

THE  
LOUIS WAIN  
KITTEN  
BOOK



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Author: Anonymous

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The kittie plays the fiddle,  
and the frog begins to  
dance.

This curious sight we  
sometimes see in the  
pleasant land of France.



This is how they cake-walk  
in baby kitten land;  
It is very very clever if  
the ground is made of  
sand.

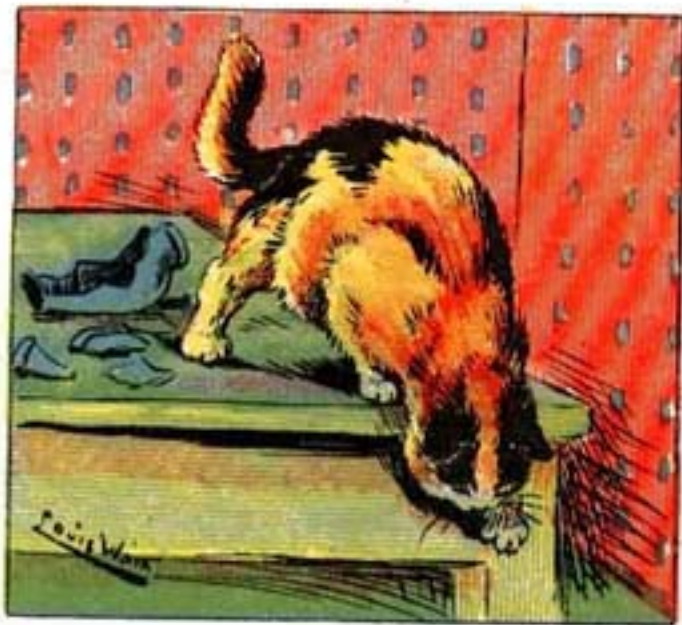




Here you see the dancing  
cat, a member of the  
ballet;  
She used to live next door  
to me—her Christian  
name is Sally.



This naughty cat was steal-  
ing milk from off the  
kitchen table,  
And now it's smashed the  
pretty vase I gave my  
cousin Mabel.





This cat had always lived  
at home upon its mas-  
ter's lap,  
So it was very frightened  
when it first beheld a  
Jap.



But it very soon was brave  
again, and sorry for its  
folly—

When it found the little  
Jap was nothing but a  
sawdust dolly.



**You troublesome baby!  
you naughty black kit!  
You do nothing but  
struggle, and quarrel,  
and spit.**



**You are both just the  
same, as bad as each  
other,  
I shall take you both home  
again, back to your  
mother.**



The nurse, who was tired,  
and fat, and quite forty,  
Let the poor kittens fall  
because they were  
naughty.



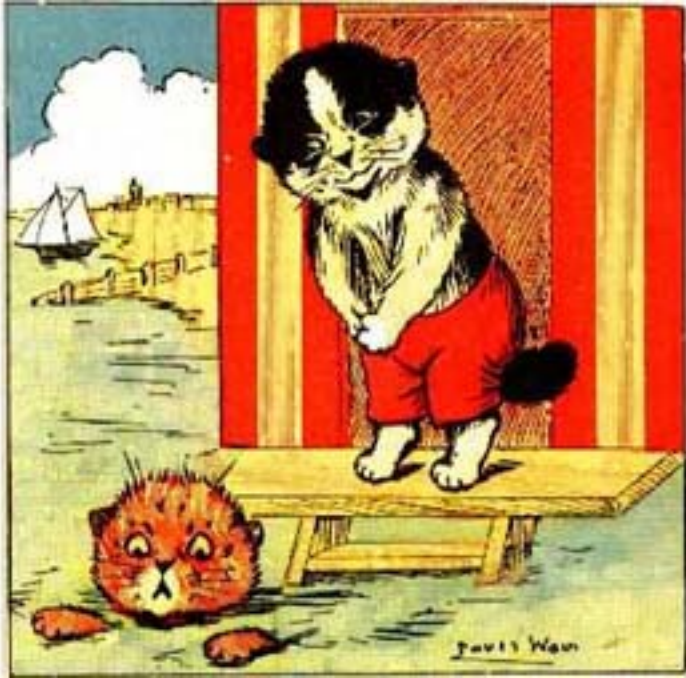


If you follow my dress as  
far as it goes,  
You will find your way  
home without soiling  
your toes.





What a funny colour the  
sea is, between me and  
you,  
I think I'll dip my tail in  
first, and make it nice  
and blue.



**This pussy went out for a  
row before tea,  
But the ocean's so tumbly,  
and so is the sea.**



Father, mother, and the  
babies, off to spend a  
happy day—

But poor father's rather  
angry, and is not the  
least bit gay.



**These very learned kittens  
at their lessons here  
you see,  
And if they pay attention,  
very clever soon they'll  
be.**



“Good morning, little kitten,” chirped this yellow little bird ;  
And the kitten dropped his bottle when these pleasant words he heard.





“Please stay with me,” the kitten said, “and let us talk and play,”

But the birdie feared the kitten’s claws, and swiftly flew away.





Not a drain of milk left  
for these poor kittens'  
tea,  
For the cook was so  
greedy, and drank it  
you see.



“There’s some nice new  
milk in the kitchen pan,  
And you may drink it, if  
you can.”



If we fell in this pan we  
should certainly drown,  
So to save our young lives  
we must drink it all  
down.



We'll sing a song of  
threepenny bits, and let  
you keep the change;  
You can take the top notes,  
and the rest we will  
arrange.



Chesley & Pickering, Ltd., The Electric Press, Leeds, and London.

The End.





