

OH DEAR OH

LOOK AT
THE

SNOW

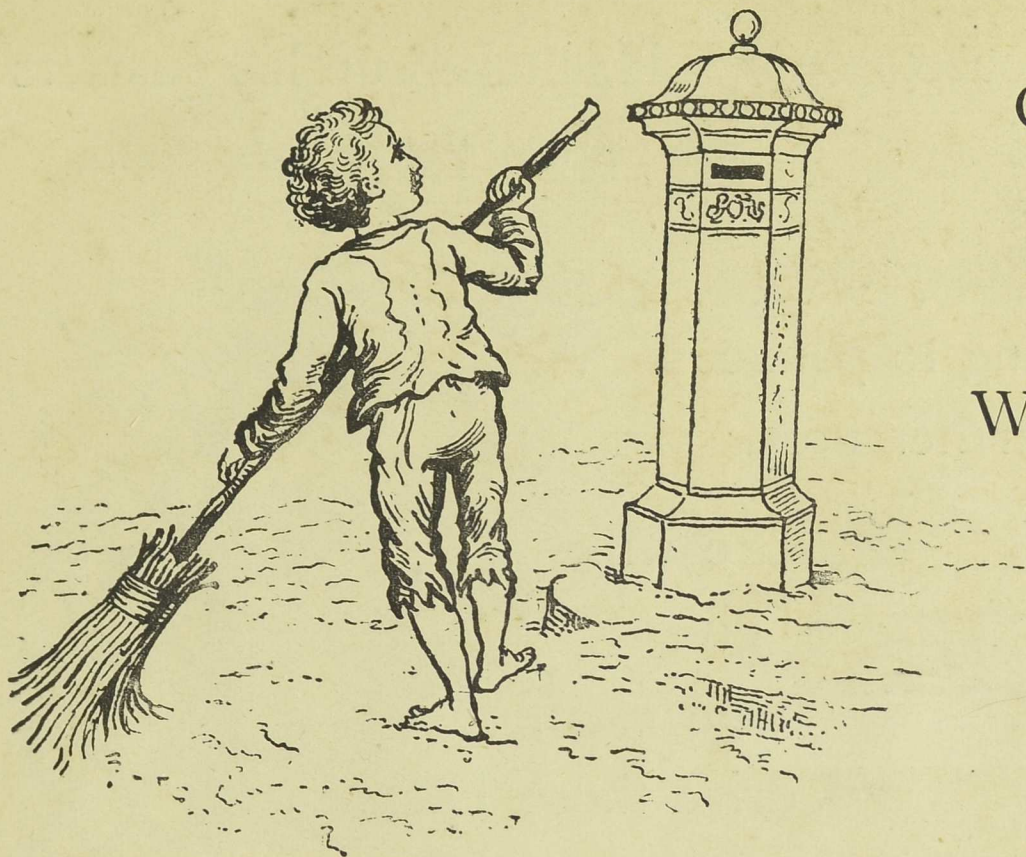


BY
JACK FROST

LONDON. DEAN & SON. 160! FLEET STREET. E.C.



E. B.



Oh, dear, oh!
 Sweep up the snow!
 What shall we do
 When the north winds blow?



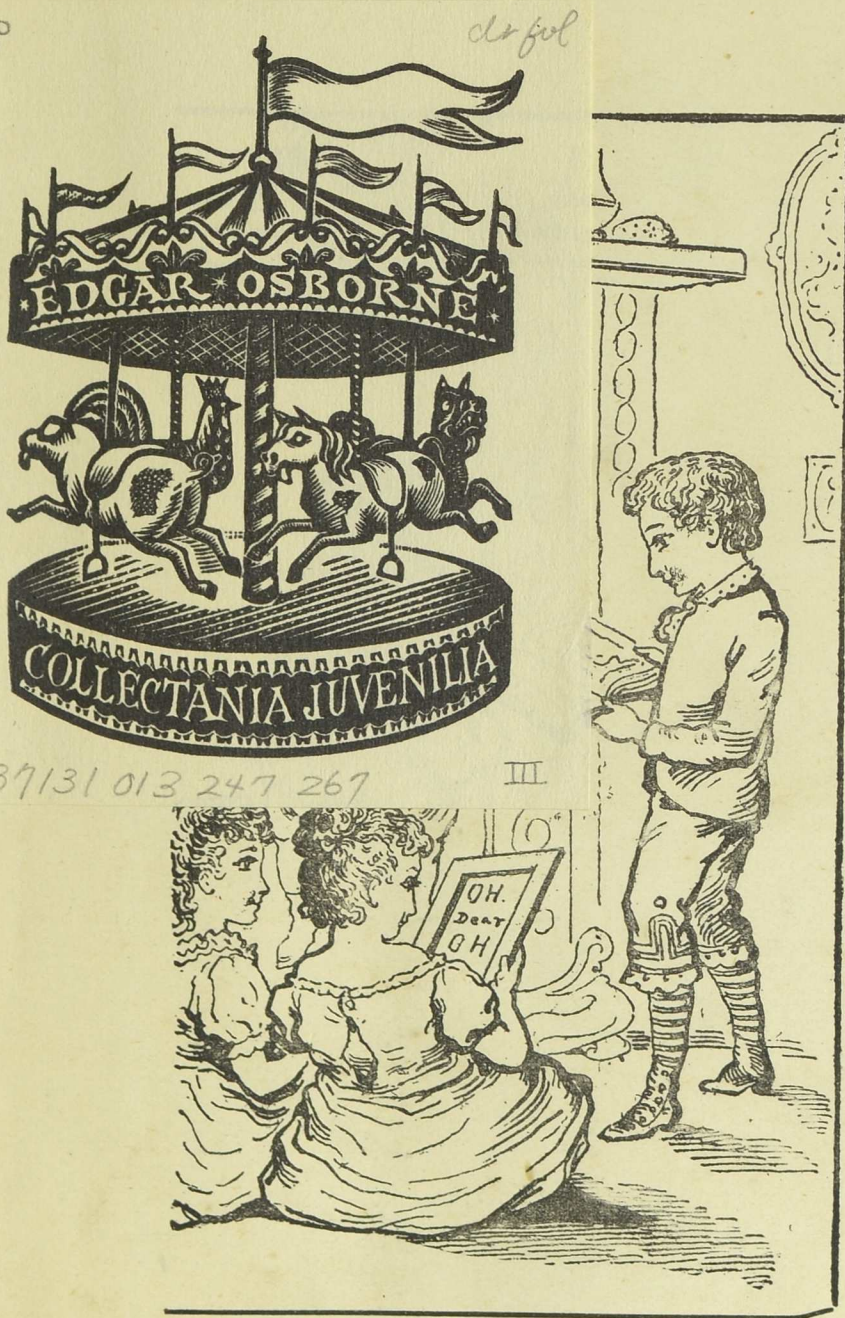
Why, all
 sit
 round
 the fire
 and look

At this really
 wonderful Picture Book!
 There's plenty inside for every one
 Of capital reading, and lots of fun!

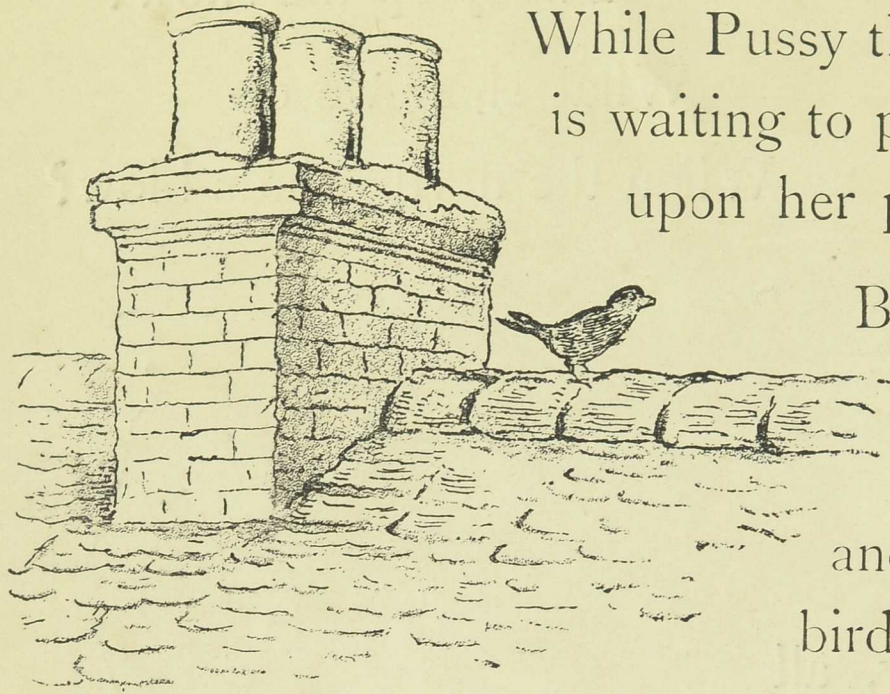
The snow is on the housetop,
 The snow is in the street;
 Poor Doggie, who is frozen out,
 Has not a scrap to eat,

He begs, and little Mary sees
 He's dying to be fed,

Gives him mutton bones for supper,
 And a basket for his bed.



There's a sparrow on the housetop,
And one who's looking ill



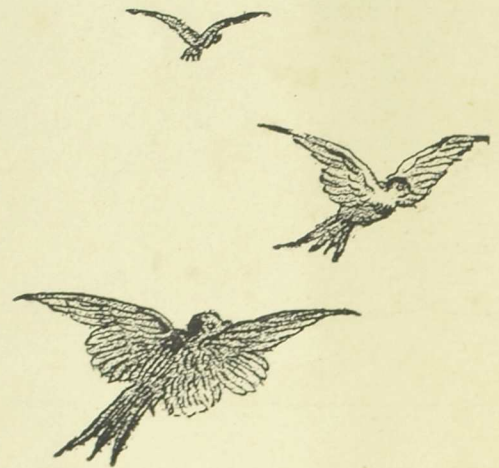
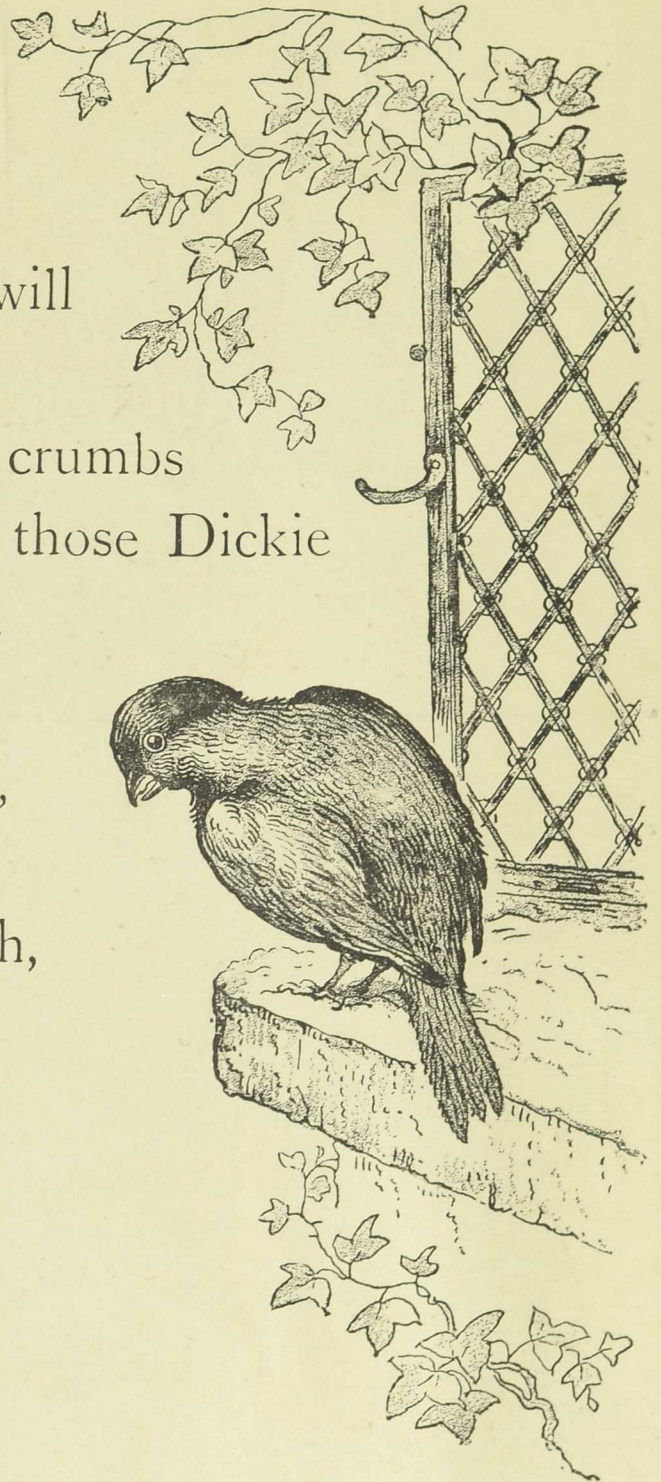
While Pussy there
is waiting to pounce
upon her prey,

But we will
give
them crumbs
and drive those Dickie
birds away.

Come, guess if you can our wonderful plan,
We're going to build a jolly snow man!
We shall pile him up till he's ten feet high,
And stick a potato in either eye;
His mouth shall be made by a
slit in the snow,



Has taken up his quarters
upon the window-sill,



His teeth shall be almonds all put in rows
And a carrot will do for a very red nose.



E. B.

Such a wonderful battle you
never did see,

As the battle
between little
Willie and me.



It was perfectly harmless,
I wish you to know,
The balls were all made
of the softest of snow.

And no better friends can there
possibly be.

I assure you, than dear little
Willie and me.

Oh! come along! and we will go
And have some frolic in the
snow!

I have so often tried to slide,
But never could keep up, you
know,

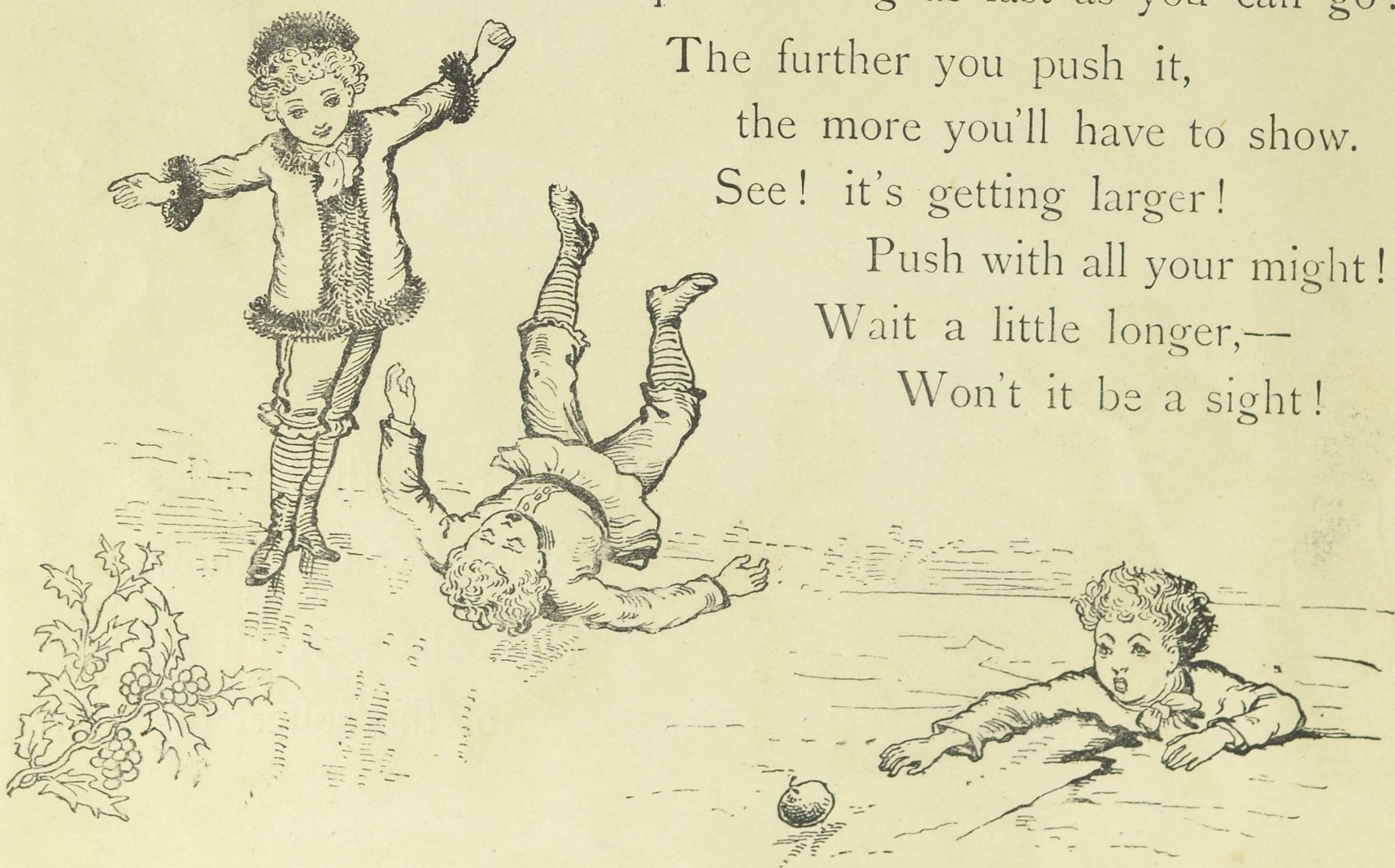


Although I'd
rather slide
and fall,
Than tumble
through it,
after all.

Keep on rolling as fast as you can go!

The further you push it,
the more you'll have to show.
See! it's getting larger!

Push with all your might!
Wait a little longer,—
Won't it be a sight!

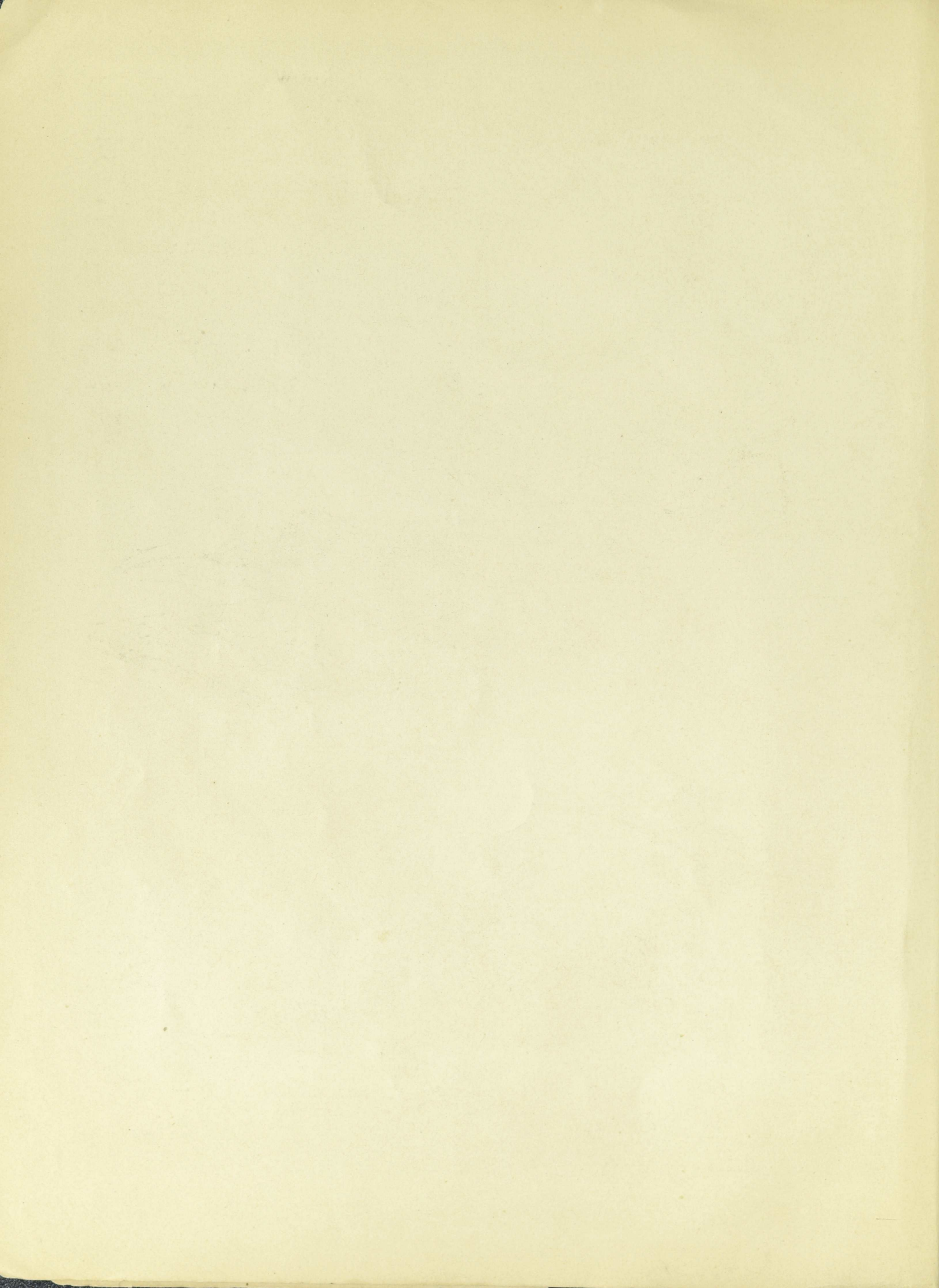


There, isn't it a monster?
We can't move it any more,

I never saw a snow-ball
As big as this before



E. B.



Auntie's so kind, I should like you to know

Of the book she has given me,—“Oh dear, oh!”

And a little fur tippet,

Muff, gloves, and a
large hood,

And Granny's um-
brella; now, isn't
she good?



Oh, dear, oh! look at the
snow!

While round the
Christmas-tree we go,
Let's think of the poor
And save some meat
For those poor little
creatures who
are out in the
street.

Then ho, ho, ho!
hurrah for
the snow!



If it teach us to think of the
poor, you know.

Down the hillside, to the very
edge [in their sledge;
Of a terrible cliff have they gone

But the dogs were so sure, and
they were so brave, [ness gave;
They no one a moment's uneasi-



E. B.



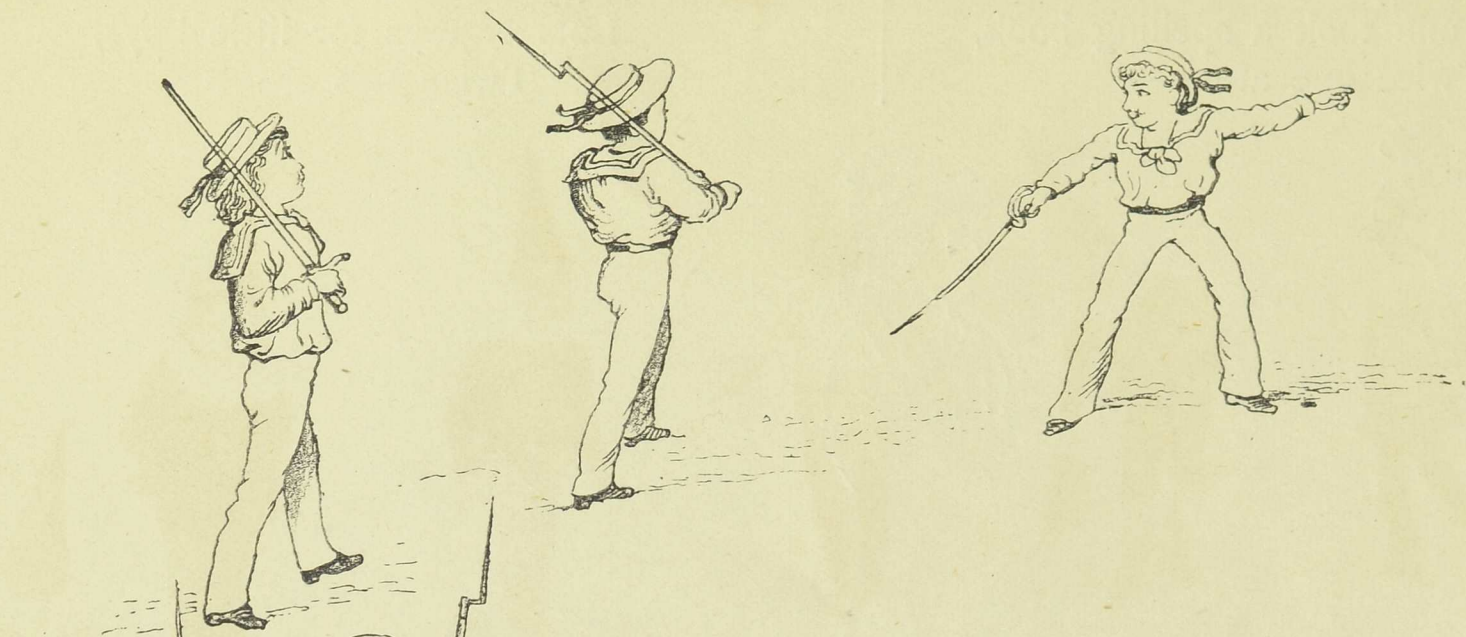
Twice One are Two,
Both their bags were blue,
Each one took a spelling book,
Twice one are——

Twice Two are Four,
Knocking at the door,
Lots of toys for little boys,
Twice two are——



Twice Three are Six,
See the kittens' tricks,
As soft as silk they lap up milk,
Twice three are——

Twice Four are Eight,
What a funny gate!
Count each bar and there you are,
Twice four are——



Twice Five are Ten,
Just like little men,
To war they go, all in a row,
Twice five are——



Twice Six are Twelve,
Leave dunces to themselves,

Naughty chaps, to paint their caps,
Twice six are——



E. H.



Twice Seven are Fourteen,
What a shower they're caught in!

How sopping wet they all will get,
Twice seven are —



Twice Eight are Sixteen,
Poor mousy's tightly fixed in
The horny grip of that old rip,
Twice eight are——

Twice Nine are Eighteen,
They kept the children waiting,
Why detain that dear old train,
Twice nine are——





E. B.



Twice Ten are Twenty,
 We shall all have plenty,
 Each a slice, how very nice!
 Twice ten are——

Twice Eleven are Twenty-Two,
 They went to play and meant it too,
 Each girl and boy had brought a toy,
 Twice eleven are——



Twice Twelve are Twenty-Four,
A penny you get plenty for,

Too much that's sweet is bad to eat,
Twice twelve are——

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Shopkeepers for the sake of extra profit.

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Cadbury's
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Cocoa



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