses,
And raindrops on the trees,
And how they shook and shivered,
Like diamonds, in the breeze!

And oh, I saw a fairy
Come flying right by me;
She shook a score of raindrops,
From off the hazel tree.

She slung them on a spider's thread,
A necklace made of rain!
She clasped them round her little neck,
And off she flew again!

PAYING A CALL

I put on my hat with the band of blue,
And my frock with the frilly lace,
I took my sunshade, and held it up,
To keep the sun off my face.

I thought I'd go calling like Mother does,
And have pretty cakes for tea,
And sit on the edge of a chair and talk
With a tea-cup on my knee.

I walked all along the sunny road,
Till I came to Mrs. Leroy's.
I climbed the steps, and I rang the bell—
It made such a jangley noise.

And then I suddenly felt afraid,
And couldn't think what I would say
When they opened the door—so I jumped the steps,
And I ran back home all the way.

Nurse saw me coming in my best frock,
And oh, how she scolded me!
And that's why I'm wearing an overall now,
And not having jam for tea.

BEFORE BREAKFAST

I go round the garden early, when the grass is bright with dew,
And I have to put goloshes on my feet.
I'll tell you all I do there, right away from people's view,
When the world is half-awake and very sweet.

I shake the lady hollyhocks to make the bees fly out,
And I see how much they've grown since yesterday.
I pop the fattest fuchsia buds, if gardener's not about,
And I blow the dandelion clocks away.

I smell the honeysuckle and the lavender as well,
I take the rose-leaves fallen down beyond;
They're pink and white and beautiful, just like a fairy shell,
And I save them up for sailing on the pond.

I stand upon the mossy wall, and smell the new mown hay,
And I feel the wind that blows the clouds along;
I think there never, *never* could be such a lovely day—
And then, I hear that horrid breakfast gong!

GOBLINS

When I am cross as I can be, and nothing's ever right,
Then Mummy says there's naughty goblins, hiding out of sight,
Who try to make me do what's wrong, and try to make me bad,
They like me to forget things, and make other people sad.

I've never found them anywhere, I don't know where to look,
I've only seen them in the pages of my picture-book,
But oh, I'm *sure* they're all about in everybody's house,
Little creepy-crawley things, as quiet as a mouse.

When cook forgets to put the sugar in the Sunday cake,
And gardener breaks the barrow-wheel, and loses Daddie's rake,
And Nurse is very cross indeed, and won't let me go out,
I always know those nasty little goblins are about.

I play next-door with Peter, and there's goblins even there,
Altho' it's such a lovely house, I can't think how they dare,
But often Peter's Daddie is as grumpy as can be,
All over nothing, so the goblins must be there, you see.

Whenever things go very wrong, I hide myself away,
To try and see those goblins, and I'm sure I shall some day.
And if they bother you at all, you try and catch them, too,
And *will* you save them up for me to look at, if you do?

THE FAIRY'S BEDTIME

Just before they go to bed,
The fairy babes are told
To sit upon their toadstools, and
To be as good as gold.

So down they sit, all in a ring,
It's supper-time, they know,
For look, their little acorn cups
Are standing in a row.

A fairy fills the little cups,
With dew and honey sweet
And gives one to each little babe
With something nice to eat.

Then off into the trees they fly
And curl themselves up tight
Inside a leaf that's soft and warm
And there they sleep all night.

POPPIES

Up the lane behind our house
A little hill you climb,
And at the top on either side
There is in Summer time—
A cornfield waving in the wind,
Where poppies shake their head
And peep at you between the corn,
A glowing dancing red—
I'll tell you what I did one day
When nurse was cross with me,
And pulled my hair back in a plait,
As tight as tight could be—
I crept up to the swaying corn
And in the poppies there
I sat down by myself, and then
I undid all my hair!
I picked some gleaming poppies red,
The biggest I could find,
I wound them tightly in my curls,
And some hung down behind.
I walked about so very grand
Till it began to rain,
When one by one the poppies fell,
And I went home again.

A QUEER BUTTERFLY

I caught a lovely butterfly,
In Marianna's net.
It was the sweetest blue and gold,
The prettiest I'd seen yet.

But Marianna came and said
The butterfly should be
Not mine, but *hers*, because the net
Belonged to her, not me.

We quarrelled hard, and didn't stop,
Until my frock was torn,
And then she pointed down to where
The net lay, on the lawn.

The butterfly was creeping out
And spread its wings of blue,
And then *stood up*, just fancy that!
You'd hardly think it true!

We saw then what it really was,
A fairy, come to play,
And all because we quarrelled so,
She fluttered right away.

LOVELY FROCKS

In my Mummy's wardrobe, there are lots of lovely frocks,
I know because I've seen them hanging there;
There's purple, and there's orange, and a frilly one of blue,
And a yellow that is shiny like her hair.

The satin frocks make Mummy look just like a fairy Queen—
But she can't cuddle me at all in those—
And when she wears a silken frock, it rustles like the trees—
But I can't kiss her 'cos I spoils the bows.

And tho' I love her pretty dresses, 'cos she looks so grand,
What I like really best of all to see,
Is when she's in the garden, wearing *just* an overall—
And comes to romp and play about with me.

THE JOLLY WIND

“Hurrah!” says the wind, as he sweeps along,

“Three cheers for the sun to-day,
Just look at him shining away in the sky!
Do come along, children, and play!

I’ll fly your kites on the top of the hill,
And I’ll spin the old weather-cock round!
I’ll send your boats sailing away down the stream,
Till bump! they have all come aground!

Come along while I turn the old windmill about,
And hear how it groans and it creaks;
Just see how I tweak off your bonnets and caps,
And hear all the laughter and shrieks!

I’ll make you run faster than ever before,
I’ll spin you around and about!
Oh, hurry up, children, and come out of school,
“Hurrah!” says the wind, with a shout!

THE WITCH'S BALLOONS

Opposite the nursery sat a woman old and brown,
I should think she was the very oldest person in the town,
She sold balloons to children as they passed her corner there,
She was very cross and horrid and she had a nasty stare.

I looked at her one morning, on a very windy day,
And she saw me and she stared at me in such a nasty way,
I felt afraid, and certain sure that she must be a witch,
And keep all sorts of stolen treasures hidden in a ditch.

And as I looked at her, and she was staring up at me,
I saw a fairy flying low from out the chestnut tree,
She held a little knife, and oh, she cut the strings right through,
That held the big balloons together, then away she flew!

And off went all the purple ones and off went all the pink,
A-flying in the air as high as ever you could think,
Around the chimney pots, and right away up in the sky,
Until they bumped into the clouds, a-sailing slowly by.

And then I looked to see what that old woman had to say,
But there wasn't any sign of her, she'd vanished right away,
She *must* have been a wicked witch, and by the fairies slain,
For tho' I've looked each morning, she has *never* come again.

FAIRY MUSIC

I found a little fairy flute
 Beneath a harebell blue;
I sat me down upon the moss
 And blew a note or two.

And as I blew the rabbits came
 Around me in the sun,
And little mice and velvet moles
 Came creeping, one by one.

A swallow perched upon my head,
 A robin on my thumb,
The thrushes sang in time with me,
 The bees began to hum.

I loved to see them all around
 And wished they'd always stay,
When down a little fairy flew
 And *snatched* my flute away!

And then the swallow fluttered off,
 And gone were all the bees,
The rabbits ran, and I was left
 Alone among the trees!

THE LITTLE FOLK ON THE HILL

Right on the top of the Feraling Hill
There's a queer little seat made of stone,
And sometimes I climb up the heathery slope,
And sit in the wind all alone.

Nobody knows why the little seat's there,
(It's almost too tiny for me)
But I love to squeeze into it on a clear day,
And look over the hills to the sea.

Sometimes I've sat there and heard funny sounds
And voices, and tho' I've kept still,
I've only seen one of the queer Little Folk
That I *know* live inside of the hill.

For once I came quietly up to the stone—
And on it sat one of the Folk!
He was looking across all the hills to the sea,
But he vanished away when I spoke.

And that's how *I* know why the little seat's there,
And why it's small even for me;
The Folk put it there in the wind, for *they love*
To look over the hills to the sea.

THE MOON AT TEA-TIME

I was playing in the meadow, where there's not a single tree,
I was throwing bits of sorrel at a fat old bumble-bee,
And then—I just looked up to see the clouds go sailing by—
And oh, I saw the *moon*, in daytime! and I *can't* think why!

Such funny things keep happ'ning, and they've happened all to-day,
First, I found a weeny mouse, all cuddled in the hay,
Then at home we've got a baby, from *I* don't know where!
And now I find the moon at *tea-time*, sitting in the air!

I'm sure it's wrong, because the Bible says it's meant for night,
And look, it hides behind the clouds—it knows it isn't right.
Now there it comes! Oh, silly moon, you make the sun look fine,
'Cos bumping up against the clouds has rubbed off all *your* shine!

APRIL

Oh, April brings the cuckoo-bird, and April brings the rain,
April hangs a hundred sunny raindrops in the lane,
She can wash the sky with woolly clouds of purest white,
And gaily dress it up in rainbows, curving out of sight.

Oh, April hangs the chestnut trees with spires of white and pink,
And kisses all the primroses along the river's brink,
She peeps into the tiny nests where eggs are hidden well,
And searches out the purple violets growing in the dell.

Oh, April swings the apple blossom, sweet against the sky
And chases all the bob-tail rabbits scuttling gaily by,
She dances with the meadow cowslips, drooping heads of gold,
Oh, April is the sweetest month that any year can hold!

THE SILENT POOL

Away in the wood where it's dark,
 There's a pool that is purplish green,
With whispering rushes around,
 That murmur of things they have seen.

I once lay and listened all night,
 And heard why the pool lies alone;
Not even a fairy goes near
 And only the sad rushes moan.

I heard how there once lived a witch,
 Who weaved wicked spells night and day,
And used the pool's purplish deeps
 For things which I wouldn't dare say.

Then one day she vanished and went,
 And never was seen any more,
But silent and still lay the pool,
 And darker than ever before.

No fairy knows what the pool holds,
 And none guesses what secrets lie
Hid safely away in its deeps,
 But shuddering, all pass it by.

Take heed when you go through the wood,
 And pass where the pool lies alone—
Not even a fairy goes near,
 And only the sad rushes moan!

THIS AFTERNOON

This afternoon is very hot,
And all the sky is blue,
The busy bees are humming loud,
They have a lot to do.

I want to go out in the fields
Where all the daisies grow,
And watch the little breezes bend
The grasses to and fro.
I want to watch the butterflies,
And hear the cuckoo call,
I'd cuckoo back to see if he
Would answer me at all.

The buttercups are shaking gold
Upon the dry brown earth,
And shiny beetles race along
The ground, for all they're worth.
I want to lie down on the grass
And look up at the sky,
It looks so queer and far away
And wonderfully high.

It's such a lovely afternoon,
With lovely things to see;
Oh, *why* must I in my best frock
Be taken out to tea?

THE “FEELING”

Inside of me there’s a Feeling lives,
That wakes when I see a rose,
Or the snow, or sunshine, or daisy fields;
It wakes for a time—and then goes.

When I suddenly see the rainbow shine
Right over the sky so wide,
And the sunshine gleams thro’ the pouring rain,
I get that “Feeling” inside.

When I get out of bed on a winter’s morn,
And look thro’ my window pane,
And find the snow on the trees and fields,
I get the Feeling again.

When a great big wave comes sweeping up
On a stormy and windy tide,
And crashes against the rocks in spray,
I get the Feeling inside.

I once told Nannie just how I felt,
But I’m not going to tell her again.
She didn’t know at all what I meant,
She called my Feeling a *pain!*

THE NAUGHTY GNOME

A little gnome in Fairyland
Once found a pot of glue,
And he of course began to think
What mischief he could do!

He smeared the toadstools, one and all,
Whereon the fairies sat,
And oh, how cross they were to find
A naughty trick like that!

He dropped some glue upon the grass,
To catch the fairies' feet,
When there came by the Fairy King
And Queen with all their suite.

The King walked straight upon the glue
And found he couldn't stir!
Then came the frightened gnome, and cried,
"Oh, please have mercy, Sir!

I didn't mean to catch *your* feet
Within my sticky glue,
But please forgive me and I'll find
Some better thing to do!"

"I'll pardon you," the King replied,
"But harken what I say,
Go, use your glue on *chestnut* buds,
To keep the frost away."

So in the chestnuts every spring
The gnome works all day long,
And if you touch a bud, you'll find
His glue is *very* strong!

SIX O'CLOCK

We always wake at six o'clock,
When Nurse is still asleep;
She's hidden under all the clothes,
Her breathes are loud and deep.

We mustn't talk till seven strikes,
And so we just turn round
And hear the milk-carts going by,
They have a tinny sound.

I look up at the ceiling, and
I count the cracks I see,
And all the flies upon the wall;
Once there were *twenty-three!*

Teddie pulls out feathers from
The eiderdown, and blows
With all his might, to make them drop
On top of Nurse's nose.

I breathe on all the brassy nobs
That feel so very cold;
They go quite dull till Teddie rubs,
And makes them shine like gold.

And now I've told you all these things,
If you wake early, too
And mustn't talk till seven strikes,
You'll know just what to do.

THE IMP'S MISTAKE

As Anna slept beside the fire
An imp as black as soot
Came down the chimney in a bound,
And landed by her foot!

He looked at her black shining shoe,
A frown came on his face,
He thought it was a piece of coal
A-tumbled from its place!

And so he started tugging hard
To put it back again
Upon the fire, when Anna woke
And gave a cry of pain!

“You naughty little imp,” she cried,
“Just leave my foot alone!”
And in a trice the imp had jumped
And up the chimney flown!

So when you're sitting by the fire,
It's better, on the whole,
To keep awake, in case that imp
Should think *your* shoes are coal!

PUT TO BED

The sun is shining hot and bright,
The gardener's mowing grass,
He's doing it with all his might,
I hear his footsteps pass.

Nurse put me here in bed alone
Because I've not been good;
I think her heart is hard as stone—
I didn't think she would.

I haven't been so very bad,
I'll tell you what I've done.
I took a pencil that I had,
A lovely orange one.

I drew a splendid pattern round
The dining room and hall,
And trees that grew up from the ground,
Right up the nursery wall.

I'd started on a giant's head,
I know just how they're made,
When Nurse came in, so cross and red,
It made me feel afraid.

I never had behaved, she said,
So wickedly before;
She made me go upstairs to bed,
And then she banged the door.

She took my toys and books and ball,
And all the bricks I'd built;
There's nothing here that's nice at all,
'Cept Grannie's patchwork quilt!

THE MERRY BREEZE

Round about the orchard went the merry little breeze,
Playing with the butterflies and teasing all the bees,
Sending showers of apple-blossom down upon the ground,
And spilling half the dew-drops from the grasses all around.

He ruffled up the feathers of the ducks a-sailing by,
And hustled all the lazy clouds that floated in the sky,
He swung the beeches to and fro, then darted off again
To dry the shiny puddles scattered down along the lane.

The chimney smoke he twisted in the queerest kind of way,
Until at last the little breeze was weary of his play;
He crept back to the orchard, where the daffodillies peep,
And there it was I found him lying, curled up fast asleep!

AN ACCIDENT

We've a little summer house
With a pointed top,
And on it, watching us at play,
The fairies often stop.

But now we've done a dreadful thing,
And frightened them away,
Because, by accident, our ball
Struck two of them to-day.

It bounced upon the summer house,
And hurt the fairies there;
They flew away with cries of pain,
And said it wasn't fair.

Each day we watch our summer house
And watch the pointed top.
But now, tho' fairies fly around,
They *never* come to stop.

A HAPPY ENDING

I found a ship upon the sea,
All ready waiting there for me,
So in I jumped and off we sped,
To gleaming waters far ahead.

But soon a wind came moaning by
And clouds filled all the sunny sky,
The sea was speckled with the rain,
And my ship rolled and rolled again.

The waves crashed grandly on the deck,
The sails dripped rain-drops down my neck,
Then straight ahead, I spied a rock,
And braced myself to meet the shock—

Crash! we struck, and there we stayed,
While rain and storm around us played;
The ship at once began to fill,
And down and down we sank—until

I yelled in fear and clutched the side,
Half-drowning in the racing tide,
And just as mast and rigging broke,
I found myself in bed—and WOKE!

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[The end of *Child Whispers* by Enid Blyton]