

*The Beautiful Book
of Nursery Rhymes*

Frank Adams



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She·went·a·little·further·and
she·met·an·Ox·So·she·said:-
“Ox, Ox, drink·Water!
Water·won't·quench·Fire,
Fire·won't·burn·Stick,
Stick·won't·beat·Dog,
Dog·won't·bite·Pig,
Pig·won't·get·over·the·Stile,
And·I·shan't·get·home·to-night!”

THE STORY
of
OLD MOTHER HUBBARD
AND HER DOG

ILLUSTRATED
by
FRANK ADAMS

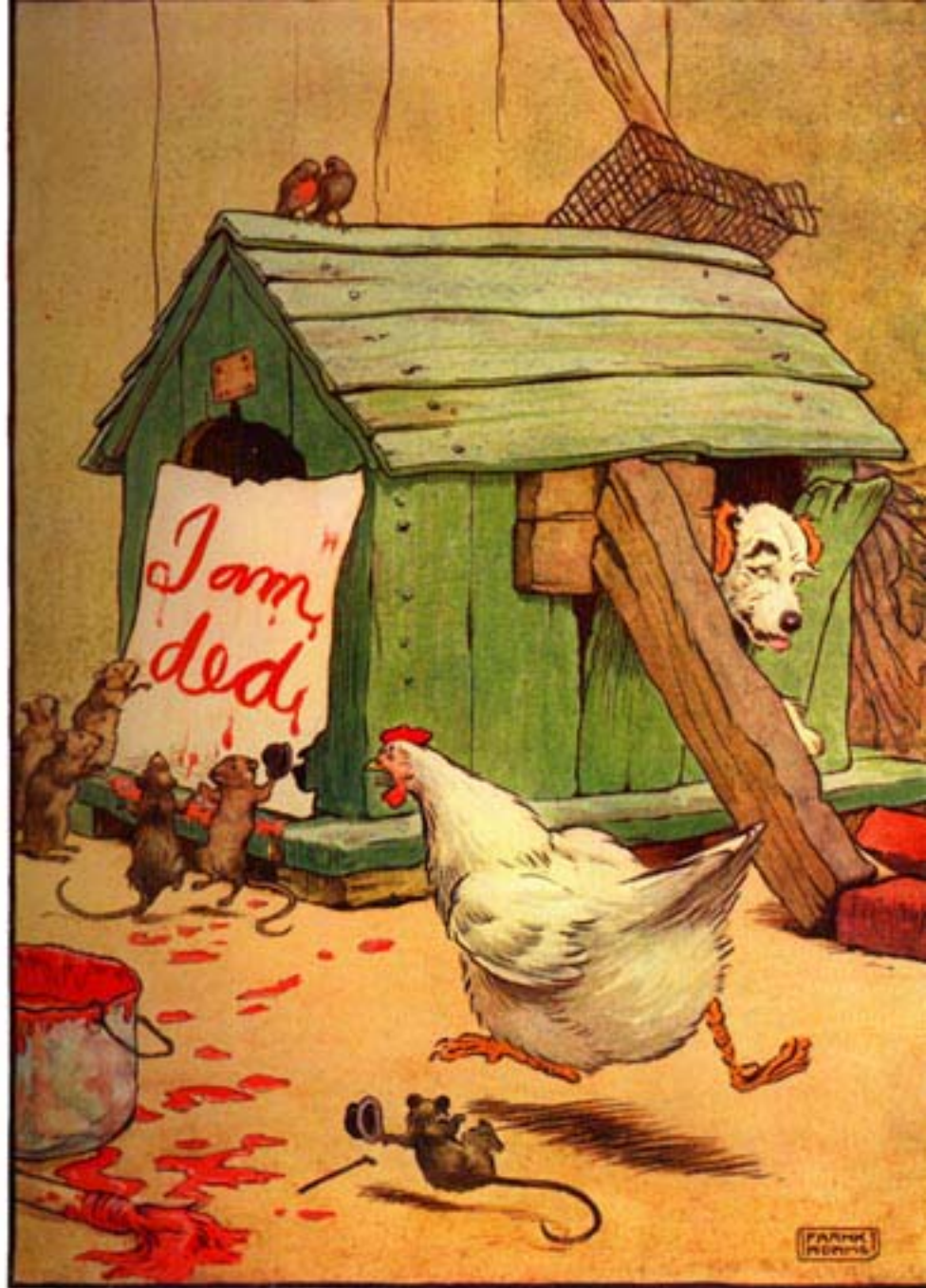


THE DODGE PUBLISHING COMPANY
NEW YORK





She went to the Baker's
To buy him some bread:
When she came back,
The poor Dog was dead.





She took a clean dish
To get him some tripe:
When she came back,
He was smoking a pipe.



She·went·to·the·Alehouse
To·get·him·some·beer:
When·she·came·back,
The·Dog·sat·in·a·chair.



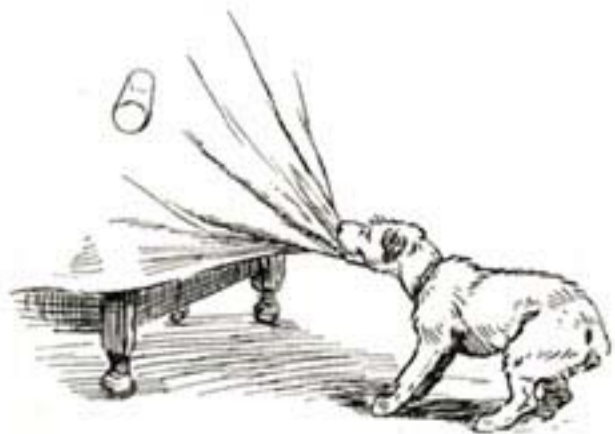


She went to a Tavern
For white wine and red:
When she came back,
The Dog stood on his head.



She·went·to·the·Hatter's
To·buy·him·a·hat:
When·she·came·back,
He·was·feeding·the·cat.





She went to the Fishmonger's
To buy him some fish:
But when she came back,
He was licking the dish.

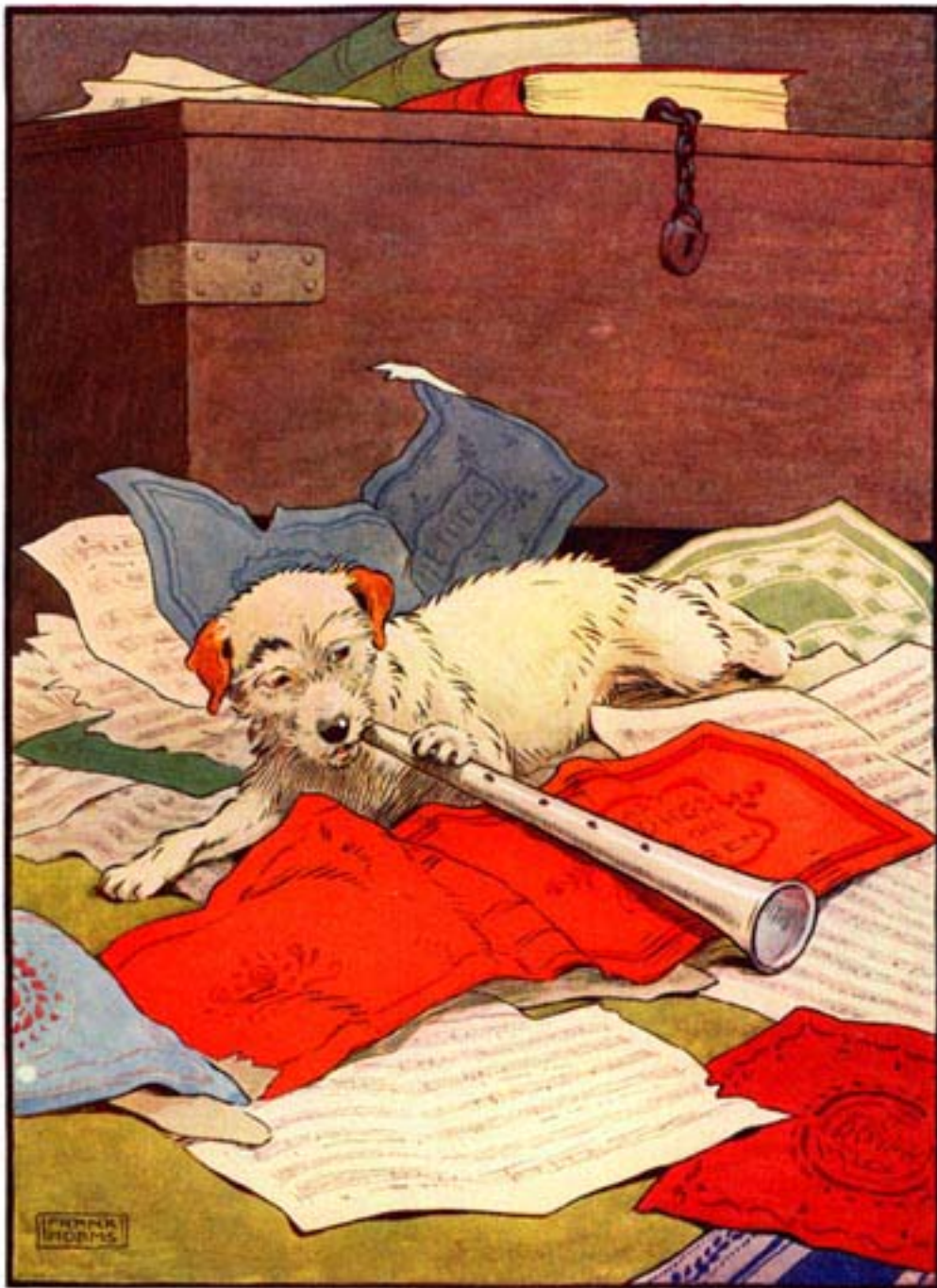


She went to the Barber's
To buy him a wig:
When she came back,
He was dancing a jig.





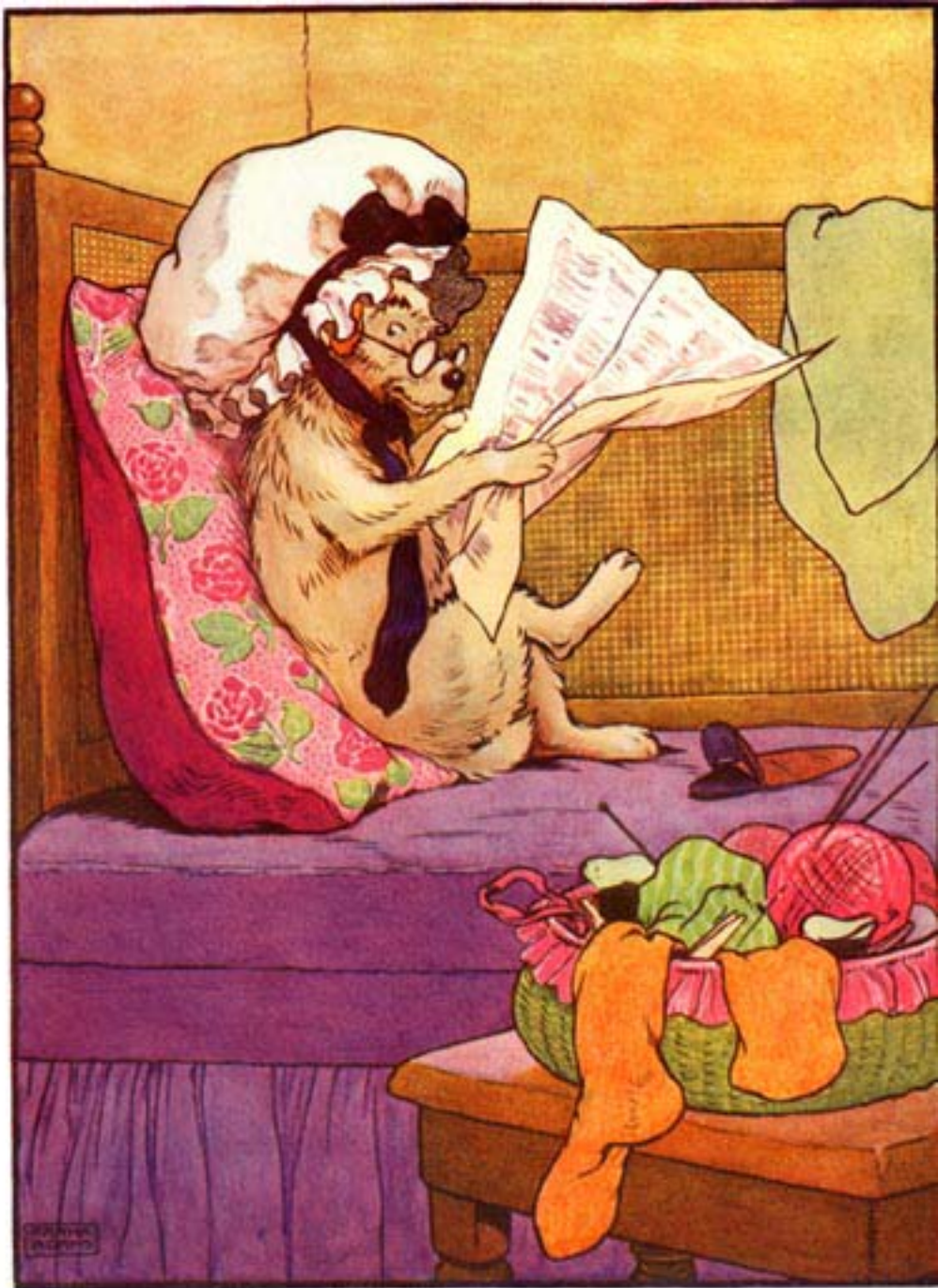
She went to the Fruiterer's
To buy him some fruit:
When she came back,
He was playing the flute.



She went to the Tailor's
To buy him a coat:
When she came back,
He was riding a goat.

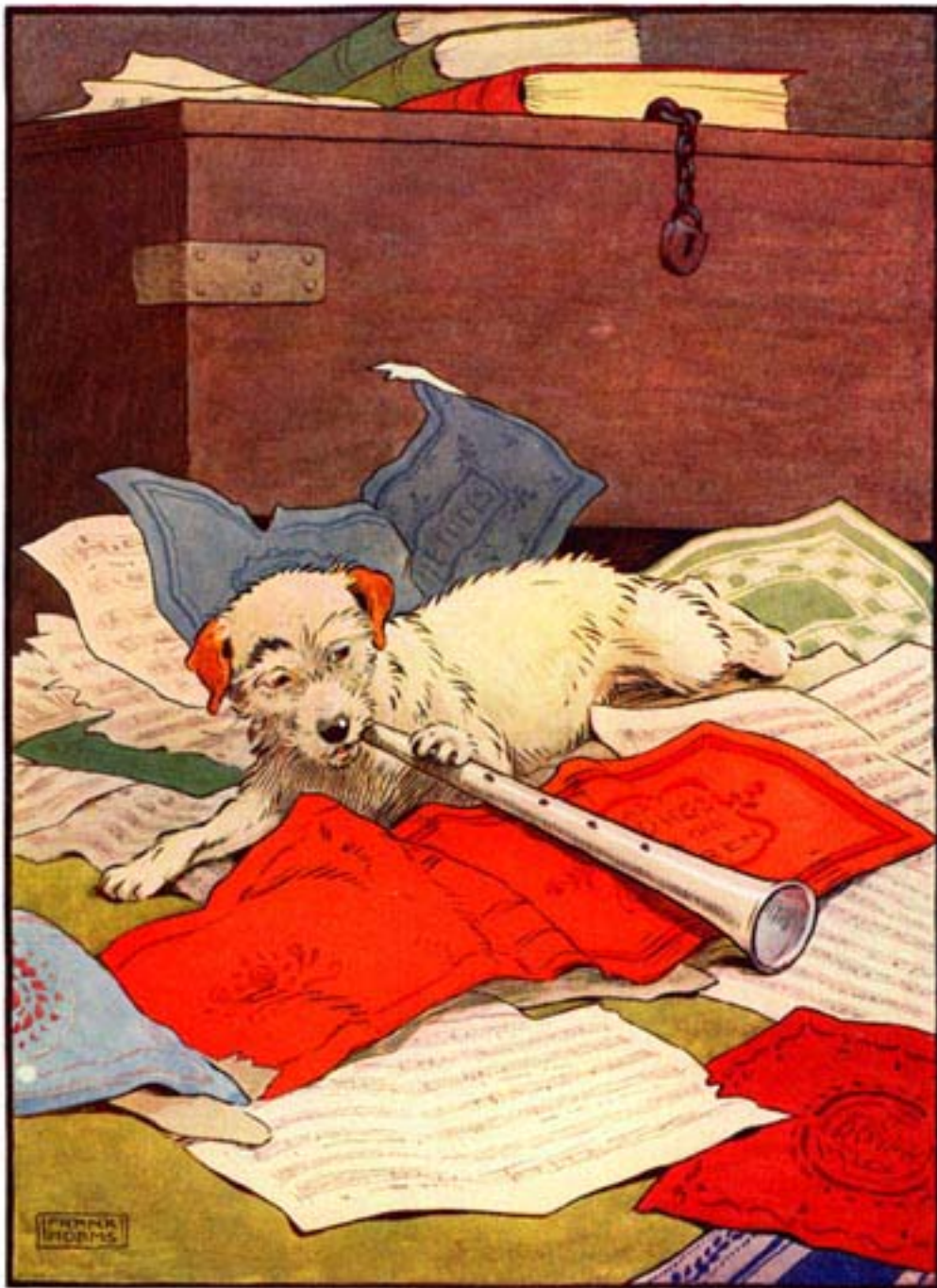


She·went·to·the·Cobbler's
To·buy·him·some·shoes:
When·she·came·back,
He·was·reading·the·news.





She went to the Fruiterer's
To buy him some fruit:
When she came back,
He was playing the flute.





She went to the Nosier's
To buy him some hose:
When she came back,
He was dressed in his clothes.



She went to the Sempster's
To buy him some linen:
When she came back,
The Dog was spinning.



The·Dame·made·a·curtsey,
The·Dog·made·a·bow:
The·Dame·said~“Your·servant,”
The·Dog·said~“Bow-wow!”





THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

THE STORY
of the
&
**THREE
LITTLE PIGS**

Illustrated
by
FRANK ADAMS




THE DODGE PUBLISHING COMPANY
NEW YORK





*Printed in Great Britain by
Blackie & Son, Limited, Glasgow*



nce upon a time there were three little Pigs whose mother was too poor to give them all as much food as they wanted. So, when they were big enough to take care of themselves, she turned them out of the home-sty, to find their own living.

As the first little Pig trudged through the world, seeking his fortune, he met a man carrying a truss of straw. "If you please, Sir," said he, "will you give me that straw to build a house with?"



And because of his good manners
the man gave him the truss of straw,
and the little Pig built a house with it,
and sat down inside.

By and by a Wolf came along, and
smelling the Pig said: "Little Pig,
little Pig, let me come in."

But the Pig knew the Wolf's voice,
so he replied: "No, no, by the hair on
my chiny-chin-chin!"

"Then," said the Wolf, "I'll huff and
I'll puff and I'll blow your house in."
So he huffed and he puffed till he
blew the house of straw in; and then
he ate up the little Pig.



As the second little Pig trudged through the world, seeking his fortune, he met a man carrying a bundle of furze.

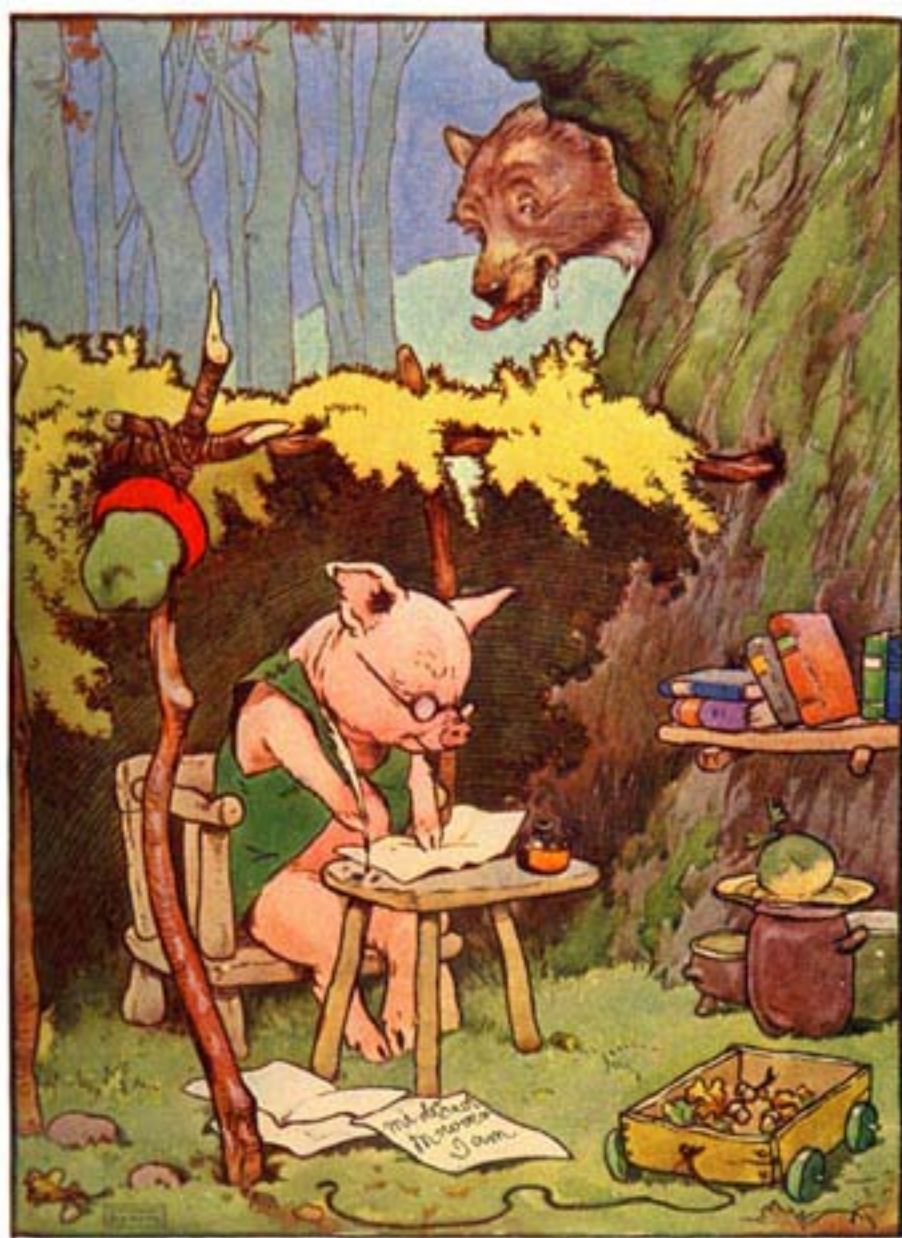
"If you please, Sir," said he, "will you give me that bundle of furze to build a house with?"

And, because he was polite, the man gave him the bundle of furze, and the little Pig built a house and sat down inside it.

By and by the Wolf came along and saw the house and smelt the Pig. Then he knocked at the door and said - "Little Pig, little Pig, let me come in."

But the Pig peeped through the keyhole and saw the Wolf's ears, so he replied: "No, no, by the hair on my chinny-chin-chin!"

"Then," said the Wolf, "I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in." So he huffed and he puffed and he huffed and he puffed, till at last he blew the house of furze in; and then he ate up the little pig.





As the third little Pig trudged through the world, seeking his fortune, he met a man carrying a load of bricks.

"If you please, Sir," said he, "will you give me those bricks to build a house with?"

And because he was well-behaved, the man gave him the load of bricks, and the little Pig built a house and sat down inside it.



By and by the Wolf came along, and saw the house and smelt the Pig. Then he knocked at the door and said: "Little Pig, little Pig, let me come in."

But the Pig peeped through the crack under the door, and saw the Wolf's paws, so he replied, as his brothers had done: "No, no, by the hair on my chinny-chin"

"Then," said the Wolf, "I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in." So he huffed and he puffed and he huffed and he puffed and he huffed and he puffed till he was out of breath: but he could not blow the house of bricks in.



And when he saw that after all his huffing and puffing the house stood firm, he said: "Little Pig, little Pig, I can tell you where there are some nice turnips."

"Where?" asked the little Pig, still safe inside.

"In the field at the top of the lane," replied the cunning Wolf, "and if you will be ready at six o'clock tomorrow morning, we will get some for dinner."

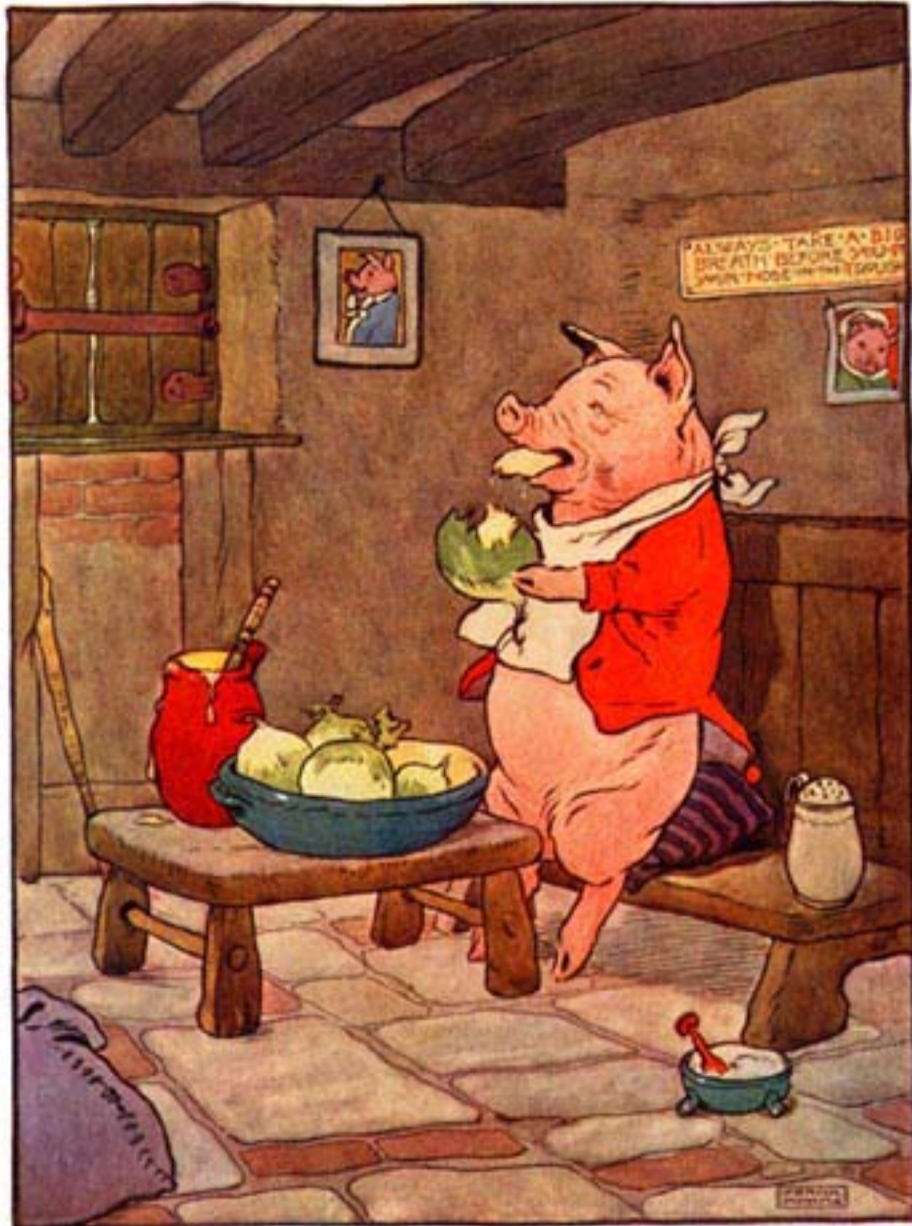
"Yes, I will be ready," said the little Pig.

Next day the little Pig got up at five o'clock, and ran quickly to the field at the top of the lane and found some turnips which he took home for dinner.





At six o'clock the Wolf knocked at the door and said: "Little Pig, I am waiting for you."
"Pray don't wait any longer," replied the little Pig, "for I have been to the field and come back, and I have a big dish of nice turnips for dinner."



When the Wolf heard this he felt very angry, but he made his voice smooth and said: "Little Pig, little Pig, I know where there are some nice apples."

"Where?" asked the little Pig, without opening the door.

"On a tree at the bottom of the lane," replied the Wolf, "and if you will be ready at five o'clock tomorrow morning, I will take you there, and we will get some for dinner."

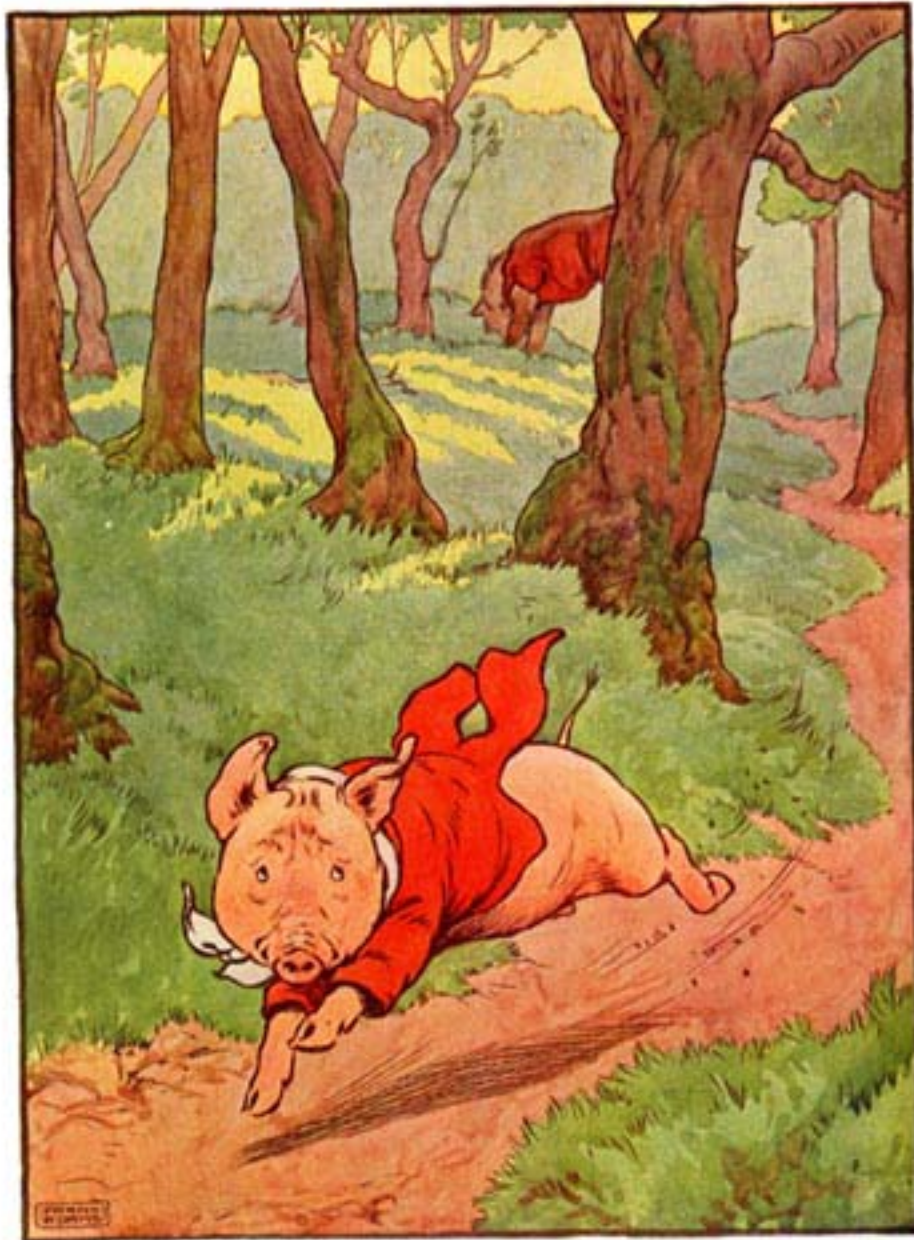
"Yes, I will be ready," said the little Pig.

Next day the little Pig got up at four o'clock, and hurried to the bottom of the lane, and climbed the apple tree. He had picked a lot of nice apples, and was just going to jump down and run home when he saw the Wolf coming. So he stayed where he was, feeling very frightened. The Wolf came to the foot of the tree, and grinned till he showed all his sharp teeth.



"Little Pig," said he, "why did you not wait for me?"

"I was so hungry that I could not wait," replied the little Pig. "Let me throw you down one of the apples, that you may taste it and see how nice they are!" And he threw an apple so far that, while the Wolf was gone to pick it up, he had time to jump down from the tree and run away home.





Next day the Wolf came again to the Pig's house and knocked at the door and said: "Little Pig, little Pig, there is to be a fair on the hill this afternoon. Will you go with me?"

"Yes," replied the little Pig, "I will go. What time will you call for me?"

"At three o'clock," replied the Wolf.

But, as usual, the little Pig started before the Wolf came, and visited the fair, where he bought a butter-churn. He was carrying it home, when he saw the Wolf a long way off, trotting up the hill. Then, as he was very frightened, and could think of nothing better to do, he hid himself in the churn. But as he jumped in, the churn fell on its side and began to roll over and over down the hill, with the Pig inside.



The Wolf, seeing a strange round thing coming towards him, was so much alarmed that he ran away home as fast as his legs would take him without visiting the fair.



At the bottom of the hill the little pig got out of the churn and went into his house, and soon after he was safely inside, the Wolf knocked at the door and said: "Little Pig, I could not go to the fair, for a great round thing ran after me down the hill and drove me home."

"Ha!" replied the little Pig, with a chuckle, "that was my butter-churn, which I bought at the fair, and I was inside it."

Then the Wolf was very angry, and declared that he would climb down the chimney of the house, and eat the little Pig up; and he began to scramble on to the roof.



But while he did this, the little Pig stirred the fire to a blaze, and hung a large pot full of water over it. And when he heard a noise in the chimney, he lifted the lid of the pot and the Wolf tumbled into the water with a splash. Then the little Pig boiled him, and ate him for supper. And after that he lived happily for the rest of his life in the house of bricks.





SING A SONG
OF SIXPENCE



SING · A · SONG *of* SIXPENCE

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK ADAMS



THE DODGE PUBLISHING COMPANY
NEW YORK





SING A SONG
of SIXPENCE



Printed in Great Britain by
Blackie & Son, Limited, Glasgow



SING A SONG
of SIXPENCE



Sing·a·Song·
of·Sixpence



Sing a Song
of Sixpence



Pockets full
of Rye;





Four-and-twenty
Blackbirds





Baked in a Pie.



When the Pie
was opened,





The Birds began
to sing.



Was not that
a dainty dish
To set before
a King?



The King was in
his counting-house
Counting out
his money.





The Queen was
in her Parlour,
Eating bread ♡ ♡
♡ ♡ ♡ and honey.



The Maid was
in the Garden
hanging out
the clothes.

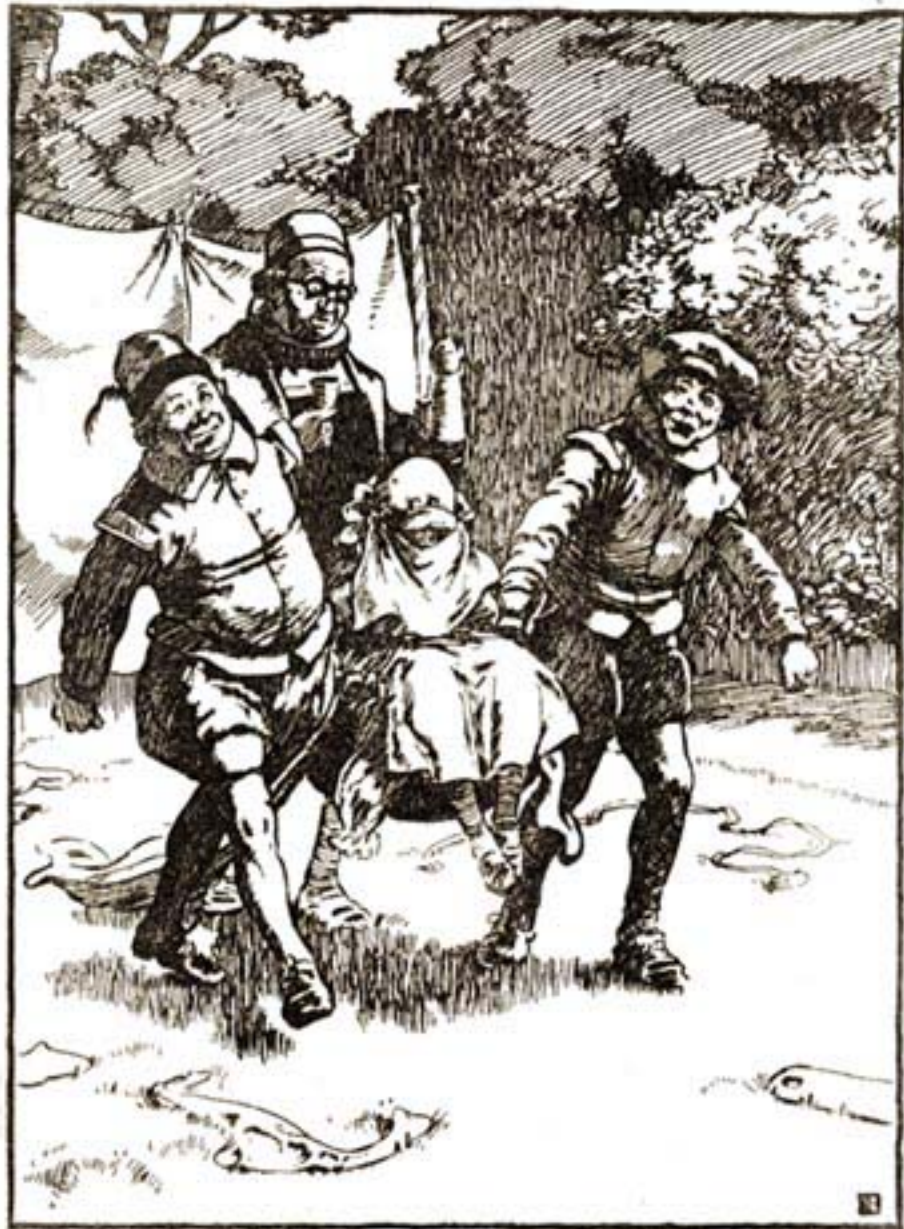




Down came a Blackbird,



And snapped off
her nose.



◊ L'ENVOI ◊



The King took solemn
With all his wisest men,
Who made the sage suggestion
To pop it on again!
The Artist is extending
This rhyme with something new,
It makes a happy ending,
Why shouldn't it be true ?]





LITTLE JACK SPRAT

THE STORY
of
**LITTLE
JACK SPRAT**

Illustrated by
FRANK ADAMS



THE DODGE PUBLISHING COMPANY
NEW YORK





Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean,
And so between them both
They licked the platter clean.





Jack·ate·all·the·lean,
Joan·ate·all·the·fat,
The·bone·they·picked·clean,
And·gave·it·to·the·cat.





When Jack Sprat was young,
He dressed very smart:
He courted Joan Cole,
And captured her heart.
In his fine leather doublet,
And greasy old hat,
Oh! what a smart fellow
Was little Jack Sprat.



Joan·Cole·had·a·hole
In·her·new·petticoat;
To·get·her·a·patch,
Jack·gave·her·a·groat.
The·groat·bought·a·patch,
Which·covered·the·hole:
"I·thank·you,·Jack·Sprat,"
Said·little·Joan·Cole.



Jack·Sprat·was·the·bridegroom,
Joan·Cole·was·the·bride;
Jack·said·from·the·church
His·wife·home·should·ride.
But·no·coach·could·take·her,
The·lane·was·so·narrow.
Said·Jack,“Then·I’ll·take·her
Home·in·a·wheelbarrow.”
As·Jack·Sprat·was·wheeling
His·wife·by·the·ditch,
The·barrow·turn’d·over,
And·in·she·did·pitch.
Says·Jack,“She’ll·be·drown’d!”
But·his·Joan·made·reply,
“I·don’t·think·I·shall,
For·the·ditch·is·quite·dry.”





Jack brought home his Joan,
And she sat in a chair,
When in came his pussy,
Who had but one ear.
Says Joan, "I'm come home, Puss,
Pray how do you do?"
The cat wagged her tail,
But said nothing but "Mew!"





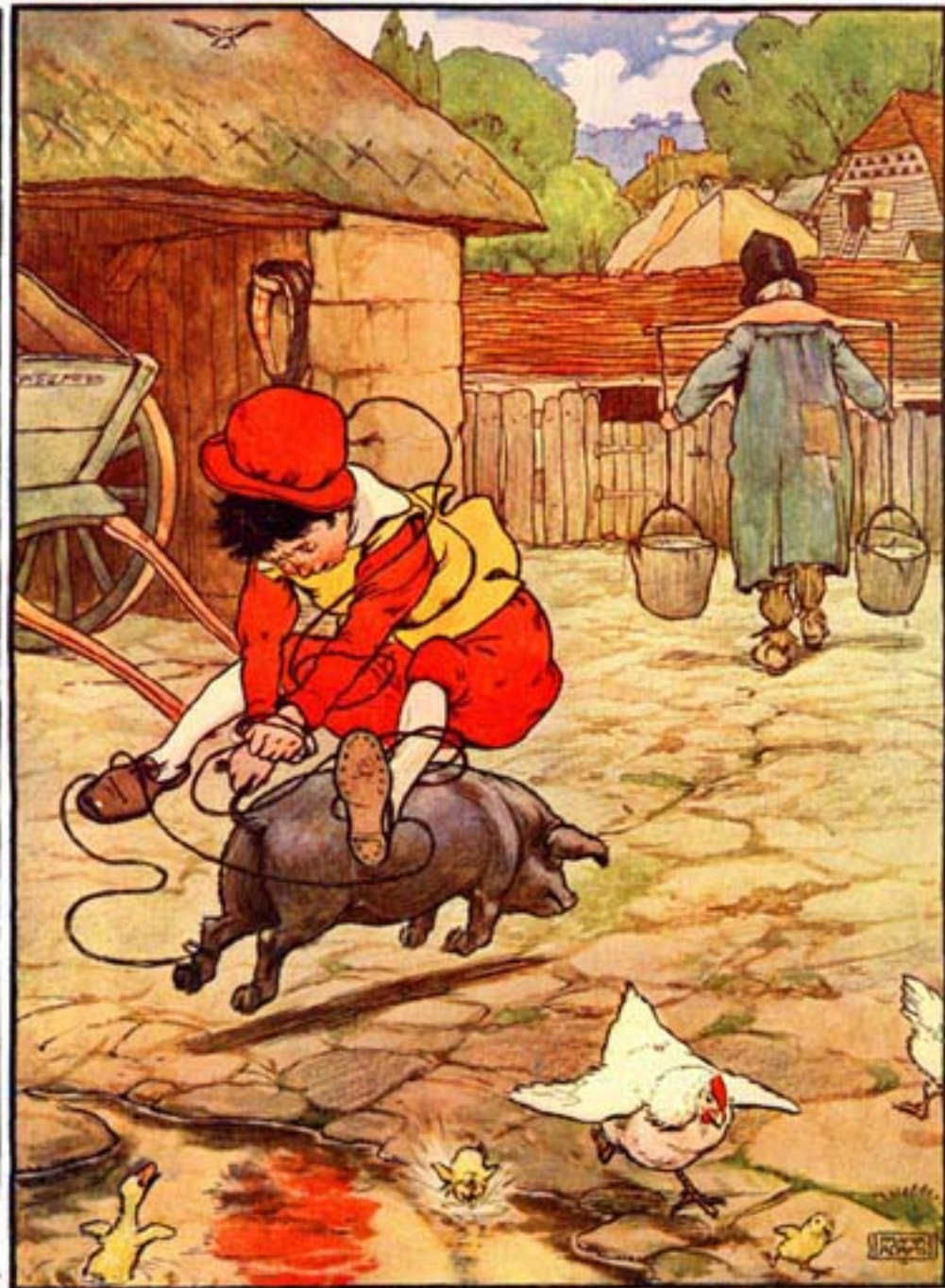
Jack·Sprat·took·his·gun
And·went·to·the·brook:
He·aimed·at·the·drake
But·he·slaughtered·the·duck.

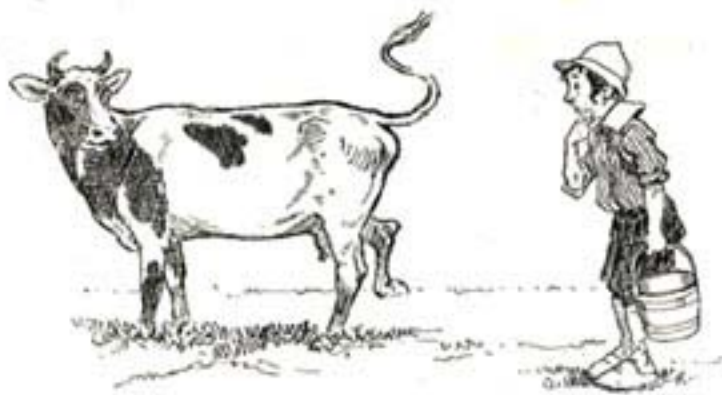
He·brought·it·to·Joan,
Who·a·fire·did·make
To·roast·the·fat·duck,
While·Jack·went·for·the·drake.

The drake swan
With his nice curly tail,
Jack Sprat came to shoot him
But happen to fail.
He let off his gun
But went wide of the mark:
The drake flew away
With a mocking
Quack! Quack!



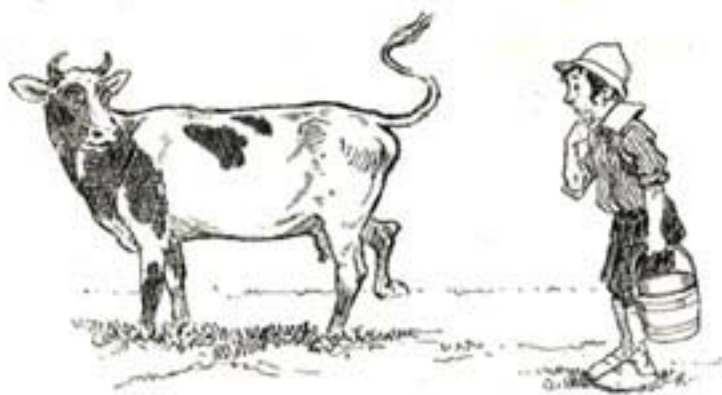
Jack·Sprat·to·live·pretty
Now·bought·him·a·pig;
It·was·not·very·little
Nor·yet·very·big.
It·was·not·very·lean,
It·was·not·very·fat;
"I'll·serve·for·a·grunter,"
Said·Little·Jack·Sprat.





Jack·Sprat·bought·a·cow
His·Joan·for·to·please,
For·Joan·she·could·make
Splendid·butter·and·cheese,
Or·pancakes·or·puddings
Without·any·fat;
A·notable·housewife
Was·little·Joan·Sprat.

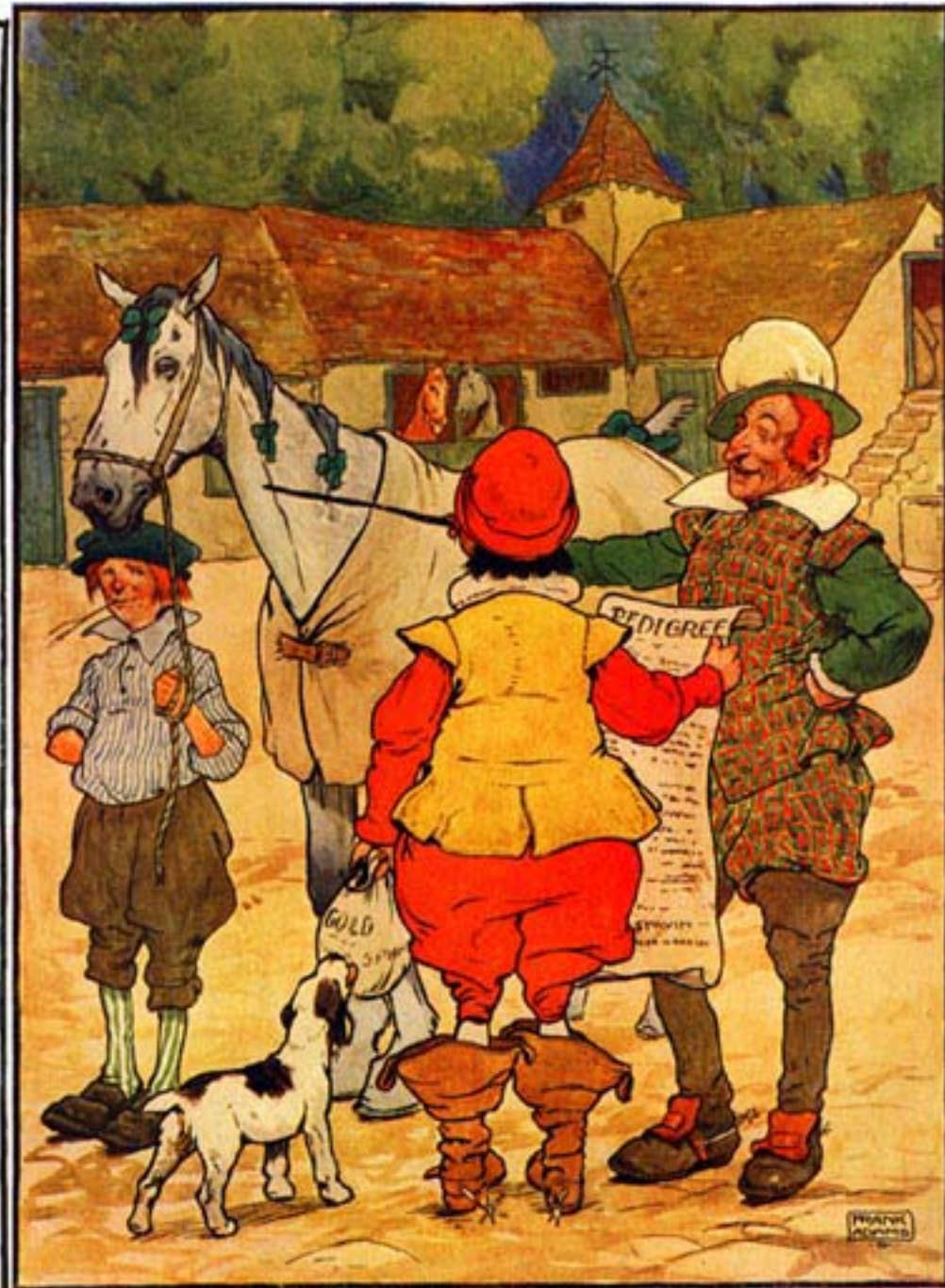




Jack·Sprat·bought·a·cow
His·Joan·for·to·please,
For·Joan·she·could·make
Splendid·butter·and·cheese,
Or·pancakes·or·puddings
Without·any·fat;
A·notable·housewife
Was·little·Joan·Sprat.



Jack·and·Joan·went·abroad,
Duss·took·care·of·the·house;
She·caught·a·large·rat,
And·a·very·small·mouse.
She·caught·a·small·mouse,
And·a·very·large·rat;
“You’re·an·excellent·hunter,”
Says·little·Jack·Sprat.





Jack Sprat went to market
And bought him a mare;
She was lame of three legs,
And her ribs they were bare.
She was blind of both eyes,
And the mare had no fat.
"She looks like a racer,"
Says little Jack Sprat.



Now Jack has got rich,
And has plenty of pelf,
If you know any more,
You may tell it yourself.



Now I've told you the story
Of little Jack Sprat,
And of little Joan Cole
And the poor one-eared cat.
Now Jack loved his Joan
And some good things he
taught her;
Then she gave him a son
And a dear little daughter.





OLD DAME TROT
AND HER PIG



THE STORY
of
OLD DAME TROT
AND HER PIG

III
ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK ADAMS



THE DODGE PUBLISHING COMPANY
NEW YORK



*Printed in Great Britain by
Blackie & Son, Limited, Glasgow*



An old woman, sweeping her house, found a crooked sixpence.

“What,” said she, “shall I do with this little sixpence? I will go to market and buy a little Pig.”



As she was coming home she came to a Stile, but the Pig would not get over the Stile.





She went a little further and
she met a Dog. So she said:-

“Dog, Dog, bite Pig!

Pig won't get over the Stile
And I shan't get home to-night.”

But the Dog would not.





She went a little further and
she met a Dog. So she said:-
“Dog, Dog, bite Pig!
Pig won't get over the Stile
And I shan't get home to-night.”
But the Dog would not.



She·went·a·little·further·and
she·met·a·Stick . So·she·said:-
“Stick,Stick,beat·Dog!
Dog·won't·bite·Pig,
Pig·won't·get·over·the·Stile,
And·I·shan't·get·home·to-night.”
But·the·Stick·would·not.





She · went · a · little · further · and
she · met · a · Fire . So · she · said :-
“Fire, Fire, burn · Stick!
Stick · won't · beat · Dog,
Dog · won't · bite · Pig,
Pig · won't · get · over · the · Stile
And · I · shan't · get · home · to · night.”
But · the · Fire · would · not.



She went a little further and
she met some Water. So she said:-

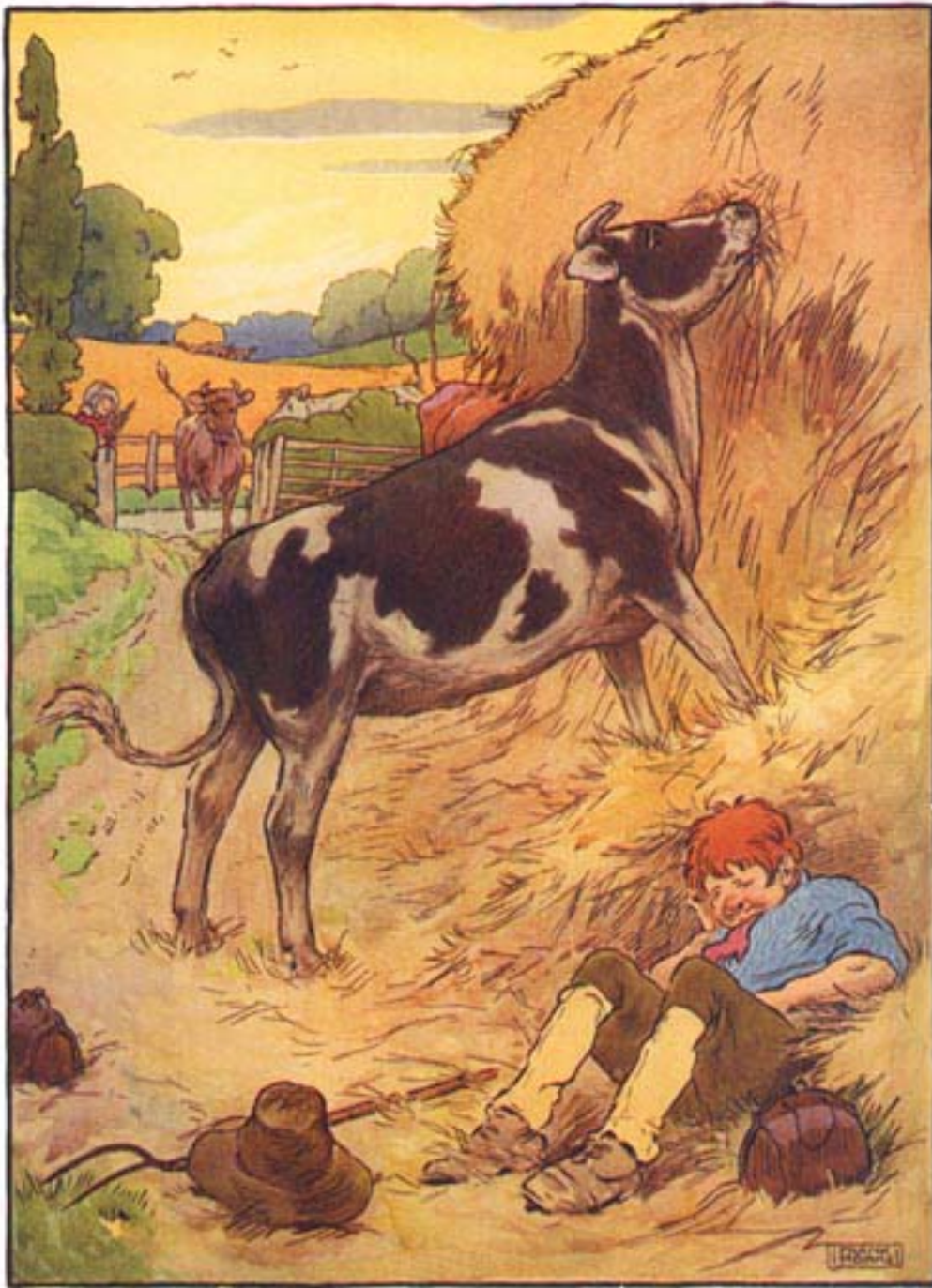
“Water, Water, quench Fire!
Fire won't burn Stick,
Stick won't beat Dog,
Dog won't bite Pig,
Pig won't get over the Stile,
And I shan't get home to-night.”
But the Water would not.







But · the · Ox · would · not !





She · went · a · little · further · and
she · met · a · Butcher ·. So · she · said ·:-

“Butcher, Butcher, kill · Ox !

Ox · won't · drink · Water,

Water · won't · quench · Fire,

Fire · won't · burn · Stick,

Stick · won't · beat · Dog,

Dog · won't · bite · Pig,

Pig · won't · get · over · the · Stile,

And · I · shan't · get · home · to-night.”

But · the · Butcher · would · not ·.





She · went · a · little · further · and
she · met · a · Butcher. So · she · said :-

“Butcher, Butcher, kill · Ox !

Ox · won't · drink · Water,
Water · won't · quench · Fire,

Fire · won't · burn · Stick,

Stick · won't · beat · Dog,

Dog · won't · bite · Pig,

Pig · won't · get · over · the · Stile,

And · I · shan't · get · home · to-night.”

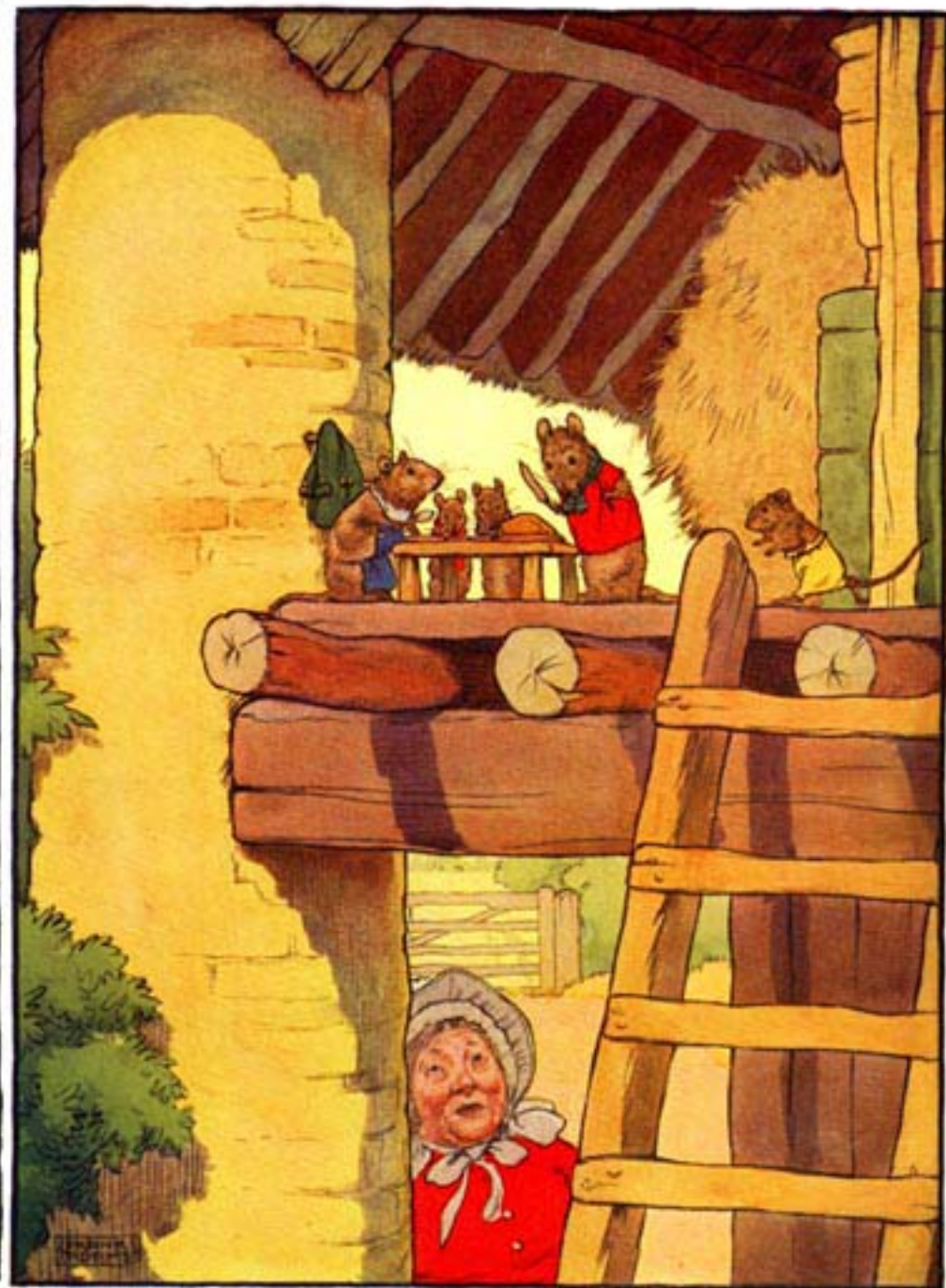
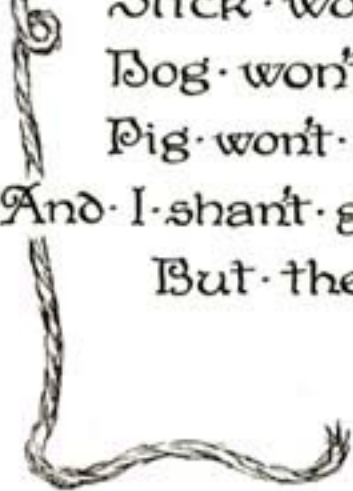
But · the · Butcher · would · not.





She·went·a·little·farther·and
she·met·a·Rope. So·she·said:-


“Rope,Rope, hang·Butcher!
Butcher·wont·kill·Ox,
Ox·wont·drink·Water,
Water·wont·quench·Fire,
Fire·wont·burn·Stick,
Stick·wont·beat·Dog,
Dog·wont·bite·Pig,
Pig·wont·get·over·the·Stile,
And·I·shant·get·home·to·night.”
But·the·Rope·would·not.





She·went·a·little·further·and
she·met·a·Rat. So·she·said:-
“Rat,Rat, gnaw·Rope!
Rope·won't·hang·Butcher,
Butcher·won't·kill·Ox,
Ox·won't·drink·Water,
Water·won't·quench·Fire,
Fire·won't·burn·Stick,
Stick·won't·beat·Dog,
Dog·won't·bite·Pig,
Pig·won't·get·over·the·Stile,
And·I·shan't·get·home·to-night.”
But·the·Rat·would·not.





She went a little further and
she met a Cat. So she said:-

“Cat, Cat, kill Rat!

Rat won't gnaw Rope,

Rope won't hang Butcher,

Butcher won't kill Ox,

Ox won't drink Water,

Water won't quench Fire,

Fire won't burn Stick,

Stick won't beat Dog,

Dog won't bite Pig,

Pig won't get over the Stile,

And I shan't get home

to-night.”



The · Cat · said: "If · you · will
give · me · a · saucer · of · milk,
I · will · kill · the · Rat."

So · the · old · Woman · gave · the
Cat · the · milk · and · when · she
had · lapped · it · up —



The · Cat · began · to · kill · the · Rat,
The · Rat · began · to · gnaw · the · Rope,
The · Rope · began · to · hang · the · Butcher,
The · Butcher · began · to · kill · the · Ox,
The · Ox · began · to · drink · the · Water,
The · Water · began · to · quench · the · Fire,
The · Fire · began · to · burn · the · Stick,
The · Stick · began · to · beat · the · Dog,
The · Dog · began · to · bite · the · Pig,
The · Pig · jumped · over · the · Stile,
And · so · the · old · Woman
got · home · that · night.





The End