

THE "OAK-LEAF" LIBRARY.

Dottie's Big Bath:

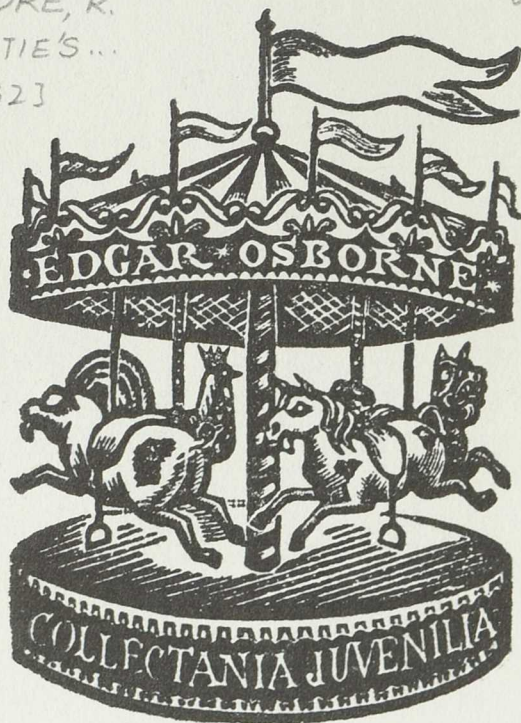
Or the Seaside:

By R. Andre:



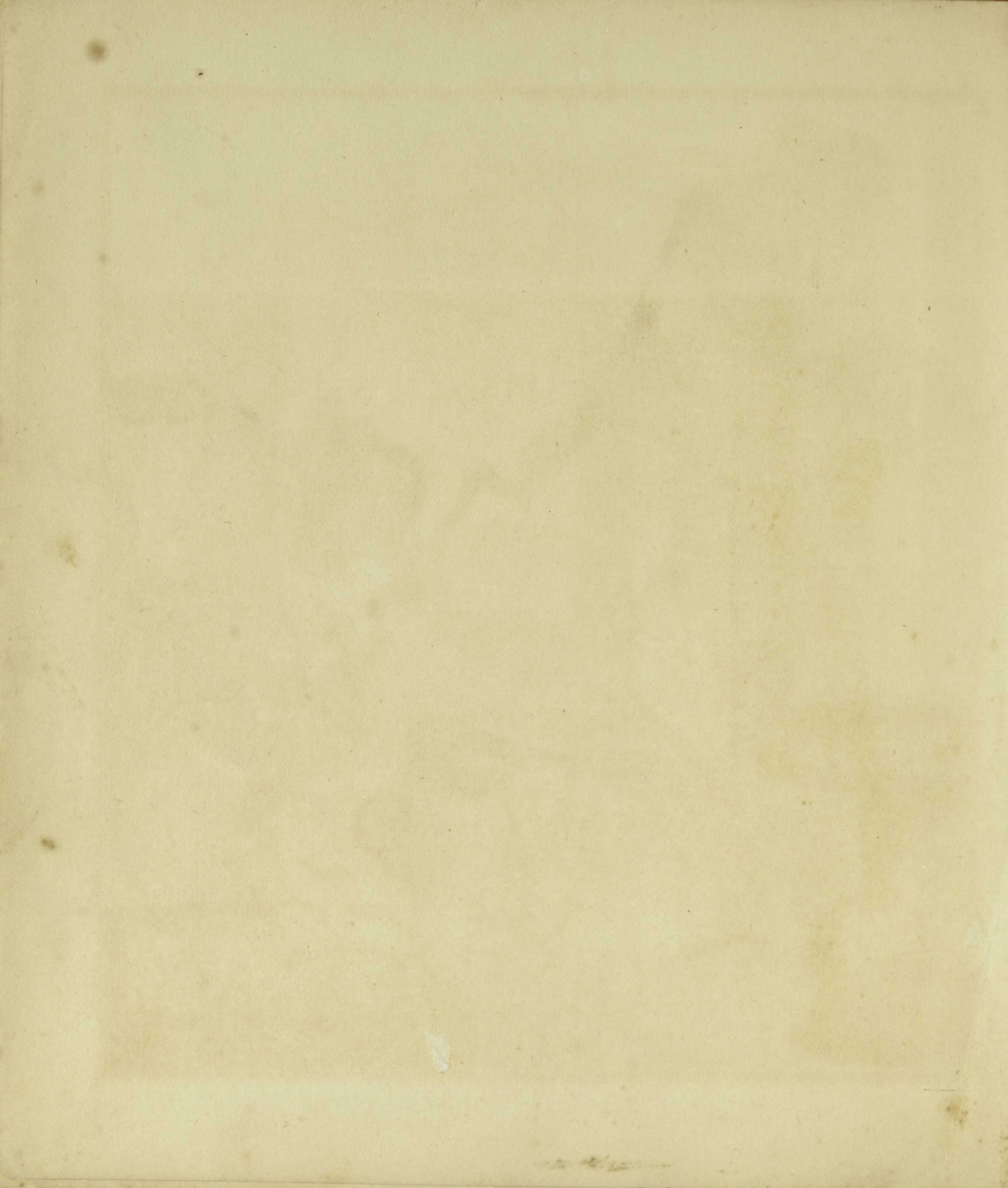
(P)
ANDRÉ, R.
DOTTIE'S...
[1882]

dy bal



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Merry, laughing eyes so blue,
 Come, and read these pages through!
 Come with little toddling feet!
 Come with lisping accents sweet!
 This I dedicate to you: ~ R. André: ~

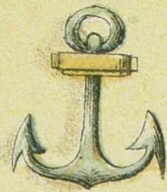




DOTTY'S BIG BATH

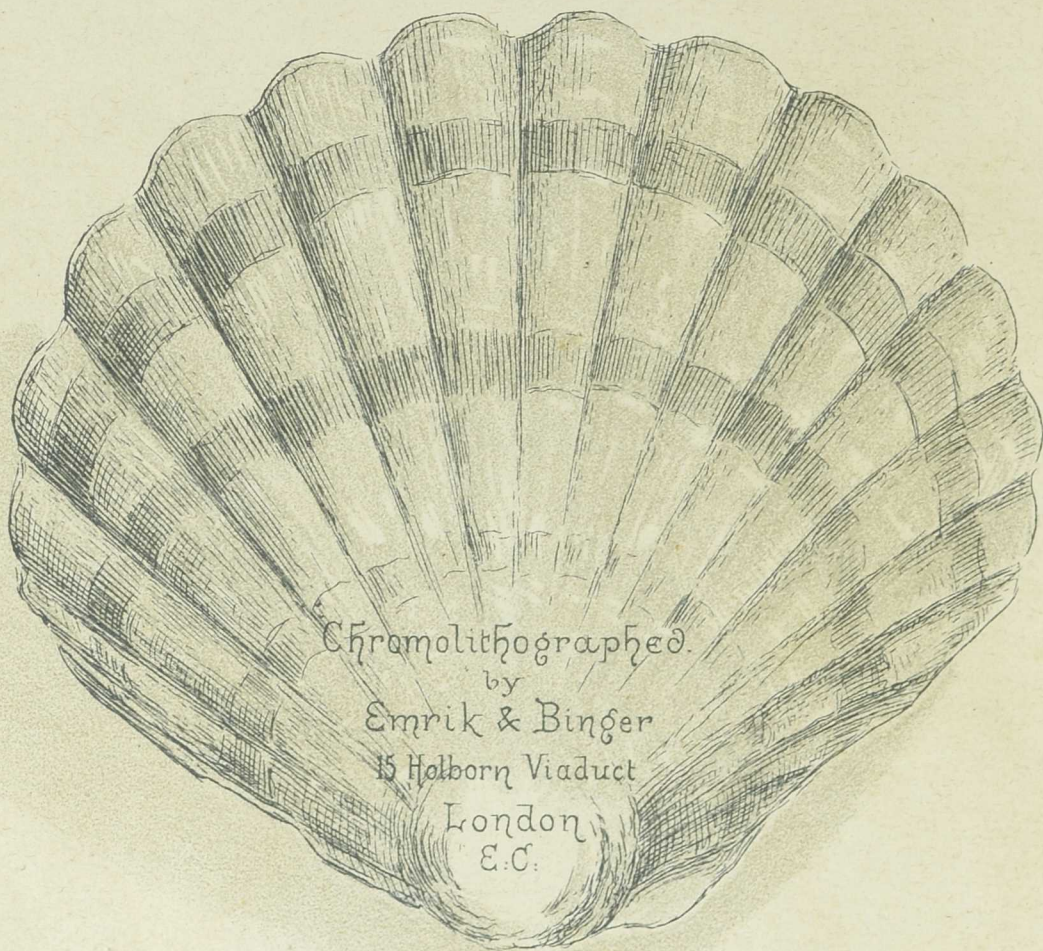
Or the Seaside:

Pictures & Words
by R. André:



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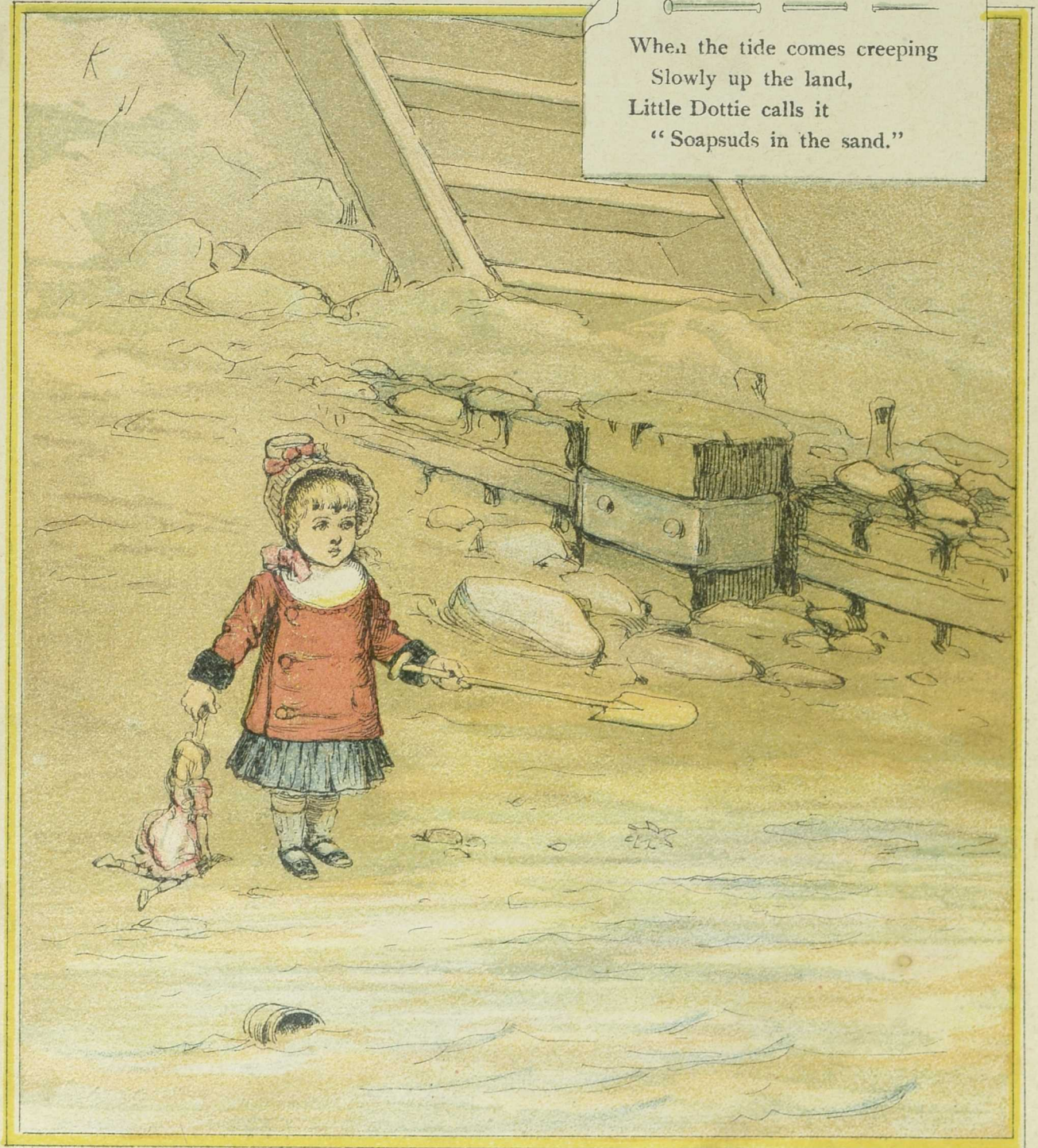
Dottie's Big Bath:

Or the Seaside.



Dottie at the seaside,
Dottie very wee ;
Stones are her new playthings,
Her "big bath" the sea.

When the tide comes creeping
Slowly up the land,
Little Dottie calls it
"Soapsuds in the sand."



“What’s the matter, little maid?
Dolly’s drownded, I’m afraid”?
With a flourish of her spade,
“Downee in big bath,” she said.



“T’will be time for mamma’s little lass
To come home to her tea very soon,
But said Dottie “Oh! look at the gas,”
As she pointed her spade at the moon.



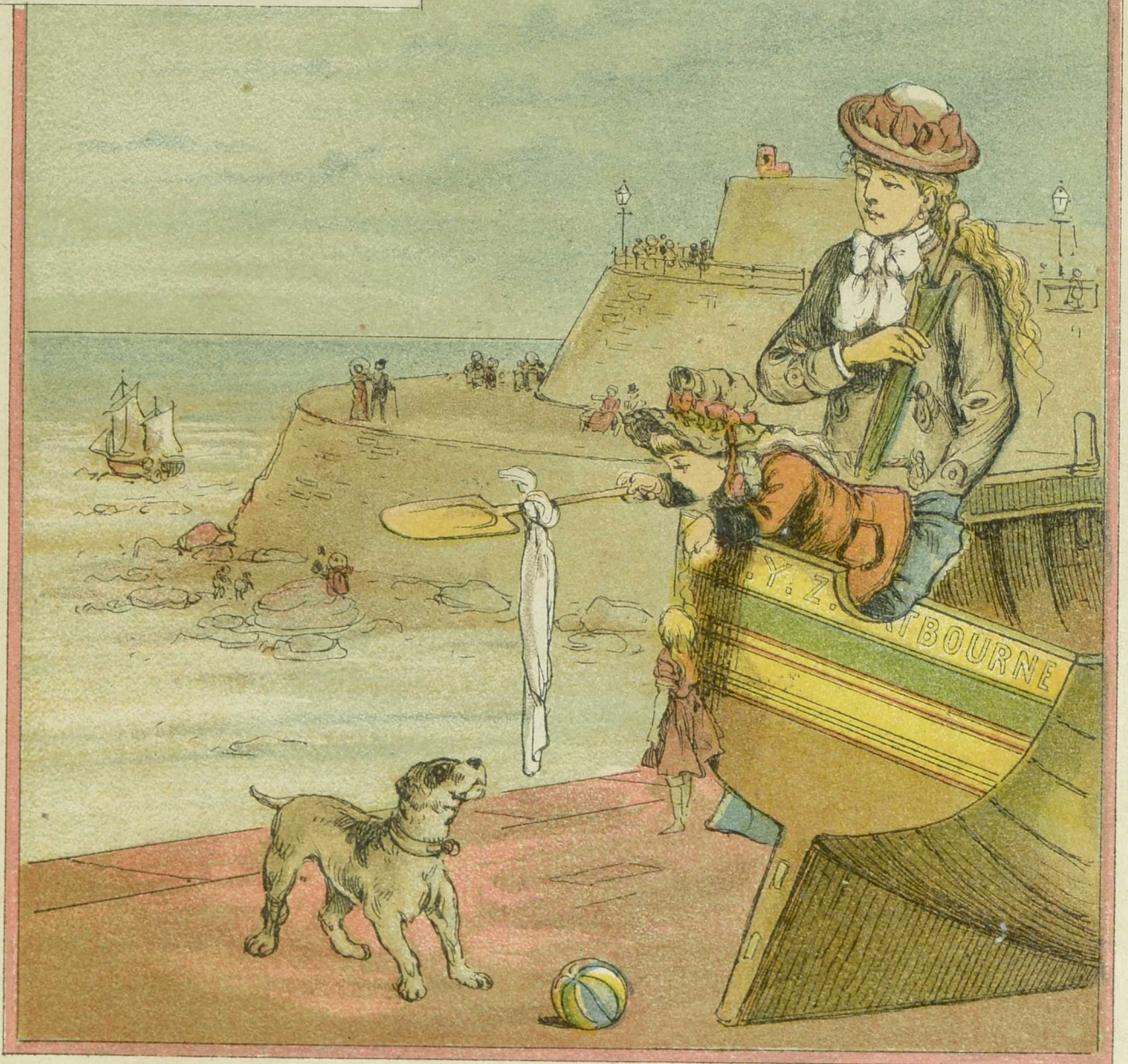
"I've found this star," wee Dottie cries,
"Can it have tumbled from the skies?"



“ Cousin Annie, build a castle
With my little spade !
See how Dottie'll stand upon it,
Not a bit afraid ! ”



Happy little Dottie,
Busy little maid!
Catching fish for "dinnie,"
On the Grand Parade!



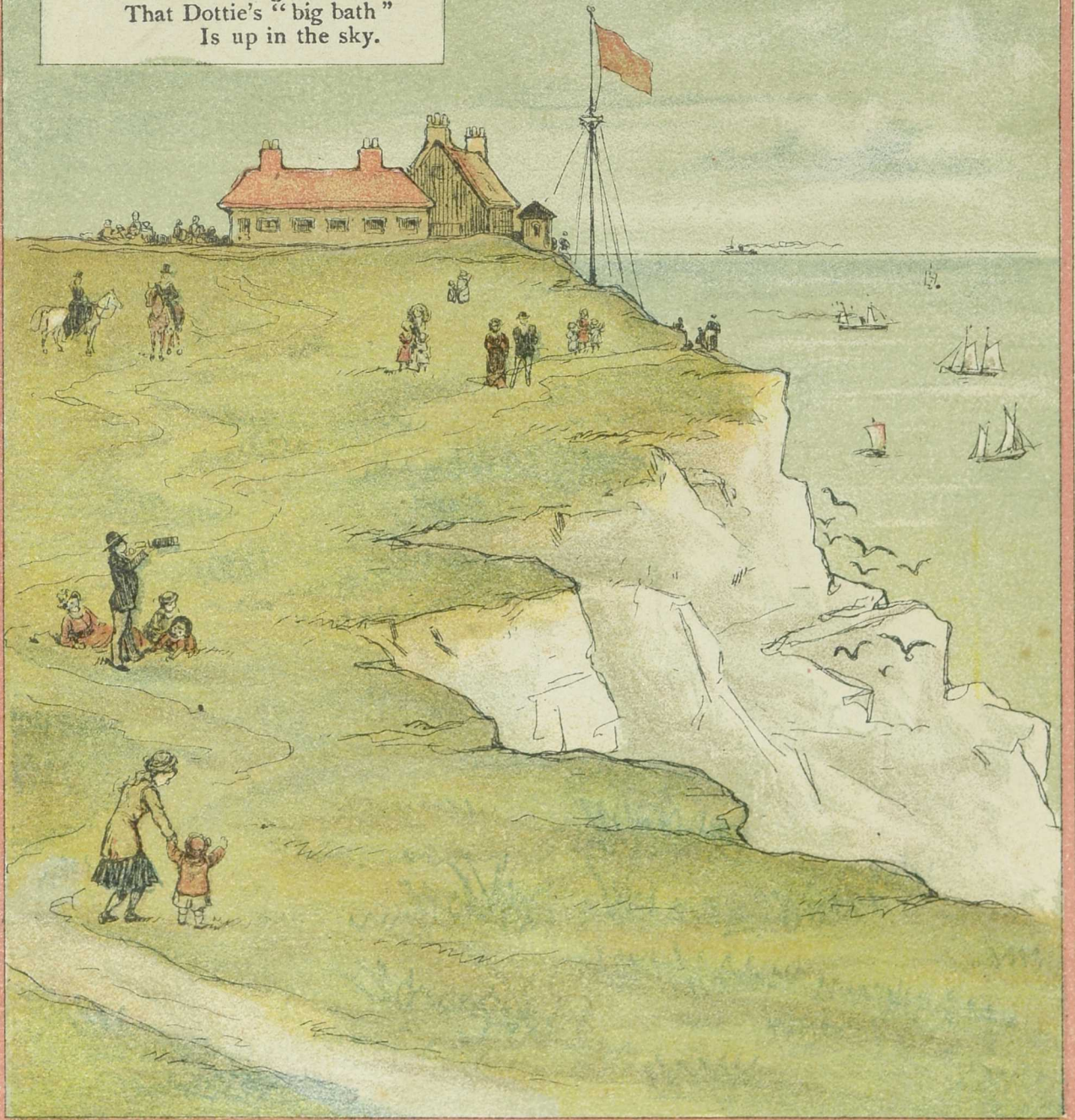
The tide is very low to-day,
The rocks are bare across the bay!
Has Dottie's "big bath" run away?



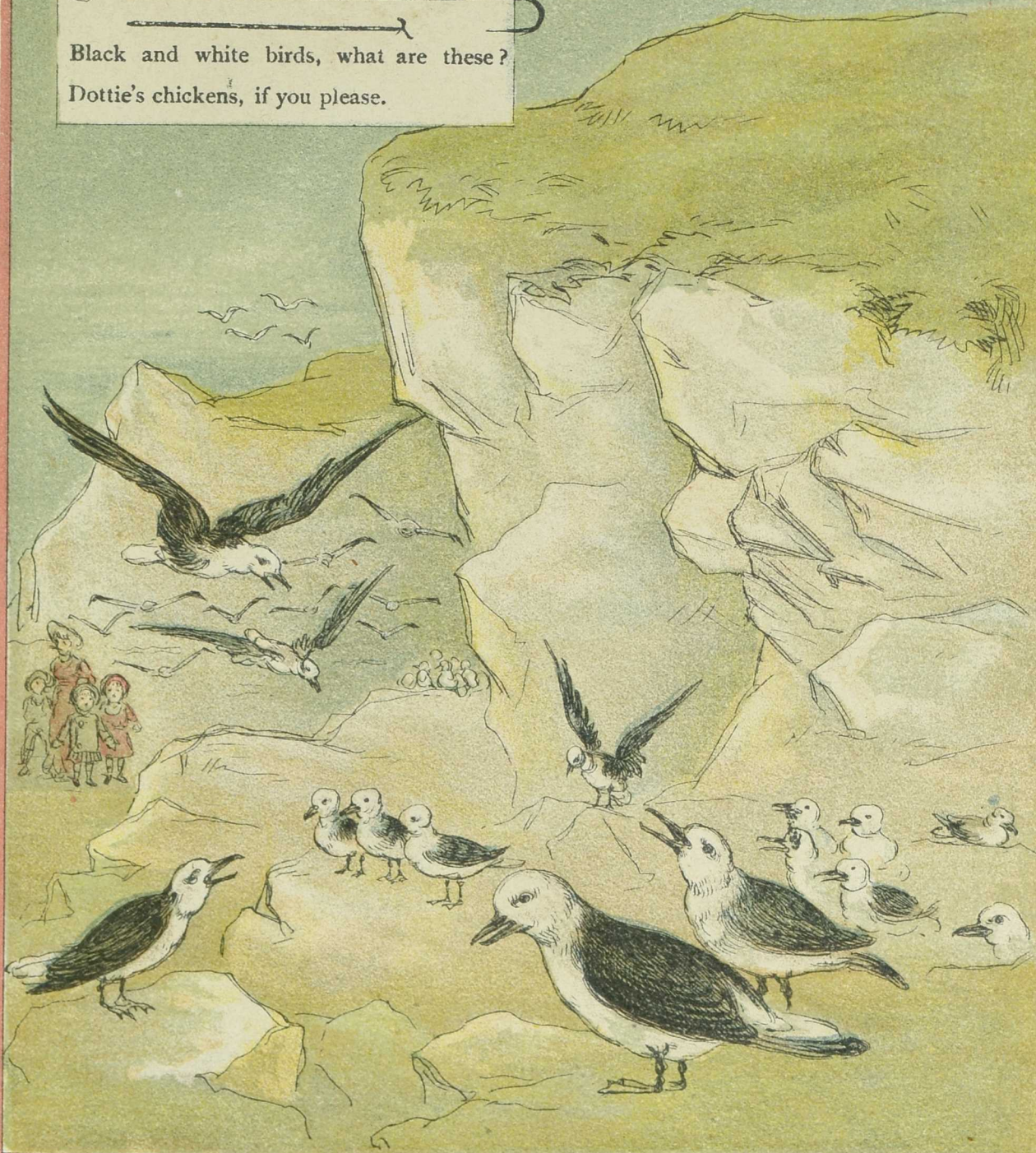
Now to the furthest rock she goes
To let the water splash her toes.



Now up the steep path
The cliffs are so high,
That Dottie's "big bath"
Is up in the sky.



Black and white birds, what are these?
Dottie's chickens, if you please.





“ Give me your bunch of fish, Mister Jack Tar,
See Dottie carry them home to Mamma !”

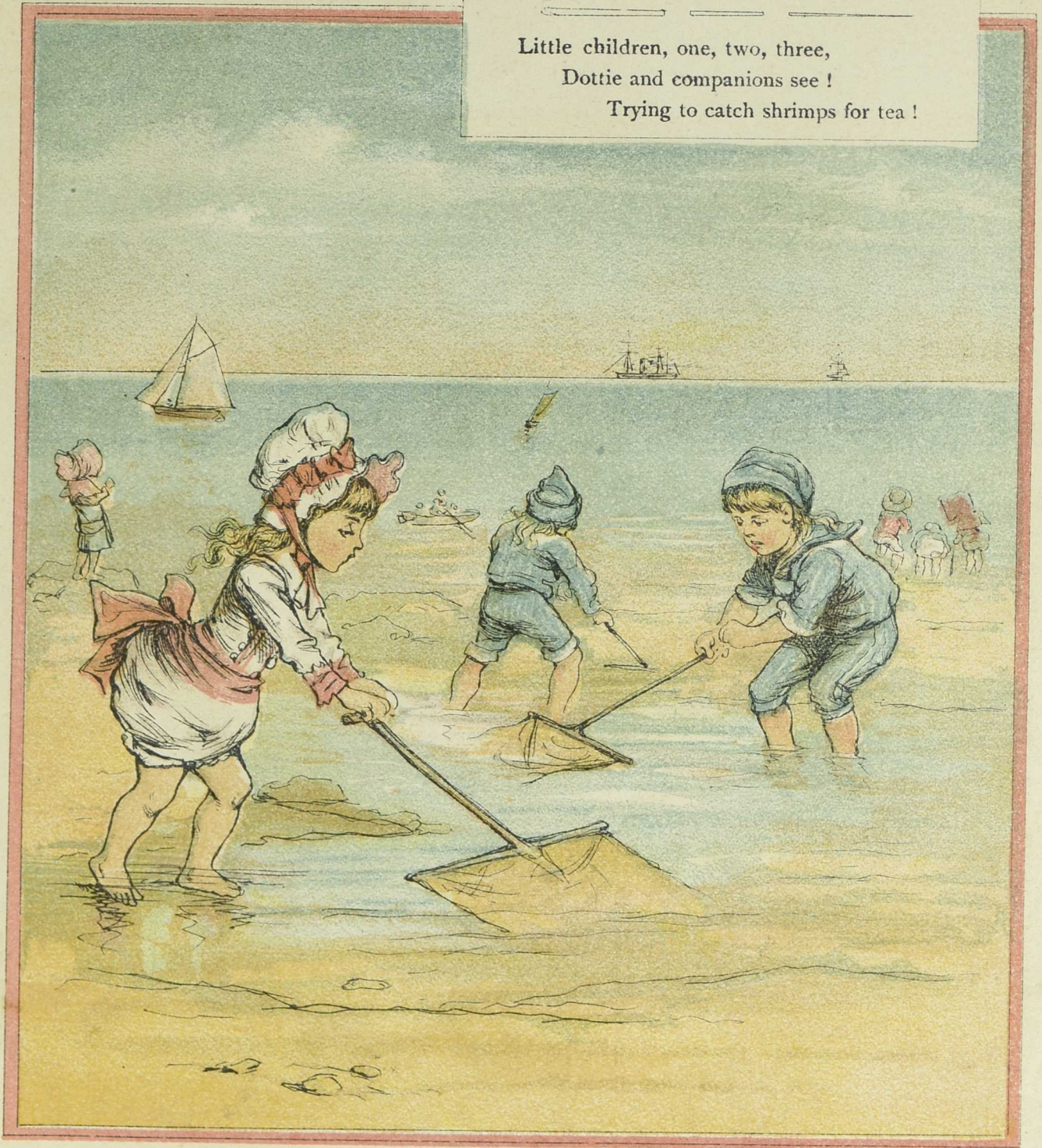


“O! look, Mamma! I’ve found a tree
That grew for Dottie in the sea;
Get up! I want to play at ‘gee,’
And this will make a whip for me!”

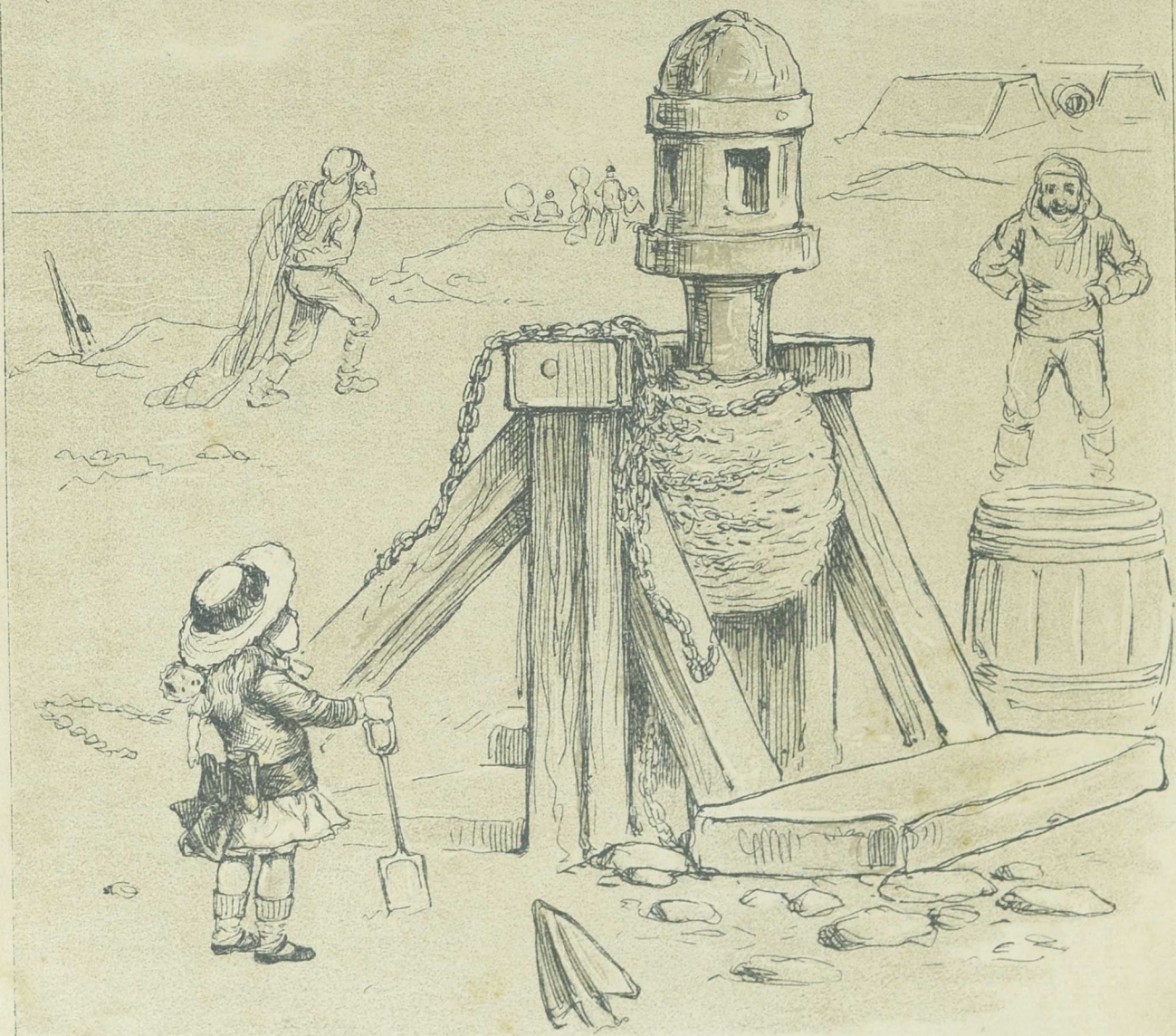
A nigger minstrel on the sands !
Wee Dottie runs with eager pace ;
" O naughty man ! " she cries, " What hands !
Go home and wash your dirty face ! "



Little children, one, two, three,
Dottie and companions see !
Trying to catch shrimps for tea !



Our Dottie wonders, can this be
A funny dove-cot by the sea?
She wonders, for she never heard
Of chaining up a little bird.



Funny houses all on wheels!
Dottie on the staircase kneels,
Tapping with her busy spade—
What a prying little maid!



“Gee up, Dottie! come, pull away,
Dolly must have her bath to-day.”



Dottie must peep in to see
What these lobster pots can be ;
Hoops and network, funny things !
Dottie calls them "*ticks and trings.*"



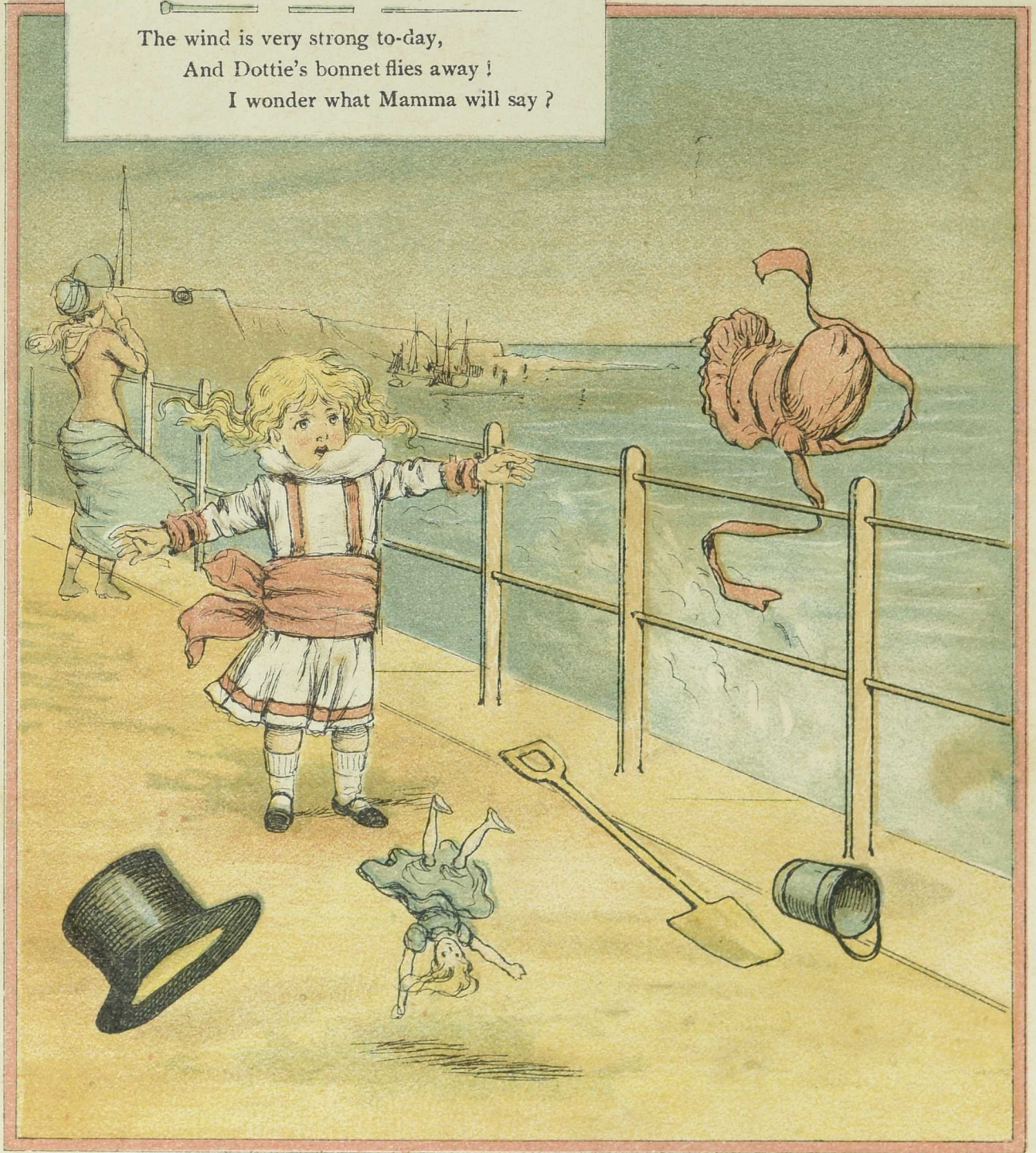
“There’s little Dottie, like a fly,
Upon the sands so far away ;
Come Amy—study by-and-bye—
I want to run to her and play.”



Dottie, through a sudden slip,
Gets an unexpected dip.



The wind is very strong to-day,
And Dottie's bonnet flies away!
I wonder what Mamma will say?



“Poor Grandpapa is fast asleep,
He's tired;” but Dottie answers “No!
He's only thinking—take a peep—
He always reads his papers so.”



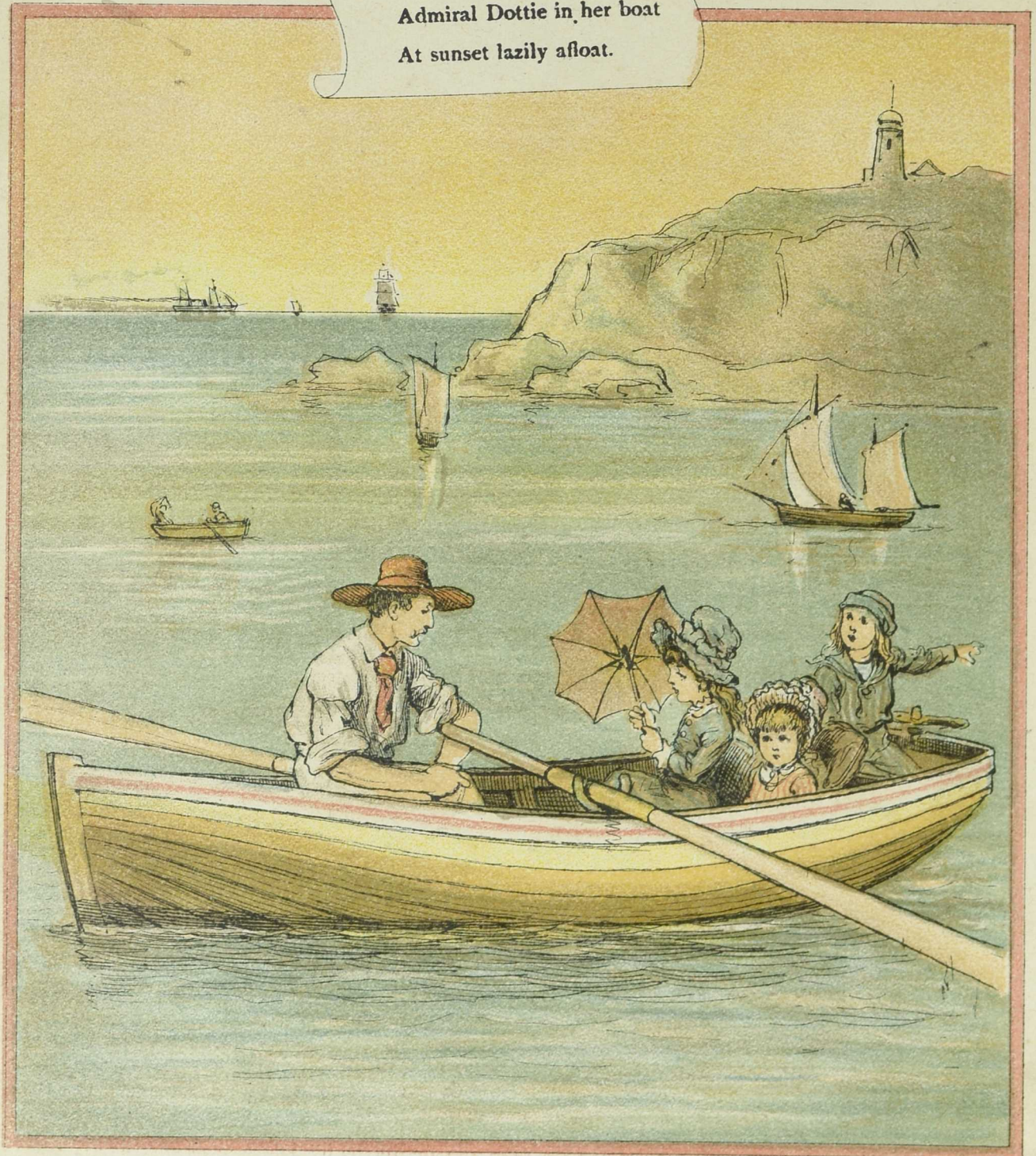
Three cartes taken on the beach,—
Here's a sample one of each.



There's no one on the pier to-day,
So Dot has room enough to play.



Admiral Dottie in her boat
At sunset lazily afloat.



Treasures here of every kind !
Nothing must be left behind.
Sea-weed, Dolly, pail and spade
(Handle broken I'm afraid).
Little Dottie quite enjoys
Carrying her load of toys.

HOUSE
OR
APARTMENTS





The train is off,
Away we fly,
And Dottie waves
Her last good-bye.



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