

CATS CRADLE



RHYMES
& PICTURES
FOR CHILDREN.



CATS CRADLE

Rhymes FOR Children

BY

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ILLUSTRATED

BY

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INTRODUCTION.

*Merry children, while you may,
With your study mingle play.*

*Through the cold, and through the heat,
Use your hands and use your feet.*

*In the house and out of doors,
Count your cheerful games by scores.*

*Here's CAT'S CRADLE for a prize,
Spread before your happy eyes.*

*As you turn and change the string,
Pleasant thoughts the game will bring.*

*May it, children, be to you
Something bright and fresh and new.*

*'Mid the snow, and 'mid the flowers,
May it brighten childhood's hours.*

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MUD PIES.

WITH a little water mix a little clay;
Stir it with a crooked stick half the day;
Sweeten it with sand, put in some biscuit crumbs,
White stones for citron and black stones for plums;
Take it up carefully, roll it on a board,
Then you have the best pie money can afford.
Put it on a flat stone, set it in the sun;
There let it bake till the mud pie is done.



CAT'S CRADLE

MAMMA, leave your dish and ladle,
Come and make a kitten's cradle.
Wrap the string about your hands,—
Not in quite so many bands,—
Just as I do, don't you see?
There! now wait, and let it be.

Bend your biggest finger flat;
Take this loop up, then take that.
Mamma, that's well done for you—
Look and see what I can do,
As the cradle now I take,
Where the strings two corners make.
Ready, Mamma! Let it go!
Off the cradle comes, just so!

Now it's your turn, Mamma dear.
Crook your little fingers here,
Picking up the strings so straight.
No, not that one—Mamma, wait!
Watch the motions of my nose,
When it points at these and these.

There you have it. Off it goes!
Pussy's standing on her toes.
Now it's nice, but not quite ready.
Hold your fingers, Mamma, steady,
While the cradle-maker comes,
With her fingers and her thumbs.
See! it changes in a minute!
Kitty's waiting to get in it.

Very careful you must be,
While I hold it patiently.
Put your thumbs and fingers there;
Lift the corners in the air;
Turn them under these, and then
We will have a change again.

There! you let that corner go—
What a shame to spoil it so!
Such a tangled thing as that
Would not do for any cat.
Kitty never could get in it,
And again we must begin it.





A POT OF PANSIES

COME and see my pot of pansies;
See the little buds unfold,
With their purple and their gold,
Velvet lips and starry eyes,
Where the sweetest odors rise,
And a hundred pretty fancies
Swarm about my pot of pansies.





WHERE AM I?

JIMBO, jumbo, jumbo, jee,
Nobody knows where to look for me;
Under the table as snug as can be,
Nobody knows where to look for me.



WHAT BABY DOES

THAT'S the way that baby goes,
On his fingers and his toes,
Then he tumbles on his nose—
That's the way that baby goes.

That's the way that baby cries,
Sticks his fingers in his eyes,
Yells and screams and sobs and sighs—
That's the way that baby cries.



Now let's see how baby sleeps,
That's the way that baby creeps,
That's the way that baby weeps—
Now let's see how baby sleeps.



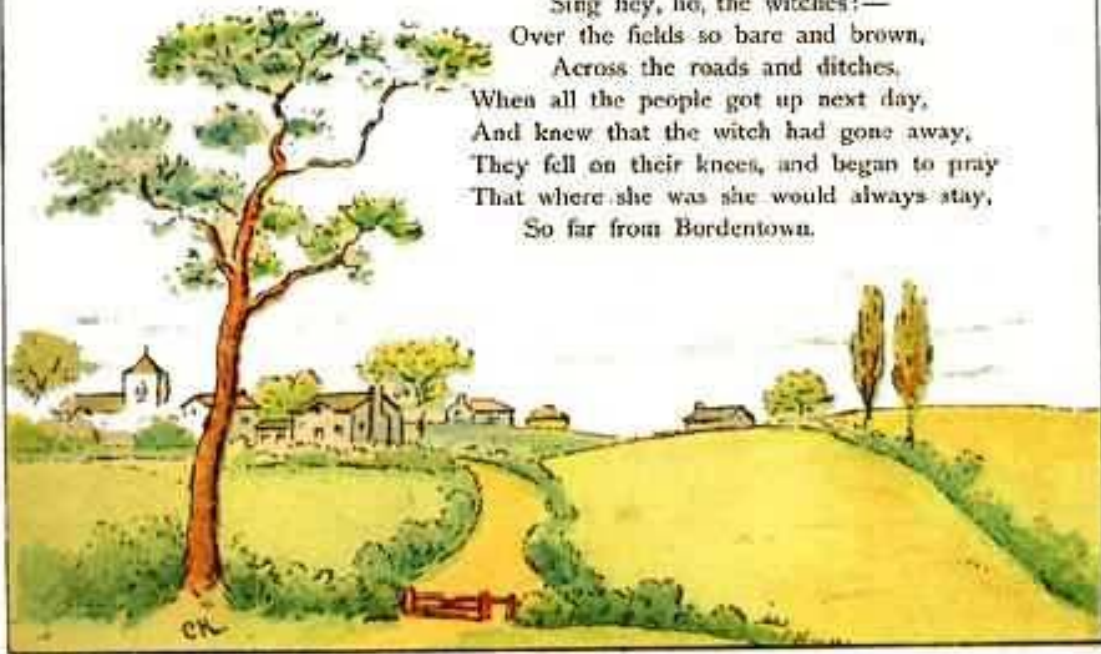
THE WITCH OF BORDENTOWN.



THERE came a witch to Bordentown—
Sing hey, ho, the witches!—
Who wore a coat instead of a gown,
And sported a pair of breeches,
She worried the dogs and plagued the cats,
And filled the houses and barns with rats,
And stuffed the cellars full of bats,
And tumbled the beds and broke the slats,
All over Bordentown.

This ugly witch of Bordentown—
Sing hey, ho, the witches!—
Bothered the housewives up and down,
And made them drop their stitches.
She spoiled their cakes and tarts and pies,
And filled their puddings full of flies,
And bewitched the bread they set to rise,
Till they gritted their teeth and snapped their eyes,
All over Bordentown.

At last she flew from Bordentown—
Sing hey, ho, the witches!—
Over the fields so bare and brown,
Across the roads and ditches,
When all the people got up next day,
And knew that the witch had gone away,
They fell on their knees, and began to pray
That where she was she would always stay,
So far from Bordentown.





THE FOOT OF THE RAINBOW.

JUST where the rainbow touches
the meadow,
Casting a beautiful tinted shadow,
A big pot of gold may surely be found,
By digging a little way into the
ground.

When any boy gets where the rain-
bow is,
A big pot of gold may surely be his,
Though far you may run, you can
never behold
The foot of the bow and the big pot
of gold.



CALLING THE HOGS AND COWS.

HEAR the farmer call his hogs—

Pig-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oo!

They are far away, but the call they know;

They always hear it at night and morn,

And run, for that is their dinner horn—

Little pig and big,

Big and little pig,

Running and grunting and squealing for corn.

Hear the milk-maid call her cows—

Sook-sook-soo-oo-oo-ook!

Cherry and Blossom are down by the brook,

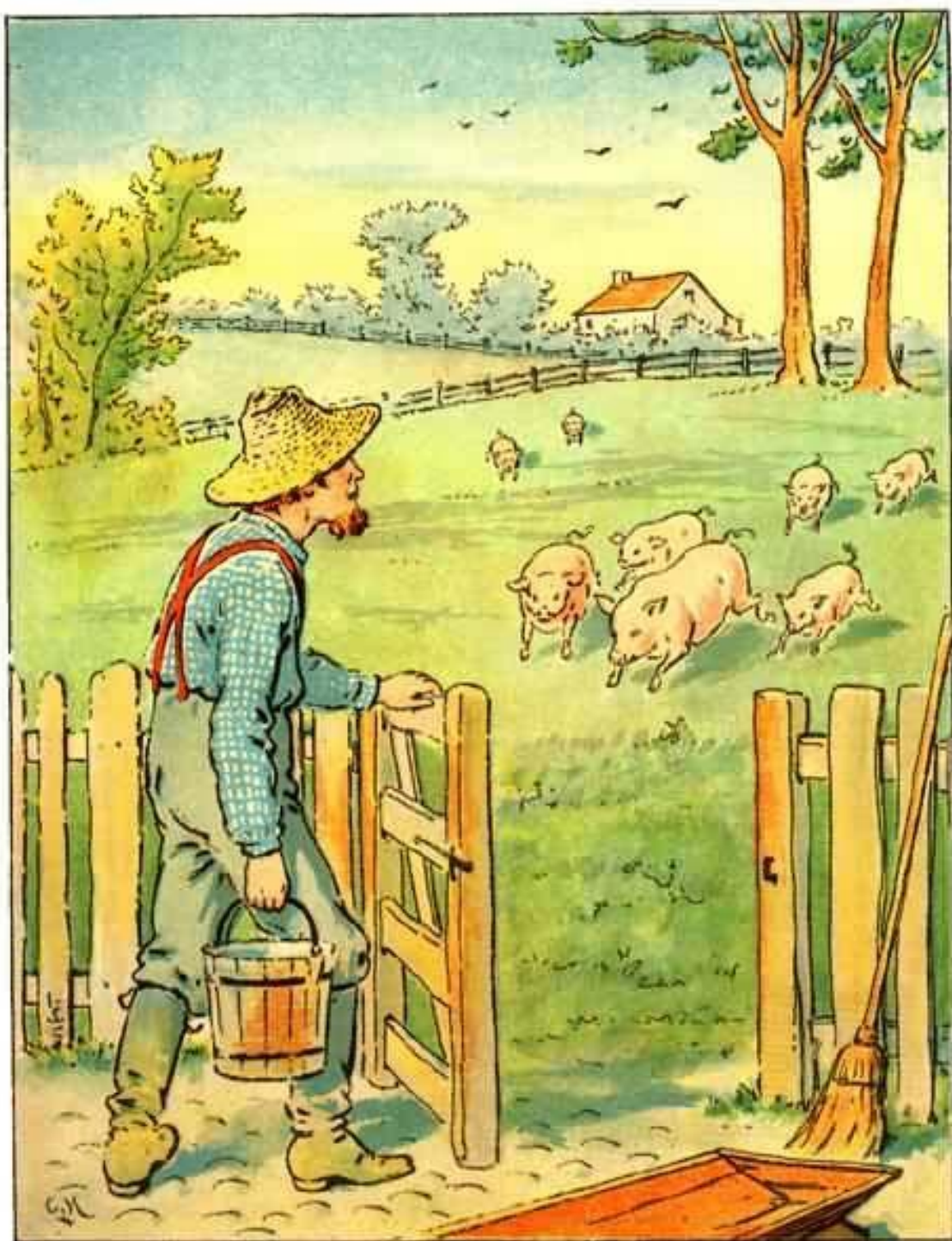
Afar in the meadow, but they hear,

And very soon they are trotting near—

Cherry and dear old Bloss,

Never sulky or cross,

And Mary can milk them both without fear.



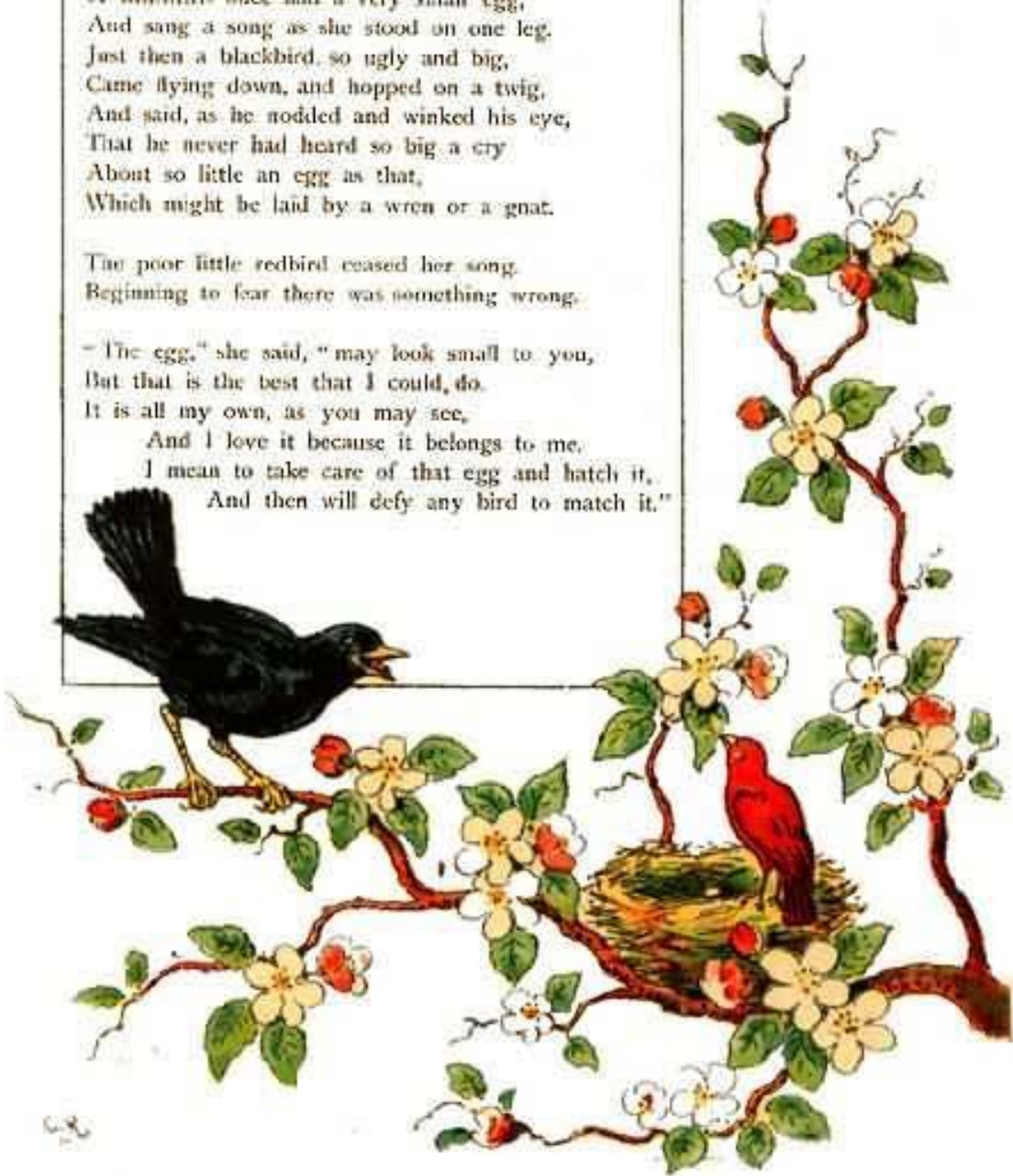
THE REDBIRD'S EGG.

A REDBIRD once laid a very small egg,
And sang a song as she stood on one leg.
Just then a blackbird, so ugly and big,
Came flying down, and hopped on a twig,
And said, as he nodded and winked his eye,
That he never had heard so big a cry
About so little an egg as that,
Which might be laid by a wren or a gnat.

The poor little redbird ceased her song,
Beginning to fear there was something wrong.

"The egg," she said, "may look small to you,
But that is the best that I could do.
It is all my own, as you may see,

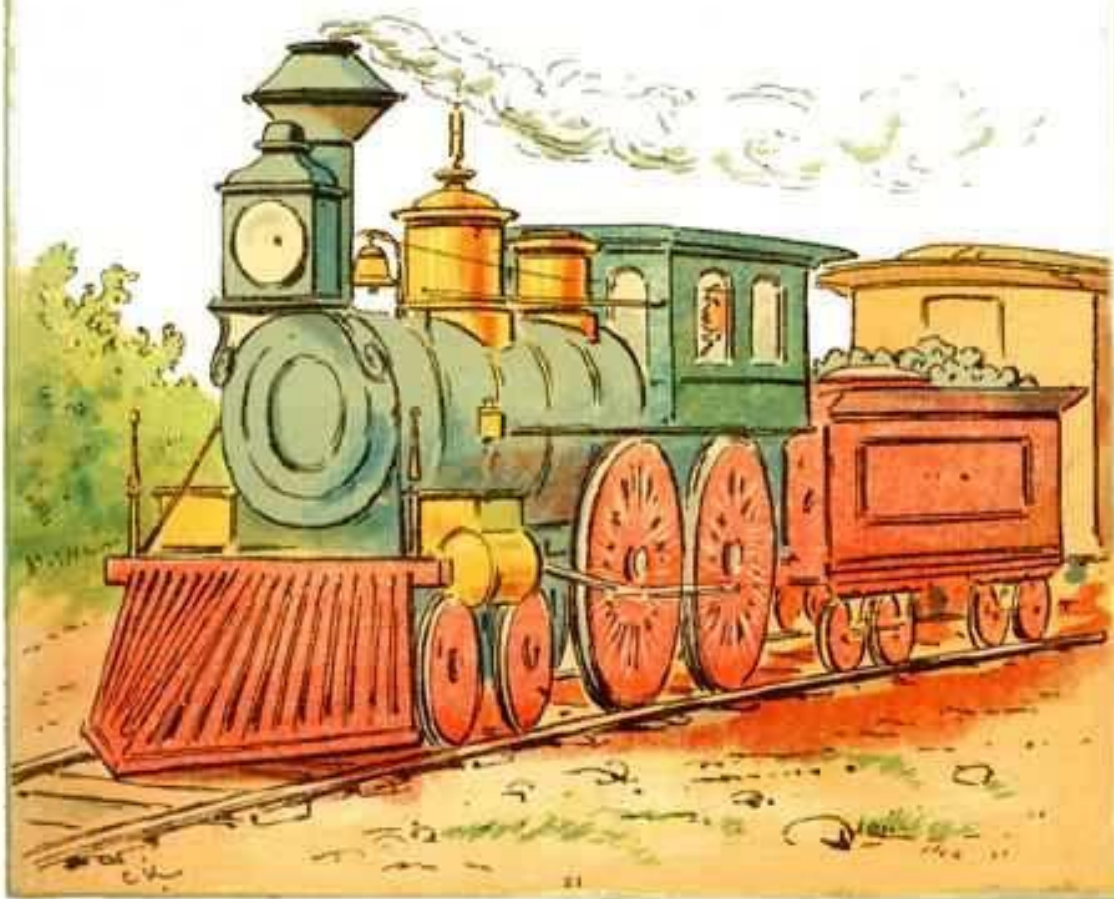
And I love it because it belongs to me.
I mean to take care of that egg and hatch it,
And then will defy any bird to match it."





A BOY'S NEWS ITEM.

Go, tell the telegraph,
The railroad killed a calf.
He ran on the rail,
And curled up his tail;
The engine came by,
And sent him sky high,
And knocked out the breath of him,
And that was the death of him.
Go, tell the telegraph,
The railroad killed a calf.





TOSSING THE KITTEN.

Kitty, Kitty!
What a pity
That you cannot fly!
Let me toss you,
Little Floss, you;
Up you go, so high!

What's it doing?
Crying? Mewing?
Fie, dear Kitty! fie!
All this fuss, you
Little puss, you,
Will not make you fly.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE BOYS.

WHAT shall be done with the boys of a year?

Kiss them, and pet them, and call them dear.

What shall be done with the boys of two?

Feed them, and give them nothing to do.

What shall be done with the boys of three?

Set them to walking, and let them be.

What shall be done with the boys of four?

Give them some cake, and then some more.

What shall be done with the boys of five?

Give them some honey fresh from the hive.

What shall be done with the boys of six?

Leave them to learn their plays and tricks.

What shall be done with the boys of seven?

Give them some pie to make it even.

What shall be done with the boys of eight?

Dress them nicely, and let them wait.

What shall be done with the boys of nine?

Dress them better, and see them shine.

What shall be done with the boys of ten?

Then they are boys no more, but men.





THE CAT AND THE RAT.

WITHIN a hole there was a rat,
Outside a cat was waiting.
And in the kitchen Mary Ann
A trap was nicely baiting.

With half-closed eyes the careful cat
So warily was watching;
The rat kept close, because he knew
The cat was bent on catching.

With meal that very careful cat
Then heaped his body over;
No rat could guess that such a pile
A cruel cat might cover.

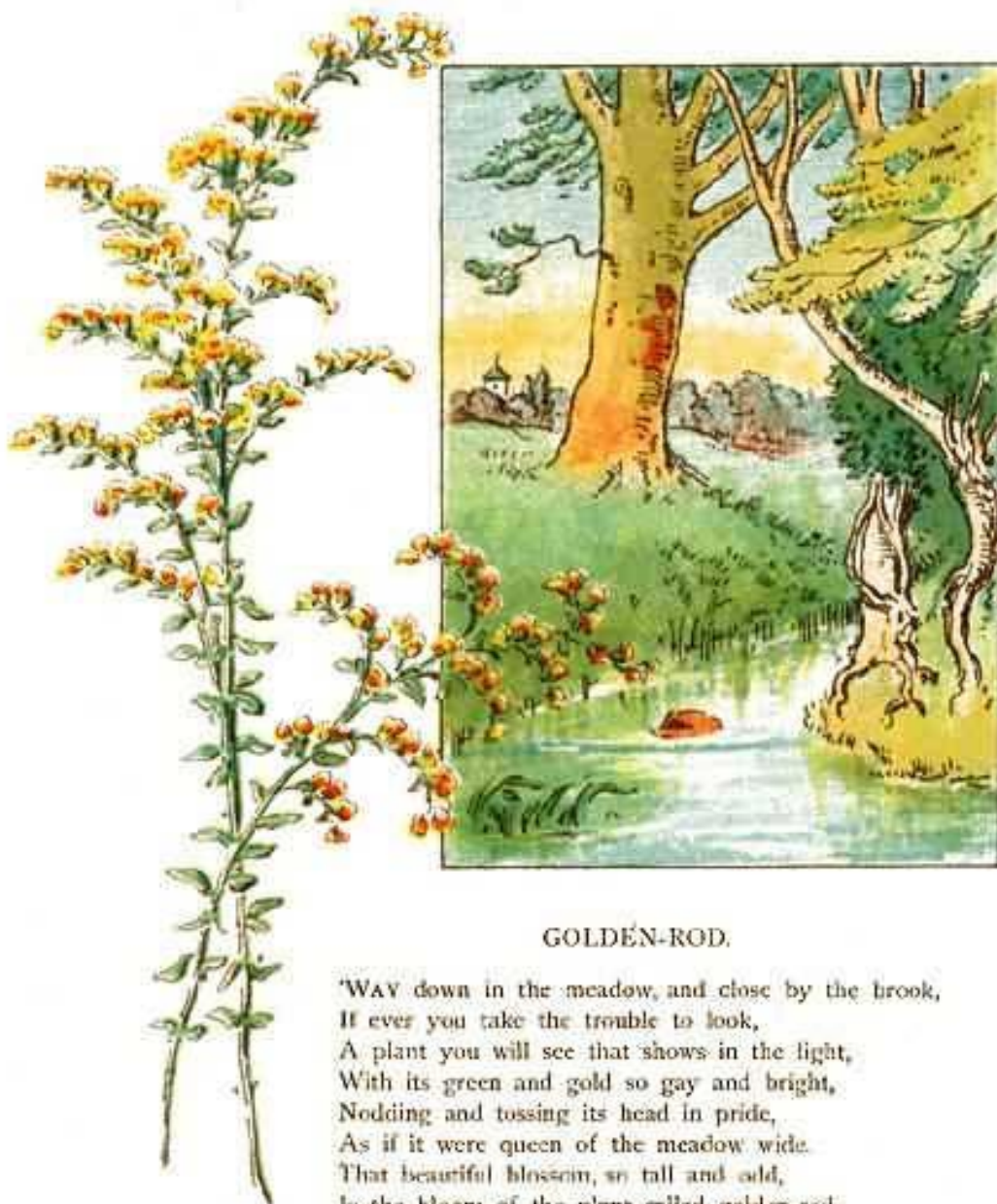
So long the cat kept up his watch,
He starved to death for glory;
The rat was starved to death inside,
And that is all the story.

A PEEP SHOW.

HERE is a peep show: come, give me a pin,
Only that little, and you can look in.
What is within it you never could guess,
But it is well worth a pin, and no less.
Nothing I charge for babies that creep,
But for all others a pin for a peep.



C. K.



GOLDEN-ROD.

'WAV down in the meadow, and close by the brook,
If ever you take the trouble to look,
A plant you will see that shows in the light,
With its green and gold so gay and bright,
Nodding and tossing its head in pride,
As if it were queen of the meadow wide.
That beautiful blossom, so tall and odd,
Is the bloom of the plant called golden-rod.



ON THE SEA-SHORE.

THEY all are off to the sea-shore,—
Jennie and Katie, and Jamie and Ben,
Two little maids and two little men,—
They all are off to the sea-shore.

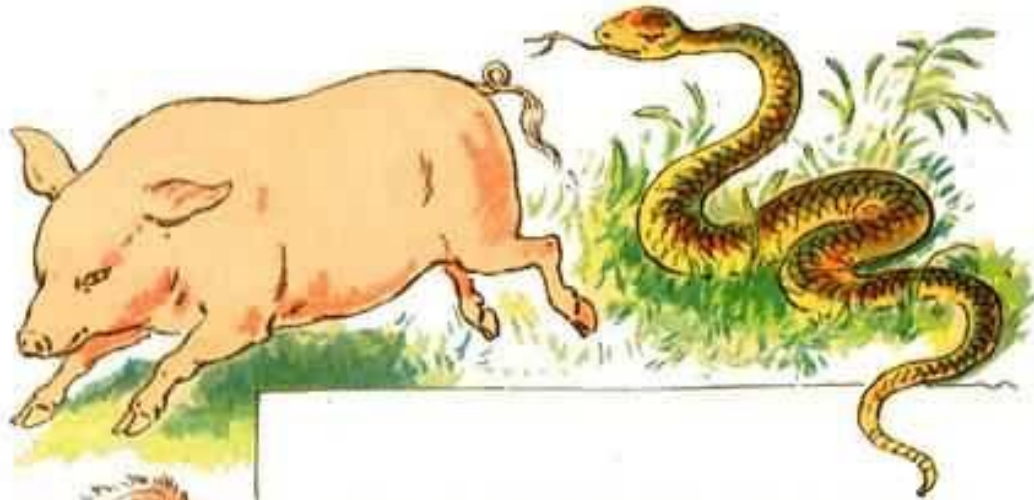
They watch the waves that break with a roar,
Running far up on the sandy shore—
Running far up on the bright gay beach,
Then sliding so swiftly away out of reach.

They dig with shovel and stick and hand
For shells that lie in the cool, deep sand,
And houses of sand they build by day,
For the tide at night to wash away.

Then into the water, so jolly and brave,
They dash, to be tumbled about by the wave,
And dripping and soaked with sparkling brine,
Their little bare legs and arms, how they shine.

They all come home from the sea-shore,—
Jennie and Katie, and Jamie and Ben,
Bright little maids and gay little men,—
They all come home from the sea-shore.





MOTHER RACHETT AND HER FAMILY.

MOTHER RACHETT, large and fat,
Had a dog and had a cat;
Mother Rachett, broad and big,
Had a hog and had a pig.
The dog was large, the cat was small,
The pig was short, the hog was tall,
But Mother Rachett loved them all:
And through the rainy and wintry weather
They lived in a little house together.



Mother Rachett's dog one day
Out in the garden went to play;
Mother Rachett's tabby cat
Went below to find a rat;
Mother Rachett's pig and hog
Hunted acorns under a log;



Then the dog got
scared by a frog,
The hog by a snake,
the cat by a fea-
ther,
And all came run-
ning home to-
gether





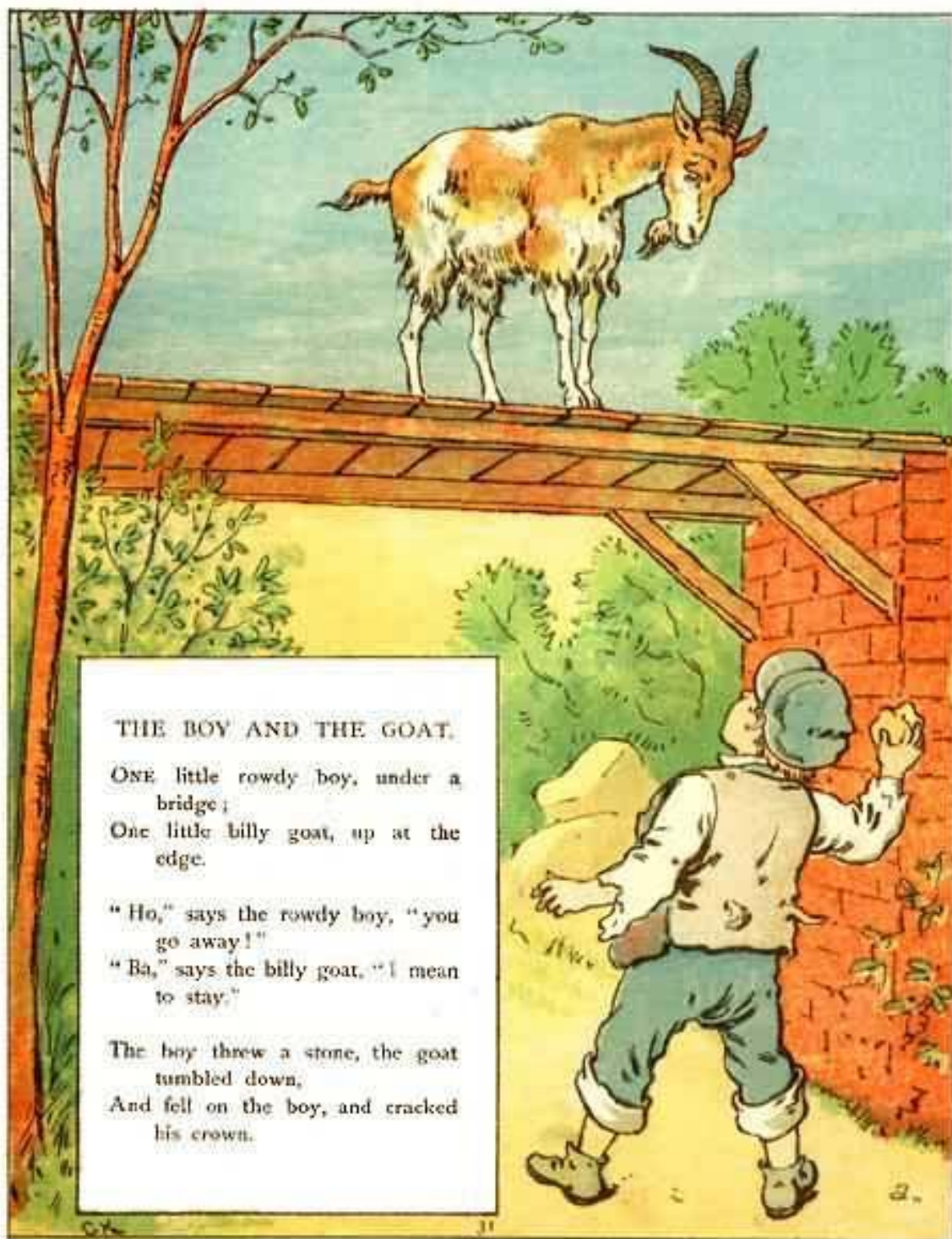
IT WASN'T I.

POLICEMAN, what is the matter with you,
With buttons of brass and coat of blue,
And club as big as a little boy's arm?
Go away, policeman, I've done no harm.

I am not the small boy who threw a stone,
And hit the gray kitten, and broke a bone;
Nor he who climbed over the farmer's fence,
And stole the eggs from under his hens.

You may look as fierce as fierce can be,
But you nothing have to do with me,
For I am a good little boy to-day.

So, big policeman, just go away!



THE BOY AND THE GOAT.

ONE little rowdy boy, under a
bridge;
One little billy goat, up at the
edge.

"Ho," says the rowdy boy, "you
go away!"

"Ba," says the billy goat, "I mean
to stay."

The boy threw a stone, the goat
tumbled down,
And fell on the boy, and cracked
his crown.

THE SPELLING LESSON.

BOGGLING at each letter—
Why should such things fret her?
 Must she learn to read?
As she stands by mother
Don't it seem a bother?
 Yes, indeed.

Why do we beset her?
Surely we had better
 Bid her go and play.
Never mind our duty;
Let the little beauty
 Have her way.

See her, Mamma, staring,
All the while declaring
 She can never spell.
Now she is a baby,
But will grow up, may be—
 Time will tell.

See! she's in a flutter,
Wants some bread and butter—
 How she teases you!
Well she knows that feeding
Easier is than reading—
 Nicer, too.

Vain is your denying,
For the child is crying;
 Tears as big as peas,
From her eyelids flowing,
Prove that she is knowing,
 And can tease.







BIRD IN A CAGE.

BILLY, Billy, birdie Billy,
Singing in his cage all day,
Has to stay there, willy-nilly—
Can't get out and fly away.

See the merry little fellow,
Fine and fresh and full of fun,
Smooth his coat so bright and yellow,
When his morning bath is done.

See his tiny feathers quiver,
While his singing shakes his throat;
All his body seems to shiver
When he pipes his highest note.

Birdie Billy makes no bother,
When his cage is swinging high;
'Tis his home—he knows no other,
And he never learned to fly.



BIRD AT LIBERTY.

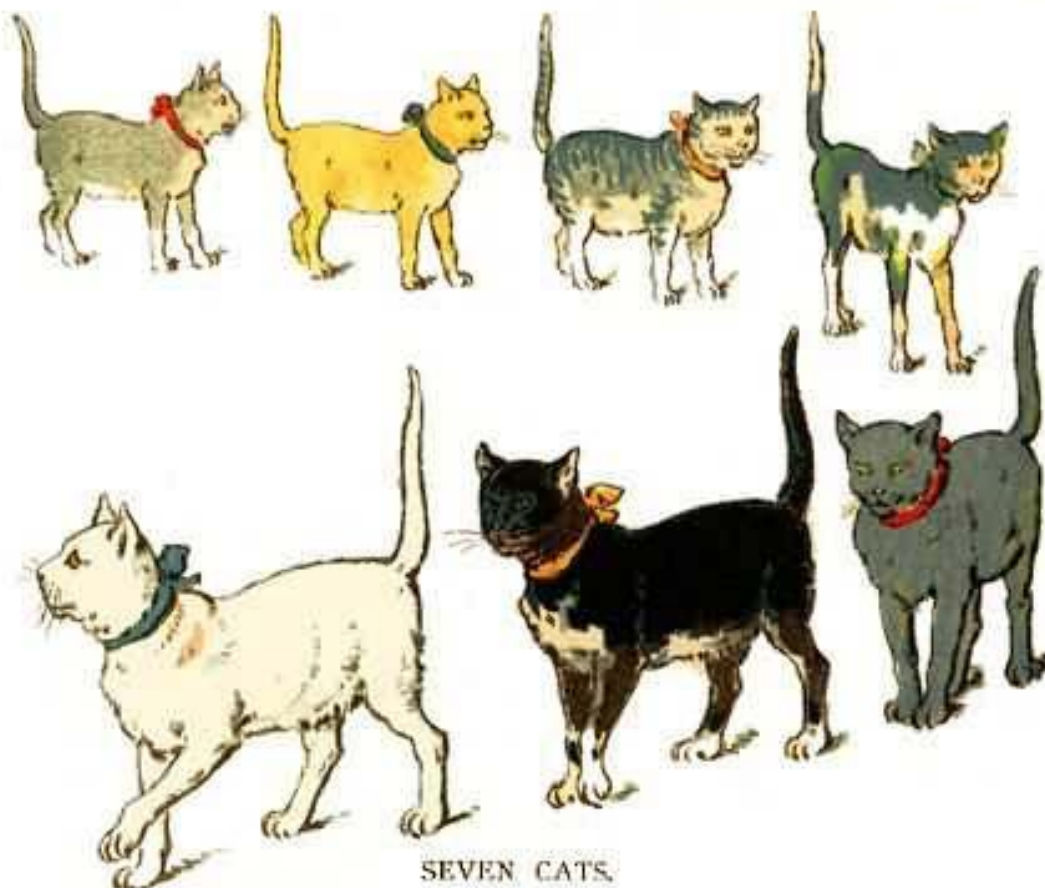
TURN our birdie loose to-morrow,
Freely leaving him to range,
And he soon would come to sorrow,
In the world so wide and strange.

Hawks and owls and jays and sparrows,
Cruel men and naughty boys,
Guns and stones and bows and arrows,
Soon would end his little joys.

Birdie's cuddled here and petted,
Everybody loves him, too;
Always fed, and never fretted,
Nothing in the world to do.

When our darling birdie marries,
As a grown-up birdie may,
With the finches or canaries
He will then be glad to stay.





SEVEN CATS.

ONE white cat, one black cat,
And one Maltese;
One cat lean, and one cat fat
As a tub of grease.

One cat yellow, one cat gray;
In all, seven cats.
These seven cats hunt all day
For mice and rats.

These seven cats sit up all night
To raise a riot,
Scream and howl and spit and fight,
And can't keep quiet.



UP AND DOWN.

WHEN Billy Boles wanted to ride,
And down on a rainbow's edge to slide,
He jumped so high, and he jumped so far,
That he caught on the point of a little star;
And there he hung till a lark came by,
Who picked the hook of his frock from the eye;
And down to the earth the little boy fell,
Right into the mouth of a very deep well,
And dropped in a pail that was coming up,
And so he was carried away to the top.

When Billy was safe, he said that he guessed
He had better go home and take some rest.



LEMON LAND.

WHERE, oh where, do the lemons grow?
Ever so far from here, I know.
How strange a country it must be,
Where such a green and pretty tree
So very sour a fruit can yield,
While sugar grows in every field!
If all the ponds were covered with ice,
That country would be very nice.
For every one could swim or wade,
As much as he pleased, in lemonade.

SHE CARED FOR NOBODY.

LITTLE Tippetty-witchetty-wee,
Like the old miller who lived by
the Dee,
Cared for nobody; no, not she.

Tippetty-witchetty-wee one day
Fell in the stream, and was swept
away,
Down where the torrent sends
up its spray.

Then a brave boy, so big and stout,
Jumped in the water and pulled
her out,
Else she would now be dead,
no doubt.

Little Tippetty-witchetty-wee,
Now as quiet as any can be,
Cares for somebody; yes, does she.





GRANDDADDY GRUFF,

GRANDDADDY GRUFF,
So old and so tough,
Went to church, and forgot his snuff.

Without snuff for his nose,
As you may suppose,
Granddaddy Gruff dropped into a doze.

Beginning to snore,
He fell on the floor,
And then he was carried right out of the door

They laid his old bones
Out there on the stones,
And drenched him with water, in spite of his groans.







MY SQUIRREL.

BUNNY, dear Bunny, how fast you go,
Running, and running, and whirling your wheel!
You must be tired, dear Bunny, I know;
Stop but a minute, and say how you feel.

That's a good Bunny, and here is a nut—
A nice little nut I have cracked for you.
Take it, and feed on it. Ah! tut, tut!
Biting my finger, sir, never will do.

Bunny, dear Bunny, now don't it feel queer,
Running, and keeping your wheel in a whirl?
Running like that, I am sure, my dear,
Soon would tire out any boy or girl.

AFTER THE SWIM.

WHEN Dick came home with his head so wet,
His mother began to worry and fret,
And said, after looking closely at him,
That Dickie had been to the brook to swim.
If not, she would really like to know
Just how his hair had been wetted so.

Then Dick was bothered and hung his head.
"It was very hot to-day," he said,
"And perspiration has got in my hair,
And hasn't had time to dry in the air."

"That may be true," she replied, "no doubt;
But how was your shirt turned wrong side out?"

Then Dick was bothered worse than before,
And hung his head, and stammered some more.

At last he said, with a gleam of sense,
"It must have turned when I climbed the fence!"





WONDER LAND.

THE Wonder Land is far away,
And nobody knows just where;
But there you may go at the close of the day,
Just after you say your prayer,
Then jump into bed,
And cover your head,
And shut your eyelids as tight as can be,
And many and strange are the sights you
will see.

So many people in Wonder Land,
So many things that are queer,
Big and little, and funny and grand,
And nothing like things that are here.

But sometimes there
We see in the air
The dear, sweet faces of friends we know,
Who died and left us so long ago.

The Wonder Land that you see at night
Is lost when the morning breaks,
And everything pretty and gay and bright
Is gone when the dreamer wakes.
And you wonder then
If ever again

Your feet will be treading that shining
track,
And wonder how you could ever get back.



HOW MANY.

How many stars are in the sky?
More than you can count or I.
How many drops are in the seas?
How many leaves are on the
trees?
How many grains of sand on
the shore?
Count all you can, and there are
more.



DOTTY DIMPLE.

DOTTY DIMPLE, sweet and simple,
Made her doll a paper hat.
When the rain on dolly's head
Fell and spoiled it, Dotty said,
"How could I have thought of that?"

Dotty Dimple had a pimple
Right upon her little nose.
"Had to be there," Dotty said,—
"Had to be so big and red,
'Cause it gets so many blows."

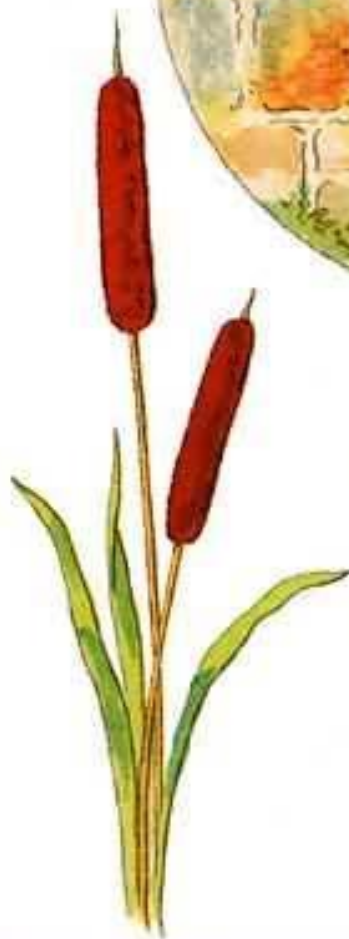


MATILDA MUFFET.

MATILDA MUFFET lived alone,
All in a little house of stone,
The only window was under-ground,
The only door in the roof was found;
The only fire-place was out of doors,
The only bed was under the floors,
The stairs were so crooked that, when
she went up,
She got to the bottom instead of the top

She made her tea in a frying-pan,
And broiled her beef on a paper fan,
And supped her soup with a toasting-fork,
And sweetened her coffee with a cork,
And baked her pies in soup-tureens,
And on a griddle cooked her greens.

Matilda Muffet lived alone,
All in that little house of stone,
Till, on a cold and windy day,
She just dried up and blew away.



THE FROG IN THE WALL.

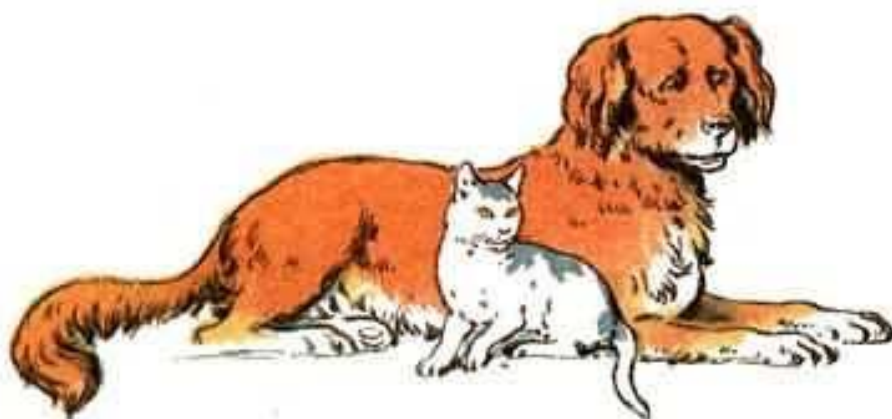
THERE was a frog shut up in a wall,
And there he lived on nothing at all;
Not so much as a breath of air had he,
While the years that passed were twenty-three.
At last the wall was broken up,
And Master Froggie out did drop.
He opened his mouth, and winked his eye,
And didn't know whether to laugh or cry,
Or whether he ought to work or play,
Then stretched his legs and hopped away.
Now how did Froggie live all alone,
So many years shut up in a stone?
He cuddled up, as some suppose,
And sucked his fingers and his toes,
Just as little baby does.



A QUEER FEAST.

A BEAUTIFUL bird is the trout,
The rabbit's an elegant fish,
The duck is a very fine beast;
And all cooked together, no doubt,
If nicely served up on a dish,
Would make a delightful feast.





KITTEN, CAT, AND DOG.

THERE once was a naughty little kit,
Who neither would lie nor stand nor sit,
But all about the house would flit.

As if he was *crazy* for hunting,
That naughty kitten one day got out,
And then he wandered around and about,
Till he met a cat so big and stout,
And the cat a fight was wanting.

The little kitten mewed and cried,
And to get away in vain he tried,
And wildly ran from side to side.

For the cat was still before him.
But a dog soon answered the kitten's cry,
And on the cat he fixed his eye,
And said he would bite him by and by,
For he surely meant to floor him.

Oh, then and there was a fearful fight,
And seldom you see so strange a sight;
But at last the cat was conquered quite,
And cured of snapping and biting.
The kitten then went home with the dog,
And settled himself on the softest rug,
And there he slept quite cozy and snug,
And dreamed of the cat and its fighting.





THE PONY.

THOUGH his mother is old and bony,
Chief is a fat and pretty pony.
See! right up to the house he comes,
Begging for sugar and pound-cake crumbs,
And Mary has to quit her tasks,
To give the pony what he asks,
Or he will come and help himself,
And eat the pie upon the shelf.

Naughty Chief, so gay and idle,
Needs a saddle and a bridle,
When he gets a little older,
And I grow a little bolder,
I will ride, and he will know me,
And he will not try to throw me!





THE WONDERFUL BEAN-VINE.

BILLY BOGARDUS planted a bean-vine,
Which grew so fast in a night,
That, when he got up in the morning,
The top was far out of sight.

He made a balloon,
And sailed to the moon,
But there was the bean-vine just as soon.

The Man in the Moon was so
cranky,
That he ate the beans as fast as
they grew,
And he never stopped to boil or
to stew,
And never once said, "Thank ye."

Then Billy came down, and put on
his boots,
And pulled the bean-vine up by the roots,
And said, "It grew well for a night in June,
But I plant no beans for the Man in the Moon."





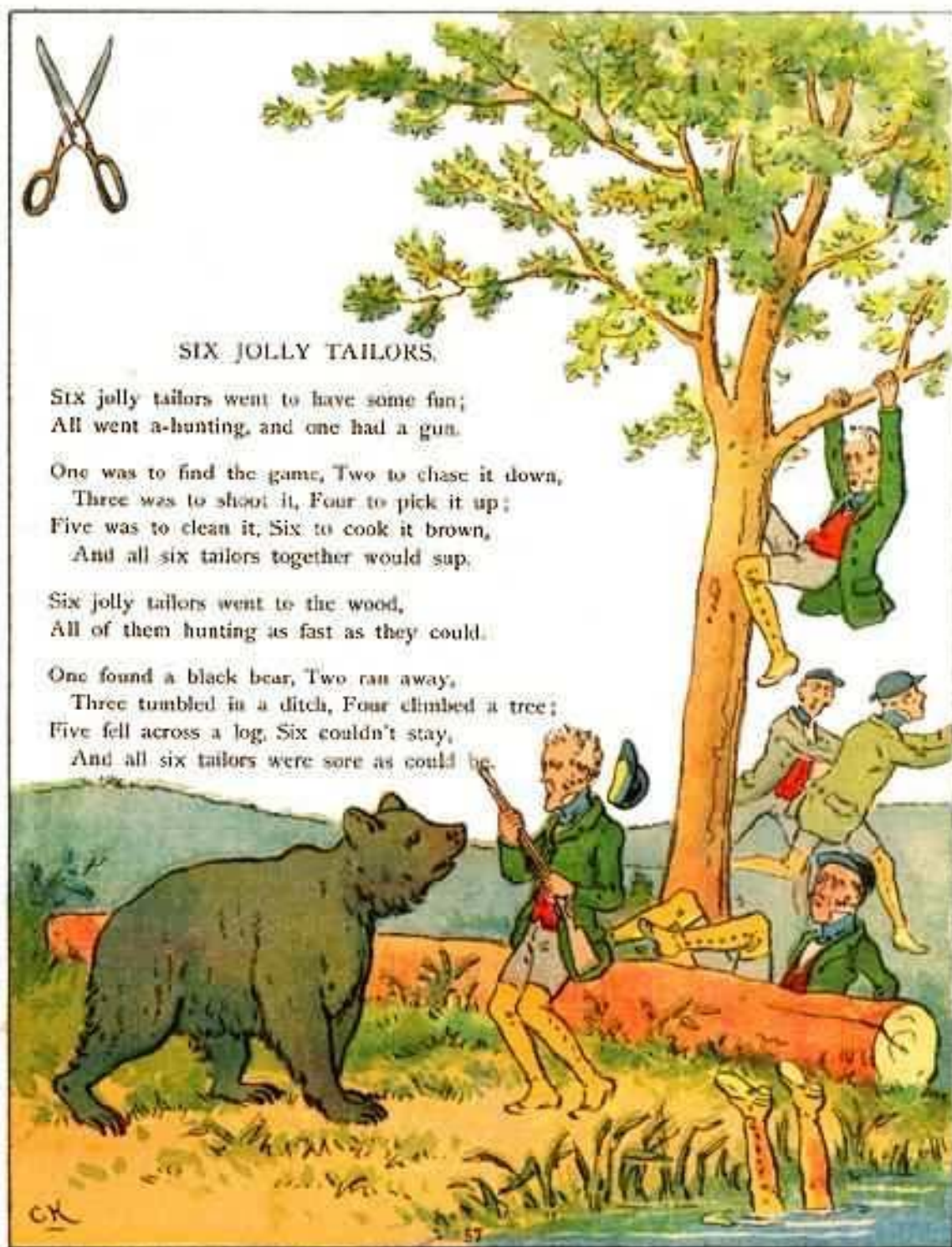
SIX JOLLY TAILORS.

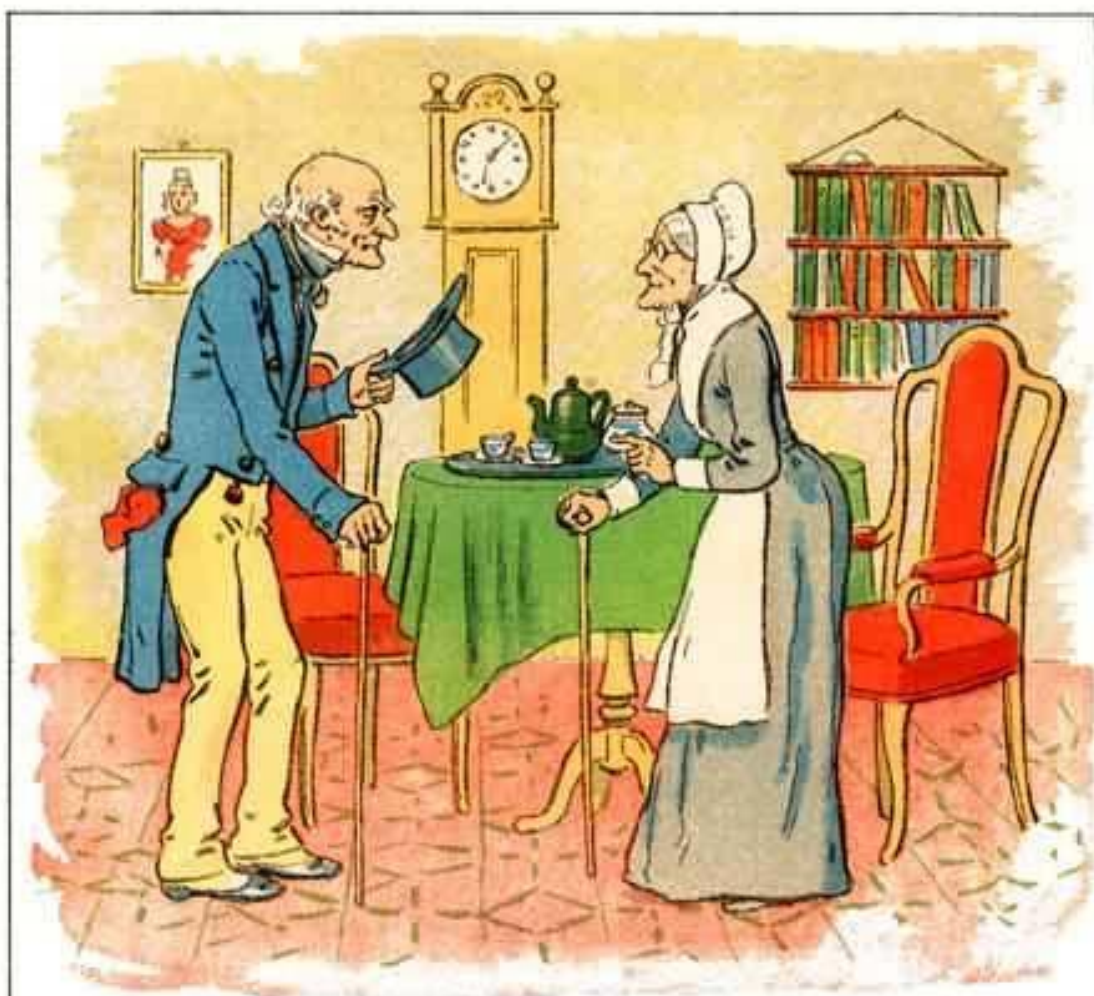
Six jolly tailors went to have some fun;
All went a-hunting, and one had a gun.

One was to find the game, Two to chase it down,
Three was to shoot it, Four to pick it up;
Five was to clean it, Six to cook it brown,
And all six tailors together would sup.

Six jolly tailors went to the wood,
All of them hunting as fast as they could.

One found a black bear, Two ran away,
Three tumbled in a ditch, Four climbed a tree;
Five fell across a log, Six couldn't stay,
And all six tailors were sore as could be.





NOBODY.

Said Gaffer Gray to Grandmother Gee,
"Who is it that you have asked to tea?"

To Gaffer Gray said Grandmother Gee,
"Just Nobody I have asked to tea."

Said Gaffer Gray, "Pray make it clear,
If Nobody comes, then who will be here?"

Said Grandmother Gee, "If Nobody comes,
Alone I may sit and suck my thumbs.
If Nobody happens to stay away,
A dozen may come to tea to-day.
When Nobody comes, I am all alone,
And yet I am not as Nobody known.
That this is true you can plainly see,
For if Nobody ever sits down to tea,
At that same table you can't find me."

CK



PET'S PLAY-HOUSE.

PLENTY of pieces of china-ware,
Plenty of scraps of tin and brass,
Plenty of buttons and bits of glass,
Plenty of pictures and nice things there.

Here in the beautiful summer weather,
Under the shade of the garden trees,
Safe and happy, and busy as bees,
Dolly and I will play together.



THE SEASONS



FOUR pretty boys and girls, all in a row,
Faces fresh and fingers red, out in the snow;
Four pretty boys and girls, all very nice,
Skating and sliding about on the ice.

Four pretty boys and girls welcome the Spring,
Hearing the little birds chatter and sing;
Four pretty boys and girls, all in a row,
Picking the flowers wherever they grow.



Four pretty boys and girls, on a Summer day,
Nothing to do but to laugh and to play;
Four pretty boys and girls, out in the sun,
Running and jumping, and full of their fun.

Four pretty boys and girls growing so tall,
Under the apple trees, late in the Fall;
Four pretty boys and girls, all in a row—
So come the seasons, and swiftly they go.

