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Shanghai Picture-Verse

BY

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

Shanghai

KELLY & WALSH, LIMITED

SHANGHAI HONG KONG SINGAPORE

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.....
FIRST PUBLISHED—SEPTEMBER, 1939
REPRINTED—DECEMBER, 1939
REPRINTED—OCTOBER, 1940
.....

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SHANGHAI PICTURE-VERSE
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A BOOK OF
SKETCHES IN RHYME
FOR THE SHANGHAI CHILD
OF YESTERDAY
AND TO-DAY

.....
PAGE - - - FIVE
.....

.....
SHANGHAI PICTURE-VERSE
.....

.....
"Ah, happy he who owns that tenderest joy,
The heart-love of a child!"

—LEWIS CARROLL
(Preface Poem to "*The
Hunting of the Snark*")

.....
SHANGHAI PICTURE VERSE
.....

TO
MY
DEAR
FRIEND
A.S.M.A.

SHANGHAI PICTURE-VERSE

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SHANGHAI PICTURE-VERSE

SHANGHAI PICTURE-VERSE



SHANGHAI PICTURE-VERSE

Chinese Chow

Chinese chow
Is the greatest fun,
And manners don't matter
A scrap.
—There's heaps on the table,
And piping hot,
And nobody minds if you eat or not—
They're *far* too busy
For that!

After the pork
And bamboo-shoots,
And long-tailed beans
Have gone;
Then there are bowls
Of jasmine-tea,
Peanuts and plums
And sweet candy,
And nobody says "Now, no more for me"—
They're *far* too sleepy
For that!

SHANGHAI PICTURE-VERSE



SHANGHAI PICTURE-VERSE

Amah

Amah's very useful (and doesn't scold a bit!)
I *never* have to dress myself and Mother needn't
knit.
She gets through all the mending (but darns blue
socks with gray!)
And washes all our dresses and irons them right
away.

When her work is over and Amah's in the mood,
She shows me to her husband and lets me taste his
food;
She gives me sticky candy, and curls my yellow hair,
And says I'm much more handsome than little girl
downstairs.

Amah says she's getting old—I *really* think it's true,
She's awfully round and wrinkled and walks quite
slowly, too.
She's going to the country while we are by the sea,
But Mother thinks it's just as well because she's
spoiling me.



The Bamboo Fair

Hustle,
Bustle,
Everywhere,
That must be the
Bamboo Fair!
Stalls and tables
Soon you'll see
Where the pavement
Used to be.

Helter,
Skelter,
Rushing by
Go the hawkers—
Hear them cry:
"Knives or chopsticks;
Spades and hoes;
Balls and kites and
Diabolo!"

Hurry,
Scurry,
Don't be slow,
Or the cheapest things
Will go!
Strike a bargain,
Set your price,
If you fancy
Something nice.

Hustle,
Bustle,
In the night,
And the Fair has
Vanished quite!
Empty pavements
In the rain.—
Next year they'll be
Back again.



Hot Water

Clippety-clip—
Cloppety-clop,
I'm now on my way
To the hot water shop.
In my slippers of wood
I dart here and there,
With cars tooting round—
But what do *I* care!
A passerby shouts—
A cyclist whirrs past,
But I and my kettle
Are safe there at last!
Clippety-clip—
Cloppety-clop,
I've *heaps* of hot water,
And shan't spill a drop!

SHANGHAI PICTURE-VERSE

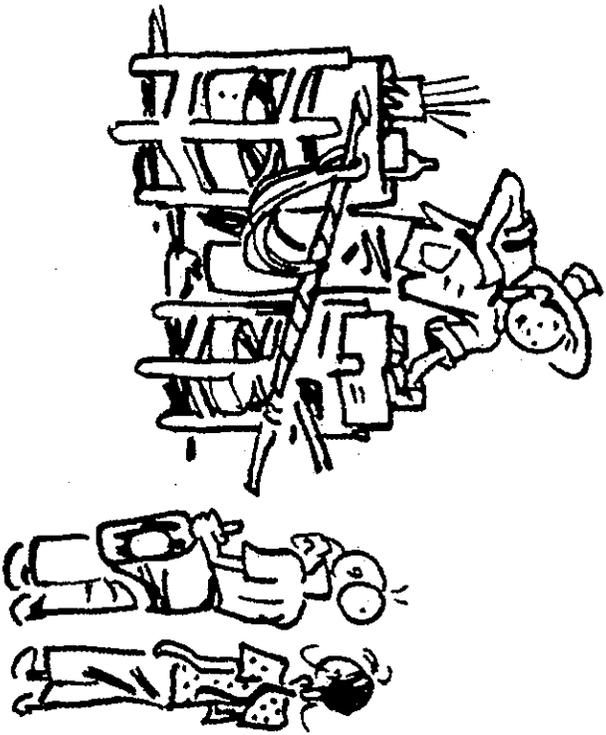


SHANGHAI PICTURE-VERSE

“Weedy-women”

The sun is shining,
Hurrah—hurrah!
That means the weeders
Will come today.
They’ll sit on the lawn
In a long blue row,
And chatter like monkeys
As hard as they go.
—The gardener says
They dig up the weeds,
But Father is certain
They’re after his seeds!

SHANGHAI PICTURE-VERSE



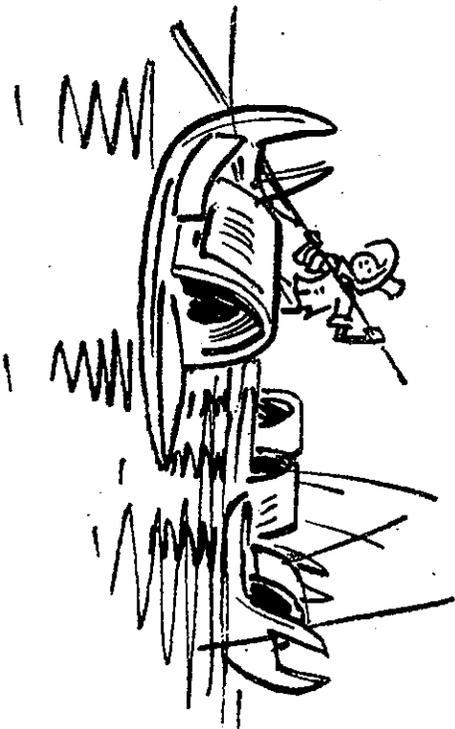
SHANGHAI PICTURE-VERSE

Fun & Games

Give me a bottle,
And you'll get a slice
Of white sugar-candy
That's awfully nice.
It's covered in flour
And made fresh today—
And all for a bottle
You've thrown away!
Pay me a copper,
And I'll fashion you
An Indian pliceman
To nibble and chew.
He's properly dressed,
And then you might win
In a turban so neat—
You'd never believe
He's only a sweet!

Come, gather around me—
(You're surely not shy?)
Shake out a number,
And listen to me—
It's perfectly simple
I know just how lucky
When once you try!
You're going to be.
First you'll be rich,
And then you'll be poor—
But empty your purse
And I'll tell you more!

SHANGHAI PICTURE-VERSE



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SHANGHAI PICTURE-VERSE

On The Bund

Sampan-man—
Sampan-man!
Take me to Pootung
As fast as you can.
I missed the launch
Though I ran and ran.
Sampan-man—
Sampan-man!
Sampan-man!

PAGE - - TWENTY-SEVEN



The Races

We're going to the Races
Next Saturday, at three;
I shall be wearing my new Spring coat
And a badge (we're members, you see.)
I'm going to bet a dollar
On the pony I think will win,
And if he belongs to someone we know,
They *might* let me lead him in.

We'll run down to the paddock
To watch the Mafoo's Race—
We're sure to meet *heaps* of owners there,
And jockeys all over the place.
—I'll go and feed the ponies,
If I manage to slip away;
And when I'm big, I'll ride them myself
And win all the cups some day.

SHANGHAI PICTURE-VERSE



SHANGHAI PICTURE-VERSE

Mill-Girls on Wheelbarrows

Early at sunrise
The mill-girls go by,
Riding on wheelbarrows—
Giggling and shy;
Heads tied in handkeries
Bright blue or gray;
Baskets beside them,
Filled for the day.

Back in the evening
Homeward they go;
Tired young faces—
Wheelbarrows slow.
Baskets are empty;
Sadly they stare;
(And did you notice
The fluff in their hair?)



The Camel

No-one will believe me
When I say I saw a camel
Walking down the street near Bubbling Well.
Won't you please believe me—
It really *was* a camel,
With a hump and a little iron bell.
If you still don't believe me,
Go and see my camel,
(But where he is by now I *cannot* tell !)
And then tell the story
Of how you saw a camel
Walking down the street near Bubbling Well.

SHANGHAI PICTURE-VERSE



SHANGHAI PICTURE-VERSE

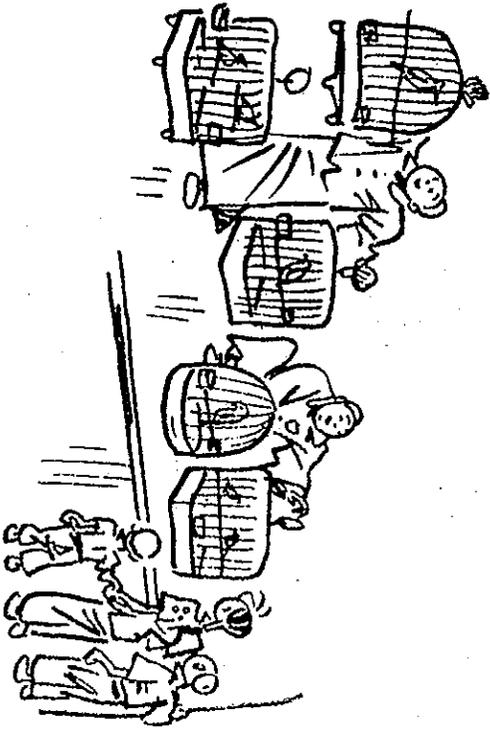
The Chinese Bride

I peeped into a wedding chair
And there a bride I saw.
I wish I could remember all
The lovely things she wore!

Her coat was pink, her skirt was red,
(I didn't think that right!)
And silver trinkets in her hair
Were sparkling in the light.

The shoes she wore were palest blue
And satin, *very* grand;
And, as she turned, I'm sure I saw
A diamond on her hand!

They carried off the little bride—
(She looked so sweet and kind!)
I'm sorry if I seemed to stare,
But do you think she'd mind?

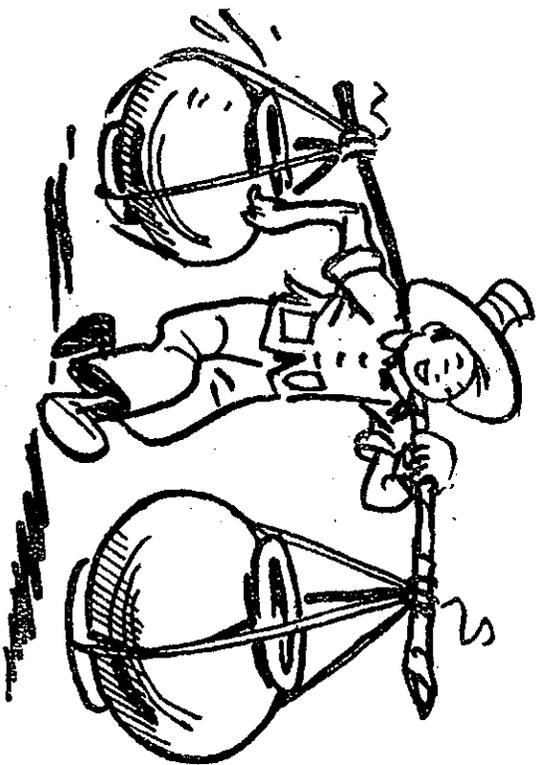


"Birdcage Walk"

Birds—birds
Out in the air,
Hanging in cages
Everywhere.
Birds that can talk,
And birds that can sing,
And birds that do tricks
Or any fine thing.

Birds—birds,
Daily they meet,
Carried in cages
Down the street.
If those that can talk,
And those that can sing,
And those that do tricks
Or any fine thing
Had words—words,
I'm sure they would say:
"Well, how would *you* feel
In a cage all day!"

SHANGHAI PICTURE-VERSE



SHANGHAI PICTURE-VERSE



Up and down, To and fro I carry loads and so I go—Heigh-ho Heigh-ho I sing-o!

Heigh-ho Song

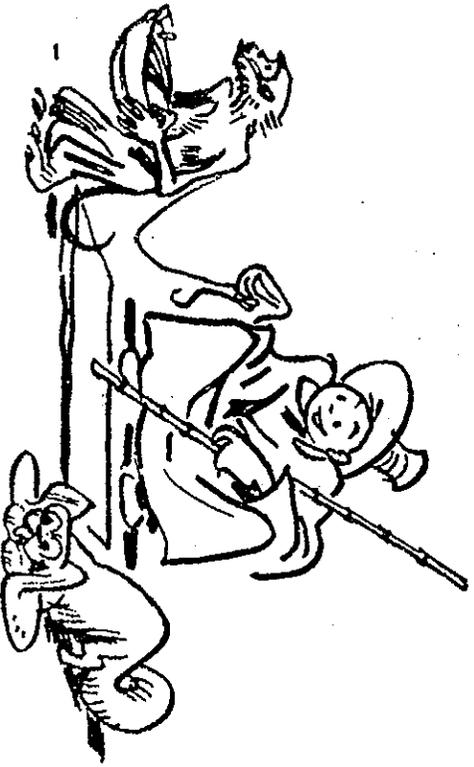
Up and down,
To and fro
I carry loads,
And as I go—
Heigh-ho,
Heigh-ho,
Heigh-ho,
I sing-o!

Everywhere,
Far and near,
All the way
You can hear—
Heigh-ho,
Heigh-ho,
Heigh-ho,
I sing-o!



Every where Far and near, All the way You can hear: Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho I sing-o!

SHANGHAI PICTURE-VERSE

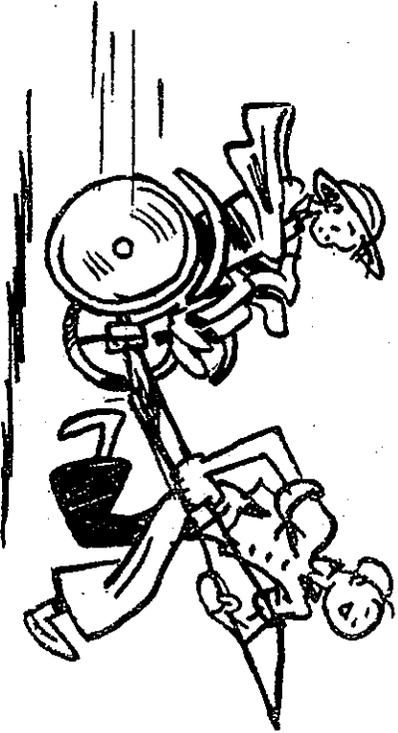


SHANGHAI PICTURE-VERSE

The Monkey-man

Boys and girls
Come out to play—
The monkey-man
Is here today.
He's brought his dog,
(There's music, too)
Just watch the clever
Tricks they do!
The monkey bows
And waves his hat,
(He wonders what
We're laughing at!)
Little dog begs
And pretends to cry—
(He wants our coppers,
I'm *sure* that's why!)
Bang—bang—bang,
And away they go.
Now, wasn't it fun
At the monkey-show!

SHANGHAI PICTURE-VERSE



SHANGHAI PICTURE-VERSE

Rickshaw Coolie

I'm tall, bow-legg'd and lanky,
My name is Au-Sau-Dee;
I'm just a rickshaw coolie
From up the old Yangtse.

I wear a dented sun-hat,
And black coat outside-in,
And when they take my licence
I make a fearful din!

I carry small-piece master
To school, near Bubbling Well;
And take the cook to market
(Though nobody can tell!)

And then if I am thirsty
I'll stop and drink the tea
That kind and thoughtful people
Have placed outside for me.

I'm very often freezing,
Or boiling in the heat,
But always ready—rain or shine,
To pull you down the street.

SHANGHAI PICTURE-VERSE



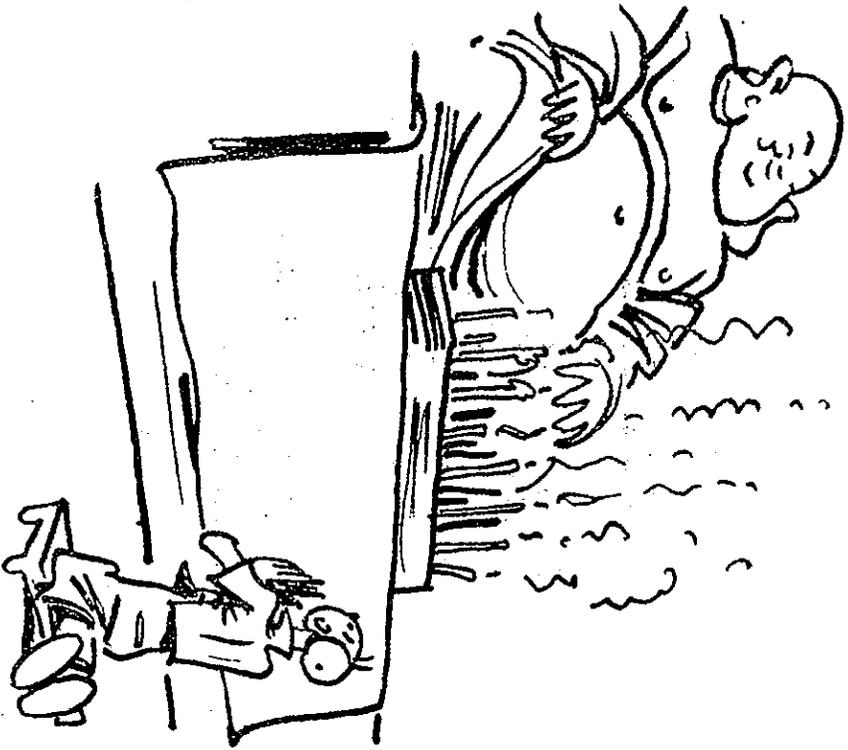
SHANGHAI PICTURE-VERSE

Off to Town

Riding in a bus
Is a fearful fuss!
You pull yourself out,
And push your way out,
And fight for a seat
(With never a win!)

But *we're* quite happy—
It's fun for us
Riding in a bus!

SHANGHAI PICTURE-VERSE



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SHANGHAI PICTURE-VERSE

“Chin-Chin Joss”

Red candles
All aglow;
Incense-burners
In a row.
Grey joss-men
Bending low.

Old temples,
Dark as night;
Brass and copper
Shining bright;
Golden Buddhas—
Misty light.

Soft footsteps
Come and go;
Strange voices
Louder grow,
Saying prayers
I'll *never* know!

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SHANGHAI PICTURE-VERSE



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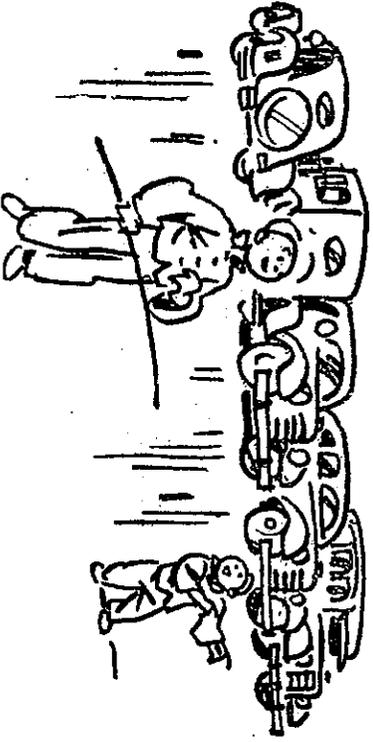
SHANGHAI PICTURE-VERSE

The Tailor

I wish I were a tailor,
A proper Chinese tailor,
Then wouldn't I be busy
All day long!
Just *think* of all the dresses,
The lovely ladies' dresses,
I'd cut and baste and measure
For a song!
(And wouldn't I be cunning,
Gloriously cunning,
Making all their bills
Completely wrong!)

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SHANGHAI PICTURE-VERSE



SHANGHAI PICTURE-VERSE

"Look-see Boys"

Basking in the sunshine,
Crouching in the rain,
Creeping round the corner,
Darting back again.
Running (there's a policeman
Shouting from afar!)
Crying: "Missee, Master,
Wanchee look-see car?"
Sleeping on the pavement,
When the day is done;
Beggar-boys in China
Have the rarest fun!

SHANGHAI PICTURE-VERSE



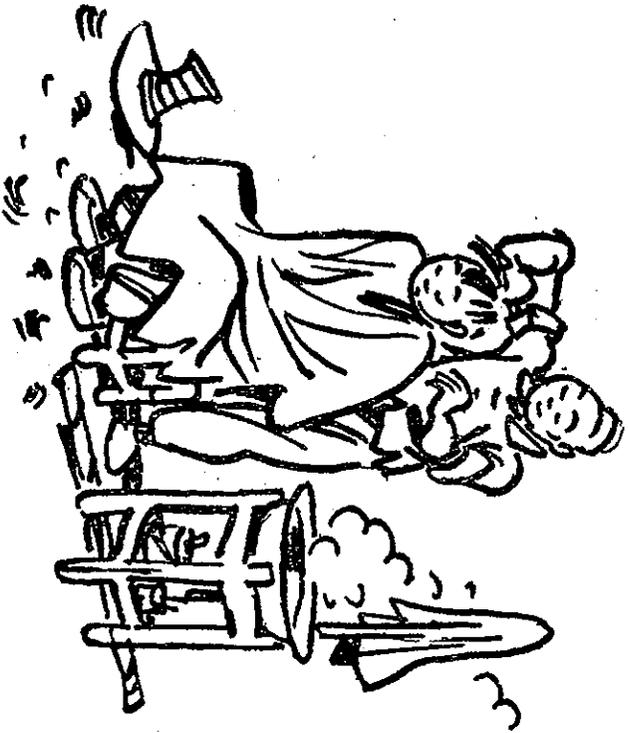
SHANGHAI PICTURE-VERSE

Wanted—a Playmate

I want a Chinese doll
In real Chinese clothes,
And little satin slippers
With flowers on the toes;
And a long silken gown
With buttons that undo,
And black, shiny hair
That's always tidy too.

We'd whisper Chinese secrets,
And play Chinese games,
And call one another
By pretty flower-names;
I'd take her out to Jessfield,
And afterwards to tea—
If I *only* had a Chinese doll
To make-believe with me!

SHANGHAI PICTURE-VERSE



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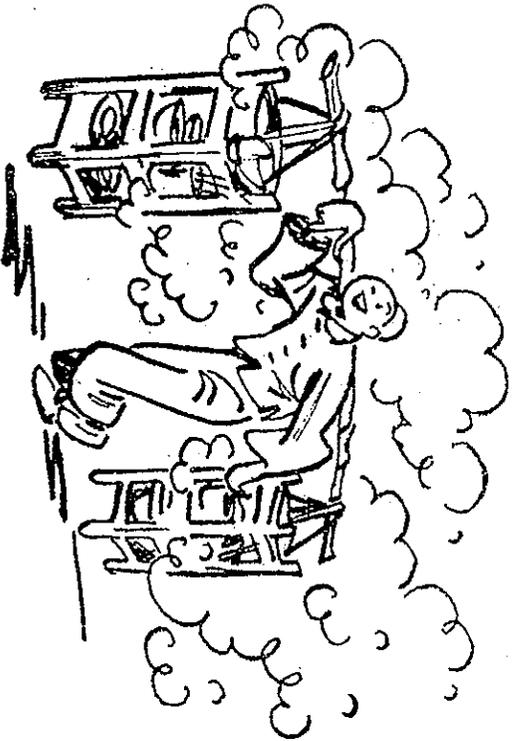
SHANGHAI PICTURE-VERSE

The Street Barber

He comes at morn, and quick as a dart
Is all prepared and ready to start;
He has his basin and table and chair,
And razors and scissors to cut your hair
His towels are hot—his comb is of wood,
And that oil he puts on smells *awfully* good.
(And if you like, and he's nothing to do,
He'll massage your head and shoulders too!)

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SHANGHAI PICTURE-VERSE



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SHANGHAI PICTURE-VERSE

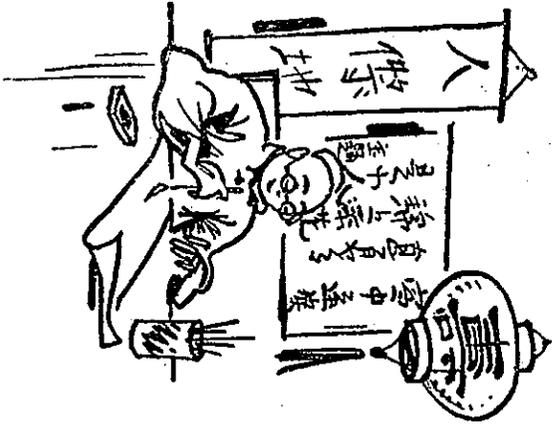
The Travelling Kitchen

Breakfast or dinner,
Tiffin or tea—
No matter the time,
I'm quick as can be,
Noodles or pancakes,
Macaroni—
Which will you have?
Just leave it to me
—A dash of brown sauce,
A red-hot chili—
A steaming blue bowl of
Vermicelli!

Wherever I go
My rent is free,
For my kitchen is on my back
You see!

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SHANGHAI PICTURE-VERSE

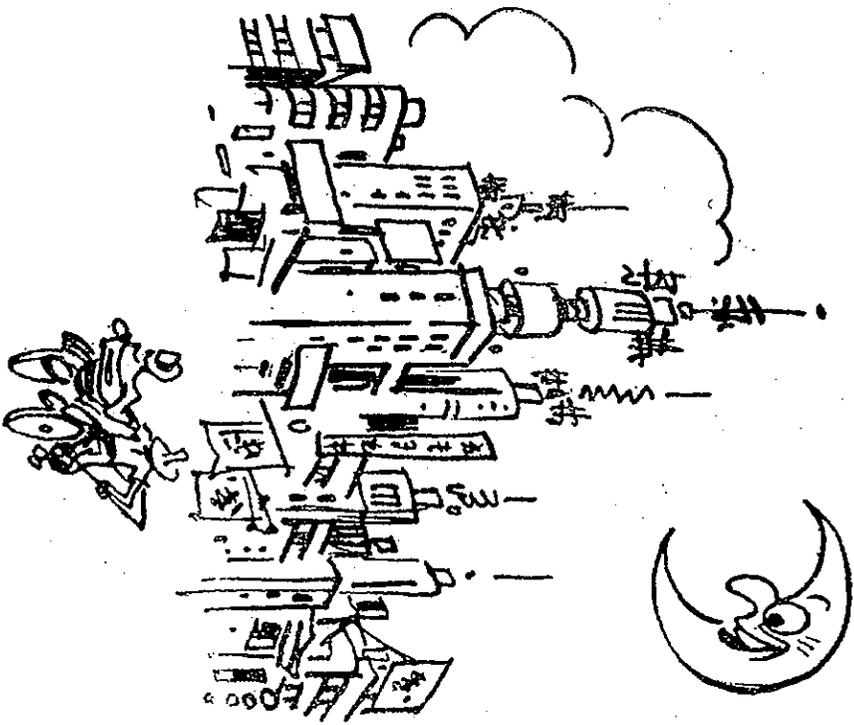


SHANGHAI PICTURE-VERSE

The Letter Writer

If you can't read or write, in China
You go to the letter-man,
And *he'll* write whatever you ask him,
As quickly and well as he can.
No matter if people are watching—
No matter the bustle and rush—
He sits in the sun with a slab of black ink,
And a pen that looks just like a brush.

SHANGHAI PICTURE-VERSE



SHANGHAI PICTURE-VERSE

Shanghai by Night

Shanghai's ugly during the day,
But you should see it at night,
When everyone's jolly
And hurrying home
And all the shops are alight!
It's most exciting, and Nanking Road
Is bright as a Christmas tree;
I really don't know where to look,
There are so many things to see!
—The rickshaws and cars and jostling crowds,
And the *funny* things they do;
And the lights coming on
And then going out
Oh, I *LOVE* Shanghai, don't you?