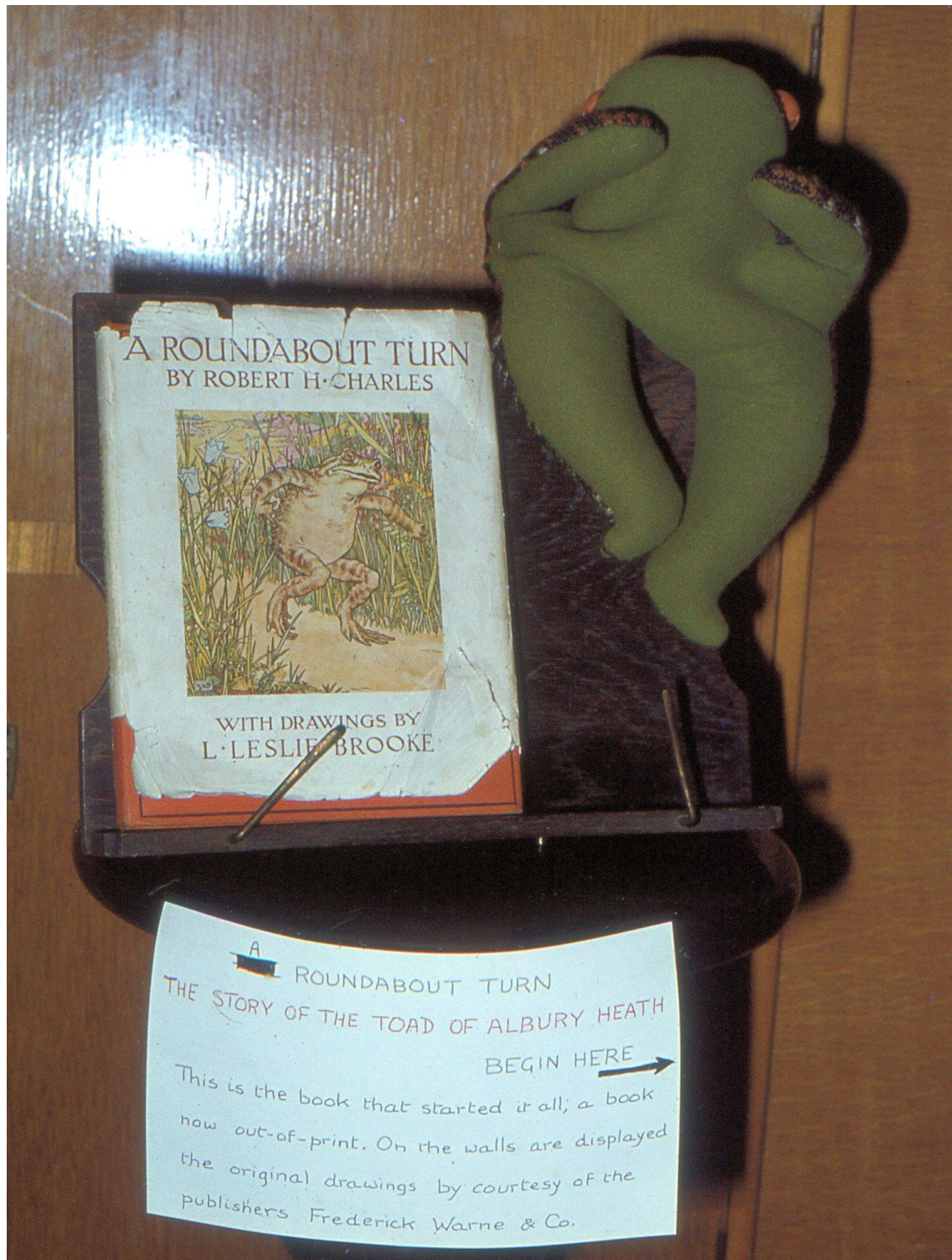


ALBURY HISTORY SOCIETY - alburyhistory.org.uk

A Roundabout Turn by Robert Henry Charles (1882-1951, later CBE and HM Chief Inspector of Elementary Schools) with illustrations by Leonard Leslie Brooke, LLB.

Verses about Jacob Toad living on Albury Heath, where the author's family had stayed, were first published in *Punch* and then in book form by Frederick Warne & Co Ltd. in 1930.

The book and its original illustrations featured in this exhibition at Dr Maurice Burton's Weston House in June and July 1980 in aid of the restoration of Albury Pigeon House:

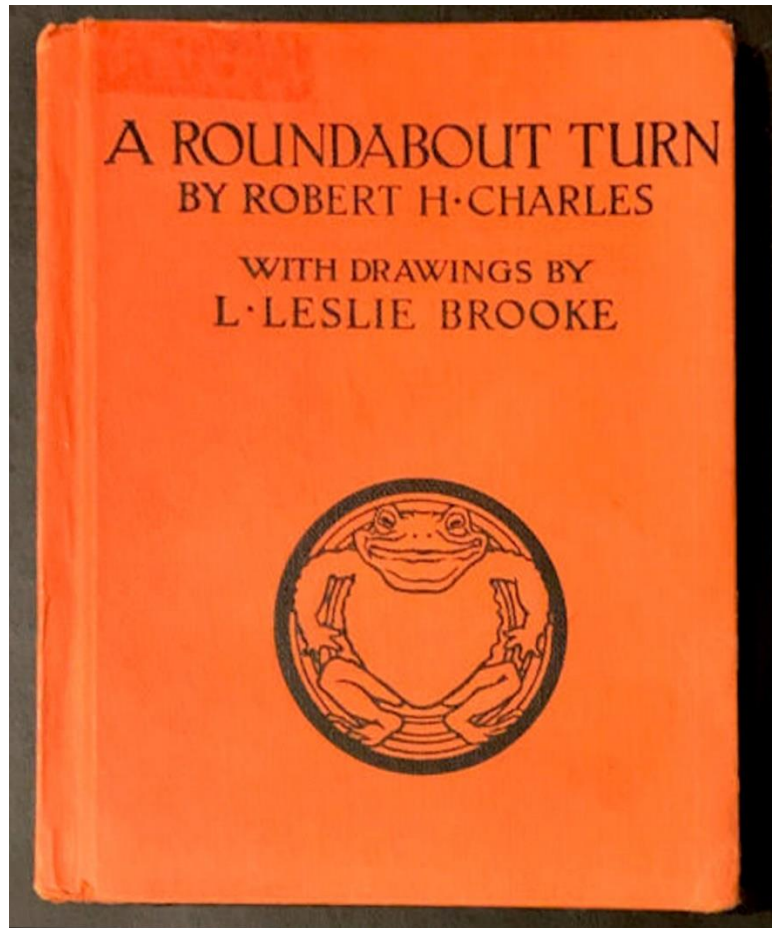




A ROUNDABOUT TURN
BY ROBERT H·CHARLES



WITH DRAWINGS BY
L·LESLIE BROOKE



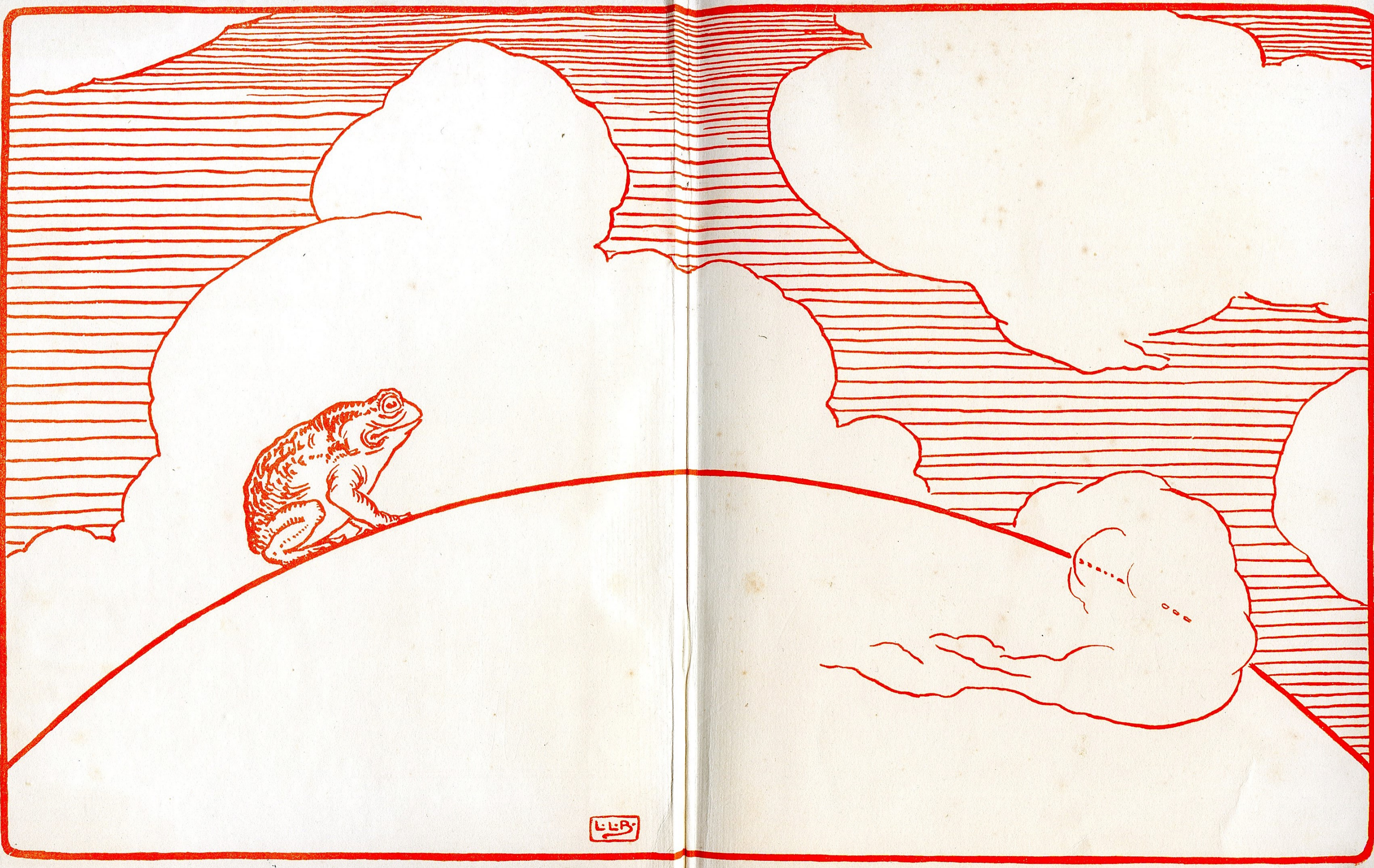
Drawings of the heath correctly portray the lack of trees at the time

The second drawing of Hedgehog's basket has it marked "*A Present from SHERE*"

Toad's newspaper is named "*The Weekly Croak*"

The Silent Pool and its hut appear in the painting on the wall

THE COMPLETE BOOK INSIDE



A ROUNDABOUT TURN

L.L.B.



OTHER BOOKS
with Drawings by
LESLIE BROOKE

JOHNNY CROW'S GARDEN

JOHNNY CROW'S PARTY

THE GOLDEN GOOSE BOOK
The Three Little Pigs
Tom Thumb
The Golden Goose
The Three Bears

RING O' ROSES
Oranges and Lemons
The Man in the Moon
Little Bo-Peep
This Little Pig went to Market

THE HOUSE IN THE WOOD

THE NURSERY RHYME BOOK
Edited by Andrew Lang

NONSENSE SONGS
By Edward Lear

THE TAILOR AND THE CROW

Published by
FREDERICK WARNE & CO. LTD

With best wishes
from H.B.



A ROUNDABOUT TURN

BY

ROBERT H. CHARLES

WITH DRAWINGS BY

L. LESLIE BROOKE



LONDON

FREDERICK WARNE & CO. LTD.
& NEW YORK

THESE VERSES APPEARED ORIGINALLY IN PUNCH, AND THE
AUTHOR'S THANKS ARE DUE TO ITS PROPRIETORS
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LONDON
1930

Reprinted 1930

Printed in Great Britain



A ROUNDABOUT TURN

A TOAD that lived on Albury Heath
Wanted to see the World.

“ It isn’t that I dislike the Heath,
“ It’s a perfectly charming Heath, of course—



“ All this heather, and all this gorse,
“ All this bracken to walk beneath,
“ With its feathery fronds to the sky uncurled—
“ It’s as jolly a Heath as ever was found,



LLB.

“ But it’s flat, and the World, they say, is round.
“ Yes, fancy,” he said, “ it’s round, they tell me,
“ And wouldn’t I like to go and see !

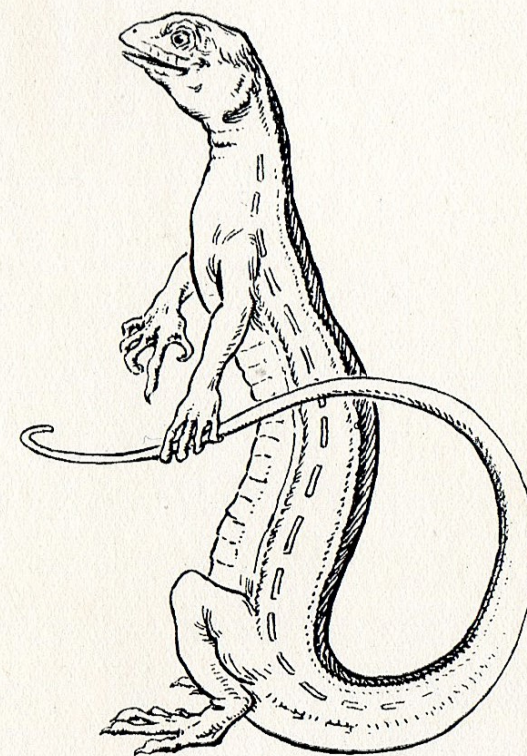


“ But there—it’s a long way down the road
“ For a fellow that walks as slow as a Toad.



“If I had a horse, I’d go,” said he,
“If only I had a horse!
“Who’s got a horse,” he cried, “to sell me?”

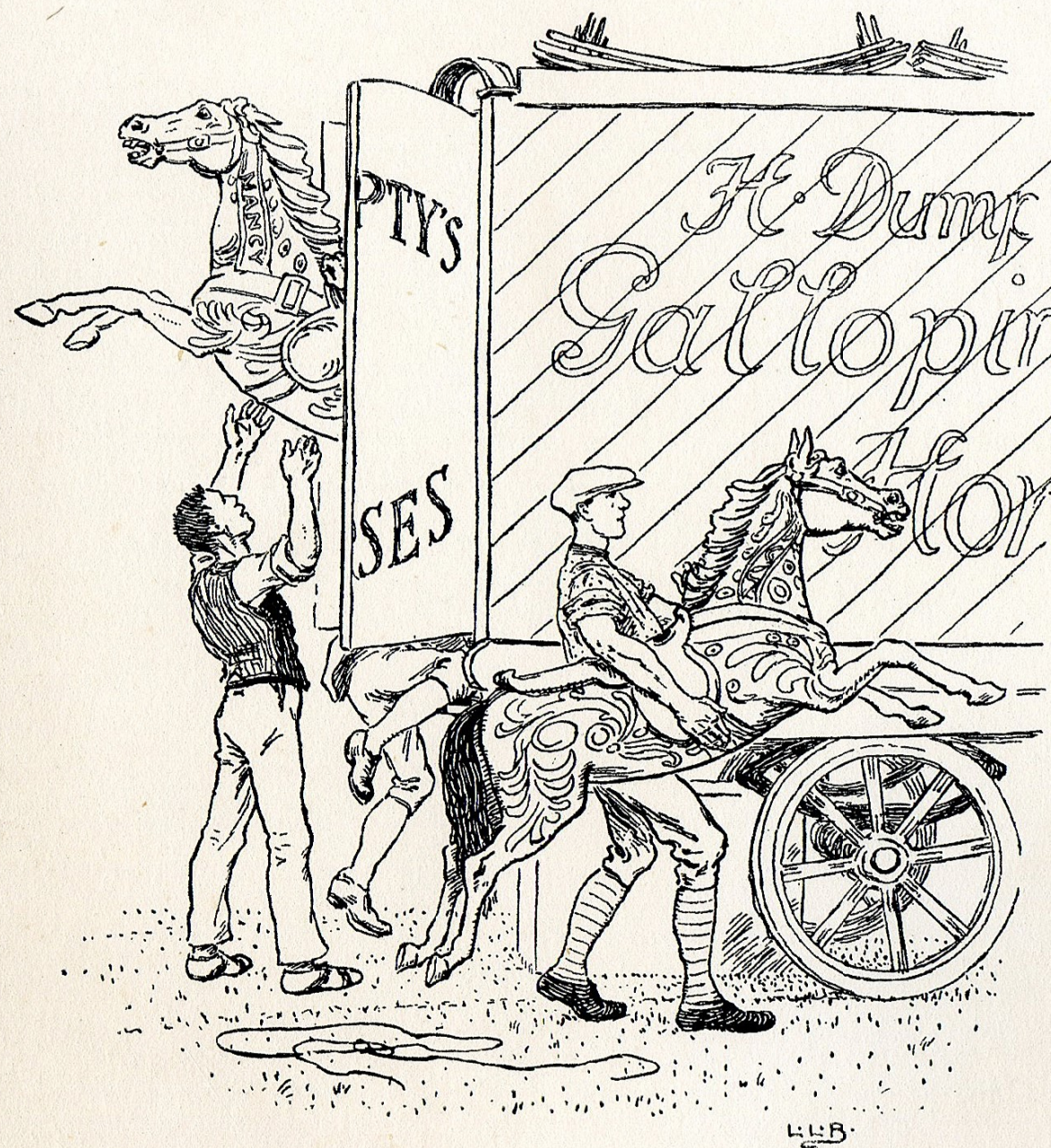




L.L.B.

Well, nobody had, you see.

BUT horses came to the Heath one day,
Mettlesome steeds in brave array,
With prancing legs and staring eyes,
And crimson saddles that fall and rise
As round the galloping squadron flies,
And tents, and swings, and cokernut shies,
And a hoop-la stall with many a prize,
And races, and a band, and cheering.



“Hark!” said the Toad, “what’s this I’m hearing?”
“It must be the World arrived, by the sound;”
“Now I’ll see if it’s really round!”



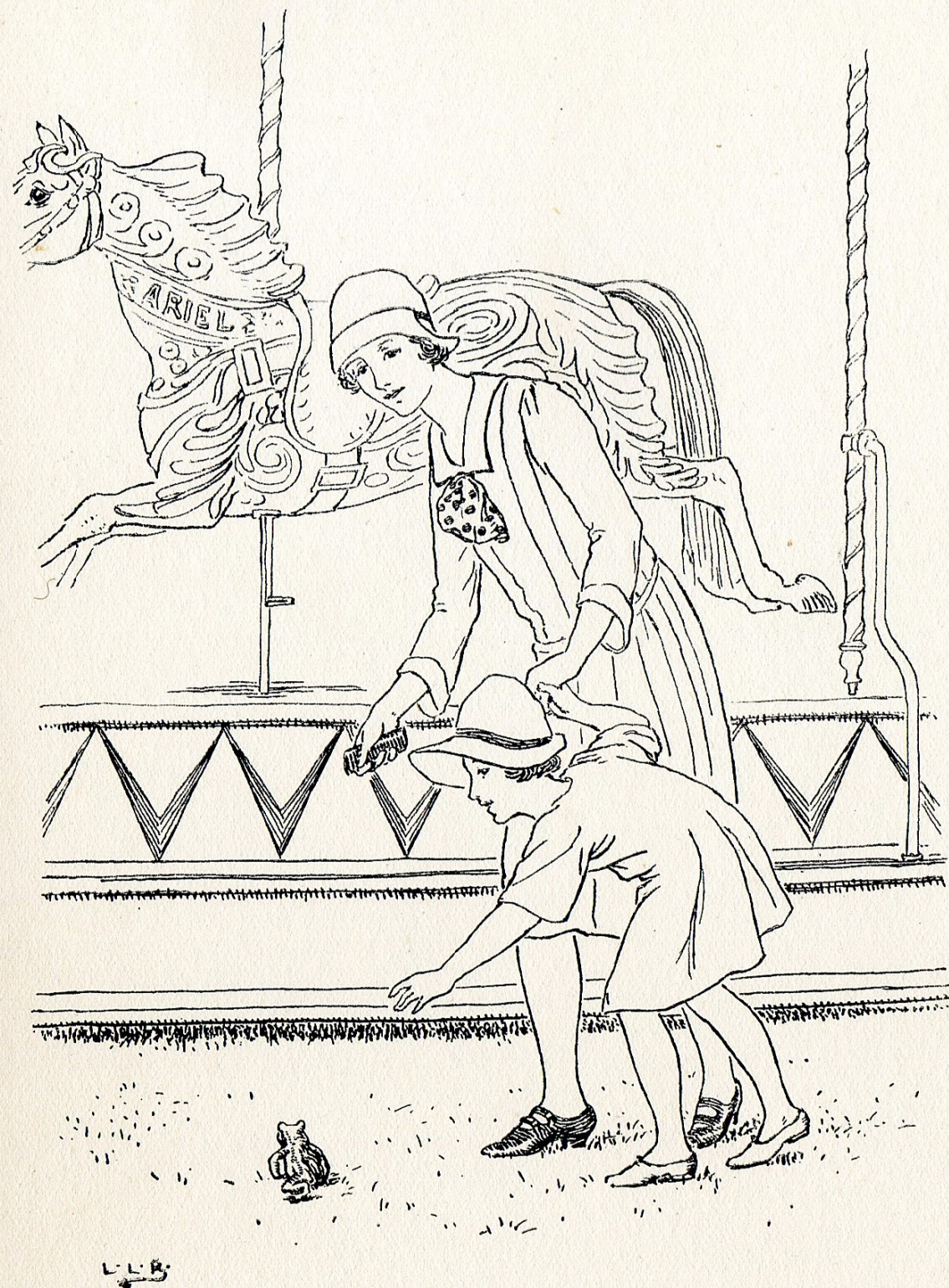
L.L.B.

OFF he crawled to the thick of things,
And the crowds made crawling rather tiring.
“Dear me,” he said, “I wish I’d wings !
“If this is the World,” said he, perspiring,



“It’s inconveniently full of Feet.”

When a sudden voice said, "Look—how sweet !
" Mummy, a toad ! Let's give him a treat.



“ It’s not very safe for him on the ground,
“ So I’ll put him up—



L.L.B.

—on the merry-go-round.”



AND before the Toad could answer the floor began to slide,
The horses started prancing, and the riders settled to ride,
And they all moved faster, and the band began to play,
And away round he went with them, away and away and
away.
Hooray !





SO the Toad rode the Roundabout
Round and round and round ;
No one minded him, he sat without a sound :
He rather liked the movement, he rather liked the tune,
He just rode the Roundabout
All the afternoon.



WHEN the time to pay came
What did he do?

“Tuppence a ride! Tuppence a ride! How much for
you?”

Some had ridden for one ride, some had ridden for two—

“*Seventy-nine*,” the Toad cried;
The Boy said, “Coo!”



"But never you mind," the Toad replied,
"Here's an I.O.U."

"AND now," he said, "I'll go, thanks,
"I want to get home to tea."





“ Another for nothing? No, thanks,
“ *Not* any more for me.”



HOME, holding the grasses,
Crawling a crooked road,

Slowly there passes





A very unsteady



Toad.

“WELL, and what have you found, dear?
“ And what have you seen and heard?”



"Is the World really round, dear?"

"Round?" he said. "My word!

"Round?" said he; "you should feel it spin!

"Roundest place I ever was in!—

"Round!" he chuckled; "it's that!

"But it's rather," he said with a knowing wink—

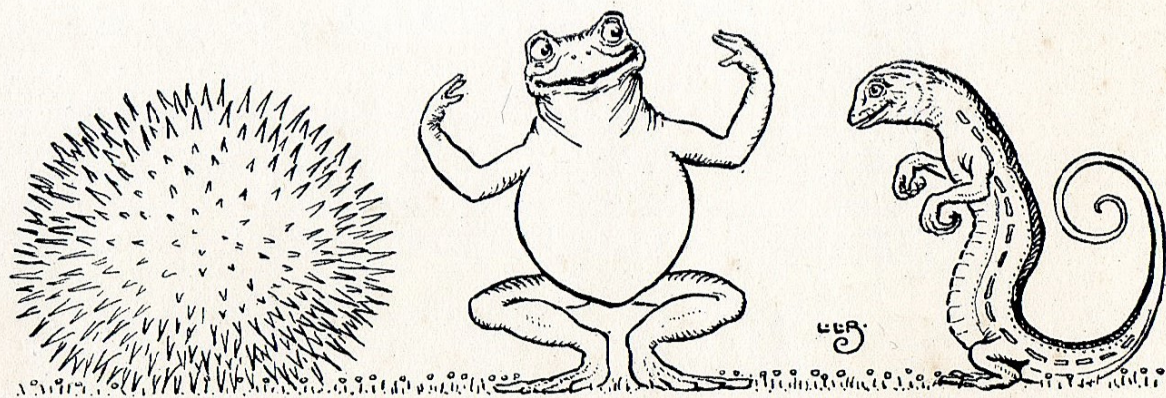
"It's rather a *giddy* place, I think.

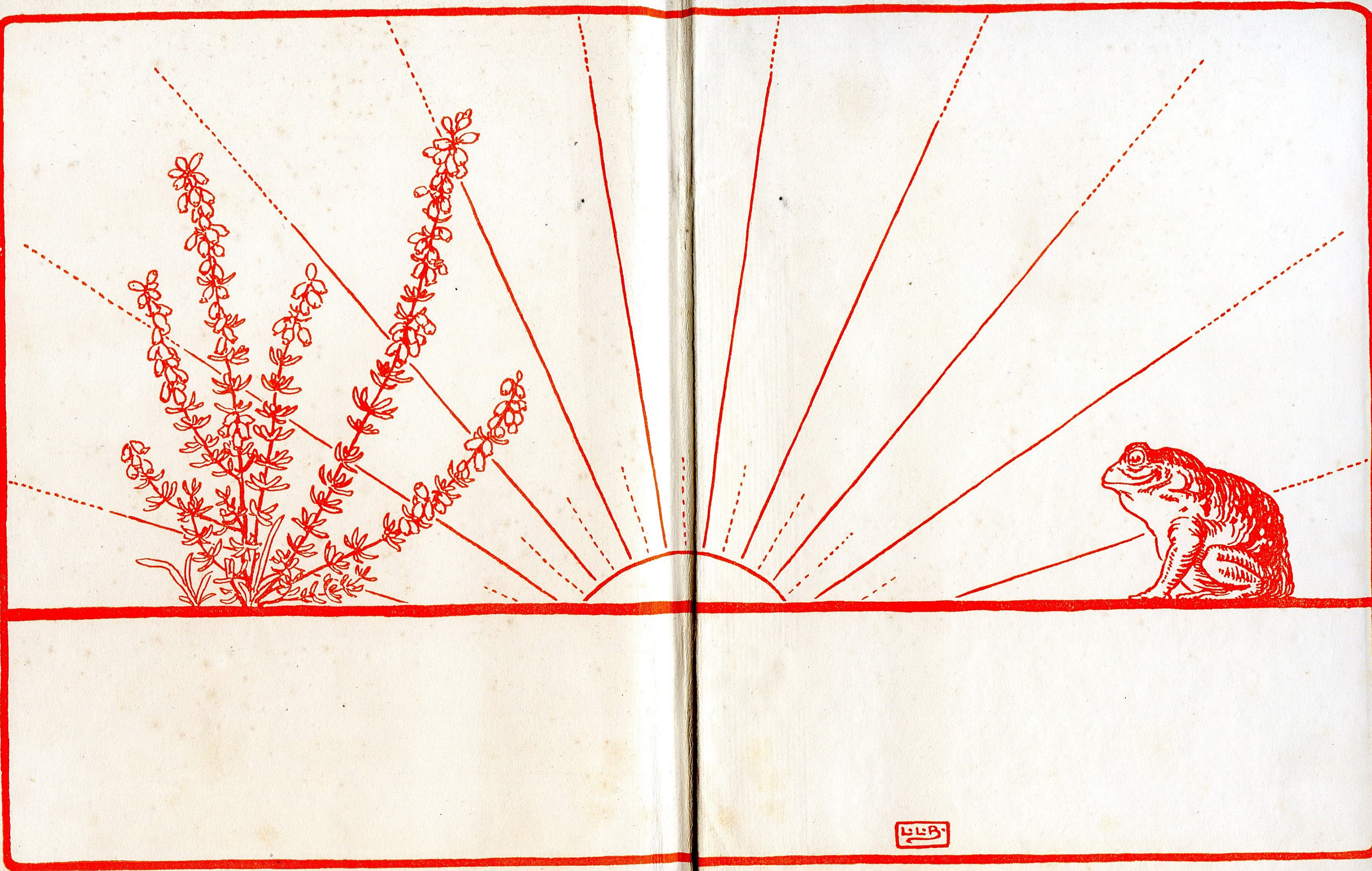


“Give me a drop of the dew to drink,
“And give me the Heath;
it’s flat!”



L.L.B.





LIB

Rhyme

A ROUNDABOUT TURN

Robert H. Charles

*As the Toad who wanted to see
the World discovered, circles are
fun. It is fun to whirl round and
round on a merry-go-round
("roundabout" in England)—if you
get off before you become dizzy.*

A toad that lived on Albury Heath
Wanted to see the World.

"It isn't that I dislike the Heath,
"It's a perfectly charming Heath, of
course—

"All this heather, and all this gorse,
"All this bracken to walk beneath,
"With its feathery fronds to the sky
uncurled—

"It's as jolly a Heath as ever was found,
"But it's flat, and the World, they say, is
round.

"Yes, fancy," he said, "it's round, they
tell me.

"And wouldn't I like to go and see!
"But there—it's a long way down the
road

"For a fellow that walks as slow as a
Toad.

"If I had a horse, I'd go," said he,

"If only I had a horse!

"Who's got a horse," he cried, "to sell
me?"

Well, nobody had, you see.

But horses came to the Heath one day,
Mettlesome steeds in brave array,
With prancing legs and staring eyes,
And crimson saddles that fall and rise
As round the galloping squadron flies,

Illustrated by L. Leslie Brooke.

And tents, and swings, and cokernut
shies,

And a hoop-la stall with many a prize,
And races, and a band, and cheering.

"Hark!" said the Toad, "what's this I'm
hearing?

"It must be the World arrived, by the
sound;

"Now I'll see if it's really round!"

Off he crawled to the thick of things,
And the crowds made crawling rather
tiring.

"Dear me," he said, "I wish I'd wings!

"If this is the World," said he,
perspiring,

"It's inconveniently full of Feet."

When a sudden voice said, "Look—how
sweet!

"Mummy, a toad! Let's give him a treat.

"It's not very safe for him on the
ground,

"So I'll put him up—

—on the merry-go-round."

And before the Toad could answer the
floor began to slide,

The horses started prancing, and the
riders settled to ride,

And they all moved faster, and the band
began to play,

And away round he went with them,
away and away and away.

Hooray! . . .

So the Toad rode the Roundabout

Round and round and round;

No one minded him, he sat without a
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He rather liked the movement, he
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All the afternoon.

When the time to pay came

What did he do?

"Tuppence a ride! Tuppence a ride!
How much for you?"

Some had ridden for one ride, some had
ridden for two—

"Seventy-nine," the Toad cried;



The Boy said, "Cool!"
 "But never you mind," the Toad replied
 "Here's an I.O.U."

"And now," he said, "I'll go, thanks,
 "I want to get home to tea.
 "Another for nothing? No, thanks,
 "Not any more for me."

Home, holding the grasses,
 Crawling a crooked road,
 Slowly there passes
 A very unsteady
 Toad.

"Well, and what have you found, dear?
 "And what have you seen and heard?
 "Is the World really round, dear?"

"Round?" he said. "My word!
 "Round?" said he; "you should feel it
 spin!

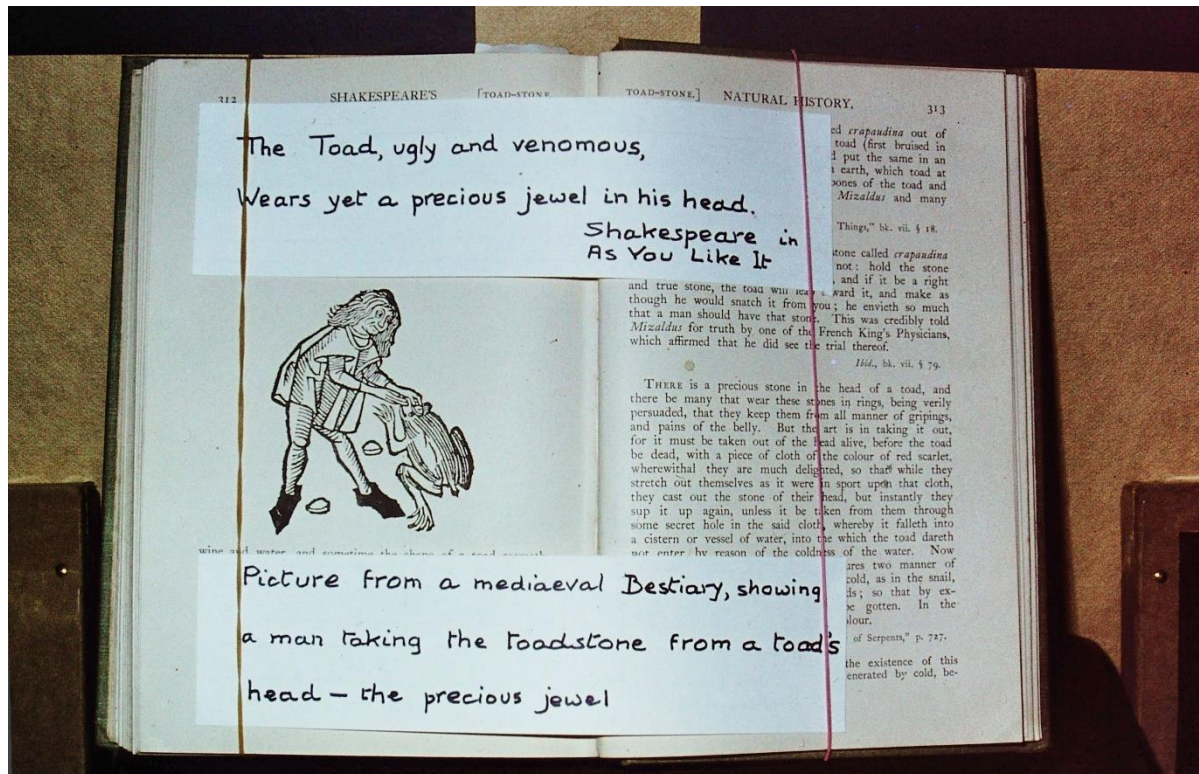
"Roundest place I ever was in!—

"Round!" he chuckled; "it's that!
 "But it's rather," he said with a knowing
 wink—

"It's rather a *giddy* place, I think.
 "Give me a drop of the dew to drink,
 "And give me the Heath;
 it's flat!"

The Toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

Shakespeare – As You Like It



Picture from a mediaeval Bestiary, showing
a man taking the toadstone from a toad's
head – the precious jewel

A man extracting the toadstone/bufonite woodcut is from Hortus Sanitatis of 1491

There is a precious stone in the head of a toad, and there may be many that wear these stones in rings, being verily persuaded, that they keep them from all manner of gripings, and pains of the belly. But the art is in taking it out, for it must be taken out of the head alive, before the toad be dead, with a piece of cloth the colour of red scarlet, wherewithal they are much delighted, so that while they stretch out themselves as it were in sport upon that cloth, they cast out the stone of their head, but instantly they sup it up again, unless it be taken from them through some secret hole in the said cloth, whereby it falleth into a cistern or vessel of water, into the which the toad dareth not enter by reason of the coldness of the water.